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The Reflex Influence of Christian Missions.

If present tendencies come to full fruition, humanity will stalk into the twenty-first century labelled “For Value Received.” Dub the age utilitarian or material or what you will, candles and tombstones and all that lies between are now expressed in terms of value. What is more, value is rapidly becoming a synonym of dollar and shortly it may be suggested, romance will be deprived of the special privilege of estimating highly-priced articles as worth their weight in gold. One of my earliest recollections is that of a picture presenting the details of the well-known story of Betray and her lover—you all know it, how after the trials and tribulations through which storytellers usually bring their heroes to the possession of the ever-ruling she involved, the father of the fair lass had to pay a war indemnity for his daughter and actually put her in one side of a balance and then weighted down the other side with gold until girl and gold tipped the beam evenly. The picture roused my youthful sense of the ridiculous, for to me it was passing strange in those days that the perverse inhabitant of petticoats should be worth her weight in gold. That such a sum of money should be paid to get rid of her would not have been surprising but how the other insane step should be taken, how the father should heap up those riches in token of his sorrow at his loss, was way beyond me. Of course our views, fortunately for us, change. The picture, however, remains. There is the balance; in one pan the gold, the measure of value; in the other
the valuable. The symbol of justice—the symbol of temporal estimates—the symbol of earth's highest aspirations and ideals—balance, gold, girl. It is all a beautiful conceit, fancy's poetic dream. When the world, however, deals with fancy's dreams, the dreams are ruthlessly torn apart—"to see what they are worth"—and become nightmares of hideous desire. I have stood about the dissecting room of a medical school and seen the young men take the human body, beautiful as it is even in death and the ravages of disease, and with interest have watched them as they slowly dismembered it. Not recklessly did they work, nor altogether irreverently. Then, too, there was higher design in their efforts than mere valuation. But when it was all over there was no semblance of the perfect original. Now I can conjure before my mind's eye the grotesque monsters such as denison the disordered mind reeled before me. So fancy's dreams become the world's deliriums. We push ourselves on to get the absolute value of everything. And value we will tho we must destroy to get at value. The ripping laughter of the voice suggests the clink of the coin; the flashing beauty of eye and radiant face is interpreted in terms of the glitter of gold; the plastic living emotions of the youthful heart are cramped to the die that imprints the image and superscription of Caesar. The stars in their courses must needs be marshalled into flaming stocks and snickering rain lose their music in the maw of a market—and the church again put them on the market, but now she used the cunning of the modern broker and the array of accruing advantages as shown by some of the church's agents is marvelous. Surely it hath never before been done on this wise. With civilization and humanitarianism at the head of the list, followed by world conquests, territorial aggrandizement, prestige, fame and what not, as a paying investment missions has become a wonderful industry.

That word industry is used advisedly. Missions is an industry. In the line of that universal principle of production, missions is an industry. Originated and backed by the God in whom all things consist, whose are the silver and gold in the mountains and the cattle on a thousand hills, promulgated by the church it has been said, "All things are yours", missions is an industry founded to establish the kingdom of God on earth. Listen: "Tarry ye here in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." That was the word of God for the organization meeting. "Go therefore and disciple all nations, baptizing them into the Father and into the Son and into the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. There you have the motive of organization.

Now then for the question. What is the reflex influence of missions?

It has been indicated already that what we are after is the dividend and not the product. Let us return to the charter statement of the concern that we may emphasize in the strongest possible way the difference between the product and the dividend and get a clear notion of the personnel of the business. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are mentioned as those in whose name the business is to be carried on. The verb is second person, plural, imperative, and is addressed to those who are already partners and shareholders in the kingdom of God. The product is disciples, pupils, learners, subjects of the God-life force drawing toward heaven and the world-life force drawing toward things material. Yet, as has been remarked, the principle is universal. The only question lies in the application of the principle.

The Reflex Influence of Christian Missions involves this principle. The church has sought by what may seem an acutely judicious and strategic move to fight the battle at close quarters. When the world, or the part of it that is in the church, put the question in reply to the plea for funds and men and interest, "What is there in it?" the church gave at first the legitimate answer, God is in it. Naturally, as a dividend, God does not appeal strongly to the world. He is not a marketable commodity. The stock didn't take well. Then came a close calculation of what foreign missions and home missions mean and the church again put them on the market, but now she used the cunning of the modern broker and the array of accruing advantages as shown by some of the church's agents is marvelous. Surely it hath never before been done on this wise with civilization and humanitarianism at the head of the list, followed by world conquests, territorial aggrandizement, prestige, fame and what not, as a paying investment missions has become a wonderful industry.
God. Nothing is said here of dividends. Mark that carefully. No dividend is promised here. One thing more must be noted and that carefully,—there is no mention of preferred stock and common stock. We all enter the corporation on terms of equality, equal responsibility, equal liability. Do you catch that?—there is no preferred and common stocks and further the shareholders are limited to a certain class, the followers of the kingdom. Let me repeat it again: there is no preferred and common stock and the shareholders are limited to a certain class. This preliminary statement at once gives a limit to the question. What is it worth?

The product of an industry of course determines the value of the industry as a wealth producing agency. Again, the quality of the product is a large factor in determining this value. These two things are dependent upon the character of those who control the industry and are of immediate concern to those interested in the dividends. Methods and business economy, too, are of prime importance to the shareholders. Finally, as a rule dividends are paid in the coin of the realm where the industry is incorporated and managed. Now for the main issues involved in this question of valuation. The Reflex Influence of Christian Missions. We dismiss product and producer together with the quality of the product and the method of production or economy of the industry by restating what has already been said and then hurrying on to the question of dividends. The product is distinct from the agents of God; the producers are God as Father, as Son, as Holy Spirit; the method is teaching and baptizing; the corporate articles are filed in the Kingdom of God.

It is perhaps wise to depend upon a process of definition or exclusion at this point on. And in passing let me ask you as students the value of the old saw that "He who defines well teaches well." There is no safer or surer method of learning than this—Define well, find the exact limits of the object of your investigation, be it a philosophical category or potato bugs. Following this process, then, christian missions or the discipling of nations is not civilized nations. Perhaps no two persons of the highest attainable culture would agree in a definition of civilization, Originally the term meant the possession of those qualities which made it possible for a man to live on terms of peace and mutual esteem with his fellows when brought into close and almost constant contact with them. These qualities were not only the prime requisite to, but also the direct product and foster child of urban life. Today civilization may be defined as the condition of social life in which humanity reaches out toward the fullest development of its life in all its relations. This is certainly the notion of the ideal. The real civilization is of course the outcome of this idea in action. For this reason there is a civilization distinctively Chinese and another Japanese and another European and another American. So far as concerns civilization christian missions has nothing to say, at least primarily. The missioner is not in the business to Americanize the world or to Europeanize the world or to adapt it to any other distinctive civilization. In the second place he is not in the business primarily to bring the nations to civilization in a general sense any more than in a particular sense. Now if the mission business is not a business of civilization, the missioner has no right to look to civilization for his dividend. The reflex influence of christian missions does not lie in civilization.

Again, prestige is not the motive of christian missions. Nebuchadrezzar was a man of world-wide prestige. The heroes and great men of all ages have enjoyed the distinctions which their age afforded them. Prestige of this sort is in the business of nations. The negro's simple heart saw the difference that prestige is concerned with it or it with prestige. Prestige is but another term for dominant power. The power of Christianity is power in service. When the African monarch, famed among his warriors for strength and prowess was induced to leave his tribe to visit Queen Victoria, prestige as the African nation knew it met prestige as the European nation thought of it. The negro's simple heart saw the difference but he was no less royal than before. His fame was not diminished. Queen Victoria may have been right when, in reply to the Afric king's question, she pointed to the Bible as the cause of England's greatness but I am not so sure. Other nations before christianity was established, rose to the position of world empires. The Anglo Saxon race must have overcome the Latins whether Christianity came or not. In the Angles and Saxons and Danes was the might of right. In the Latins was the weakness of vitiated manhood, of outraged nature, of debauched bodies and minds and hearts. It was the weakness of unrighteousness. And as right will always prevail over unrighteousness, it was inevitable that England be mistress of empire. England's prestige is not a product of Christianity. I am very certain she never found her pretext for the South African war within the courses of her New Testament. She spells prestige as she spells dignity and over her Bible's teaching she is writing in characters of blood that word of the enemy of God—prestige? In the dictionary of God prestige is defined by a word written there too in blood, servile, but the blood is the blood of God. Witness the farce-comedy now littering the stage of Chinese politics—in its inconsistencies a farce-comedy, a tragedy in the horrors of its possible outcome. There the prestige of four millennia is meeting the prestige of fifteen centuries. Are the falling heads of Chinese leaders the product of christian missions? They are the outcome of the
war of *prestige*. Are the demands of the Powers the golden notes of Christianity's victory or rather the sounding brass of this hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked ogre *prestige*?—There is no dividend to be found in prestige.

In 1868 Christianity won her first decisive victory in the opening of Japan and since 1868 Japan has given the world an unrivaled field for commerce. The Indian trade has increased by nobody knows how many hundred per cent since Christianity's advent into her borders. Hawaii is the direct product of Christian missions and the sugar crop alone of Hawaii has made American trade larger by many millions of dollars. Africa has already produced wealth enough to support the whole world for a decade and we are just scratching the dust of her gold and diamond mines. Christianity made Africa known. Christian missionaries were and still are her pioneers. Shall we put to Christianity's credit account this untold wealth, this territorial expansion, this mighty commerce? I do not find in the prospectus or charter announcement of this mission industry, either a command or a plea to mine diamonds or gold. I find no deed to whole continents there. I find no monarch's crowns, no empress' glories, no writs of ejection, no railroad franchises, no concessions, no sphere of influence. Christian mission makes no promise of dividends from commerce, from wealth, from territorial expansion. There is then no reflex influence of Christian missions here. From the things of the world there may be a dividend in the coin of the world. But I may not expect from the kingdom of God a dividend which is payable in the coin of that kingdom but which accrues from an industry or product foreign to that kingdom. No, the reflex influence of Christian missions is not in civilization, either the world's civilization or America's civilization. That influence is not in prestige, mine or the world's or the church's. Nor is it in commerce or wealth and dominion.

*Prof. E. Dimnent.*

**Spring.**

*John W. Douma, prep. "A."*

The solitude of days
When storms raged fierce and wild,
When carom, card and domino
The snow-bound hour beguiled,
Was yielding fairer hopes
Of sunshine warm and bright,
Of singing birds and opening flowers,
As April came in sight.

*But Winter, wroth to see*

The sun's celestial ray
Arouse cold Nature and set her free
From his usurper's sway,

With chilling storms roared on;
The howling blast blew free;
The darkling clouds, wee crystals dropped
That skipped and danced in glee.

Fierce was the strife and long;
The elements raged wild;
The rising sun waxed warmer now
As on the clouds he smiled.

Poor bonny Cottontail!
She eats the dead grass blade,
With which, when Warmth and Plenty reigned,
She scarce her litter made.

Poor bright-eyed innocence,
Thy fleet foot speeds full well
From yonder swift and yelping hounds
That search thy quiet dell.

But vain the fleetest foot,
The craftiest cunning
When pinching Want, unheard, unseen,
Enters thy free domain.

High perched on a bare bough
Is Robin Redbreast bold,
Faintly chirping plaintive notes
From hungry throat and cold.

Poor Robin Redbreast dear,
Thou harbinger of Spring,
A sunny clime thou didst forsake
Fair weather and warmth to bring.

Thy heart, now chilled with cold,
With sun and song shall warm;
The dark clouds fleeting swiftly o'er
Shall vanish at the charm.

For now the morrow's sun
The Orient turns to gold.
Its warm rays loose the iron band
Which Nature fast did hold.
The Esthetic Power of Music.

There is something sublime and beautiful in every strain of music. The mysterious melodies which nature sings have in them a peculiar power that must touch every human heart. The melancholy music which we hear in autumn, when withered leaves begin to fall, and weary winds sigh gently thro the tree-tops, would almost create in us a feeling of sadness and despondency. Yet there is in these plaintive tunes a sweetness scarcely surpassed by the joyful melodies of spring, when the skylark and the nightingale sing their glad anthems in praise of their Creator.

Such music, tho unwritten, helps the human mind to understand nature in all her beauty and majesty. But nature is not the only musician. Men too, have been endowed with marvelous musical talents. Their music, whether instrumental or vocal, is an esthetic art, which, like eloquence, touches the heart, arouses the emotions, enlightens the imagination, and refines the taste. Hence it may well be said that "music has charms to soothe the savage breast." Where no musical strains are ever heard, evil and impurity will surely find a ready entrance.

The ancient Greeks, whose aim in education was to create a love for the beautiful, considered music one of the most essential studies in school. And, today, it is admitted in all civilized lands, that a home or school or state can not be really refined without it. For who can conceive of a beautiful and happy home, where no musical instrument is ever played, and no song is ever heard? What institution of learning, where esthetic taste is to be cultivated, can afford to neglect the teaching of this wonderful art? What people can ever learn to love their country and to see the real beauty of their flag, if they never hear the air of a national hymn or a patriotic song?

Some one may say that it is the words which make such songs so touching and effective. But let him read "The Star Spangled Banner", "Hail Columbia", or "America", and he may remain comparatively cold and indifferent. But the martial music well rendered by a band or an orchestra, or a national hymn sung by a cultured choir, can not but kindle the fire of patriotism in every American heart and home. One may, in fact, feel the mysterious and magical power of many melodies to which words have never been written. Some tunes will fill the listener's heart with joy and happiness, while others, with their pathetic strains, may cause the silent tears to creep gently down his cheeks.

It is, indeed, evident that whatever deserves the name of music, whether it be written or unwritten, whether it be secular or sacred, is a powerful factor for refining the sentiments and tastes of both individuals and nations. It is the medium thro which all mankind must be uplifted. It is an art which does not only cause one to admire the beauties seen in nature about us, but, at times, directs his thoughts to what is supernatural, and creates in him a longing to join that Grand Chorus with the angels above.

W. Demekas, '01.

Silent Sermons.

When the mind is weary and the heart is sad,
We turn to nature to make us glad;
We see her beauty, we feel her power,
Her face is smiling every hour.

To drooping heads and care-worn hearts,
A cheer the stately oak imparts,
With head erect and hands outsped
She calls the weary to follow her tread.

The rippling brook and the gushing stream,
The soaring lark and the bright sunbeam,
Unite their voices in notes of peace
That man from worry and care may cease.

The surging billows bid beware,
And the raging storms our souls oft scare;
But nature's breath imparts new life,
Prepares man's soul for its active strife.

There's a voice in the flower, a song in the rose,
And e'en a lesson in Winter's snows,
The rustling leaves in harmonious lays,
Inspire our hearts to notes of praise.

E'en the croak of frogs and the buzz of bees,
And the songs of those that dwell in trees,
Are voices in nature that send abroad
The glories of their maker, God.

When the mind is weary and the heart is sad,
We turn to nature to make us glad;
For tho her beauty and tho her power,
Our God is smiling every hour.
Tito Melema.

Romola is perhaps the most remarkable of George Eliot's novels. Remarkable because of its comprehensiveness. In it she pictures for us Florentine life of the fifteenth century, she presents the historic scenes from the life of Savonarola, and permits us a glimpse into the character of the man, besides portraying Tito Melema and Romola, the two chief characters of the book. Like most of her other works Romola is a psychological study. The story of Tito is one of the downward courses of a soul: that of Romola of the evolution of a soul. Let us try to follow Tito in his descent.

What is the cause of Tito's downfall? What is it that transforms the olive-cheeked, laughing boy, Melema into a pitiable traitor of later years? It was simply selfishness. Tito loved ease. He disliked duties in which he had to undergo disagreeable. When it was a question whether to ransom Baldassare who had been mor - than a father to him or to maintain that he had been drowned in the wreck, he was dissuaded from the former not so much by the greed for the ransom money as by the pleasure and ease in which he might remain at Florence. And besides, he had already intimated to Bardo di Bardi and others that his father was dead. He could not now go in search of Baldassare and thus openly declare to the people that he had deceived them. No, that would mean loss of position and honor. He could not afford that. If the old man was still alive, which was very uncertain, it was no concern of Tito's where he was or under what conditions. Thus we see that it was selfishness that brought Tito to his first great error.

If Tito was guilty of the silence he had formed of his father's death, was it that urged him farther on in his wicked career? It was his stock of falsehood added to his selfishness. At first it was only tacit falsehood, as when he allowed people to infer that his father was dead. But when Tito became tired of his life of lies, when he knew that Romola had lost all her love and respect for him he kept her from disclosing his secrets by threatening that he would bring about the death of Bernardo del Nero and Fra Girolamo—the two men dearest to her. When he had finished his career at Florence, he intended to leave Romola to her lot and live with his little Tessa in some other city.

Tito was false not alone to his father and to his wife, but to every political trust placed in him. He was not particular which political party he should favor, if he could only line his scarsella with ducats. The Medecinas offered a bannadaeous sum if he would act as a spy upon the other political parties. When the plots of the Medecinas were exposed to the state, Tito knew how to clear himself and by revealing other plots to gain favor with the other parties. He tried to win the confidence of Savonarola and succeeded so far as to secure letters from the frate which, having been given over to the enemy, sealed his doom. The thick-headed Dolfo Spini of the Compagnacci thought that Melema was his tool, whereas the truth of the matter was that Melema only used him as a tool for his own advancement. Every party thought that Tito was working for them, but did not know that he aimed only at his own interests.

A brief résumé of the character of Tito is given in the epilogue where Romola speaks to Lillo as follows—"There was a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young, and clever, and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first knew him, he never thought of do-

to his own home, had given him the best of trainings, and had bestowed the love of a father upon him. But Tito returned nothing but ingratitude. He denied the existence of his father, that he might enjoy the new life at Florence, that he might drink his cup of pleasure. When his father clutched his arm before the Duomo and expected him to secure his release from chains, Tito turned away from the old man with the words "surely some madman." He also became false to his wife. She had perfect confidence in him. She shared all her secrets with him and thought that he kept none of his from her. But he did not dare to open his bosom to her scrutiny because he felt his baseness and yet wanted to appear a virtuous man. He dreaded to shatter that ideal which she had formed of him. He knew that it must be done at some time or other. He became cold to her when she questioned him, still he was not estranged altogether until the day when he had sold old Bardo's library which she was bound to preserve. This disrespect shown to her father's will was not the grossest crime he committed against her. He even disregarded the vows that united them. He had deluded a little contadina and lived with her in secret. When he knew that Romola had lost all her love and respect for him he kept her from disclosing his secrets by threatening that he would bring about the death of Bernardo del Nero and Fra Girolamo—the two men dearest to her. When he had finished his career at Florence, he intended to leave Romola to her lot and live with his little Tessa in some other city.

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ing anything cruel or base. But because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father, and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust he had in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous. Yet calamity overtook him."

What was this calamity? Tito stood on the steps of the old Bardi mansion in the early sunlight, with the usual smile on his face. The night before had been a boisterous one. The infuriated populace had attacked San Marco and had cast Savonarola in prison. He had played his last game in Florence. He was now ready to go with Tessa to another Italian city. He was going to join his wife and children at the city gate but at the Ponte Vecchio he met the mob of the previous night who were already ashamed of what they had done. When they recognized the instigator they purposed to take vengeance on him. But he opened his scarsella, threw the shining gold among the crowd and meanwhile leaped into the river. He swam and swam and when at last he became exhausted, merely floated. But he floated to the place where Baldassarre was waiting for the stream to bring some bread. Baldassarre leaped upon him, clutched him at the throat, and in this position both died. Justice was thus appeased. Tito intended to make a new beginning of life and meanwhile leaped into the river. He swam and swam and opened his scarsella, threw the shining gold among the crowd when at last he became exhausted, merely floated. But he floated to the place where Baldassarre was waiting for the stream to bring some bread. Baldassarre leaped upon him, clutched

E. J. Strick, '03.

X X X

The Poet.

Martin Eichard, Prof. "A."

The poet, deemed by sages heaven-born,
Communes with choirs above
And in a world of bitter hate and scorn,
He sings of love.

The firmament is fathomed by his mind,
The daisy's beauty known;
The secrets of creation and mankind
Are all his own.

He lifts the veil from every hidden thing,
Approves of nought but good
And thus by him all works that praises sing
Are understood.

The Anchor.

The sighing breeze brings to his ear delight
And joy the rippling streams;
Bright is to him alone the darkest night,
Where one star gleams.

His gifted soul reflects its rays of light
As sunbeams on my own;
Their beaming splendor checks my hasty flight
In ways unknown.

His hand guides every music—touch of love
My soul to satisfy:
A magic chain draws me to realms above
Full zenith high.

EDITORIALS.

The College Paper.

"Men may come and men may go," but The Anchor continues after them. With this number the new staff enters upon its duties which we trust will also prove opportunities. The management wishes to thank the students for the honor conferred. We trust that our appreciation of your good will shall not be found wanting in our earnest endeavors to maintain the high standard which former leaders have set up for our paper. It should be the aim of every succeeding staff to improve and enlarge upon the work of its predecessors. And yet, the realization of this aim, we confess, is by no means an easy matter; for the capabilities of all men are limited and successors are not always abler than their predecessors.

The first aim of a college paper, as we see it, should be to reflect the true life of the institution which it represents. It should make much of all that is noble and elevating in the life and work of the college, without being blind or indifferent to the tendencies that create friction and discontent. Toward the adjustment of these tendencies, the college paper should lend its support in a friendly, impartial way. As the exponent of the student body, it should be the medium through which the students may express their views on questions and discussions of common interest.

The relation of the students to the The Anchor, should be that of equal stockholders to a great business enterprise. The staff in directing its energies to the promotion of the paper, will be largely aided or curtailed by the support or non-support of the students. Nor would we exclude the alumni from this con-
sideration. Their interest thro’ contribution of material, advice and by subscription, will also prove very helpful. We hope to receive the same loyal support from students and alumni which in times past has proven the mainstay of THE ANCHOR.

XXX

The De Motte Lecture.

The lecture of Mr. De Motte given at the chapel on March 2nd did not fail to meet the expectations of the audience. That the people expected a good thing was shown by the large audience. That they received a good thing was demonstrated by the fact that they were held spell-bound during the entire time. Mr. De Motte had been here before. His lecture on “The Harp of the Senses” was still in the minds of many. “Python Eggs and the American Boy” has also left an indelible impression. Mr. De Motte has a noble mission in the world. His lectures are so adapted as to bring a message to every man, woman and child. “Python Eggs” is a unique subject, but it illustrates very strikingly the force of habits and passion that determine a person’s character. Every youth is feeding passions that will determine his weal or woe. The underlying thought of his lecture was, that action determines structure. Every thought and deed inspires a desire in the brain to rebuild, by repetition of the act, what has been wasted in the action. The result is a determined habit. “What we are to be we are now becoming.”

The lecture was based on careful scientific investigation. The many illustrations and views presented, were very apt and instructive. The eloquence of the speaker, accompanied by gentleness and earnestness of presentation, and a sympathetic attitude toward the unfortunate and the fallen, left a deep impression on every one present. The only thing to be regretted is that the lecture does not reach the masses. Would that the largest auditorium in the city could be thrown open, and that everybody could be privileged to hear a discourse that would benefit them for life.

XXX

Prospects of Peace in South Africa.

For the last few weeks, news from South Africa has been mostly about peace negotiations. What can we believe of these rumors? According to the cablegrams, Gen. Kitchener has been negotiating with Gen. Botha, without taking into consideration the governments of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. We can say two things at least: first, that the news, that Botha asked for peace, is false, as it has been many a time when it came via London; and secondly, that the noble and humane England, since she cannot conquer the Boers by force, tries to make Botha a traitor to his country by bribery. This is not the first offer made to Botha. Lord Roberts, also, offered him an annuity of £10,000, for “everybody has his price.” Botha, of course, declined. It cannot be true that Botha, representing the army of the Transvaal, for a moment thought of abandoning the Orange Free State. For the Free State, under the lead of her noble President, went to war to keep her contract with the Transvaal. President Steyn himself is in the army of General De Wet, suffering all the privations of camp life, because he will not break his word.

The prospect of an early peace has been indefinitely set back in the future. The Boers can withdraw their troops to the Bush field, where the English cannot follow them, and there await the time when England will tire of this “military promenade.” A lasting peace can be secured only when not only the demands of the proud Afrikaners are gratified, but the demands of the Boers are heard as well. As long as a Chamberlain and a Milner are in power, the Boers will not trust the terms of England but will continue to fight for their rights. They can look back to the history of their forefathers, the Dutch and the Huguenots, and history will surely tell them to go onward, without wavering, until liberty is gained.

XXX

The Contest at Lansing.

The local contest is a joy of the past, and the students are looking forward to the State Contest. Not all can go to Lansing, but all should be interested in the orator of Hope. Do not wait to the last minute with yells and songs. Prepare them now. Talk about the contest. Be confident Hope will win. Enthusiasm does not come at the last moment: be enthusiastic now. Last year Hope excelled all other colleges in at least one point —her large delegation. Let us not fall below the mark this year, but let us give our orator our heartiest support. He surely deserves it.

XXX

Exchanges.

We certainly are not in sympathy with views held by some previous editors regarding college exchanges. It is true that the mutual compliment, “You scratch my back, I will scratch yours,” is too often the real motive for running an exchange column; but it need not be so. We believe greater use will be made of our exchanges if attention is called to the specially good features in them. If they are worth receiving they are worth considering. Future numbers of THE ANCHOR will contain an exchange column.
Among the Societies

THE MELPHONE.

The Meliphone society began this term's work with marked interest and an increasing enthusiasm as time advanced. At the closing meeting of this term the usual literary program was interspersed with music both vocal and instrumental after which the members enjoyed a good repast. The society is looking forward with delight to their entertainment in June for which some preparations have already been made.

THE COSMOPOLITAN BANQUET.

The evening of March 8 marked an important event in the history of the Cosmopolitan literary society when all its members together with the alumni banqueted at the Hotel Holland. At eight o'clock the guests began to assemble in one of the hotel's spacious reception rooms, and, after a short time of social intercourse, they were welcomed to the dining room where ample preparations had been made to satisfy the appetite of the guests.

After the feast was over, the toast-master, Rev. J. Van der Erve, took charge of the meeting and proved to be fully equal to the occasion. With his ready wit and almost inexhaustible number of anecdotes, he kept his audience in a continuous round of laughter and applause.

The first speaker introduced was Geo. Korteling who responded to the toast "The last man." He was followed successively by H. Van der Plieog on "The Cosmopolitan Woman", J. VanderBeek on "To Be or Not to Be", J. Van Peursem on "The Philosophy of Apples", G. Te Kolsie on "The Oil and Vinegar of Life", L. Boeve on "Silent Influence", while C. Kuyper, with his usual eloquence, closed the program speaking on "A Glimpse into the Future." The various toasts were interspersed with both vocal and instrumental music.

At a late hour, the guests returned home fully satisfied both physically and intellectually and strengthened in true Cosmopolitan fellowship.—The Sentinel.

FRATERNAL.

The Fraternal Society entertained the Ladies Literary League in the College Y. M. C. A. rooms on the evening of March 1. An enjoyable feature of the evening was the mock trial Lovejoy vs. McDonald. Mr. J. G. Winter acted the role of judge to perfection while Messrs. Visscher and Van Dam acted as leading attorneys for the defense and prosecution respectively. W. Damson and B. Lugers imitated the treble voices and emotional nature of the fair sex very commendably and J. Brouwer played a very humorous part throughout. After a very enjoyable time the gathering dispersed with pleasant recollection.

THE ULFILAS CLUB.

On March 18 the Ulflas Club held its election of officers for the following term. The following have been elected: President, J. Wesselink; Vice President, J. Vanderbeek; Secretary, J. Steunenberg; Treasurer, G. J. Stuart; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Wayer.

L. L. L.

At their last meeting of the winter term, the L. L. L. elected the following officers for the Spring term:

President—Lottie Hoyt.
Vice President—Anna Riemens.
Secretary—Grace Hoekje.
Treasurer—Estelle Kollien.
Marshal—Mamie Vervey.

On the evening of that day the society held its annual "Glorification Meeting." There are rumors of a spread and a feast for the mind as well, but anything more than rumors is kept within the sacred limits of the L. L. L. room.

Y. W. C. A.

The young women of the college have recently organized a Y. W. C. A. with an active membership of fifteen and one associate member. The new movement fills a long felt need and the young ladies are looking forward to a wider field of usefulness and greater spiritual growth among their number. In addition to the weekly prayer meeting they expect to establish a monthly lecture course. All arrangements are not as yet complete nor all committees appointed. We feel sure that the Y. W. C. A. will prove a very helpful factor in the spiritual life at Hope. The officers are as follows:

President—Grace Hoekje.
Vice President—Alice Kollien.
Secretary—Minnie Van der Plieog.
Treasurer—Henrietta Zwemer.

ATHLETICS.

Now that the weather is favorable to outdoor sports the Base Ball Association should begin preparations on the grounds and organize a first and second team. The prospects for baseball at Hope are brighter this year than they have been for some years past. We have lost two old and reliable players but received an addition of two new ones to more than make up the
I.

Mr. J. Meengs, '98, no longer being able to fill the position on account of his studies. Rev. A. Oosterhof, '92, of Greenleaf, has accepted a call to Koster, Ill. 

Mr. Kuyper, '98 of the seminary has received two calls; one from Pella, Nebraska and another from Graafschap, Mich.

Rev. G. Daogremond, '66, of Newark, N. Y., has declined a call from Little Falls, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Boer are happy over the birth of a daughter.

Many hearts were saddened at the news of the death of the Rev. J. W. Warnhuis. The Anchor extends its sympathy.

On March 21, Rev. H. Dykhuisen '96, was installed as pastor at Carmel, Iowa, by the Reva. Te Stelle, De Pree, Huizinga and Coster.

One of our old college students, Colonel Gardner, has been appointed governor of the province Tayabas in the southern part of Luzon, Cuba.

G. J. Diekema, '77, has been appointed chairman of the Spanish War Claims Commission.

Rev. G. Dangremond, '66, of Newark, N. Y., has declined the call from Little Falls, N. J.

The Reformed church of Danford, Ill. has called the Rev. A. Oosterhof, '92, of Greenleaf, Minn., and he has accepted the call.

H. Van der Werf, '98, of the Theological seminary has accepted a call to Koster, Ill.

On the 27th of this month the Rev. W. Kots, '96, of Friesland, Minn., and Miss M. Duven of Alto, Wis. will be united in marriage. Congratulations.

Recently Rev. and Mrs. H. K. Boer of Chicago celebrated their silver wedding. They were presented with a purse of $50 by the congregation.

Mr. A. T. Broek, '00, of New Brunswick seminary has been asked to take charge of the Third church in Guildef Staat, Mr. J. Meengs, '98, no longer being able to fill the position on account of his studies.

THE ANCHOR.

A petition has been circulated by the students of Rush Medical to have W. D. Zoethout, formerly of Hope, permanently appointed as professor.

College Jottings.

Bachus!

Go-o Wa-a-a-y! ! !

The new cat.

A painful new staff.

"By Herren, you speak fine, Kelly."

Harbingers of Spring—woodpiles in the last stages of consumption.

Who is Cheese Chooper?

Watch the "D" class Teddy grin.

Who lubricated Van Vleck's doorknobs with syrup? Ask Case.

Apple doorn reflecting—"All on account of—my hat."

F. S. Reception:

10:00 o'clock merriment.
10:30 " " forgetfulness.
10:45 " " consternation.
10:45 1-10 " " silence.
10:50 " " exequut.

Total—Reminiscence.

"Seen the new engines?" Huizinga says they run such on Iowa roads, only they have the cowcatcher on the back to prevent the cows from climbing up and hurting the passengers.

Henry Hyink, prep. 'oo, agreeably surprised the boys with a visit.

Prof.—"What mythological character is noted for his craft?"

Walvoord—"Ajax the son of Tellman."

"Did the banquet impress you much Miss W—ton?"

Miss W.—"Not a press."

On the evening of the De Motte lecture Blocker's Python (e a) nice buxom lass.

Bessy—"Yes, Mr. Sandstra, you may come, but please close the door from the outside."

"Don't play too slow Mr. Welmers, but be careful don't rush her."

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Guest at banquet—"May we have some fresh air please?"
Waiter, yelling—"One air and have it fresh!"
Oom Paul wears rubbers to keep Dewet from defeat.

More of the new engines. Schaefer says those in Iowa have five driving wheels. Two on each side and one in his caput.

Prof. S. claims that Cupid always aims and wounds by his darts those whose natures are in direct contrast. Then he adds that Mrs. S—is of a very good disposition

Jim De Pree bade his classmates "good bye recently and said that he would leave for the East. He went to Zeeland.

Prof. in Eng.—"Whom does the poet resemble? [expecting the answer, 'an angel']"
Student—"A saloon keeper."
Prof.—"Are you sane?"
Student—"Well, they both have a license."

Arrange your dates to "take" in the Choral Union recital Monday evening, April 22.

Melly and Neesink ambled down the tracks towards WAV-erly recently with the "ties that bind."

NOTICES

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