J. C. HERKNER
JEWELRY CO.
The Leaders.

Manufacturers of
EMBLEM and
SOCIETY JEWELRY.
57 Monroe St., Grand Rapids.

Boston Bakery,
Short order baking a specialty.
ICE CREAM,
CHOICE CONFECTIONERY.
Finest line of Cigars in the city.
We cater to the Trade—
Oysters in Season. Wholesale and Retail.

Watch and Jewelry
Repairing
Done at A. V. LOOMIS' Jewelry
Store is of the best quality and every
Job is fully warranted.

A. V. LOOMIS,
21 E. 8th St., Holland, Mich.

OUR GROCERIES
ARE ALWAYS FRESH.

We carry a full line of—
Staple and
Fancy GROCERIES.
Will Botsford & Co.

THE ANCHOR.
"Spem in Deo." Ps. xlii. 5.
VOLUME XL
JUNE, 1898.
NUMBER 9

China and the Powers.
A. W. Macdonald, Ed. 79th

FAR beyond the fertile prairies,
beauty the snow-clad peaks of
the guardian sentinels of the West, on
the other side of the ocean that forms
our country's border, lies the Empire of
China, the land of Cathay, the
dream of centuries.

Upon this land is now centered
the attention of every court in Europe.
The wandering hallucinations of a
German Kaiser, the fixed purpose of
the Russian Czar, the mighty needs
of England's commerce, the youthful
ambitions of sunny France—all are
intent upon the crisis in the far East.
As they strain their attention to that
far off land in the hazy distance, they
see a vast expanse of territory, un-
counted multitudes of inhabitants, and
fabulous wealth only waiting the touch
of the wise man to make the metals
leap from the rock, or the golden
grain from the soil.

Age after age this Empire has stood
there, solitary, unmindful of the world
about it, itself unknown to others. A
thousand years before ancient Greece
had discovered her ideals of beauty,
or even the stern Roman law had
made nations tremble, on the plains
and in the valleys of China there
dwelt the ancestors of those who are
to-day. Century followed cen-
tury, and as each generation faded
away, it left the people of the Empire
as it found them, content with what
their fathers bequeathed them. The
hordes of the desert swooped upon
them, rebellion and revolution con-
cluded them, dynasties rose and fell—
but the Chinese people and the Chi-
nese character outlived them all, as
the storm-beaten granite endures the
winds and waves of ages.

But the love of exploration and ad-
vventure which drove Columbus across
the unknown waters of the Atlantic,
and which enabled the sailors of the
sixteenth century to encircle the globe
from east to west, as it is now being
girdled from north to south,—this love
of discovery led bold navigators even
to the shores of the Celestial Empire.
The inhabitants of the Flowery King-
dom were not always to enjoy the se-
closure so dear to them. After cen-
turies of isolation, progress and civili-
ization at last reached their borders,
and were refused admission.

China thought to follow the rock-
bound channels of her past. Her
laws, her customs, her religion, so far
as she had any, compelled her. Eu-
rope was progressive. She, too, had a
past; she, too, gloried in her past,
but only as a stepping-stone on which
she might rise to a nobler future. The
two ideas met. They clashed. Europe
demanded admission. China refused. For centuries she had recognized none but inferiors, how could she now recognize any as equals? These strangers, who had come to her shores were rude and discourteous; they knew not the words of Confucius nor the story of the five great kings; they refused to bow before the sacred majesty of the Emperor as he sat in his yellow robes; they said that far across the seas in distant lands were other rulers, as powerful as he, to whom they gave allegiance and whom they served; they came armed with insolent demands from these potentates of whom China had never heard, and confirmed these demands by armed ships-of-war and terrible weapons which had never before disturbed the peace-loving minds of China. Were these to be considered equal to the staid and decorous dwellers in the Middle Kingdom, who reverence the manners and customs, as well as the persons, of those who had gone before them, and who, by years of patient toil, had matured the words of the mighty thinkers of the past—the people of a land that was mistress of four thousand years? It was a new thought to her, and its very newness caused her to reject it. How could it be otherwise? It did not arise entirely from every precedent of her history, from every precept of her philosophers and every boast of her poets. Proud from her very loneliness, how could this secluded country be expected to cross in months an interval which Europe had crossed only in the course of centuries?

But Europe could not wait. Her forward pressing spirit urged her on; ruthlessly the ancient barriers were cast aside, and the Powers of Europe made their entrance. Well are they called Powers! On what can they rest themselves but power? Might is still called right in the most influential cabinets of Europe. To torture a helpless, bleeding Cuba; to support on the throne of the Levant that Armenian murderer; to quarrel in petty strife over the desert wastes of a savage Africa; to rob and plunder and pillage an ignorant China—these are the deeds of the mighty powers. Well for the land of the red, white, and blue, that she never belonged to the "concert of Europe."

By these nations, driven by the lust of gain and the greed of plunder, each fearing to be outdone by its rivals, old China is gradually being stripped of its glory, and compelled to bow in humble submission before her conquerors. The long-established Empire is crumbling to the dust. Her lands are being taken from her, not in large tracts, but enough for each of the Powers to have its share. Germany takes more than its share. Missionaries: Russia seeks a convenient harbor for its ships-of-war; England, to protect her interests, is marshalling her fleets in the waters of China; however varied the pretext, there is always the same result—conquest, ever conquest.

We are made to wonder when the end will come, and what the end will be; but none can tell. The history of the future alone can reveal the result. It may be that China will soon disappear from among the nations of the world. It may be she will last for many a century yet to come, supported by those so jealous of each other as they are envious of China herself. But whatever the political result, whether she be divided or remain entire, whether she is to be enslaved or free, the nation of the future must be a new nation.

No longer is it possible, as once it was, for one nation to separate itself from all its fellows. The world of to-day is linked together by bonds far stronger than the paved streets which were the glory of ancient Rome, or the clumsy caravels which once joined a new continent to an old. The days of seclusion are past. The steamship and the rail of steel bind all nations together. Commerce to-day is king. For commerce the Powers have come to China and are there to day. In the interests of commerce must her fate be decided. No nation can resist this mighty power with its arms revolving round the very globe. China cannot. She has made attempts and every attempt has failed. She has used arrogance and haughtiness towards those who came to her shores, but only to be humbled and disgraced.

Confronted with these mighty influences which are opposed to her continuance in the life of the past, what is she to do? What choice is before her? None—absolutely none. She must submit. She must accept the new conditions of life so rudely thrust upon her and take her rightful place among the nations of to-day, or, if she tries to resist, she must miserably perish, and her land must fall to others, perhaps to be torn into fragments, that she may contribute her share to the advancement and progress of the world.

The demand of the Powers means either a death struggle or a new birth to that land. If she clings conquulsive ly to the past, she will die as surely as the American Indian has fallen before a civilization which he would not receive. Wherever civilization meets barbarism there is always a deadly conflict. The struggle may last for centuries: it may cost untold millions of wealth and myriads of human beings, it may sweep away institutions and customs around which sentiment has thrown a halo,—but the end of the struggle must be the triumph of civilization. China cannot turn her face backwards and cry out against the changes required by the growing life of the world.

Let the winds sweep away her ignorance and pride and superstition, harsh and boisterous as the blasts may seem to her terrified people. Let the great wall of her seclusion be broken down. Let her cities cease to be centres of stagnation and death. Let the commerce of the whole world freely float on the broad bosoms of her rivers and bays, and penetrate to the most secluded of her pagoda-cov ered plains. Let her education and morals rise from the depths into which ages of heathenism have plunged them, and reach out toward the grandly high ideal of Christian Europe and America. Let her welcome the new ideas which are pressing on every side for admission.

China must receive that mysterious influence which we call civilization, which is penetrating every government of the world to-day. There is no alternative. If she does so willingly, she may be able to preserve her unity, her freedom, perhaps, in some degree, the past she loves so well; if by force, then all must change; everything must be swept away, the very
memories of her age and seclusion must vanish, for the greed of a grasping Europe is satisfied with nothing but the whole. The result must be the same whichever course she follow. Her barbarity must cease, and civilisation, with all it means, must reign supreme even in this dark land. Civilisation cannot be confined: it bursts abroad; it cannot be rejected forever; it is irresistible.

Stray Thoughts of an Idle Hour.

Here is nothing old under the sun. Even the commonplace is new whenever we give it our attention. The sky on which we look is not the sky of the previous moment. Every wave is laden with a new shore. Every pulsation renewes the body. Every word you hear, every action done, makes you a new man. For hours in succession I have sat upon the sandhills which line the shore of the lake, and I have gazed upon that vast expanse until my eyes could no more distinguish between the water and the sky, yet every wave was new to me and told me something I had never heard before. Home, the commonest word on earth, yet the newest in the heart and memory of the aged, from which, as from a perennial fountain, he is refreshed and encouraged. Often in the hour of depression the thought of home gave me new resolutions and new zeal, bravely to bear the burden of life which at times rests so heavily upon me.

For what reason home was so dear to me I cannot tell. Certainly, it was not the surroundings. We lived on a lonely farm near the lake, where my father settled when he came from the Netherlands. With the aid of our nearest neighbor he built a log shanty of two rooms and a garret. Here we lived until I was married. As soon as I was able I helped my father on the farm. From early dawn till the evening dew covered the meadows we toiled and labored, and after our frugal meal I mounted the rude ladder which led to my garret and forgot in “the sleep which closes the weary eyelids” the toils to which I, though still so young, was already exposed.

My own mother I have never known. There hung an old painting over the fire place. My father told me that that was my mother. I suppose it was painted by one of those journeyman painters who in former years traveled the country. Often have I stood before that silent face; my childish griefs I often bore thither as if I knew that there I could be consoled. Oh, how benignant she seemed to me through my tears, and I thought I saw the love-light play over her face as she seemed to stoop over me. Often when I lay alone in my garret I traveled back over the years which then seemed so long to me, if possibly I might recall something with which to commend. But usually I fell asleep, not to awake till the birds sang in the elm tree which overtopped our house; or, if I could keep awake, my recollections lost themselves in the dreamy, unremembered days that went before, and, focusing like golden threads of light, they brought to fancy’s view a single melancholy scene which, be it dream or real, always moved me deeply for I connect it with my mother.

I must have been very young. For some time I had lived with our neighbor. One afternoon my father came and took me on his arm and carried me home. When we approached the house he placed me down and I took his hand. It seemed so still all around. The curtains were drawn. A strange woman opened the door for us. Near the wall, under the window, I saw a long form placed on three or four chairs. And then my father led me near, and, raising the sheet which covered it, he said, “There is now your mother.” These words still ring in my ear, and I still see my father standing there weeping. This is all that I remember of my mother.

A long time afterwards another woman came to live with us, who my father told me was my mother. But I was afraid of her, and that night I dreamed of the white sheet and my father holding my hand. This woman, however, I soon learned to love; she taught me to knit and I helped her with the housework.

From what I have said you can readily imagine I had few friends with whom I could while away the day, or frolic through the woods and meadows midst which we lived. Our nearest neighbor lived about a mile down the road. And since I had no brothers or sisters I was left alone to roam where ever my fancy led me. Perhaps it is from these early days that I have acquired that disposition to feel at my best when I am alone. Often on a summer afternoon I take a walk in the fields. One spot especially has become very dear to me. An old pine-tree on the slope of a hillock generally marks the termination of my walk. I delight to sit under its mysterious shade, listening as the wind plays gently among its cones and needles. For the sound is familiar to me and I remember the endless woods of which this lone pine is the only survivor, for what reason they spared this tree I could not tell. Perhaps to serve as a landmark, for, standing as it does on a hill, it is easily seen for miles around. From here I can look over the same fields which witnessed my youthful pranks. But, of course, all is changed, and were it not that I had lived here while the woods were being cleared, I could never believe this to be the section of thirty years ago.

Although I had no playmates in the common meaning of the term, the lake was my constant companion. From early morning I roamed along the beach. Sometimes I ventured to penetrate into the woods, but they had something mysterious which did not especially attract me. On account of the stories which at times I heard about the Indians and bears, and which I always associated with the woods, I constantly kept a suspicious look toward them; and sometimes, when the autumn wind raged and howled around the rafters, I thought
I heard the Indians attacking our house, and, quivering with fear, I would crawl under the blankets. But the lake attracted me more and I have formed acquaintances there which are still dear to me.

Unlike other places, the woods receded from the shore near our place, leaving a beach about a rod wide, a clean white beach full of pebbles and shells; then a bank a few feet high, beyond which stretched a level plain part of which made up our farm, the rest belonging to our neighbor. Our house stood near the shore and permitted an uninterrupted view over the lake and the beach. I suppose I was never unwatched, although I think there was little need for it.

The morning sun, as it rose majestically above the woods, often joined me already at play, and at eventide I watched it sinking slowly and slowly beyond the sandhills which raised their barren heads beyond the western woods.

Upon the bank there grew a hawthorn which in my time it was literally covered with white, fragrant blossoms, where bees and innumerable insects came to feast. Under that tree, shielded from the rays of the midday sun, I played with the shells and pebbles which I had gathered on the beach. And such beautiful shells they seemed to me. Tiny shells, so small that I could hardly handle them, and shells of clams and oysters, lined with white, shining pearl. And pebbles white and red and black, all worn nice and smooth by the waves. I knew them all and gave each one a name. And we talked together and laughed. Or I scolded them when they persisted in rolling out of their places. Sometimes an insect would come and play with us, beetles with black shining coats, and lady bugs, or a butterfly, but she was always in a hurry and tried to coax me along. Or a strolling cricket would join our company and amuse us with his antics. At other times I would stroll along the beach and make acquaintance with the little crabs which slowly move along the sandy bottom; and the cat-tails and bulrushes which grew in abundance where the creek mingles with the water of the lake; and the waterlilies which never ceased to greet me. I knew the violets and dandelions, the anemones, cowslips, and buttercups where they grew against the bank or near the creek; and even the birds that came to drink, I knew them all by name. Or I would listen to the prattle waves that washed over my feet. I would listen to the stories they told me of the far off woods where the oak and elm stood as ancient guards upon the opposite shore.

The approach of winter changed it all. But then, when the weather was not too stormy, I attended school in a rude log house just within the woods, where we were taught reading and numbers. When I was large enough I had to help father on the farm. And now I am married and live in the city. I have children of my own; my husband works down town. The old log shanty is long since gone, and the schoolhouse had to make room for a more commodious building. The woods are cleared, of which the half-mouldered stumps alone remain to tell the tale of destruction. My father lies buried at my mother's side. Our farm belongs to others. Nothing of what was then the world to me is unchanged, except the lake. But her waves tell me no more the tale to which then so eagerly I listened.

Mournful her song as a dirge over the long ago.

Alice, '98.

**The Ancient Religion of Persia.**

No religion, except that of the Jews, has suffered so little change in doctrine and ritual as that of the ancient Persians. Having originated in an age when history is lost in fable, it was extended by a succession of law-givers of whom, except the names, but little remains.

We find it the professed faith of a long series of dynasties, and thus it has remained, through all disasters and misfortunes, until our own time when it faintly appears in the persecuted sect of the Gibeons in Persia, and the more fortunate Parsees in India.

The earliest deviation from pure religion was the worship of the hosts of heaven, which was the first step toward adopting a visible object of devotion, instead of the unseen and unsearchable Being of whose existence there is witness in every heart.

The substitution of fire, the essence of light, in a form that might be constantly present, was considered more advantageous for the purpose of worship.

Fire-worship is, by Persian writers, especially Fardusi, ascribed to Ho-shang, the third of the monarchs who ruled beyond the reach of history. At all events, the evidence of its antiquity is not disputed; as it is proved to have superseded the Sabian or Chaldian faith of which some vestiges can be traced in every change during that period of fondness for astrology which influenced so much the court of Nebuchadnezzar and Darius.

Such was the faith of the ancient Persians, or Magi, as they were called. We shall now endeavor to explain the ancient religion of the Persians as it was restored and reformed by Zoroaster.

The religion of ancient Persia is divided into two periods: the first dates from the time of Jumshid, who very early became disgusted with the ceremonies and duties that were required by that code and agreed only to what Hrmuzd had commanded. Therefore this law continued imperfect until the appearance of Zoroaster.

In the Avesta of Zoroaster appears a great principle which is called Zerdwi, i.e., time without beginning or end. This incomprehensible being is the originator or author of the two great powers of the universe: Hrmuzd, the principle of good, and Ahraman, the principle of evil. According to the Avesta, Hrmuzd arose from the pure elements of fire and water, and is described as a great king, just, powerful, active, and perfectly pure. Ahraman is exactly the opposite, and is said to be the source of all evil and misery. Hrmuzd gives the following picture of his rival: he is alone, wicked, impure and accursed, for he has long knees and a long tongue.
Power was given to Hurmuzd to create new beings, and Ahriman, on hearing this, flew towards the light. But a single command of Honover (word of the almighty) sent him howling into darkness where he called in—
to being a great number of devils and other evil spirits, to oppose the works of Hurmuzd.

At this time there was peace for one year, after which six angels were created, who spoke to Hurmuzd in turns.

Ahriman, the first, spoke thus: "I'll protect my flock and herd, O man of God, for these I received from the Almighty, and these I commit to you."

Then spoke Urshibishi: "Servant of the Most High, speak to the royal Gushatmasp for me and say that I have given all the ranks of priesthood to thee, and all the fires preserve them and bid extinguish them neither in the earth nor in the water."

Shakias, the spirit of the metal and mine, spoke: "O thou pure metal, when thou art on the earth tell all men my words; bid those who carry the lace, the sword, the dagger, never to place confidence in wicked men or their enemies."

Espernemad, the female guardian of the earth, said: "Thou shalt be a blessing unto mankind; preserve the earth from blood and uncleanness."

The angel Kudrat, who diffuses the streams, said: "I entrust to thee, O man, the water that flows, the water of the river that comes from the far off mountains, the water from rain and from springs. Instruct men that it is water which gives strength to all living things. Let it not be polluted with anything dead or impure."

Last spoke Amedr who watches over the plants and trees: "O servant of God, bid men not to destroy or pull up the plants and fruits of the earth except in season, for these were created as a blessing to men and animals."

Such were the six angels of Hurmuzd. As soon as these had appeared, there came six devils from darkness, by the voice of Ahriman, to show their influence to the contrary. During this time passed three thousand years, at the end of which Hurmuzd called into being many spirits and angels to protect the earth and all its elements. One of them was Behram, armed with arrows and a club to crush the power of Ahraman. Peace now reigned, since man was soon to be created. After one year he made his appearance, coming out of a bull of great intelligence and activity. Although he was created by the command of Hurmuzd, he was still subject to Ahraman. For two periods there was a great struggle between these rivals, but in the third period Ahraman became equal in power, and at the end of the fourth his power already prevailed over that of Hurmuzd. Misery and desolation were now to cover the earth, and at length three prophets would appear.

With the advent of the last would come a rain of black water to renew all nature for the purpose of resurrecting man and hastening the final judgment.

Such was the origin, ritual, code and form of the ancient Persians.
tion is also largely increased, giving ample fields of research to lovers of history.

Through the various gifts received this year, our library has acquired some valuable reading matter along scientific as well as other lines, and we trust that this good work may continue. But, although the number of books is constantly increasing, and undoubtedly much good is stored up in many a musty volume or old magazine, there is nevertheless great difficulty in searching out those hidden treasures in that we have no catalogue of the books or index to the different magazines.

We are, however, glad to note that steps are being taken in that direction and that the council has considered the possibility of having a librarian who shall devote his entire time to the work. We hope that we may soon see that day, and that the library will be open, not twice a week for a period of one hour, but every day at all hours.

What is true patriotism? asks a writer in a recent exchange. A common place subject it seems. But as is often true of questions of this sort, it is best to start with the extreme case and then work backward. A democratic country is not likely to have a well-defined national sentiment, a stirring, noble, inspiring idea in which all must believe. It will find its positive expression in the ordinary transactions of life. Its true spirit will be that of a free, industrious, enterprising people. The true patriot is one who loves his country, whose thoughts and actions are always directed toward the good of his country and the welfare of its people.

First of all, patriotism is not boastful. It is not the true patriot who cries out, "My country, right or wrong," but the true patriot who says, "My country, right or wrong, if right, let me have the power to keep it right; if wrong, let me have the power to make it right."

Patriotism is not the love of one's country alone but the love of the world, and to the degree in which he is interested in the world's improvement is that degree is his patriotism developed.

Then, patriotism has no place with the true patriot, and where it rules there is no demagogy and the blasting influence he leaves behind him. Calamity howlers and politicians, these are the men who pose as reformers and propose to settle all our national wrongs, by their destructive policy of breaking down all we have and giving nothing in return. How much this was in evidence when the Anglo-American arbitration treaty was pending. Many so called patriots then objected most strenuously to this move because, forsooth, it might ruin our commerce somewhat. The authorities took a wise step in this matter and all honor is due them, but none to those who selfishly clamored for an independent country not bound by treaty or compact to another power, instead of forming an agreement in which America could be shown to take the initiative in a move to eliminate, if possible, from our present civilization the horrors of war. Book education is only half education. It is well known that the mind, apart from the senses, forms new mental concepts only by building them from the old. In those studies, then, at least, which are built more or less upon observations made by the senses, a very incomplete conception of any new subject will be obtained from a book, since the mind attempts to create, as it were, a new image from its former experiences. No description can give the complete idea. The thing itself must be seen, heard, or felt. To show this, let any one try to give a description of some common object, such as a chair, for the benefit of some one who has never seen one.

This need of an education of the senses is very widely recognized at the present time, and is becoming more and more prominent. But there is one direction in which it might be made more emphatic. That is, the value of travel as a means of education. There are studies, of course, that can scarcely be pursued at all without travelling, such as art, architecture, and the modern languages, but aside from these, there are many studies that one who has spent some time in travelling will be able to appreciate much better than one who has been all his life in one place. In the study of history, for instance, we are apt to find it becoming a mere matter of dates and names, unless we have seen the places with our own eyes. The best thing, however, to be obtained by travel, is that broadening of the mind which makes us, as some one has said, "citizens of the world", and makes us as fully in sympathy with our neighbors on the other side of the world, as with those nearer to us.

De Alumni.


Rev. H. Kremer, '90, of Rushford, Minn., is spending a few weeks with relatives and friends in the city.

Rev. Jas. Sterenberg, '93, of Orange City, Ia., stopped in the city and visited college recently, on his return from attending the session of Particular Synod held at Kalamazoo.

H. Bruins, '95, received the Greek Fellowship prize of seven hundred dollars at Princeton, and was also awarded the Williams Fellowship at Harvard University.

H. Wiersam, '96, received second honors at Princeton—the Maryland Greek prize of fifty dollars.

A. L. Warshuis, '97, was awarded a Greek prize of fifty dollars at the Theological Seminary at New Bruns-
wick, N. J., for proficiency in sight reading and vocabulary of the Acts.

G. Watermcller, '97, of New Bruns-
wick, and L. Van den Berg, '97, of Princeton, are visiting friends in the city.

The Country Store.

I t has often been my privilege, on a quiet winter's afternoon, when twil-
light was about to fall, to visit a coun-
try store. It is indeed quite interesting to gaze upon your environments and watch the proceedings in such a
place. As you wind your way toward the store, walking on a one board sidewalk which soon increases to one of two boards, you finally are greeted by a three board walk a few rods from the stock platform. On drawing near, you are first of all attracted by a number of dry goods boxes and egg crates piled neatly against the building, and then by half a dozen rosy-cheeked little farmer girls. Towards the rear stands Charley, son of a more distant farmer, with a crust of bread in his coverless dinner pul, and with dragging shoe-strings and a somewhat fast excreting nose. You pass by unnoticed and soon approach the door of the building where you are greeted by three medium sized boys smoking to their heart's content, and who gaze at you so hard that you turn your attention to the advertisements of “Rob Roy Tobacco” and “Sun Gloss Starch” hanging in the old fashioned window. You open the door and walk in and immediately are met by a curious smell of domesticity, and become charmed with the orderly arrangement of things. While passing along you glance a moment at the few shoe-boxes on the shelf and at the checked frocks and blue overalls on the counter, and then draw near the post-office, a box three feet wide and four feet long, behind which stands the post master who mildly salutes you and has an expression on his face which shows that he is very much pleased that you happen to come in while he is at that honored work. He is the man who wears the best shirt in his store, but on close examination you will find that he has neglected his beard and wears a greasy necktie. You walk on slowly with the intention of getting near the stove, and on the way you are greeted by a young man who speaks more courteously and even attempts to talk about the weather. You now pass quietly by a fat and finishing farmer's wife who stands at you so amazingly that you feel inclined to turn your eyes to the rusty ceiling until you reach the stove. Here you take off your gloves and unbutton your coat, and at the same time catch a glimpse of the various specimens of crockery, such as cups and saucers with blue borders, and yellow tea pots standing on the opposite shelf. After being, in a measure, inanimate by a conglomeration of odors from the syrup, vinegar, and kerosene barrels, you place yourself on a chair near the stove. Soon your attention is drawn to Deacons Brown and Jones who are talking earnestly about their farming affairs. Brown, perched on a soap-box, with his feet resting on the stove, listens patiently to Jones who, taking an occasional puff from his pipe, tells about his coat, his heavy call, and his fat turkeys, until you find out that Jones wants to “swop” his old gray, ten barrels of cider, a hay rake, and a crow-bar, for Brown’s colt, two scythes, four bags of oats, a grindstone, two syrup kettles, and a dollar and twenty-five cents. At this point you are asked by the young man behind the counter, who wears an initial on his neck-tie, whether there was anything you wanted. You in turn order a few cigars and inquire after the distance to the nearest depot. Finding it to be about two and a half miles, you order a pound of ginger snaps, but receive only a few cookies made by the storekeeper’s wife. With this you leave the place, feeling perfectly contented.

**Fraterna Banquet.**

For weeks the little room in the Ogel House, by some euphemistically styled the “canteen,” had been the scene of busy preparation and mysterious consultation. The F. S. was preparing to celebrate its thirty-fifth birthday. Committees had done their work; invitations had been sent to all members, active, graduate, and honorary, in America, Europe, and Asia, and then the evening finally did come. Your Frater, keenly alive to the moment and a little apprehensive of the new departure, could hardly believe it. Strange to tell tho, not a clock in Holland seemed concerned; stolidly and stoically each one pointed with mechanical precision to the hour of eight.

A quick gasp or two, a brief mental petition for courage, and our Frater found himself in the gay assembly gathered in the hotel parlors. A memorable half hour was that. Holland had gathered her fair,—a fact to which the typical Frater is not entirely indifferent; and then there was the privilege of grasping with Fraters grip the hands of men who sway church, state, and nations. On the lapel of every coat we saw the college pin and the society badge, beloved symbols of intermingled influence and power, standing for so much that is dear to the collegian, linking heart to heart with the mystic bands of brotherhood and Fraternalsim.

Then at 8:30 we went to the dining hall, and our eyes beheld a sight to make glad the heart of man. And the banquet and the toasts—what of these? Even half can never be told. The “joyful jest and jollity” of our toastmaster, provoking

“Sens that wrinkled eye dentist, And Laughter holding both his sides,”

the well-told history by Mr. Banning: Dr. Kollen, the society’s gift to the college, on “Horizons”; Rev. Kronsten on “Early Days”; Prof. Boers’ happy memories of the “Boys of the 70’s”; the wit of Mr. Knipe; the lofty sentiment, and noble eloquence of Rev. S. M. Zwemer; Prof. Veghte on “Loyality”; and Dr. Poppen on “Fraternity”—all these elude the cold type; but fond memory shall hold them to charm many a leisure hour, when long years and “dreary seas” roll between us and the happy days of college life.

Two things the banquet emphasized; the position of the F. S. as the society of Hope, and the spirit of true fellowship and brotherhood there exists between all the members of the society.

**Among the Societies.**

Editor: John Monahan, ’70.


The following week the meeting was addressed by Rev. Stapelkamp on “Heaven and Hell,” which ended the doctrinal program. We feel confident in saying that the Y. M. C. A.
did not alone enjoy this year’s lecture course but derived much benefit from the same.

The following are the speaker’s and their subjects for the last three weeks: Dr. Dosker on “The Relations of the Church to Mission”; Prof. Kleinheksel on “Sabbath Desecration”; Dr. Van Antwerp on “The Self Assertion of Christ.” Notwithstanding the strong temptation to stay out these beautiful evenings, the students continue to show a lively interest in the Y. M. C. A. meetings, and the attendance is generally very good.

The following members were delegated to the Lake Geneva Conference: C. Spaan, S. C. Nettinga, H. P. Boon, J. H. Straks, and M. Den Herder.

The Cosmopolitans have again almost completed another term of successful work. As we look back over what has been done this year we have all reasons to be thankful for the progress we have been able to make. Some things, indeed, might indeed have been better: some members might have derived more benefit from the society by being more faithful in their work and attendance, yet, we do not hesitate to say, those Friday evening meetings in our dear old Cosmos Hall will not alone be retained in our memories as so many bright spots amid the varied scenes of college life but also will make an influence and inspiration felt after college days have passed away when the stern realities of life confront us.

Uffilas (Dutch)

Although the weather outside becomes more attractive, and threats to undermine society work, yet the Uffilas Club lives and grows on as a vigorous blooming tree, planted on the river side. During the last month the programs have been carried out in a most creditable manner. Never before has the good cause of upholding the mother language been pressed forward so vigorously. This is largely due to the untiring labors of the “Stichtingsvoorzitter,” Prof. C. Doesburg, who at all times seeks the best for the Uffilas. Under his guidance, the Uffilas cannot fail. Let us stand together. Let us continue the good work we have begun, and we may be assured that some day we shall reap a rich harvest from the seed now sown.

Meliphone

The two sections of the Meliphone are pacing harmoniously side by side in the home stretch on the annual circuit. All things indicate that the “Bust” of ’87 will be a record breaker. The acting committees are doing their work conscientiously and well. One committee is especially active, and if there are a few bashful members among us who may appear lone some on the 11th of June, the blame will rest wholly with themselves.

Fraternal

The F. S. is still marching on. That anything exceptional has happened in our society work, we are not able to say. The same diligence and perseverance, which has always existed, continues. Although no new features have been introduced this term, the programs have been very interesting.

On May 13, the Fraternal spent the evening by attending the meeting of the L. L. L. The program which was carried out by the ladies was of a high literary order and would be a credit to any society. Refreshments were served and games were played. Hope College may well feel proud of the L. L. L.

The thirty-fifth anniversary banquet (for an account of which see another column) proved to be a complete success. It has inspired the boys with greater enthusiasm and ambition so that the coming year will, without doubt, be one of the most successful in the history of the F. S.

College Jottings

Laurels for the Pumpkin Huskers!

Sweet dreams to Hillsdale’s fair ladies.

Only a few more weeks, Straks, and Maud will greet you once more.

This is no dream! Ice Cream Soda at book store of M. Kieckhiveld.

Eddies and brooks make Yates’ lawn very attractive these warm days.

Dr. Kollen’s next trip to the East will no doubt be for Chapel cushions.

Several of the boys attended the C. E. convention at Grand Rapids, May 12. They report the speeches very instructive and interesting.

Current topics: Dewey’s victory and Kieckhiveld’s soda water.

“I hate that N. To Bac. 25 cents worth a week, won’t cure me,” says Mr. Itt-.

Wonder whether Hondelink has an eye to those cookies which had so great effect upon Kleinbesselink.

Summary of rules laid down by the L. L. L. for 1897:

Meet at three:

Be home before dark;

Keep the door closed.

For 1898 they read as follows:

Meet at seven;

Be home before dark;

The door must be kept closed.

These rules have been strictly enforced (77)?

THE ANCHOR.

College Jottings

After seven weeks of patient attention, Mansen’s nursery—upon his upper lip—comes hazily into view.

At the oratorical contest held at Hillsdale between seven of the largest colleges of our State, Albion won the medal. Hillsdale and Hope received second and third honors respectively. Our orator, Beardslee, reflected great credit upon our institution.

Professor (in Bible Study)—“Miss K—ill, you may name the Apostles in order.” Miss K—ill (after hesitating awhile): “Prof. I can’t think of any one else than Peter.”

Hessel maintains—the perfect loves the perfect, but don’t be discouraged, J. Brock, there is such a thing as a pluperfect.

Hope sent a larger delegation to the State Oratorical Contest than any of the other colleges represented. The number would have been much greater if those bicycles hadn’t been broken down. Hillsdale’s and Hope’s orations are the only ones that were printed in the Hillsdale Herald.

The Soph. class enjoys all the delights of a tonsorial parlor in Prof. Borgen’s room every Friday.

“Boys don’t know me yet,” says Hospers. “If it were not for my father, I’d ‘buzz’ every girl in town.”

THE ANCHOR.
High collars and extra shaves mark some of the features of the Melpho- 
mian during these critical times.
Hattie, number one? No.
Hattie, number two? No.
Hattie, number three? Yes.
Who is that Melphorian that went out ten miles to prepare for the bust?
A paper containing the following was found on the College campus:
"We, the 'A' class girls, have re-
solved to graduate in black calico
with white polka dots, as a result of
the lecture given by Prof. Yntema on
'Economy in Graduating.'"
Wanted—Half a dozen substitutes
for the "Junior Nine."
Rev. W. W. Clark, Field Secretary
of the Board of Domestic Missions,
conducted the chapel exercises May
9th. He also led the prayer meeting
on the tenth.
A good sailor is worth a great deal
on a stormy sea, ex-editor. Do you
see any clouds on the horizon?
What will Waggoner do after he
graduates from college? Carry two
cases, we suppose.
How is that, Knipe? Was it be-
cause you had an extra twist in your
hair, or was there no time to get your
hair?
The Anchor extends sympathies to
Prof. Nyle rick, the club cannot help but
make a success.
All students should make it a point
to attend the commencement ex-
ercises.
All the students are waiting for the
"Junior Nine" to redeem themselves.
W. H. Bruins, Louis VandenBurg,
A. L. Warnshuis, Harry Wiersum,
and Gus. Watermolen are a few of
the many that visited chapel during
the past few weeks. Their conec-
tions with the city have by no means
been severed.
During one of the late thun-
derstorms, the electric lights in the
chapel were mysteriously lighted and
could not be shut off. After shining a few
hours, they were shut off by a second
peal of thunder. Electricity will play
tiny pranks.
The Fraternal Society spent a very
sociable time with the L. L. L. Fri-
day evening, June 20. After a two
hours' programme (and five minutes
of games) the party left the rooms in
accordance with Dr. Kollen's father-
ly advice.
"Ferdinand" by request of Poppy.
Both military companies are getting
in trim. Mr. Langworthy, our in-
structor, finds it very desirable to
have lady spectators, for then the
boys are at their best.
An example of Junior logic:
Bread is a necessity.
A locomotive is an invention.
Necessity is the mother of invention:
Therefore, bread is the mother of a
locomotive.

Holland Crystal Creamery.
C. J. LOKKER & CO., Proprietors.
Pure Creamery Butter.
In packages of from 5 to 60 pounds. Sweet cream and fresh buttermilk.
CORNERS COLUMBIA AVE. AND SIXTH ST.

Footwear...
In the Latest Styles and lowest
Prices.
REPAIRING Neatly done
at our store.
Come and see us.

S. Spietsma.

J. Kloosterman,
...TAILOR....
Is now ready to furnish you the finest
Spring and Summer
Suits
at Bottom Prices. Keeps everything
in the Tailor's line.

B. Steketee.

—DEALER IN—

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Crockery, Etc.

We aim to sell the Best Goods in all
Lines at a reasonable price.

Eighth and River Streets.

WAR!!
Has been declared on prices on our Ladies' and
Gent's Fine Shoes.
14 W. 8th St. — Van Duren's
**THE**
**Holland Tea Store.**
**JOHN YAN ZANEN, Prop.**
Teas, Coffees, Extracts, and Baking Powder.
Bell Phone 27. Offices 168.
**NORTH RIVER ST.**

**$1.50**
That is all we charge for a good, hand made...

**Lifelike Portrait.**
of yourself or friends. Good work or no pay. HOLLAND CITY PORTRAIT COMPANY.

**Geo. Baker, M. D.**
**HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.**
**Special Attention to Diseases of Children.**
**5th and River Sts.**

**JOHN BOSMAN,**
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**
**Eighth St., Holland.**

**Dr. A. C. V. R. Gilmore,**
**DENTIST.**
**Eighth St., HOLLAND, MICH.**

**GARDELA BROS**
**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**
**Foreign & Domestic FRUITS.**
**TELEPHONE 51.**

**It's a Narrow View**
Which leads one to neglect the eyes. If they burn or ache, come and see if we cannot relieve them by properly fitted glasses. No charge for examination.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed.**
**W. R. Stevenson.**
**GRADUATE OPTICIAN.**
Office over C. L. Stevenson's dry-goods store. No. 24 E. Eighth street.

**FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE AT**
**HOLLAND CITY STEAM LAUNDRY**
O. J. EAST.

**BOYS OF HOPE**
**CALL FOR**
**G. Blom's Express**
Holland Telephone No. 31
**DR. KREMERS DRUG STORE.**

**MARTIN & HUZINGA,**
**DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND PERIODICALS.**

If you want neat, smooth work done call on

**Arthur Baumgartel**
**BARBER.**
Shop: No. 332 River Street.

Boys remember that we always keep a fresh supply of Tobacco and Cigars.

We also carry a large line of pipes and smoking articles.

**ALBERT VESTER,**
**South River Street.**

---

**THE ANCHOR.**

**First State Bank.**
**WITH SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.**

**Capital - $50,000.**
**Cor. 8th St. and Central Ave.**

**I. CAPFON, President.**
**G. W. MOKMA, Cashier.**

**Best Matt Finish Photos $2.00 per Doz**

---

**STUDENT'S DIRECTORY.**

**CENTRAL DRUG STORE, Drugs, Chemicals, Per/ Upar, Toiletries, etc.**
**H. Kremers, M. B., Proprietor.**

**LEGHAN R. Books and Shoe Maker and Repairer, Cheap, good work guaranteed. First Ward.**

**DUNROSELT, L. Moxon, Proprietor.**

**A Holland Weekly, 25.00. A first-class advertising medium throughout the U. S. and the Netherlands.**

**KIMMELFELD, M., dealer in Books, Stationery, and Fancy Goods, Holland, Mich.**

**NOTICES.**

Subscription, postage prepaid, $5.00 a year. Subscription agents' fees and balances are payable in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

The action will be sold to subscribers until groups are paid and discontinuance requested. If this portion of the paper is market, your subscription is due.

Any subscriber who fails to receive the paper at the time stated in the above list by informing the subscription manager immediately. Address all communications to The Anchor, 503 College, Holland, Mich. The name of the author must accompany all communications.

For advertising rates apply to Advertising Manager.

---

**Teachers Wanted**
Address with stamps—THE HOPKINS TEACHERS MISSION, L. B. 260 Chicago, Ill. Hanover, Md.
What about the ... Ivers & Pond Piano

That is attracting so much favorable comment. What about it? There's every thing about it that a good piano ought to have. There's not a single honest claim made for any piano that Ivers & Pond does not possess. It combines the best features of the best pianos with special patented improvements of its own. That's why it is the nearest approach to the perfect piano yet made. Easy payments.

H. MEYER & SON, River St., Holland, Mich.

G. A. Stevenson
The Holland Jeweler
Carries the largest and best assortment of
Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Spectacles, Etc., in the city.

MULDER BROS.
All kinds of Book and Job Printing

Book and Job Printing

Chase Phone No. 50.
Bell Phone No. 68.

Central Shoe Store

We have shoes of all kinds and prices to suit.
No floor shoes.
No job lots.
Honest goods for honest money.
We solicit your patronage.

J. ELFERDINK, JR.

The City Bakery

Is still managed by

JOHN PESSINK.

We can furnish anything in the baking line at short notice. We keep a nice fresh stock of sweet goods. A full line of

CONFECTIONERY,
HOME MADE CANDIES AND TAFFIES.

Our Cigars are leaders. Come in and try our new 5¢ cig. It is a daisy.

JOHN PESSINK

PATENTS OBTAINED. TERMS EASY.

J. ELFERDINK.

H. Wykhuyse

The Practical Watchmaker

Has a full line of...

Gold and Silver Watches.
Clocks and Jewelry.

AT BOTTOM PRICES.
Hope College, 

HOLLAND, 

MICHIGAN.

DEPARTMENTS:
GRAMMAR SCHOOL, COLLEGIATE AND THEOLOGICAL.

Studies in Grammar School and College:
Ancient and Modern Languages and Literatures; Logic, Rhetoric and Elocution; Mathematics; Physics and Astronomy; Chemistry and Geology; The Biological Sciences; Philosophy; Sacred Literature; Geography, History, Civil Government and Pedagogy; Drawing and Music.

COURSES:
Classical, Latin, Scientific.

Theological Department:
The Western Theological Seminary has a course of study as full and practical as its sister seminaries in the West.

Corps of Experienced Instructors.

Location:

Expenses Moderate. For further information or catalogue apply to

PROF. G. J. KOLLEN, LL.D., Pres.
PROF. C. DOESBURG, Sec'y.

Houseman & Jones
Clothing Co.

Clothers,
Hatters,
Furnishers,
Merchant
Tailors.

34, 36, 38 Monroe street,
Cor. Waterloo.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.