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"Speak in bred." Ps. XLI. 3.

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The Study of Philology.

REV. C. H. BLODGETT, ST. PETER, N. Y.

The word Philology, like most of our technical scientific terms, comes to us from the Greek. The Greek equivalent from which it is derived means the love of learning and literature, the study of language and history. Provisionally we may accept the definition which tells us that philology is the investigation of a language and its literature, or of languages and literatures for the light they cast upon men's character, activity and history.

This definition at once sets aside some popular misconceptions as to the nature of philological study. Philology is something more than the study of grammar. To understand the difference between the Arrist and the imperfect tense in Greek, or to be able to distinguish between the various forms of the conditional sentence is only a part of Philology. It is not the whole. Philology is also something more than the study of "roots", of etymological changes and transformations which belong to the mechanism of language. Such study is more properly called linguistics, or the science in which language itself becomes the sole object of scientific inquiry. Again, Philology is not to be identified with the study of "dead languages", Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. There is no proper study of philology in its wide sense without the study of these languages and literatures, but philology transcends these bounds. These popular misconceptions are set aside when we analyze the definition given above which tells us that the object of philological study is not language and literature, considered as ends in themselves, but as means for another end, namely the revelation of men's character, activity, and history.

As Whitney briefly puts it: "Philology deals with human speech and with all that speech discloses as to the nature and history of man."

But to understand fully all that is implied and involved in this definition a little explanation is necessary.

The basis of philology is rightly conceived to be the study of language or the study of speech. The object of speech is somewhat loosely stated to be the communication of thoughts and ideas. More accurately and logically speaking, it is such a presentation or embodiment of the ideas and thoughts in the mind of one man, by means of gestures, vocal sounds, or written characters, as shall call up and reproduce exactly the same ideas and thoughts in the mind of another man who is looking, listening, or reading. In other words, when I say that such a man communicates certain thoughts to me, I mean that the
sounds which he utters or the charac-
ters which he has written set my mind
at work, and the result of the working
of my mind is the reproduction to my
consciousness of the same mental im-
age or picture which was present in
the mind of the man who is addressing
me. To make speech intelligible, to
make it subservive the ends of speech,
its subject matter must be received in-
the logical consciousness of the
hearer or reader, and reproduced, dis-
tinctly represented, and reconstructed
out of that same consciousness.
To this communication or inter-
change of thoughts there are certain
limitations. A man necessarily limits
the expression of his thoughts. He
does not reveal all he knows, or thinks,
or desires, at least not in a few casual
words, or even in a lengthy speech or
conversation or book.
Again, there are involuntary and
unavoidable limitations. Men have
the same habit of substitution by con-
tventional sounds to represent certain ideas. But these sounds inevitably call up different ideas in the minds of different men. These ideas may belong to the same general class, but they differ according to the experience, education, and environment of the men who use these words. For example, take the
word "city." To a man who has always
lived in a city (so called by courtesy)
of two or three thousand people, it
means one thing. To a man whose
home is in London, Paris, or New
York, it means quite another. You
say "mother," and I repeat after you
"mother," but how different the ideas
which that one word calls up.
But aside from these limitations, the
tendency, the goal, and the ideal of
human speech is for a man to repro-
duce his thoughts completely, and to
have them perfectly apprehended.
Moreover, as he reproduces and ex-
presses his thoughts, he insensibly re-
produces and expresses himself. Thought and character, language and
personality, are intertwined. If I
have lived with a man all his life, if I
have heard or read every word that he
has ever written or spoken, the pre-
sumption is that I know him about as
well as one man can ever know anoth-
er. I have received and apprehended
the man's revelations of himself. They
have entered into my consciousness.
I have reproduced and reconstructed
out of the workings of my own con-
sciousness, as stimulated by these rev-
elations, not only the image of the
thoughts of the man, but the image of
the man himself.
Now, apply this to the nation, the
race, or to humanity as a whole. The
state, says Plato, is man writ large. As
a man, consciously or unconsciously,
embodies himself in the sum total
of his actions and words, so a nation
embodies itself, its national life, spirit,
ideas, its national activity, and all the
contributions it has made to the histo-
ry of culture, civilization, and religion,
in the sum total of its acts and words. It
takes an expression of itself. This
expression, this sum total is conveyed
to us in the literature of such a nation,
in its history, in its institutions, in its
trades, commerce and industries, or,
it may be, in its archaeological and
monumental remains.
As the writer of the individual
speaker enters into the consciousness
of the hearer, and there call up the
image that is present in the mind of
the speaker, and ultimately the image
of the personality of the speaker him-
self, so the literary, historical, insti-
tutional and archaeological records of
the nation must enter into the con-
sciousness of the student in such a
vivid and effective way that the stu-
dent can reproduce and reconstruct
out of his consciousness the sum total
of national life, activity and spirit, the
nation's contributions to those ele-
ments of civilization and culture that
have abiding value. He must apply
to these literary and monumental re-
cords of national life the mental pro-
cess which the Dutch very aptly call:
*zich iets indenken; German: sich etwas
endenken.*
This is what is meant by philologi-
cal study. The aim of this study is
to know again, to re-recognize (in the
eytomological sense of that word) all
that has been previously known by
the human mind, and to know again
so completely that we are enabled to
reconstruct the life of the past. Ordin-
arily, an exercise of imagination and
reason is necessary, and it is impossible to recon-
struct even the simplest element, to
understand the simplest statement
about the life of another man or of an-
other time. Everything is seen through the haze of ignorance, or pre-
judice. To divest ourselves of this
haze of ignorance and prejudice, to
set every statement, every bit of testi-
mony and evidence in its proper en-
vironment and setting and so to ap-
prehend it that it shall mean for us
precisely what it meant for the men
who first uttered or produced these
records, is the aim of philological
study. But even this is not enough.
We must understand these records not
only as the men understood them who
first uttered or produced them, the
originators, but our knowledge must
take in a larger scope, a scope which
from the nature of the case was inac-
cessible to these originators. We
must understand these records in their
historical sequences and effects. We
must understand these records in their
bearing on our own present life.
In the life of every nation that has
played any part whatever in the intel-
lectual, civil, social, and religious his-
tory of the race, certain problems have
been encountered, certain resolutions
have been proffered, experimented with,
established, or rejected, and cer-
tain permanent contributions have
been made to the history of civiliza-
tion. These contributions we are us-
ing to day. The national and individ-
ual life of to-day is shaped and deter-
mimed by these contributions of the
past. The elements of old Greek,
Roman, and Hebrew thought have
entered into our moral and eco-
nomic fibers. We cannot disentangle
ourselves of them. We cannot ade-
quately understand ourselves without
understanding them. We are im-
pressed with the solidarity of the race.
In the light of the foregoing we are
prepared to take in the significance of
Max Mueller's definition: "Philology, whether classical or oriental, whether
studying of ancient or modern, of cul-
tivated or barbarous languages, is an
historical science. Language is here
treated as a simple as a means. The clas-
sical scholar uses Greek or Latin, the
oriental scholar Hebrew or Sanscrit, or
any other language as a key to an
understanding of the literary monu-
ments which by-gone ages have be-
queathed to us, as a spell to raise from
the tomb of time the thoughts of great
men in different ages and differ-
ent countries, and as a means ultimately to trace the social, moral, intellectual and religious progress of the human race.

This it is that constitutes the importance and the value of philological study. The claims of other fields of study, geology, biology, chemistry, or physics, are strenuously and attractively set forth by their respective advocates. Sometimes this setting forth is accompanied by an equally strenuous and contemptuous relegation of philology to the domain of that which is simply and hopelessly antiquated. This is ignorance, pure and simple. To our minds there is no comparison.

That which will always be of supreme interest to man and occupy the chief place in his intellectual activity is not the history and description of rocks, gravitation, heat, light, electricity and magnetism. It is the history of Human

On John Milton.

J. W. Moore.

The statement that "Milton is best known by his poetry" is, I think, very true. No other poet can rival him in the excellence of his style. Rightly has Macaulay said that "their value depends less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest." They rather hint at subjects from which one is able to make out other poems. He is mysterious and picturesque. He is also commended by certain critics for his valuable quality of Latin verse. His most known and most appreciated poems are L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. Among his other noted poems are Lycidas, Comus, a poem rapturous in eloquence and music, and Paradise Lost, which we consider his masterpiece.

"Milton was the greatest statesman of the English Revolution, the stoutest champion of English liberties against the tyranny of the House of Stuart." By 1649 he decided to turn away from literature into political life, and during the next twenty years he was a very powerful and active cham-

On the village Humeteros dwelt

Squire Didaskalos, a moralist, famous especially among the aspiring youth of that vicinity. He is Lord

pinion of Republicanism against Monarchy. In the same year he was appointed Latin Secretary. It was said of him, while holding this office, that "his pen was as strong as Cromwell's sword." His educated mind and his soundness of judgment made him well qualified for this important position.

Milton's most weighty duty was his answer to Salamasis, a French scholar, and an eminent supporter of the Royalists, who had been hired by Charles

H., to write a defense of his father Charles I. This book the Royalists thought unanswerable, but, nevertheless, Milton was selected by the Commonwealth, and at once prepared his Defence Populi Anglicae,—a book defending the conduct of the English people. This book struck Salamasis with such "a storm of eloquence" that it probably hastened his death, whereupon Milton flattered himself with having "killed his man." Although he had "killed his man", nevertheless this book proved a great detriment to him, since, by his incessant labor, he became totally blind.

Although born of an ancient Roman Catholic family, Milton stands as the grandest representative of Puritanism. In boyhood and especially while he was still attending college, traits of haughty Puritanism were manifest in him, partly from his gracefulness of person and partly from his strict set of morals.

In 1642 the Civil War broke out. The large masses of the population divided themselves into two parties: the Parliamentarians,
There is no life. All around is bare, save for an occasional cactus, which, with its thorny leaf, defies the barrenness. At a distance, on the water’s bordering surface, moving bodies, black, white-capped, dance up and down. It seems like a wild army, rushing madly onward, in bold defiance to rule and regulation. There seemed no purpose but to gain the foremost rank. Its banks are quicksand. Whoso ventures on this stream must follow with its current, or stand his craft, and sink beneath the treacherous sands. Whatever be the course, his doom is sealed, for far ahead I hear a rumbling noise, as if of some great artillery. Yonder arises a dark cloud, beyond it are regions of darkness, Ah! too late had it been discovered. The frenzied stream rushes madly on, and dashes headlong down the precipice. Unscrupulous Ambition, such is thy course and name.

You founder with a crash.

And now, my young Agamons, you are at the point of separation. If you rush madly on, you will meet your doom; if steadily, success.

When at the senate hall you come, observe respect to all senatores.
Nor tell him there, if you advise, Where he for so merry party fame
Does wander on forbidden grounds.
For he at his full will spend him of.
But, when got home alone he lies,
Then resists his skilful self to life,
Or sink him in the desert below.

If now you follow my advice,
Agamons you will not be.
For ‘A’ will fall, and Timon is your appellation, ‘Vendible’.
I bid you now, Adieu. adieu.”

F. T. Callaway.

Wallace’s Soliloquy.

M. Horsett, 11.

Is this the selfish kind o’er which my sight
Now roams, where once a happy people dwelt?
Where once my own beloved home arose!
Is this bare waste that lies before me now,
With jonder loop of fragmentary walls,
The spot where my ancestral castle stood?
Is this deserted wilderness the place
Where once our happy Eden graced my Love?
But ah! thou uncreated, the silver voice
Is still. It grows no more my listening ear
With happy songs we sang in childhood’s days
The treas’rt heart a coward’s cursed steel
Has pierced, and my life’s sun, that very hour,
Sink beneath the western sky, in vain so near
There by my love, the angel of my heaven
Which my heart found rest ever at her side.
I see again those arms, as once so white
Those eyes that twelt wond’rful wond’r my neck.
And then her head that pillowed on my breast,
That tumultuous head where fairest wisdom dwell,
Now rocks so cold on pavement colder still.
Those lips so chaste may never more press mine,
Nor may their smile clash this bitter pain
That eats its way to this heartwound breast.
Then, too, those eyes, the windows of her soul,
The, home of prayer, the silent, restforever too,
May beam their averse beauty forth no more.

Or does thy gentle spirit, matchless Marion, smile

From your starry home, upon thy Wallace still?
Is not thy loving care for us everward,
That heart o’er me in the battle’s deadling din
Ah yes! Then art ye near, I feel thy presence still.
Thy heavenly eyes do look down on me in thy absence.
The thought of thee, on my enduring tenderness,
Where is my love? where is she, my dear, my dear, my dear.

On resided Ellerby, our cherished home, where love
In all its joy from the sweet soul arose,
Now serve my arms to strike our Scotland’sdirect foes
Who murder and destroy all this devoted land,
Yet, taught by thy example, never can my arm
Strike at the life of it or my dear’s enemy.
Whip by the last despoothing monarch’s anguish force,
Casts down his sword, and bogs for mercy at my hands.

And so for age, devoted to thy love,
“Lonely heart shall beat for Scotland’s bliss.
Till, for that some beloved land, it peers
In Treasure on her seal, the bliss which throve
Now only for her freedom and her friends.
And there my ransomed soul, from childhood’s days
Entwined with thine, shall sing thy grave’s praise.
And we shall see our Father’s way was best.
This now, at times, fierce anguish tears my soul.

Then shall I join, with thee, those joyous-songs
Which from resound from angelforthy lips.
Until that happy time, when we shall meet;
My country claims my soul, and here I am.”
As another year of college life is drawing near its close, and as another senior class has already left our recitation rooms, once more is impressed upon us the never-changing, never-ceasing progress of the course of time. There is something terrible in its calm, unimpassioned movement. The moment when the passing of a crisis, the commission of some awful deed, passes us unmoved on its way as an hour spent in sleep or in the quietness of meditation. The hour of triumph stays not, nor hastes, but marches on, with unswerving tread. There are times of joy when it seems that the hour is longer because of our very happiness, but no, it has sped and only the memory is left us. There are times when we would fly, but, one by one, each must pass, with its full share, till the last is gone.

Hope College has, for several years past, been sadly deficient in its science department, especially as far as laboratory work was concerned. *But through the generosity of Dr. T. G. Hulsinga of Zeeland, Michigan, the institution has recently been enriched by a complete set of microscopical apparatus, consisting of a microscope of four hundred enlarging power, together with several smaller lenses, and in addition there were also received a number of zoological slides, the gift of Dr. Werkman and others. We heartily thank the generous donors and can assure them that the student body appreciate the kindness, feeling that a long felt want has been supplied.

There is a large class of people in this world, who have plenty to say, new and worth telling, but they do not know how to say it. Their ideas are like the clouds in the sky, vague and indefinite in outline, needing to be condensed into rain drops before they can refresh the thirsty earth. It is a mistake to suppose that if any one understands a thing himself, he must necessarily be able to express his idea so that others can understand him. Among the untrained and uneducated, especially, we often meet persons who will labor with great difficulty over a simple thought before they can give it utterance.

It is surprising how ideas with which we are perfectly familiar, puzzle us when we try to put them into so many words. We make a bold attempt, and find we have only got hold of a corner. We try again, but some new and unforeseen difficulty arises. And so it goes. At last, after infinite trouble we have it. But what a round about, awkward expression! All hemmed in by adjectives and adverbs, and modifying clauses like so many amendments, tacked on to the original.

But the main thing has been accomplished, and it is an easier task to cut off the corners and smooth out the rough places, till we are satisfied with it. We all have occasion to remember those ‘definitions’ we encountered in Geometry, at first with stout hearts and confident spirits, but, afterward, as we grew wiser, like veterans in an army knowing our danger, with befitting caution and respect.

It is an art to be able to express, simply and clearly, what we mean, and one that can only be acquired by practice. But it is an invaluable acquisition. It makes us worth more. It enables us to make our ideas usable and of value to others.

The beautiful summer evenings with their mellow sweetness and enchanting atmosphere are coming on apace, and with them comes the serenade, the one bright spot in a student’s life which above all else clings to him when all the other petty joys of college days are forgotten, and he sits, a grave alumnus, with a wise and the usual complement of a family, thinking of the moonlight nights spent in the ancient, academic town.

It is true, the relation between the teacher and pupil may, during the day, be somewhat strained, and the mutual regard a rather chilly affair when it must pass through such a comfortless medium as history or mathematics, but when the Professor responds to the serenade with a few words of thanks and encouragement we again feel that he is not always wrinkled and churlish, and can sympathize with our youthful endeavors to show our college spirit.
are now already graced with the portraits of two years back. By the side of these pictures there also hangs a life-like representation of our beloved Dr. Phelps, whose memory is dear to the heart of every alumna whose years at college were spent under the direct control of that venerable gentleman.

But one of our alumnae commenting upon this matter, fitsy remarks that one place on that wall is vacant which might be filled by the likeness of him who best deserves the place, the revered Dr. Scott. With a fitting tribute of praise, our alumnae recalls how he and others of his fellow-students presented their beloved president with a gold time piece as a token of their esteem and regard, and adds that, for the benefit of those whose good fortune it has never been to know Dr. Scott, no better reminder could be given of the work he has accomplished and the good he has done than that his likeness should be presented to the college by those students who still remember him, and that they should be aided by the graduates who wish to help in the good work and thus show that Dr. Scott, though dead, is not forgotten.

Nature's Studies.

The spring term, although, perhaps, in many respects quite unfitted for hard study, brings with it many a lesson for the observing and "nature loving" student. The earth, for many months robed in a mantle of white, exchanges the same for one of green. The seeming deadness which pervaded the landscape of a few months ago bursts forth in full life and vigor. The birds return to meadow and woodland, filling these with their sweet songs. The cattle browsing on the distant hills seem to have "great and tranquil thoughts.

The flowers, opening at the command of the sun's cheerful rays, seem filled with a true sense of delight. On every hand we hear:

"Some forth into the light of things,

Let Nature be your Teacher."

To the student, going out for a ramble on a beautiful day, those things certainly should mean something. Here are great lessons to be learned. His botany makes him acquainted with the different plants and flowers so that no longer he need pass them by unnoticed; his study of natural history enables him to be a friend of bird and insect, and thus, "holding communion with her visible forms," to him, Nature "speaks a various language."

But, aside from this, Nature truly is an open book, whose pages every one is allowed to turn to partake of the fountain of knowledge contained therein. Here are lessons beyond the grasp of the human mind, it is true, but here also are lessons which lead us from nature up to nature's God. How enraptured one feels! What a true sense of sublimity creeps over one when wandering thro' woodland or thatched dimly pierced Pere and there by the sun's rays, removed from the world's noisy din—alone in nature's Temple.

At such a time every plant, shrub, flower or insect has a mission, and seems to breathe forth a divine lesson.

Robert Burns studied from the great book of Nature. The birds of Scotland sing in his verse, the sweet-scented fragrance of the wild roses perfumes his songs, and each "timonious we beastie" was his friend. Wordsworth, a student of nature, found lessons in the flowers that grew about his pathway, and to him the "immortal flower that none could get"—

Thoughts that do often lie deep for tears."

This is the true study of Nature: To discover the "hand that is Divine; to look beyond the visible forms and beauties, recognizing Him who doth clothe the fields with verdure, robe the lily in beauty, and perfume the rose with fragrance. Study nature as said the dying Leibnitz: "I am going to study nature by the light which proceedeth from her Maker's throne."

Peace or War.

HENRY DEER, "A*

At our country's portal some one loudly knocks,
In heavy armor clad, while in his hand
He holds a sword now drawn from out its sheath,
His face is scarred, his hands are stained with blood,
His cruel eye looks round as now he waits
For us to open the door. Impatiently
He stamps the earth and strikes with blood-stained sword
The door we fear would open to let
Him in. But look! displeased with our delay
To swing the door wide open, let him in,
Accept his leadership and let him rule,
He turns about and paces to and fro.
Where'er he walks he leaves the earth dark-red
With drops of blood which moist the earth and soon
Will cause it to bring forth the ugly weed
Of Sorrow for the Dead, Revenge and Hate,
Destruction, Poverty, and that tall weed
Which, once sprung up, will thrive so well and will,
If left to grow, become of wondrous size.
It is that mountinous burden of expense
Which always drives away from nations' doors
The longing-for angel of Prosperity.
It always grows where treads this demon, who
Is at our country's door and whom we call
The merciless and cruel demon, War.
But hark! we hear a gentler, softer knock:
An angel now, with countenance serene
And calm, admission seeks. His bright blue eye
B-trays to us the love and tenderness
That's hidden in his heart. His lovely form
Is decked with loose and flowing garments which,
When gently shaken by his hand
Will drop from out their folds the fragrant flowers,
Which, fallen, straightway root will take and grow
And leave a beautiful and flow'ry path
To mark the footsteps of this angel, Peace.
Those are the sad results that come from War,
And these the blessings brought to us by Peace.
Whose leadership and guidance shall we take?
'Tis ours to choose. Yet Justice, stern and grave,
Demands a fair decision in this case.
So may God help us now to choose aright.
What A Dutch Student Thinks of the War.

O f late the war question has excited the deepest interest at Hope. This is not because it is believed that war should be madly rushed into, but that Cuba should be made free in a way that shall not be dishonorable to a Christian nation. It is believed, however, that a war for vengeance, even against Spain, is criminal. True enough, the Maine has been destroyed, and that probably by the treacherous hands of the Spaniard, but that is a separate question and would not be obviated even in case of war with Spain concerning the Cuban issue. Yet, should the destruction of the Maine and the loss of so many lives prove to have been sacrificed for the freedom of Cuba, would that in itself not repay the loss sustained.

We mourn with the nation over those who died so bravely, but we have no sympathy with the popular clamor for revenge. Hope's sons would to-day march out and die for the freedom of Cuba, if that alone were the object. But to vindicate the nation's honor by crushing the Spaniard for mere revenge, and that, too, when he is unable to conquer even a few half armed Cubans, we believe is an act no less barbarous and anti-Christian than the deeds of his savage ancestors of centuries ago. Let Spain, half civilized and almost entirely blinded by an hereditary hatred of the Americans, be set on fire with hellish revenge; let her, disheveled, her body dead, her spirit unable to pass away, continue to drain her last resources in defiance to freedom and freedom's God. But shall the United States, the bright star of freedom, be corroding her heart by moping over the loss of the Maine and declare war for vengeance sake? Never! Even in the light of the fact that the history of Spain has almost been a continual blight to civilization, and that now, after she has lost by misuse many of her possessions, she still continues to commit the most horrible outrages upon the people who rightly endeavor to throw off the yoke of tyranny, a war revengefully waged would be criminal, and wholly unworthy of a free and Christian nation.

We mean to say not at all that the United States should not go to war in behalf of Cuba, for Spain has long enough insulted the civilized world by her barbarous cruelties; she has long enough most shamefully broken the agreements with her colonies and long enough waged the most relentless war of modern time. And it is time, we think, for the United States to protect her own interests, to interfere forcibly if need be, and to accept no other concession from Spain than the liberation of Cuba and that forever. But let all this be accomplished for the great cause of humanity and not for vengeance.

We are thankful that the question whether our country should or should not interfere, or how she should interfere, rests with able and conscientious men, and that the chief among them all has shown himself strong enough to withstand popular sentimentality and Christian enough to avoid war as much as possible. We are thankful, indeed, that the duty of the United States in regard to this complicated question becomes more clear every day, and that already the glimmerings of the dawning of freedom can be seen from Cuba's shores. But we are thankful above all that He who directs the course of every nation and individual evidently directs the hand of our President to action, and the course of Cuba to a free and independent state, and that under His guidance all is safe and in the end will redound to His glory and the advancement of His kingdom upon earth.

Paul Krueger, '98.

De Alumnis.

Rev. J. Poppen, Ph. D., '82, who was compelled to leave Japan on account of ill health, is again able to resume preaching.

Rev. G. H. Hoppers, of Cleveland, Ohio, spent a few days with friends in the city the first of this month.

Rev. S. M. Zwemer, '87, has been appointed one of the editorial correspondents of the Missionary Review.

Since our last issue Rev. H. Harneilng, '88, of Alto, Wisconsin, has declined the call from the Reformed church in Bon Homme Co., S. Dak. Mr. Harneiling visited friends in Michigan and preached in Grand Haven a few weeks ago.

Rev. T. W. Muienberg, '89, of Grand Rapids, has accepted a call from the First Reformed Church of Grand Haven, Mich.

Rev. Henry Huizenga, '93, is at present engaged in field work at Mor-anam, India. Mr. Huizenga writes that much interest is shown in the preaching.

Mr. H. Dykhuizen, '95, who graduated from the Theological Seminary this spring, has received a call from the churches of Lemars and Sheldon, Iowa, as one charge.

Capt. C. Gardener, upon his return from Washington, held a long conference with Adj. Gen. Irish, at Lansing, with a view of placing the state militia on an effective war footing, should occasion demand. On Thursday Capt. Gardener was relieved from duty with the Michigan National Guards and ordered to rejoin his command.— Holland City News.

On Thursday, April 19, William D. Zoethout, of the class of '93, passed his last examination for the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Chicago. To our knowledge this is the shortest time after graduation in which this degree has been captured by any of Hope's men. Another honor for Hope's Alumni: Mr. Zoethout's post-graduate course was in the Natural Sciences. The subject of his thesis was: The Effect of Poisons and Lack of Oxygen upon Animals.

Among the Societies.

Y. M. C. A.

The winter term of work closed
THE ANCHOR.

In the spring term opened with a talk on Japanese missions by Dr. Jacob Poppen. He spoke of many interesting things which he had observed during his two years' stay in Japan. New light was thrown on the actual moral and social condition of the Japanese people, and many a new line of thought concerning missions was opened, which none but experience could have suggested. Indeed, in their turn, books and papers are good enough for obtaining a general knowledge of missions, yet, after all, there is nothing like the vivid, animated words of an eye-witness.

Apr. 11. Dr. Dossin was to address the meeting, but on account of illness could not be present. Dr. Winter kindly consented to take his place. He gave us a very instructive and inspiring address on "Justification and Sancification."

There is nothing more truly indicative of intellectual growth than love and enthusiasm for the work in hand. If the mind is affected and strengthened by its activities there must naturally develop a certain affinity for its own pursuits, which characterizes the true nature of mental growth. The Cosmopolitans, notwithstanding the season for hard work is past, as is commonly thought, have shown unusual zeal and enthusiasm for their society work during the past month. The debates have generally been on social and political questions, which, in connection with the present difficulties with Spain concerning Cuba, lent liveliness and interest to all the meetings.

At the first meeting of this term two new names were proposed for membership, making the present enrolment larger than it ever was before.

The L. L. L. is still flourishing. Some very good literary programs have been rendered, and the girls take a lively interest in their work.

At the meeting of Apr. 8, the following officers were elected:

President, Grace Yates.
Vice-President, Hattie Zemwer.
Secretary, Janet Van der Beldt.
Treasurer, Antoinette Boer.
Marshal, Alice Kollen.

MELPHONE.

After two terms of successful work, on Monday evening, April 11, both sections of the Melophone society united, and their aims are now one. The following gentlemen were selected as the officers of the society:

President, Henry J. Steketee.
Vice-President, John Y. Broek.
Secretary, John A. De Hollander.
Treasurer, Nicholas E. Van Dam.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Hessel Yatema.
Marshal, Martin Ruisard.

The regular literary work of the society will soon be abandoned for the more important task of preparing for the "bust." This is looked forward to as a source of great pleasure, and many an individual preparation is being made. This year our rules are to be strictly enforced, and every Meliphonian will be compelled to be accompanied by some lady friend. Judging by the envious glances that are being cast at the members of the society, we infer that this fact is already widely known.

Our members feel that unity is one of the means for success. This fact was impressed upon us at a late meeting, and it is our purpose to strive to have that characteristic prevail in our midst.

Earnestness has also been displayed in our ranks, and if we can, in a measure, judge by these things, we are led to believe that the "bust" of '98 will be crowned with a grand and brilliant success.

FRATERNAL.

Altho' the winter term is acknowledged to be the best time for society work, we are confident that the work this term will not be inferior to the earnest, persevering effort put forth during the past winter. The members continue to take a very great interest in their society and are bound to maintain the record for hard work which has been a characteristic feature of the F. S. for many years past.

The success which attended the writing of a novel during the past term has induced the boys to undertake the writing of another, which will, without doubt, be far superior to the former one.

At the beginning of the term the following officers were elected: Pres., John E. Kuijenga; Vice Pres., Henry Sluiter; Sec-Treas., A. B. VanZante; Keeper of the Archives, A. T. Broek.

ULPHAS (JUNK.

The Ullian club has again entered upon another term of work. Looking over the past, we can not but be hopeful for the future. The meetings have been well attended, and never before was so much enthusiasm shown in debating the different questions of politics and history. The club especially feels the good services of the "Eere-Voorzitter," Prof. C. Doesburg, who does not spare any efforts to make the work of the society truly successful for all the members, and who is always ready to make some suggestions or corrections.

This term will be largely spent in preparing for "het jaarfeest." Comparing our present membership and the general quality of programs rendered during the last two terms with that of other years we have reasons to believe that the "jaarfeest" will surpass all former achievements.

The election of officers for this term was held a few weeks ago. The following were elected:

Pres., S. C. Nettinga.
Vice-Pres., W. Rinck.
Sec., S. F. Rijpma.
Treas., M. Stormzaad.
"Bedel", M. Koster.

College Jottings.

EDITED BY T. P. VAN, "01, AND G. KROETELING, "91.

Ice cream soda at book-store of M. Kiekintveld.

For information on the war get the latest papers.

Rev. Hosper, of Cleveland, Ohio, conducted devotional exercises in the chapel April 6. "You can't play in our back yard."
We all sympathized with Pa Easter evening. Ushe's really ought to know better.

Rush orders in the laundry, ever since the DePree, Brink and Brouwer junction.

Many students are competing for the prize essays. Increased enthusiasm in this line has been manifested throughout the year.

Rev. Lamar, of Grand Rapids, conducted chapel devotions Friday, April 22nd.

Miss Anna Kley visited college on Thursday, April 14. Legters met the responsibility.

Miss Minnie Bird attended college exercises April 15. L———- would have liked to meet the responsibility.

One more Easter celebration at the club and some would be oval.

Arendssays whenever he wishes to see her, he just looks out of the back window or takes a stroll to see her brother.

Junior baseball team—Subjective, an unknown quantity.

Dangremond, to a few young strangers—"Hello, boys.

Strangers—"Hello, Dangremond, Where's C—ra?"

Captain Jiggs will find Raun an excellent mascot.

Banning says he feels lonely in Zeeland. Wonder if he feels lonely in Holland?

Just over the way—Boat.

Wonder whether Brouwer's mother knows he took a lodging in the "Warwick."

Listen, my children and you shall hear of the midnight wanderers, so queer.

From Ninth street down to Tenth street, seen on wheels to ride by the light of the moon.

Then together they plan till yonder they apply

In old Van Vleck the light on high;

Picking the ride till each has a place

Where no one can see a part of his face.

Now softly they sing to try to please

The hearts that are resting in all their care.

But long they lie, to be done to stay

Or else a sleeper will drive them away.

Telman, in order that farm work may not come too hard on him during the summer, is daily working in his nursery.

Two inches of hair on six feet of Heren on a 28x22 photograph of German Heren.

The Seniors speak highly of their course in Geology and have been stimulated to further study.

We wonder where De Jong obtained his ideal of blue hair.

How was it possible that Pete could stay away the whole vacation?

Whistling Trigonometry is just as stern a reality as Plane Trigonometry.

Who could be so foolish as to think that Verney was in need of a baby carriage?

The "A's" had their class picture taken in Grand Rapids.

Winnie would like to develop the gentleman side of his nature.

The Fraternal society held its annual banquet Thursday evening, April 28, at the City Hotel. For fuller notices see next number.

To Alumni and Students:—H. D. Brink has the sole agency for Hope College pins and offers them at $1.50. Hand in your orders as soon as possible.

Teachers Wanted

All will please be ready to contribute when a collection is taken for a comb and a few bars of soap for Sandstra.

Our college is in doubt going ahead in many respects. The patriotic spirit of the boys was especially manifested by their willingness to enter the drill under command of Mr. Langworthy, who will no doubt put the boys in trim for any emergency.

The council met as usual in the last week of April. Most of its members attended the chapel devotions on the 27th. Miss Katie Vyn visited college a few days ago.

Steward De Jongh delivered the valedictory at the roth street club last Wednesday.

Don't give up before you have made it a full dozen, Arends.

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