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MAY, 1896.

THE ANCHOR.

PUBLISHED AT
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THE ANCHOR.

Thus from our Western Seminary six ministers go forth to labor in the Master's vineyard. One of these goes to India, another to the far North-Western churches, another to Iowa, another to Michigan, and soon, as the necessities of our churches demand. We cannot help feeling that our work here is according to the Lord's will, for as fast as our classes are ready for the work, the churches at once call for their services. And, as they take up their great work of preaching, the Lord owns their efforts. The churches are edified, sinners are converted, new organizations are provided with pas-
tors, and the Gospel is being faithfully preached in many places long given over to evil. Thus the wisdom of our Church in establishing a Semi-
nary in the West, is being more clearly shown from year to year. Men trained on the field, best understand its needs, and are most likely to be in full sym-
pathy with its conditions. And now that our school is becoming so well equipped, we hope to see, more than ever before, that we are helping in the spiritual growth of our churches and the extension of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ throughout the whole world.

A Day in Athens.

REV. C. BRETT, D.D.

A LL is excitement on the deck of the Friesland, as on that bright March morning, which ushers in an ever to be remembered day, we sail in sight of the Acropolis. The enthusiasm of almost forgotten Classics revives as we gaze on that eminence whose art and poetry have enriched the world with forms and fancies of eternal beauty.

We soon round the headland, and drop anchor in the well-protected harbor of the Piraeus, whence sailed on many an exploit of patriotism and adventure the fleets of Attica. A half-hour's ride across fertile fields and vineclad hills, whose names make our steam whistle an anachronism, brings us to a commonplace station which our guide calls "Athens."

Can it really be? We rub our eyes, and then, to our astonishment, from every sign on shops and street corners, the letters of the Greek alphabet stare at us. For the first time, we re-
alize that the language of Herodotus and Xenophon could really be spoken by living men and women, and was not written to perplex the schoolboy, or bring Sophomores to grief. We read the names, slowly at first, but acquire facility, as the cab rolls over well paved streets, which, after Jeru-

salem and Cairo, seem wonderfully clean. Many of these proper names are made up of familiar Greek words put together, after the German fashion, and perhaps originally signi-

fiant, in their application to indi-

iduals. All but the signs is surprising-

ly modern. Fine boulevards abound with parks and gardens, shops that would do credit to Paris, and hotels with magnificent appointments. We look curiously at the palace of King George, the young Dane whom the people seem to honor for his wise ad-

administration, and love for his per-
sonal attractions. But we have come to see ancient Athens. Hence, after a hurried lunch, we are driven out to the crumbling ruins that have survived the ruthlessness of destroying time.

Let us begin with a group of ruins that stands midway between the oldest relics and the modern town. Hadrian, Roman Emperor in the middle of the second century, built and called after his own name, a Suburb, on the plain of Attica. The gateway remains, although the separating wall has disappeared. It is an arch with a second tier of superimposed pillars, reminding one of a child's attempts with architectural blocks. As we pass beneath this portal, under which in former days the worshippers of Jupiter Olympus went in common prayer, we find ourselves in the shadow of one of the most beautiful groups of pillars the world now knows. This temple was begun by Praxiteles, but was not finished until it became the gem of Hadrianopolis. There were originally one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, occupying a parallelogram 350 by 171 feet. Now only fifteen are standing, stately Corinthian shafts sixty feet high, held in place by a broken frieze; while another prostrate monster is significant of the fall of Jupiter himself, unto whom no longer nations bring their tribute.

As we ride on, ascending to the Acropolis, we pass a monument at the intersection of two modern streets, to which they have given the name Lanten of Diogenes. Perhaps the famous Cynic here located his tab, whence he looked askance at the Athenian follies.

At last we are at the foot of the famous citadel, fortified by those early Greeks whose story runs back to cross the border land of Myth, and, still later, consecrated to the gods of Olympus by the pious art of sculptors, of whom the world was not worthy. Let us alight at the theatre of Dionysus. The amphitheatre climbs the hill towards the Parthenon. Many of the marble benches are well preserved. The throne of the archon has been stolen, but its platform remains; and a few of the seats of honor in the lowest row, reserved for the priests of Bacchus, are in good condition. Behind the stage is the altar and temple where libations to the god of wine were poured forth before the tragedy began. Standing where once the famous actors spoke their parts, and the chorus told the story of the drama, we seem to see the seats crowded with beauty and strength, listening to the masterpieces of Epideides and Sophocles. A few yards further on our road, we find all that remains of the Odeon, the Roman Theatre, identical in shape with its older counterpart, but once roofed over, to keep from the weather the dilletant of a more delicate age. Its Romanesque facade still stands, fronting on the broad avenue, which climbs the Sacred Hill. We are now nearly three hundred feet above the sea, and Athens lies below us, but we have nearly as great an ascent before the summit has been reached.

We alight at the Propylae. Even in its ruins we see that it was a worthy gateway to the higher heights. It was seventy feet in width, and sixty marble steps made the ascent easy on the sides, while in the centre an inclined plane, paved with pure white blocks, furnished a chariot way for the Panathenaic processions, on their way to celebrate the worship of Minerva. By the broken stairway we climb to the summit where a ruined Doric porch receives us, and through one of the five doorways we enter the enclosure. Upon our right stands the miniature temple of the Wingless Victory, whose four Ionic columns were found among the debris, and put together by a recent architect. The plateau is about eleven hundred long and four hundred feet at its greatest width. The sward is strewn with broken shafts and fragments of ancient sculptures. Where a recent fracture appears, we are dazzled by the pure whiteness of the marble from Pentelicus, out of whose famous quarry all this magnificence was hewn.

If the glory of Athens is the Acropolis, the glory of the Acropolis is the Parthenon. The porch is severely simple, with Doric columns, upholding a pediment, which Lord Elgin rifled of its sculptured ornaments to enrich the treasures of the British Museum. There were once fifteen pillars on either side, but a hot shot from a Turkish man-of-war fell in the centre, and exploded a store of powder, whose concussion laid in ruins the whole centre of the temple. More ruthless even than time, has been the relentless fury of human barbarism. If men had simply held their peace, we might be gazing still at these majestic structures in all their pristine glory. Now pathos mingle with admiration, and, in imagination, we try to re-habilitate these ruined temples with robed priests and devotees to wisdom. Those fallen columns are in place again, those friezes from the museum once more depict the Panathenaic rites. We see the procession of chariots and maidens with filled sacrificial, and chanting choristers. Within the fane, hidden from eyes profane, is that image whose beauty must have been transcendent, its parts exposed of polished ivory, its drapery weighing ten thousand pounds of purest gold.

Without stands the colossal statue of pure Pentelic marble, representing Minerva full-armed, as she sprang from Jove's aching head, her left hand holding forth the winged Victory, and her right pointing a bronze spear towards the open sea.

What changes came over the Parthenon when Christian artists painted scenes on the marble walls, and the Moslems fitted a spiral stairway in her porch that some young sefa might chant the Muezzin, and now the silence of desolation hangs over the spot, while the world's pilgrims stand admiring even the glory of her ruin.

We cross the marble strewed enclosure to the Erechtheum—a temple built in honor of an early Athenian king whom later generations deified.

Two porches enchain our admiration. One is Ionic, with dainty columns, the other, upheld by draped Caryatides, in the best form of the classic art. What variety of form, what wonders of architectural skill are here preserved! The world has seen nothing like it save in the few months when the Court of Honor in the Columbian Exposition drew the multitudes to the shores of Lake Michigan. Those temporary structures, however,
perished in a night, and now live only in the photograph. These marble pillars have stood among the wars and tempests of twenty-five centuries. Let us walk once more to the eastern extremity of the Acropolis, where we mount to a little gallery, and look down perhaps a hundred feet of precipitous rock, and then over the magnificent landscape. On this enclosure, tradition says, once stood the altar to the unknown God. From this was gained the view of which Byron sings in the Corsair:

"O'ercroft styles, and surely, not for fear to run,
Along Saron's Hill the sight is won;
Not so in Southern cities, clearly bright:
But on my sloping brain of living light.
O'er the hallowed deep the yellow beam he throwes,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it flows,
On old Argos' rock, and like's the land;
The God of gladness sheds his setting smile
O'er his own vagrant lingering lover's shrine.
Though there his altars are no more divine,
Descending foot the mount the shadowless One.
"The glorious gold, unencompassed lavender." 

Descending, we turn to the right at the foot of the Propylæan stairs, and, a few yards farther on, climb by a slippery path hewn in the solid rock, to Mars Hill. All is empty now, where once stood the temple of Mars, and the seats of the Areopagites. As we turn back a lingering glance to the Acropolis, we follow the sweep of the Apostle's hand, as he says, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are in all things too religious." Our bibles come out as we sit for a while on the rocks, and one reads Paul's masterly sermon, which was, under God, the means of converting five noble souls—(see Acts 17.)

It is not a great transition from Paul to Socrates, and only a few hundred yards separate Mars Hill from a cave in the rock opposite the Acropolis, which is said to be the prison of the grand old Seer, and the place where he drained the cup of hemlock, a martyr to eternal truth.

There is only an open field and nothing of a spectacle to enchain attention, but we do not try to repress the thrill of emotion as we stand on the once famous Agora, where, from the Bema, Demosthenes harangued the crowds, and the Athenian populace gathered in assembly to resist the tyrants grasped.

Below the hill we find one of the oldest and best preserved relics of the city, the temple of Theseus; much smaller in every way than the Parthenon, but chase and beautiful. Its porch has been often copied in modern edifices, especially in those erected abou, a half century ago, when there was a pronounced revival in classic forms throughout the United States.

A visit to the Market Place, to the Temple of the Winds, and the cemeteries, fills another hour with intense interest. There only remain a few moments for the two most interesting of modern buildings, which show a revival of civic spirit in the Athens of King George.

The first of these is the Athenian University. It is set upon an eminence with a majestic Ionic porch. In the pediment are reproduced the sculptured forms of Olympian Deities, paying court to a grand image of Jove in the centre. Color and gilding have been lavishly used to relieve the whiteness of Pentelic marble, but without a hint of garish display. On two lofty columns on either side of the entrance are colossal figures of Apollo and Pallas Athena; and at the first terrace are life-sized statues of Socrates and Plato on the classic detaila. After a panorama of the world's great buildings, I have no hesitation in placing this effort to revivify Athenian architecture in Athens, as among the noblest specimens of modern art.

The other modern building which impresses us is the house of Dr. Schleiman. The discoverer of Troy is dead, but his widow still lives in this the finest private dwelling in Athens. The villa is built of marble after Italian models, but is unique in that states of the gods, sentinel-like, stand guard upon the roof.

We would love to linger, to study at leisure the monuments to which we have given but a passing glance, but the sun has set, and our ship is waiting for us at Piraeus. When curfew tolls, we must weigh anchor and be gone. As we turn away from these wonders of human genius, we do not wonder that they inspired Paul to quote from the hexameter of Aratus: "We also are His offspring."

Arbor Day.

Hope's Arbor Day was a holiday;
The chief of the year;
All student, without delay,
Came forth with hefty shovels,
With rustic spoons they made a road
Upon the yielding ground;
And threw the soil with ardor bold.
The arboretum around.
All noon the stir and noisy blast
Of studentry was seen.
Now swift, now slow, in to and fro
They flit from campus green;
No one might think on summer sight;
With c Odd splendor's crowned;
Yet ere "twas done, the darkening sun
Upon its beauty frowned.
"Wir lernen doch mit stand und nicht mit Wink,
Drama soll dein Name bezwicken sein."

Chaucer.

J. W. Beardlee, '98.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, English literature consisted of a few Saxo poems and chronicles, and some poor examples of a style of rhymes and doggerels in imitation of the French. By the beginning of the fifteenth, English poetry had been set upon a firm basis, a basis upon which Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton were able to build the most beautiful and inspiring monuments of our language.

All great movements are the product of some great man's genius, and when we inquire who caused this wonderful transformation, we hear the name of Chaucer. It was he that lifted English poetry out of the deep ruts into which it had fallen, that gave to it a strength and freshness it never had known before, and he that first showed it the true dramatic spirit.

It is sufficient evidence of the depth
to which the poets of that time had
fallen, that it was more than a century
and a half after Chaucer, before a
generation arose capable of under-
standing or of adopting his principles.
Almost all of their poems were religi-
ous or minstrel in kind. The only
attempts at artistic production had
been those in imitation of French lit-
erature, a literature itself of a most
sterile kind. The form of the poem,
the figures, the style, even in many
cases the form of expression, had be-
come stereotyped, and none dared to
depart from them. Besides all this,
their poems were spun out to an inor-
dinate length, some of them to over
thirty thousand lines. Imagine a poem
of this length, composed throughout of
the same continually recurring thou-
oughs and sentiments, and then
imagine numbers of these poems, dif-
fering mainly in their subjects, and
you have the French literature of the
time. What was needed, was to dis-
card these barren efforts and begin
 anew a fresh observation of both
people and nature. Chaucer did this,
and it is one of his greatest achieve-
ments.

He had exceptional facilities for the
study of human nature. He was at
least three times employed by his king
on important diplomatic embassies,
on one of which he would have every
opportunity of seeing the highest life
in Italy, then the most cultured
country of Europe; and for over
ten years he was collector of customs of
the port of London, where he would
constantly come in contact with all
ranks and nationalities of people.

We see in his inimitable prologue
to the Canterbury Tales, how well he
improved these opportunities. All
classes of society are represented.
There is a knight, valiant and noble,
who has sought adventure in foreign
lands, and led the table at many a
feast. There is a prioress, gentle and
courteous

"so pious
She would weep if she saw a mouse"-\n
Cautious as a tropic, if it were did of bodies."—

At the other end of the social scale,
there is a shipmaster, with all the
coarseness and bravado of his class;
and there is a poor plowman, so kind
that "for Christes sake:"

"He wold threth... for everi person zright
Without hin, if it try in his might:"

There is a generous, self-sacrificing,
humble, parson, and there is a "com-
pany," an officer of ecclesiastical
courts, red-faced, blunt, brutal, a
lover of strong wine. These, and
many others, are portrayed by Chau-
cer in a real manner, so that we can
understand them and know them
almost as well as those of Shakespeare.
Human nature is always the same,
and so these portraits of those of
Chaucer's time appeal to us as por-
traits of the people of our day.

Chaucer did not have the same great
opportunities of seeing nature as of
seeing people, but on these Spring
days, when he could steal away from
his office, we can imagine how eagerly
he would go to the country and ob-
serve the birds and flowers, the fresh
grass and the budding trees. He
shows his desire and love for nature
in the well known beginning of his
great poem:

"when that April with his shoures eth
The droghte of March hath perced to the rote,
And smale foweles maken molyne.
Then longes folk to goon plegimages."—

And again in the "Prologue to the
Legende of Goode Women":

"Running water never stops till it
gets to the bottom, unless something
dams it." — Likewise, students who
are conscious of the privileges before
them, of the value of time, and of the
great sphere of usefulness awaiting
them when active life ushers in its in-
umerable opportunities, will never
stop plodding till they get to the bot-
tom of things, and nothing will check
this inclination. Persistency, perse-
verance, and application must be the
characteristics of the true student at
time, and especially is this truth
applicable in the last term of the col-
lege year when nature is so inviting.

Chaucer also broke away from the
traditions of his time in dropping the
inflated and bombastic style of his
predecessors. He writes naturally,
we feel that what he says is so, and
that he means it. He writes spon-
taneously, his thoughts seem to flow
forth of themselves. His stories have
been compared to a "smoothly run-
ning river, sometimes hastening a
little, sometimes loitering smoothly,
while here and there a quiet thought
or a pleasant sentiment opens like a
water-lily which floats on the surface
without retarding the current."

These stories are as varied as his
characters. The knight tells a tale of
chivalrous love. How Palamon and
Circite jousted for the hand of the
"fair Emelice," and how, when Circite
was the victor, he was suddenly
thrown from his horse and killed, thus
giving her hand to Palamon. The
nun tells the touching tale of "Liet
Hew of Lincoln," the Jewish boy who
was killed for singing to the Virgin
Mary, but who, even after death, kept
on singing an Ave Maria. The coarse
Miller and "Sampnour" tell coarse
and bawdy stories, characteristic of
themselves.

Notes and Comments.

Not only in thought, but also in
manner, does Chaucer's naturalness
appear. His rhythm is almost fault-
less, but it is not strained or artificial
as that of Pope. His time flows forth
so naturally that one hardly notices
it, except on such words as melodious
and servile, whose accent has
changed since his day.

This difference in language, his
antiquated diction, spelling, and pro-
nunciation, is what keeps most
people from the enjoyment of Chau-
cer. But the difference is far from
being as great as is generally sup-
posed. At first sight his poems ap-
cear almost meaningless, but after a
few trials, with the aid of a small
glossary, they are easily understood,
and, certainly, it will well repay the
trouble.

He was a genial, kindly poet. He
loved all, even his worst characters,
and his most sarcastic sentences are
not full of hate, but are of that kind
more apt to produce a smile than
anger. He had a breadth of vision
surpassed by none of his predecessors,
and by only a few of our best poets
since his time.

In all respects he honestly deserves
the epithet bestowed upon him by his
first great critic, of the "Father of
English Poetry."
THE ANCHOR.

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"How to read," is a subject so frequently discussed in college journals and otherwise, that one may instinctively recoil from reading further comment upon it. Yet, after considerate reflection, it will be obvious that a few remarks would not be inappropriate. To read rightly is as difficult an acquirement as to study rightly, and, although the cultivation of right methods of reading as well as studying should be the synthesis of the student's aspirations, how signal he fails in this. It seems as if the abundance of material to which he has access makes it all the worse. The question has often occurred to us, whether the opportunities furnished by reading rooms with abundance and variety of choice are utilized as they should be. Many a student resorts to the library to spend an hour without the least intention of what he is going to read. Consequently, when he arrives there, seeing the tables covered to profusion with all kinds of literature, he must first find something that will appeal to his peculiar curiosity. He takes up one magazine after another, glances at its contents and its pictorial illustrations, reads a little stray bit here and there, until he has made a superficial inspection of everything there. Now his time is up, and he returns to his room not a whit more informed than when he came. Such desultory, aimless so-called reading is detrimental beyond expression. Reading rooms are most valuable adjuncts to a college, and sources of inestimable information when discreetly used. Let us do so.

Much good news was heard from members of the Council who met recently for their annual Spring session, and, at their departure from Hope, have left "footprints on the sands of time." We would especially remember the Rev. Dr. Brett, of Jersey City, N. J., who not only addressed the students in chapel in his congenial and earnest manner, but kindly favored the Young Men's Christian Association with a most instructive and beautifully descriptive address on his visit to the Holy Land. State Secretary Clark, who was present, remarked that it was the most graphic description of the Holy Land he had ever heard. We were very sorry that the time was so limited, but, as the speaker remarked he would "be pleased to give the rest some other time," we fondly anticipate the remainder at his next coming which we trust will not be far distant. The unanimous and hearty expression of thankfulness from the members of the Association at the close of the meeting, surely indicated an appreciation of the kindness of Dr. Brett.

The Council was in session on the 29th and 30th of April. There was a full attendance. President Kollen's annual report as to the condition, needs, and prospects of the College was well received. We make a few extracts from the same, which are of special interest to the students and the alumni of the College.

"In accordance with the action of Council of a year ago, the Faculty has been strengthened by the addition of two new men. The Rev. J. Tallmadge Bergen, elected to the chair of Ethics and Evidence of Christianity, took charge of these branches at the opening of the College last Fall, and also taught Logic, Psychology, and Elocution in the Senior and Junior classes. The establishment of this new chair has especially strengthened the College as a Christian Institution.

At the same meeting of Council, the Executive Committee was authorized to appoint two tutors. It was found, however, upon arranging the schedule, that by keeping all the members of the Faculty employed all the hours of the morning, for five days a week, we could get along with one tutor. As such was elected Mr. A. F. Harvey for the current year. The fact that all the members of the Faculty cheerfully consented to teach branches outside of their own Professorships, made it possible to get along with one tutor, and, at the same time, to offer the students a more complete course than heretofore, and to keep nearly all of them employed twenty hours a week."

Meeting of the College Council.

STUDENTS.

"During the year there have been in attendance in the College 99, and in the Grammar School 164.

The students have been faithful in their daily work, and commendable in deportment. The Christian Association, the Prayer, and the Mission Band meetings have been well attended, and have been the means of rich spiritual blessings. We are glad to notice that there is a strong development of a noble Christian character, and that the College Esprit de Corps is becoming stronger from year to year. There is springing up among them a deep interest in their College, which naturally leads to a high appreciation of the advantages offered, and a willingness, on their part, to do what they can to raise the standard of its course, to protect and cherish its reputation, and to make it in every way attractive to young people who desire a liberal education amid Christian influences."

GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

"The grounds have recently received considerable attention on the part of the students. About 175 shade trees have been planted, and the terrace, which some of us helped build and sod a generation ago, has been repaired and beautified. The room now used for laboratory purposes is inadequate, and we have no suitable room for the collections that are from time to time donated to the College for a museum. The College is very much in need of a building for such purposes."

In regard to the above Council adopted the following:
Graduates of Hope studying at the Western Theological Seminary will labor in the following congregations during the summer: H. Dykhuisen, Sheldon, Iowa; P. Swart, Franklin, Wisconsin; B. Hoffman, Mooreland, and Eggleston, Mich.

Of the six members of the senior class of the Western Theological Seminary, five are alumni of Hope. Mr. Te Paske is considering an appointment as classical missionary in Minnesota. Mr. Huizinga goes to India as principal of a mission school. Mr. Janssen has accepted a call to labor as pastor of the Reformed church at George, Iowa. Mr. Miedema is yet undecided as to his future field of labor. In the meantime, he will visit friends in this vicinity. Mr. Shaffer has received the promise of a call from the churches at Lennox and Davis, S. Dakota. He will probably take a course in German at the Chicago University.

At Princeton Seminary.

A fellowship has been awarded to James Sterenberg of Fulton, Ill., upon a competitive examination in Greek, in a class of seventy.

John L. De Jong of Roseland, Ill., has received a fellowship upon examination in Hebrew.

Both these young men graduated from Hope College in 1893. Their competitors were graduates from the leading educational institutions of the country.

Among the Societies.

Edited by J. De Jongh, '87.

COSMOPOLITAN.

The opening of this term found the Cosmopolitans in good trim and ready for action. The familiar song, "Bohunus," broke the silence of a few weeks vacation and, in its upward flight, laid the foundation for another term of social enjoyment and intellectual improvement. Our aim during this term will be to make the meetings still more interesting and profitable than during previous terms, and at the same time raise the standard of our Society higher than ever before. At the opening meeting the following were elected as officers for the present term: President, John Osewaarde; vice-president, Cor. Kuyer; secretary, Cor. Spaan; and, in accordance with a time-honored custom, the ex-president, Tony Rozendal, as janitor.

Three of our esteemed members, seniors Lubbers, Dykstra, and Kots—alias, Franklin, Emerson, and Von Vondell, respectively—have left us.

"The fiat of nature is inexorable." Though no longer active members they still belong to our society as Honorary members and will, no doubt, in representing us in the world, still do honor to and benefit the Society to which they owe so much.

FRATERNAL.

The Cuban patriots have been recognized as belligerents. The Fraternal Society transformed itself into a mock U. S. Senate on April 24, and among other bills and resolutions which were passed, was a concurrent resolution presented by the committee on Foreign Relations, recognizing Cuba's belligerency. This session was
one of the most interesting meetings of the Society during the past year.
Some time in the near future, it is the intention of the Society to transform itself again, this time into a National Republican Convention for the nomination of a President.
The fraters believe in being up to the times; and this year, when the public in general is specially interested in national politics, they, as loyal Americans, wish to become better informed, not only as to legislative proceedings, but also as to political party management.

V. M. C. A.
Our first meeting this term was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Beardslee who presented many beautiful thoughts, using as his subject the "Parable of the seed growing secretly."
The following week the meeting was led by Mr. Henry Hunziga, of the Western Theological Seminary. The subject for the evening was "The Work of Our Own Board in India."
On April 30 we had the privilege of meeting State Secretary Clark, who discussed matters in regard to our religious work, and offered suggestions to the various committees. Mr. Clark affirms that the Association work is in a most flourishing condition this year, not only in this State but in others also.
The evening service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Brett, of Jersey City, N. J., whom we esteem very highly. Dr. Brett spoke to us upon the subject, "A Week Spent in the Land of our Saviour." We have certainly drawn many lessons from this address which will remain with us for years to come.

THE ANCHOR.

PFI BETA EPSILON.
"The chief glory of every nation arises from its authors." - Samuel Johnson.
We have begun a new term's work with new energy and determination. The first meeting was held on April 16th. The Club has decided to take up the authors connected with the Johnson Club. The subject for consideration on that evening was Samuel Johnson. At the request of the Club, Prof. Nykery very kindly and willingly consented to meet with us that evening, and to give us a general idea of the Johnson Club. He discussed the origin of clubs in general and gave us an excellent description of the Johnson Club. The talk was very entertaining and instructive, and appreciated by the members. After the meeting, the Professor supplied the convivial part of the program.
The subjects treated at the two following meetings were Goldsmid and Burke.

MELPHONE.
The Melophone Society has begun work for the last term, and the prospects are that it will be a very busy one. According to custom, the two sections have combined, thereby forming a body of almost fifty members. The joint meetings have thus far been carried on very successfully, the programs proving to be both interesting and instructive.
The whole aim and purpose of the Society has centered upon the "bust." Everyone is trying to aid in making it a grand success.
The following officers have been elected:
G. Honolun, president; O. Fish er, vice-president; W. E. Van der Hart, secretary; H. J. Steketee, treasurer; J. Nyweining, sargeant-at-arms; J. S. Raum, marshal.

THE G. M. S. SOCIETY.
At a meeting of the G. M. S., held on April 24, the following officers were elected: President, Miss C. Meemee; vice-president, Miss J. Vau pei; secretary, Miss G. Klomparens; treasurer, Miss K. Vyne.
Debates and the study of the lives of great men and the women constitute the main part of the program. Mysterious as the Society may seem to some, the members have no secrets to keep or break. They believe that woman stands on a level with man intellectually and that through thorough training she becomes his equal in eloquence. This is the aim of the society, and it is certain of success.

ULFUS CLU.
Judging from the spirit which prevailed in the Club at its first meeting this term, we have come to the conclusion that its members mean to do business. A goodly number were present, and we hope that those among them who are not members, have come to stay. We miss the presence of one of our oldest members, Mr. Kots, who has not returned to school this term by reason of his father's death. The Club extends its sympathies in his bereavement.
The regular program was not carried out at the first meeting, but a literary meeting was held, stating views and criticisms on the lives and works of the most prominent leaders in our Dutch literature. We were sorry to learn that Prof. Doesting, who was to give an address on "The Dutch Literature in General," could not meet with us.
It is true that we are not a large Club. Still it is not always the large number which makes a success of their work. It seems that the thought which prevails among the members is this, "A little leaven, leaveneth the whole lump." Let us continue with this spirit.
The following have been elected officers for the ensuing term: President, Benjamin Eefting; vice-president, John De Jongh; secretary, Jacob Brummel; treasurer, F. Wiersma.

College Jottings.

Fud:
Pipe:
Pumpkin pie:
Baby is reconciled:
Captain Raum, sine probation:
Laughing Charley, alias Western:
Cyclone:
Glass doors are no obstacles to M——:
Kelder heeft een Kleine; Schipper heeft een Fijne.

'THE JUNIORS recite Latin before chapel exercises.
On May 4 J. R. Brink visited his old classmates, the "Cs."
Raum is now ready to receive congratulations on his appointment as captain.
Saturday, May 9, witnessed a victory for the College boys in base-ball. The game consisted of seven innings, and resulted in a score of 16 to 27.
Mr. Harvey has been tendered the tutorage for another year.

J. Maurits has accepted a position with Pennell, the shoe dealer, on Monroe street, Grand Rapids.

The mail at the local office has perceptibly increased since the "bus" question has been agitated.

May 2, the "C's" and "D's" tossed the ball. The "D's" caged the goose and gave her produce to the aged "C's."

Violators of the order "Keep off the grass" are subjected to a cold bath. A. L. W. was the first victim.

A base-ball nine, composed entirely of left handers, has been organized by Kelder. They will be known as "Sinistri."

Father's throat is now undergoing treatment to relieve him of that offensive cold which has so often troubled him in singing.

The first ball game of the season was played on April 24 with the Holland City Stars, which resulted in a victory for the College.

Ter A, after having chewed the root of some young sapling for half an hour, concluded that sausages was not an article to be relished.

The handsome faces of the "A's" are being photographed at Hopkins.

Have you seen Wilms' watch? If not, ask him to show it to you.

Robert De Bruyn, ex-classmate of the present Freshmen, was married at Grand Haven the first of last month. Congratulations Robert.

One day last week, Pa V was perambulating the campus without shoes. Whether he was ashamed of his old footwear or trying to manifest pride in his new black socks, is a matter of conjecture.

The Seniors having finished their prescribed studies have left for their respective homes.

On Friday, May 1, Mr. B. D. Jackson, of Grand Rapids, photographed the College buildings and grounds. Nine views were taken, both interior and exterior. Arrangements have been made with an engraving company to group these views about the likeness of Dr. A. C. Van Raalte, and to print the same on the same. The whole will be in the form of a hanger, size 22 by 26 inches.

The much talked of and long expected athletic contests occurred on Wednesday, April 29. A large company of spectators were seated in the visitors gallery, among them members of the College Council and of the Faculty.

Inspired by this splendid audience, our athletes could not do otherwise than to put forth their best efforts to do justice to themselves. That their work was appreciated by the spectators was plainly manifested by frequent and hearty applause that greeted them again and again.

The competitors in the first contest were Martin Koster and Ties Mulder. The work required was on the horizontal bar, parallel bar, the high jump, and vaulting.

The judges were Prof. Whitenack, of the College, and Mr. Haldock of the city High School. The prize, a gold medal, was awarded to Mr. Koster. Honorable mention was made of Mr. Mulder, and he deserves much praise for his excellent work.

Merrill, De Bey, Hendelink, Tanis, and F. Warmshuis were competitors in the second contest. The required work was on the horizontal bar, the high kick, snap under the bar, and running long jump. Mr. De Bey was first man, and received the prize, a three dollar sweater.

All those that took part in these contests deserve credit for their good work.

The president of the gymnasium received instructions to purchase sixty-three dollars worth of new apparatus. The money used for this purpose is part of the proceeds from the Gymnasia and Benefit Concert given last March.

Did you ever take Magic E coy, the Beulahic Mystery? If not, don't let a chance to see this beautiful, swift and intriguing play pass you by. See it at the Grand Rapids Opera House, June 20th. For every admission you will receive a special package printed with each ticket. Price, ten cents each.

* Alexander's Feast

of the Power of Music.

J. A. HOLLANDER, "D" CLASS PREF.

This poem was written by John Dryden, an eminent English poet, who was born in 1631 and died in 1700.

It illustrates very beautifully the effect of music upon the human mind, especially upon those of an emotional or impulsive nature.

The return of a successful military expedition among the ancients was always followed by splendid entertainments and sumptuous feastings held in honor of the victor and his victory. We may therefore suppose that the festivities held in honor of Alexander's recent conquest of the Persian Empire, the greatest empire that had as yet existed, must have been a splendid affair. The King with Thais, daughter of the vanquished Persian monarch, Darius, dressed in gorgeous robes, and seated upon an elevated throne, with courtiers and generals about them, must have presented an imposing sight which was not lacking in gayety.

Timotehus, the great musician of his day, from an elevated platform, now began to play upon his lyre; and to sing the praises of the King, his great achievements, his glory, and his prowess, comparing him to Jove, the supreme god of the ancients, and going so far as to claim for him a descent from this mighty god. The audience, carried away by the skillful performance of the actor, shouted till the hall echoed and re-echoed, "A God! A God! A present living God!" Alexander, partly because he liked to be flattered, and partly because he was somewhat affected by the charming likeness produced by Timotehus, seemed well pleased with the adoration thus bestowed upon him by an excited populace.

Timotehus, noting with evident satisfaction the success of his experiment, now tried a different tune. Bacchus, the god of wine, was next produced. The player dwelt upon the graces of the god, and the blessings he bestowed upon his jovial followers. The effects of wine, together with the martial strain of the tuneful lyre, caused the King to grow vain, and his imaginations began to run back to his battles and conquests.

* This article has received special commendation from the professor in charge, both for its originality and for the good English coming from a "D" class pupil.
Seemingly surrounded by enemies, he gave defiance to all, even heaven and earth.

While the King was defying and destroying his imaginary foes, the player again changed his subject. The stifling air was followed by a low mournful dirge. Timotheus related the changing of fate and the infidelity of man to man, taking for an illustration the King's defeated enemy, Darius, who, in his day of power, received the homage and submission of millions, kings and princes included, but, amid trouble and defeat, when their help and loyalty was most needed, all forsook him, and left him weeping in his blood through the treachery of one of his generals, who murdered him. Darius was deserted by the meanest slave. Timotheus noticed the red result upon the King, for the tender pathos of his song caused the mighty monarch to shed tears of pity.

Thus did the skilled Timotheus change the humor of prince and people at his will, from reality to imaginary scenes of battle, with all its thirst for vengeance; and from this, in turn, to the shedding of tears over the misfortunes of a hated foe.

College World.

A flag 90 feet long and 60 feet wide has been voted to Princeton, as the most popular college.

Chicago University will build a memorial hall for the late Professor Swing at a cost of $35,000.

Boston University has made a rule that students who are unwilling to give up tobacco while in the University, may withdraw.

Yale University spends $7,000 annually in purchasing books for the library. Harvard spends $15,000, and Columbia $43,000 for the same purpose.

U. of M. students, under the direction of Prof. Trueblood, have presented Julius Caesar on the stage. Its success was so encouraging that it will be given in Detroit.

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Miscellaneous Books,

Lake Forest University Glee Club made a tour of a week during the Easter vacation. They stopped at several towns in the western part of Illinois and presented a musical program to large and appreciative audiences.

A national university, under government control, is to be established in China. The professors and instructors are to be foreigners. C. D. Turnar, formerly private tutor to the sons of Li Hung Chang, is to be the first president.

Albion College has organized an Employment Agency. Its object is to secure employment for college students. There are three departments of registration. Employment for graduates, for students during vacation, for students during college year.

THE ANCHOR.

Chicago University has a glee club consisting of ladies.

The April number of "The Holcad" is devoted to the memory of Rev. John Mitchell, late professor of Greek and Literature at Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

"You seem sad, Redskinned brother," said the missionary.

"Redskinned brother's heart hea p sad," said the noble son of the prairie.

"White man shoot better, fight better, and now Injun hear college yells, he know Injun can't war-whoop for sour apples. Waugh!"—Ex.

"I notice that you endorse most of the sentences in your Psychology exam. in quotation marks; you must have read a great deal on the subject."

"Yes, I quoted the man next to me."—Ex.

In the beginning man was created with a funny bone, and to this day he laughs in his sleeve. He is the only animal that laughs, except woman, who at present laughs more than man, perhaps on account of her sleeves.—Ex.

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