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THE ANCHOR.

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THE STUDY OF PHILOLOGY.

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 man'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 Aristotelian 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 boundaries. 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 characters 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 image or picture which was present in the mind of the man who is addressing me. To make speech intelligible, to make it subservie the ends of speech, its subject matter must be received into the logical consciousness of the hearer or reader, and reproduced, distinctly represented, and reconstructed out of that same consciousness.

To this communication or interchange 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 no power to reproduce the conventional 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 reproduce his thoughts completely, and to have them perfectly apprehended.

Moreover, as he reproduces and expresses his thoughts, he insensibly reproduces 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 presumption is that I know him about as well as one man can ever know another. 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 consciousness, as stimulated by these revelations, 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, a nation embodies itself, its national life, spirit, ideas, its national activity, and all the contributions it has made to the history of culture, civilization, and religion, in the sum total of its acts and words. It makes 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 word, the individual speaker enter 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 himself, so the literary, historical, institutional and archaeological records of the nation must enter into the consciousness of the student in such a vivid and effective way that the student can reproduce and reconstruct out of his consciousness the sum total of national life, activity and spirit, the nation's contributions to those elements of civilization and culture that have abiding value. He must apply to these literary and monumental records of national life the mental process which the Dutch very aptly call: sich iets inducken; German: sich eonw enducken.

This is what is meant by philological study. The aim of this study is to know again, to recognize (in the etymological 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. Ordinarily, as a man's preconceptions are exercised, it is impossible to reconstruct even the simplest element, to understand the simplest statement about the life of another man or of another time. Everything is seen through the haze of ignorance, or prejudice. To divest ourselves of this haze of ignorance and prejudice, to set every statement, every bit of testimony and evidence in its proper environment and setting and so to apprehend it that it shall mean for us precisely what it meant for the men who first uttered or produced these records, that 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 inaccessible 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 intellectual, civil, social, and religious history of the race, certain problems have been encountered, certain resolutions have been proffered, experimented with, established, or rejected, and certain permanent contributions have been made to the history of civilization. These contributions we are using today. The national and individual life of to-day is shaped and determined by these contributions of the past. The elements of old Greek, Roman, and Hebrew thought have entered into our moral and social and economic fiber. Philological study has been and is a part of our intellectual life, an intellectual organism. We cannot adequately understand ourselves without understanding them. We are impressed 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 treating of ancient or modern, of cultivated or barbarous languages, is an historical science. Language is here treated simply as a means. The classical scholar uses Greek or Latin, the oriental scholar Hebrew or Sanskrit, or any other language as a key to an understanding of the literary monuments which by-gone ages have bequeathed to us, as a spell to raise from the tomb of time the thoughts of great men in different ages and differ-
ent countries, as and as 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.**

**R. More.**

JOHN Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and martyr of English liberty, as Macaulay called him, was born December 9th, 1608. He was given every educational advantage, had private instruction, and in 1620 was sent to the famous Grammar School of St. Paul. In 1624 Milton was sent to Christ’s College, Cambridge. After leaving Cambridge, six years were spent with his father at Horton, where he diligently studied the classics, and prepared himself more efficiently for the active duties of life. In the following paragraphs, I desire to discuss Milton under these heads: as poet, statesman, Puritan, and his place in literature.

From the many different accounts of his life, we see that from his youth to his old age he possessed a peculiar characteristic—a love of art and literature. The Hymn on the Nativity, and other of his poems written in youth, possess a remarkable grandeur and dignity of thought, and are noted for their tenderness and tranquility.

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. Nightly 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.” In 1649 he decided to turn away from literature into political life, and during the next twenty years he was a very powerful and active champion 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 Salamasisus, a French scholar, and an eminent supporter of the Royalists, who had been hired by Charles II. 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 of Popish and Anglican.—a book defending the conduct of the English people. This book struck Salamasisus 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 sense of morality. In 1642 the Civil War broke out. The large masses of the population divided themselves into two parties: the Parliamentarians, siding with the House of Commons, and the House of Lords; and the Royalists, siding with the king. Milton, of course, sided with the Parliamentarians. Minor controversies having again arisen, the Parliamentarians divided themselves into the Presbyterians and the Independents. Milton was a staunch supporter of the Independents. Cromwell was at once selected as the head of this party. After the execution of Charles, Milton gained his long desired wish,—the establishment of a republic. “Notwithstanding his best efforts, the ‘good old cause’ sank into defeat and the wonder is that he too was not hanged.” Indeed, like the Puritans, he lived

“As ever in his great taskmaster’s eye.”

In conclusion, I wish to speak briefly of his rank in literature. I should indeed assign him a place among the poets of the first magnitude, with Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. The finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance if they are compared with passages of Milton. We agree with Addison in saying, “The first place among our English poets is due to Milton.” “In comparison, other poets are like sailing ships, at the mercy of the winds of passion and circumstance; he resembled the ocean steamer, which by dint of internal energy can pierce through the storm.” In the future, the name of Milton will always be refreshing to us, and his works will not only delight, but will also elevate and purify us.

**The Last Address of Squire Didaskalos.**

In the village Humeteros dwells Squire Didaskalos, a moralist, famous especially among the aspiring youth of that vicinity. He is Lord
Rector of the Dodekastos Street & kinderga
tion. No one need doubt his abilities, nor question the soundness of his views, since no inferior could possibly hold such a position. It is he who founded the distinguished society, "The Agnonai", possibly from the Greek, "senseless". But let this not trouble us. For long years it has been the custom of the honored and highly respected Squire to address this society, once a week, on questions concerning the moral development of the youthful Agnonas. It need not be added that these stirring speeches impelled these young men to nobler and more virtuous aims. Since the Squire, recently, delivered his last address, and has kindly granted us the privilege of publishing it in the leading periodicals, we, here, give to our readers the parting utterance of the benign old Squire Dudalski.

"Fellow Agnonas: It is to me a grievous task to announce that I must, this evening, deliver my last address to this body of noble young men; and yet a feeling of joy mingled with pangs of grief. It is the consciousness of having assisted you in the building up of grander characters; of having changed you from illegible Egyptian hieroglyphics, to simple, straightforward, A. B. C.'s. (Great applause).

No greater reward do you give, and no other will I accept.

Gentlemen! My subject is, "The Vices of Ambition." It is the narration of a nocturnal vision as seen by me while wandering alone of an evening on the solitary heights of Mt. Kolinepa.

From its lofty peak I could discern, afar off, at a height insuperable to man, a planet. Far beyond the vision of mortal man, I could see upon it the beautiful continent Irene. Its forests were the forests primeval. Here, its surface raised to a beautiful range of hills, crowned with trees with trunks massive and majestic. There, between the hills, it sinks to a valley, whose green grass waves to the course of the wind like the tide takes its course on the ocean. In this verdant valley, under the overhanging willows and shrubs, whose branches droop to bathe their green leaves and sweet smelling blossoms in its fair bosom, flows the rivulet Innocence. In its bed were many little fountains gushing and bubbling forth their pure elements, as if each were trying to outdo the other. The brook gained in size and strength as it was fed by these fountains, until, at a distance, it had gained the volume of a great river. Its waters still flowed on in sweet accord, as it trouble there were none.

I now looked farther, and behold, in its eager struggle it had divided. It seemed as if dissension had separated the constituent parts. Here to the right a little arm of the great river stretched out in a valley. Another stream found its course to the left. The first took its winding way round a thousand woolly hills. From the branches of the trees sweet songsters sang melodious praises. Below grazed deer and buffalo. Thus, amid the sound of life and happiness, the little stream dances gladly onward. Its name is Virtuous Ambition. No cata
cracts break its course. With steady pace it softly joins the ocean's heaving bosom.

The other stream now lay before me. Its path was straight. On its banks no birds hail its approach.

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 broadening 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 quick sand. 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 heard a rumbling noise as that of some great artillery. Yonder arises a dark cloud, beyond it are regions of darkness. Ah! too late had it been dis-
covered. 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 Agnonas, 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 speech to be senator;
Nor tell him there, if you advise,
Where he for weary party takes,
Does wander on forbidden grounds,
For he in it will spend his life.
But, when you discourse alone he be,
Then reuse his skittering self to life,
Or sink him in the desert sands.

If now you follow my advice,
Agnonas you will not be,
For "A" will fall, and Common is
Your appellation; "Vandible".
I bid you now advise, "Adore".

F. T. CALLALBY.

Wallace's Soliloquy.
M. RUSSELL, XI.

Is this the selfsame kind o'er which my sight
Now roams; where once a happy people dwell'd,
Where once my own beloved home arose?

Is this the bare waste that lie before me now,
With yonder loop of fragmentary wall?

The spot where my ancestral castle stood?
Is this deserted wilderness the place
Where once my happy Eden graced my Love?

But ah! thou art not dead. The silver vire
Is still. It greets no more my listening ear
With happy songs we sang in childhood's days
The loved joint to a cowardly steel
Has pierced, and my life's sun, that very hour,
Sinkneath the western sky. Breath so scarce,
Thereby my love, the angel of my heaven
Which my heart found rest, ever at her side,

Now see again those arms, as once so white
Those arms that twined so affectionately round my neck.
And then her hand that pillowed on my breast,
That motherless head where fairest wisdom dwell,
Now rest so cold on pavement colder still.
Those lips so warm, so pure, in very shame
Nor may their smile, blot this bitter pain
That eats so way to this hearted heav'n.

Then, too, those eyes, the windows of her soul,
The house of prayer, the silent, forever too,
May Lease their sweet beauty forth no more.

Or does thy gentle spirit, madame Marion, smile
From yonder starry home, upon thy Wallace still?
Is it thy loving care and care alone, that met
That hero, o'er me in the battle's deathly din
Ah yes! Then art ye near, I feel thy presence still.

With yonder loop of fragmentary wall
The thought of thee, thy enduring tenderness,
While I am on the verge of uttering for a while
On resided Effie: our cherished home, where love
In all its quiet joy from the sweet soul arose,
Now serve my arm to strike our Scotland's direct foe
Who murder and destroy all this devoted land.
Yet, taught by thy example, never can my arm strike at the life of an élected enemy.

Whence the last despairing moment's anguish force'd
Casts down his sword, and begs for mercy at my hands.

And so for age, devoted to thy love,
"A loving heart shall beat for Scotland's bliss,
Till, for that same beloved land, it pierces,
In torches on her soul, the blood which throbs
Now only for her freedom and her friends.
And there my ransomed soul, from childhood's days
Enraptured with thine, shall sing my war's praise
And we shall see our Father's way was best.

The now, at times, fierce anguish tears my soul
Then shall I join, with thee, those joyful songs
Which now proceed from angel's lovely lips
Until that happy time, when we shall meet,
My country claims my soul, and here I am.

F. T. CALLALBY.
As another year of college life is drawing near its close, and as another senior class has already left our recreation 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 that the passing of a crisis, the commission of some awful deed, passes us unnoticed 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 unsnoozing 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. Huizinga 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 notion. 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 grammar, 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 useful 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 petty joys of college days are forgotten, and he sits, a grave alumnus, with a wife 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.

How it would dampen our aspirations if we knew that once in a while, very seldom, our maneuvers were watched from an upstairs window and with an extinguished light, and that naughty but words of bitterness, if they were made audible, would greet our waiting ears, as a token of appreciation from him whom we thought absent or safely enconced in bed.

In a recent issue of The Independent appears a poem entitled "After Dark", and composed by the Rev. J. De Beer of Baileyville, Illinois. The author, by this one production, has at once placed himself among the number of nineteenth century poets whose sentiments breathe all that is harmonious, yet simple, and has at the same time reflected great credit upon our institution which he attended for a time, and where be received most of his education.

Hope College has already in the past sent forth from her walls many men of genius, but they have, for the most part, exhibited their talents in the sphere in which every Dutch child is born, namely, in instability to philosophize, and we might almost say to sermonize. Truly, it is with extreme pleasure that we can now enrol with Rudyard Kipling and Sidney Lanier the name of Johannes De Beer.

The happy custom has lately been adopted that each Senior class at its graduation should present a Remembrance, its last group picture to the college, and, accordingly, the walls of the council room
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 alumnus whose years at college were spent under the direct control of that venerable gentleman.

But one of our alumnii commenting upon this matter, fitly 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 alumnus 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 out of joint for hard study, brings with it many a lesson for the observing and "nature loving" student. The earth, for many months robes in a mantle of white, exchanges the same for one of green. The seeming deadness which periodically prevails bursts forth into 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:

"Come 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 thicket dimly pierced Père 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 "timorous we beastie" was his friend. Wordsworth, a student of nature, found lessons in the flowers that grew about his pathway, and to him the "inspired flower that blooms could give thoughts that do often rise 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.

Dwight.

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 monstrous burden of expense
Which always drives away from nations' doors
The longed-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 rod 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?
This 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 Spaniards, 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 Spaniards 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 misrule 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 atrocities; 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 dawn 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. Hospelers, 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. Harneling, '88, of Alto, Wisconsin, hasdeclined the call from the Reformed church in Bon Homme Co., S. Dak. Mr. Harneling visited friends in Michigan and preached in Grand Haven a few weeks ago.

Rev. T. W. Muenenberg, '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 Morrisanam, India. Mr. Huizenga writes that much interest is shown in the preaching.

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

Capt. C. Gardner, 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. Gardner 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 Alumnus! Mr. Zoethout's postgraduate 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
gen, on the subject, "Conversion." The lecture course throughout has been a complete success. Based on the doctrines of the Ref. Church, the student is not only helped devotionally, but is also instructed in the fundamental principles of his faith, without a knowledge of which, religion, however sincere, is superficial and readily subverted.

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. Dosker 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 Sanctification."

**Cosmopolitan**

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 Zwemer.
- Secretary, Janet Van den Beldt.
- Treasurer, Antoinette Boer.
- Marshal, Alice Kollen.

The following are members of the Melphone:

After two terms of successful work, on Monday evening, April 11, both sections of the Meliphone 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.
- Marshall, Martin Kuisaard.

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 '97 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.

**College Jottings.**

**THE ANCHOR.**

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

The Utanias 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. Ripema.
- Treas., M. Stormzand.
- "Bedel," M. Koster.

**Ice cream soda at book-store of M. Kekinventer.**

For information on the war get the latest papers.
"The inward, vivifying principle of our government must be sympathy with liberty." — King.

Den Herder's vacation was saddened by the death of his baby brother, Ruben.

Bueg did not return after spring vacation. We hope, however, that he may be with us again next fall.

Meeboer, the Tailor, 210 S. River Street.

New Easter hats seem to be a disease prevalent among the boys as well as the young ladies this year.

Moordyk thinks if some people would only mind their own business, he would rest more calmly.

The young ladies have gained one to their number in the person of Miss Kiemers from St. Louis.

Bert Broek and Snyter have been elected to the respective positions of captain and manager of the baseball team. The spirit shown among the boys foretells a grand success. Ladies are especially invited to attend the games, for our athletes will then appear at their best.

The Juniors need not think that occupying Seniors' seats in chapel will make them Seniors.

M. Kiekinveld sells Ice Cream Soda. Finest in town.

Wagner's beautiful hair was no drawing card on the eve of April 24. Remember Meeboer, the Tailor, who ordered your commencement suit.

One on each side, two or three behind, that's plenty, Fedde.

Lyon Beecher, Kymer, & Palmer Co.
First State Bank.  Best Matt Finish Photos
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That is attracting so much favorable comment. What about it? They're every
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Ivers & Pond do not possess. It combines the best features of the best pianos with special patented improvements of
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Special Attention to Diseases of Children.
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