JUNE, 1899.

The Anchor

PUBLISHED AT
HOPE COLLEGE,
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.
MARTIN & HUIZINGA.

FOR...

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY
AND PERIODICALS.

J. & H. DE JONGH,

LEAD IN

Groceries and Dry Goods

Special accommodations to
Boarding Clubs.

21 E. TENTH STREET.

BOOKBINDING!

Bring your school books, etc., that
need rebinding or repairing to

J. A. KOOYERS,
Ottawa Telephone No. 134.
De Groot & West Building, S. River St., Holland, Mich.

When in need of anything in the
bakery line call on

Gerrit Steketee

THE LEADING

Baker and
Confectioner.

We dispense the finest Soda in
the city.

ICE CREAM PARLORS IN CON-
NECTION.

10 E. Eighth St.

Boston Bakery

THE LEADING ICE CREAM and
SODA PARLORS IN
THE CITY.

Fine Confections.
Also a fine line of Imported and Do-

mestic Cigars. Choice Tropical
Fruits always on hand

B. A. Van der Veen.

The Arcade

We are showing all the new
patterns in

Men's Spring.
Shirts, Collars
and Neckwear.

Ardis & Warnock,

16 W. EIGHTH ST.

JOHN BOSMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Eighth St., Holland.

Dr. A. C. V. R. GILMORE,

DENTIST.

All kinds of Plate, Crown and Bridge

Over Vanpelt's Harness Store.

Eighth St., HOLLAND, MICH
This is a world of conflict. In all ages, man has taken up arms against his fellow-man. Strife and combat have ever been present among all men. No great nation has established its authority and power, without the blood of valiant heroes and gallant defenders. No high state of civilization has ever been wrought, which was not founded, directly or indirectly, upon the world's decisive battles. Slavery could not be uprooted in this country, until Gettysburg had lifted the heavy yoke from the enslaved and oppressed. Liberty was not able to spread her wings over this fair land, until Yorktown had securely closed the doors to English despotism and tyranny. Protestantism in England was not rescued from impending danger, until that "invincible armada" had been swept from the seas. Europe and civilization were not secure against the ever-threatening power of the Saracens, until the Battle of Tours had become history. Behold, here, one of the decisive battles of the world. It is not a combat between nation and nation, Frank and Arab, but it is "a struggle between East and West, between Gospel and Koran", between Cross and Crescent.

The opportune moment which the aggressive foe at Tours selected for attacking the citadels which were in the path of their progress and advance, may be one of the causes of the success of their movement and the rapidity of their progress. It is not to be doubted that Mohammed himself came forth with his doctrines at a time when Arabia was in an unsettled religious turmoil. Persia was attacked and subdued after it had exhausted its own strength in that long and memorable conflict with the Roman Empire. Europe was assailed by the Saracens, when it was a chaos of dissension; when the old classic world was lying at the doors of destruction; when the clouds of danger and disaster rising higher and higher, threatened to enshroud Europe in impenetrable darkness. Upon the ruins of the old Roman Empire roved a thriftless class, seeking the rich treasures which lay concealed in the bosom of the proscribed power. On the north were the idolatrous Pagan tribes; around on every hand lay the lifeless form of the fallen Roman Empire; on the south were the enthusiastic Saracens, assailing the citadels of Christianity, attacking the strongholds of progress and advance; prepared to test the power and strength of their forces; prepared to engage in the most decisive and
destructive conflict of the age; prepared to aim their deadly dart at the very base of European civilization, in the hope that it should be uprooted, and cast into the realms of Mohammedanism.

The state of affairs in Gaul was alarming. The conditions did not point to the speedy defeat and overthrow of the Saracen power. The inhabitants consisted of conquered provincials, constantly warring with the tribes of their own land, or with those of other nations. Unity could not be found. The people had isolated themselves from that martial and ferocious spirit by which the descendants of Clovis were characterized. Government was becoming synonomous with despotism and anarchy. The germ of decay had already made its appearance. The shadow cast by the disgraces of the rulers, still darkens the glorious achievements of the age. The Kings of the Merovingian dynasty were mere phantoms of royalty. The emperors had lost their authority and were pursuing their course of dissension and indifference.

In the midst of internal weakness and external danger, imperiled by strife within and threatened by the invincible Saracens without, it seemed as if the Government must perish; as if the idle dreams of Caesar and Mithridates are to become realities; as if Christianity must fall, Mohammedanism triumph, and all Europe must sink before the fanatics of the desert, and be thrust under the dire and contemptible yoke which the Moslems have placed upon all civilization. With Paganism present on one hand, with Mohammedanism threatening on the other, with dissensions among the people and indifference among the rulers, where shall Christianity seek for deliverance? Shall corruption rule supreme? Shall Christianity be disinherited? Shall the sceptre of Mohammedanism assume still greater authority? The Saracen hoped it. The European feared it. Religious enthusiasm and ambition cried "Forward." But destiny had conceived of a nobler plan.

Every age, in the time of pressing need, brings forth its hero. When Spain attempted to establish her authority in the lands of the dykes, the century brought forth its William of Orange. When the tidal wave of the Reformation swept over Europe, the age produced its Luther. When the powerful hand of slavery was about to rend in twain the strong bands which united us into one glorious nation, time presented its greatest patriot—the immortal Lincoln. When the Saracens were threatening to burst asunder the mighty fabrics of Christianity and civilization, Charles Martel with his iron grasp seizes the helm of opportunity. Here, upon the scene of action, behold him—a youthful prince of the Austrasian Franks, a humble servant of the King, a mayor of the palace. He had heard of the enthusiasm of the Saracens. He had watched with dread and alarm the progress of their conquests. And this youthful prince, moved by the spirit which animates men in the time of greatest peril; urged on by a sense of duty and justice; compelled by the hostile progress of the Saracens who threatened to supplant the Indo-European by a Semitic type of civilization,—this valiant hero comes forward as the champion of Christian institutions and stands—stands that he may uphold his country's honor; stands that he may defend his children's heritage; stands that he may bend down to posterity the golden legacies already in the possession of his countrymen, ward off the Pagan tribes on the north, expel the Saracenic hordes on the south, rescue the world from pernicious retrogression and hopeless disaster, and stamp the destiny of Gaul, of Europe, of all civilization.

But a crisis in the world's history is nearing. The Saracens, ever mindful of the magical words which fell from the lips of Mohammed, resolve to extend their conquests. They advance farther into Gaul. The idea of booty and destruction is in the front; in the rear is the desire of religious conquest. The teaching of their prophet maintains their loyalty; stimulates their devotion; inflames their passions; kindles their ardor; arouses their enthusiasm, so that nothing can stand in the path of their victorious arms. But Charles Martel with an army of heroic and devout Europeans, marches bravely onward and takes his stand opposite this formidable foe. A battle is inevitable. The destinies of the world are in great suspense. Which shall triumph, Cross or Crescent? Who shall be exalted, Christ or Mohammed? To determine the fate of Europe, Christianity and civilization—this is the principle for which the heroic sons of the nation are to shed their blood on the field of Tours. The battle is on. The most decisive conflict of the age—here, behold it! Enveloped in an atmosphere of hostility, the spirit of heroism and bravery is breathed into the hearts of the stalwart Franks. The two armies are face to face. The East is opposed to the West; the camel-driver of Medina is opposed to the Lowly One of Galilee; the Cross is opposed to the Crescent. Destinies are to be wrought which time itself shall never undo. Silence broods over the nations, while unseen fingers, invisible forces, are quietly shaping the settings of the most critical scene in the world's drama. Abderrahman ordains a general attack. A pivot has been reached upon which the world's history is to revolve. The Moslems venture the first march. Battalions of Numidian alien tribes rush against the squadrons of the Europeans. The Moslem horsemen, fast and furious, attack the Christian lines. The Europeans resist manfully. They stand as solid walls. Swords and lances flash in the lightning. The clanger of the armors resounds, echoing and re-echoing far and wide among the sunny hills of France. The Saracens make their way into the center of the Christian hosts. Charles Martel urges his men on to victory. The Franks advance farther. Swords flash. Lances glitter. Their helmets reflect the agony endured. The crash of steel adds terror. Hand to hand conflict ensues. Blood flows freely. Death and destruction rule supreme. The intensity of the struggle grows greater and greater. A false cry arises in the enemy's camp. The Moslems retreat. The Christians pursue. Disorder arises among the Arabs. Abderrahman is surrounded by the followers of the Cross. He is pierced with weapons. He dies on the field of battle. The Arabs, with their leader lost, give up the struggle. They desert their camps. They flee before the enemy.
The battle is over. The foundations of Mohammedanism have been shaken. The power of the Saracen has been broken. Its splendor has been forever dimmed. Tours has re opened the doors to progress and advance, and freedom, besprinkled with the blood of heroic patriots and martyrs, has entered the dark realms of persecution and disaster; it has grasped the helm of civilization; it has directed the course of Gaul, of Europe, of the entire world, away from the fanaticalisms of Mohammed, to the lofty and sublime teachings of the lowly Nazarene. Where the Saracen was in power, there the Frank now rules; where hostility wrought destruction, there peace now breathes prosperity; where the Crescent was the emblem of disaster, there the Cross became the sign of peace: and where Mohammedanism threatened to assume sway, there Christianity was exalted, never to be dethroned from its honored and lofty eminence.

The battle of Tours is one of the most decisive of the world's battles. It is one of those signal events upon which all history is focused. Upon its outcome depended the strength of Christianity, the progress of civilization, the greatness of Europe. Should civilization advance? Should Europe progress? Tours has handed down an unquestionable verdict. History has accepted it. Time has honored it. The world still applauds it and venerates Charles Martel for his loyalty, his patriotism, his heroic courage. Well may be be called the hero of Tours. He who enabled the Cross to triumph over the Crescent. It was he who rescued Christianity from the dire and contemptible doctrines of Islam. It was he who held the reins of destiny. It was he who struck the thundering blow which shook the proud and exalted throne of Mohammedan splendor. All hail Charles Martel—hero, soldier, champion, deliverer! Time's accurate finger shall ever record him as the hero of Tours, as the bravest of soldiers, as the champion of the Cross, as the world's deliverer from the powerful grasp of Mohammed.

And yet decadence found in itself the seeds of resurrection. Wyclif in the north, the Reformation's morning star, Savonarola in the south, its brilliant, flashing meteor, had heralded a coming day of better things. The Reformer had revealed to man that he could think if he would but dare. The printing press had come to force mankind to think and, having thought, to act. Then had come the Reformation. The words of Luther, called "half battles", proved victorious. Germany fell beneath their sway and a language was formed upon which arose the structure of a mighty nation: a language in which a Kant might reason, a Goethe sing, and a Bismarck thunder statemanship. But more than language, more than conditions for a nation's birth, the Reformation had roused a spirit that was striving to shatter the fetters of centuries, to give deliverance to nations, and to leave for all coming time the precious heritage of civil liberty and freedom to worship as conscience enjoined. Where the zeal of Columbus had shown the way the Protestant wave was longing to follow and, basking in its spray that new found shore, to baptize it in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. The new-born faith saw in prophetic vision its full fruition in that western world: the civil independence, religious tolerance, the freedom of mind and tongue and was at peace with the world. From that bright Utopian dream the world would have awakened to the bitter loss of even past attainment but for that man who, like the Great Martyr of Calvary, left his kingdom with its peace and joy, endured the hardships of a world at strife, and suffered betrayal and death for Humanity's need. Call Luther, if you will, the Reformation's author, but its savior find in Gustavus Adolphus.

The Saxon Reformer had been laid to rest. The tolerant rulers had passed away and with them the peace, in Europe. Ferdinand II. had mounted the Austrian throne. That giant mind had resolved to crush the Protestant faith and leave no trace of Luther's work. Cruel oppression and persecutions followed, such as the Lollards of England never felt—a protracted St. Bartholomew's Day. The land of Jerome and Huss in despair revolted and called to arms. The Battle of Prague was fought and lost. So deeply fixed in the German heart were the convictions of the purer faith that death was easier than surrender, and the struggle still went on. But Might prevailed against the Right. The Emperor summoned Wallenstein, that dark and gloomy "man of destiny", and bade him raise an army. With promises of endless spoil this man gathered a band of outlaws from every nation, and swept through the land like a dark storm cloud, leaving a trail of desolation. The Emperor, in exultation, dreamed of more extended sway till Vienna should become a second Rome, himself a second Caesar. The kings of other nations trembled on their thrones. Germany lay helpless and bleeding. Hopeless despair filled the Protestant heart. But should Freedom, blinded by the spirit of darkness and repression, appeal in vain to the God of Right to send a savior? Was truth forever vanished? Ah, no! At an hour thus dark and hopeless, from out the cold and barren north sweeps down the defender of
truth and freedom, Gustavus Adolphus. Ferdinand boasts in scorn that the zeal of Catholic troops will melt the king of ice and snow. Nay, let the Emperor tremble: a greater than Ferdinand, a greater than Wallenstein, is here. The hour, the need, and the man have come together.

Could this fair and gifted youth have had prevision of his greatest work, his days of education could not have been more wisely spent. He sought the full development of mind and soul; then, drawn away from arts of peace by his country's need of a warrior-king, he became a master of the arts of war. He overcame by force of arms the greed of Denmark, the hate of Russia, the anarchy of Poland. Then through reforms he became to Sweden what Alfred and Cromwell were to England, what Richelieu was to France.

But his duty was not yet done. This had been but preparation for a greater mission: He heard the call of God and Humanity and would not disobey. Rejecting ease, a peaceful reign, a happy life, he chose privation, toil of battle and march, a soldier's death. He sailed away to the German coast, a land defended by a force ten times his own, and with his little band of Christian heroes began that meteor-like career to end on the field of Lutzen. Gustavus, the king, has been modest and gentle, but Gustavus, the warrior,—the logic of history says, will be arrogant and cruel. Tilly through war became a fiend and Wallenstein a demon. Napoleon by war's baleful touch became a cold, unfeeling despot. The votaries of Mars in every age bear the marks of that cruel god in branded souls and blemished characters. But the logic of history is often at fault. Adolphus was a beneficent as king, merciful and tolerant as warrior, in all controlled by the spirit of love. Yea, here in a less enlightened age, amid the scenes of cruel war, the Christian graces sweetly bloomed. In the camp and on the march, he taught his men to keep the moral law. Twice a day the roll of drums called them to kneel in praise and prayer. He improved the tactics of war as no one, perhaps, before or since; but he was also the first to strive to remove its barbarous horrors. No desolations marked the trail of his march, no hamlets ruined, or villages burned, or cities taken by assault. No wonder that the German peasants knelt and kissed his feet; no wonder that where he went there boat the heart of Sweden, and that to mention his name was like hoisting the national banner.

And yet his task was not an easy one. Allies were faithless, friends were timid. The greatest generals of the age opposed him. The hostile forces far outnumbered his own. Still that genius disciplined in former wars, that soul inspired by a sacred cause, sweeps onward with irresistible march. The battles of Leipsic, Lech and Naumberg are but the steps on which he mounts to the crowning day of Lutzen, the most fateful, perhaps, in all the history of Europe. Here the spirit of light and the spirit of darkness confront each other. The victor's prize is Freedom's future destiny. If despotism win the day, the work of Luther and Calvin and Huss has been in vain; the world must linger in intellectual bondage and the souls of men must grope again in darkness; the freemen of England, unsustained, will cease the hopeless struggle; the happy land and freeborn men in the western world may never be. It is an hour fraught with hopes of future time when the "man of thought" attacks the "man of destiny." The sudden blow of hostile cannon answers back in grim defiance the solemn chant of Luther's hymn.

The squadrons charge and meet in shock terrific, retreat, advance and charge again in deadly struggle. Sabres clashing, cannons roaring, shouts and groans, prayers and curses mingle in the awful chaos. The earth beneath trembles with the agony. The mist descends to hide from mortal view that more than mortal combat. But in that mist, above Adolphus shades of Freedom's martyrs seem to hover with the mute appeal that to his heart sounds loud amid the din of battle: on, heroic host, against the foe! Humanity with all its future hope invokes you! God and Right are on your side! Then, on! You cannot fail! Strike for Truth and Freedom! Strike for God and fellowmen! Adolphus falls—yet on his spirit leads and urges with resistless might, on inspires to victory. The sun goes down and the field is won. Adolphus has saved the Protestant faith, the civilization of Europe, the hope of America, the progress of the world.

In a later time upon this heritage a nation has arisen proud of its Bunker Hill and Vicksburg. Then again the powers of earth have stood amazed to see that nation take up arms in an unselfish war to aid oppressed humanity. With the triumph of this hour, with our pride in Santiago and Manila Bay, there blend in harmony the praises of that hero who over two hundred and fifty years ago laid down his life in the selfsame cause. Well for the world that now and then we have an Adolphus to ameliorate the horrors of war; well that a cause like his can take a man out of himself and make him not a fratricide, but an instrument of the Almighty power to preserve at the cost of blood the sacred rights of man; well that such as he hold not their lives too dear a price to pay for greater good to brother men and coming generations. If today, "Liberty is not a dream or Truth a defeated power," it is only because such men as Gustavus Adolphus have labored and fought and died. And from the life and early death of that hero, there comes to us over the stretch of years the lesson worthy of young manhood's thought, that there is a greater aim than temporal power, or a famous name, yea, than home or country—and that aim is God and Humanity. He whose life aim has been this, though he lie in an untimely grave on distant Lutzen, in Santiago or Phillipine isle, cannot have lived in vain; nay, is not dead but lives in the hearts of men forever.

The Oratorical Contest.

The long looked for contest was held in the College Chapel on the evening of May 5th. Everything that could be done in the matter of preparation had been performed. The spirit in which everything had been
THE ANCHOR

169

and work of Col. Waring. The speaker was at times very vivid, bringing out very strongly, for example, the horrors of New York and Havana corruption among which Col. Waring was wont to toil. All through he spoke in a manner in harmony with his thought.

After this Apollo’s art was once more tested by Miss Grace Yates and Prof. Nykork. Not being very familiar with the technics of the art, we would not attempt to make any criticism, except that, like many times before, we were delighted with these melodious strains.

The last orator was C. C. Mitchell, of Hillsdale. His subject was “The Upward Trend.” Vigorous in his statements, the speaker held the audience bound and interested. There was considerable enthusiasm, especially during the latter half.

While the judges retired to decide which orator was the winner, all were held in a pleasant humor by the yells from different parts of the room and the happy remarks of Wm. Alden Smith, Prof. Bergen, and the Hon. G. J. Dickema. Immediately after the result of the contest was stated, in which the first place was awarded to Mr. Mitchell, second to Mr. Larseen, and third to Mr. Broek.

Such was the contest. Though Hope might not have first place, she nevertheless made a good showing. We trust that if nothing else was gained, at least an inspiration for this sublime art was created which will yet result in giving Hope a complete victory in the future. After the meeting a reception was given in honor of the delegates at President Kollen’s home.

The following is a report of the different judges:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME OF SPEAKER</th>
<th>Total Mark</th>
<th>W. M. Bruce, Jt.</th>
<th>W. M. Bruce, St.</th>
<th>Prof. Larseen, Jt.</th>
<th>Prof. Larseen, St.</th>
<th>Miss Smith, Jt.</th>
<th>Miss Smith, St.</th>
<th>Prof. Bergen, Jt.</th>
<th>Prof. Bergen, St.</th>
<th>Mr. Alden, Jt.</th>
<th>Mr. Alden, St.</th>
<th>Professor of Oratory, Jt.</th>
<th>Professor of Oratory, St.</th>
<th>Assistants, Jt.</th>
<th>Assistants, St.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The Battle of Tours&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The Jew in History&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The Upward Trend&quot;</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Mermaid

Mermaid gliding o’er the wave,
Onward gently moving,
The thee now sing a lay
Thou tender beauty!

Mermaid riding on a grave,
Tomb of sailor’s loving,
1 of thee the livelong day
Think in sense of duty.
Often hast thou men entreated
On the billows drifting,
Often hast thou love enhanced.
To its zenith lifting.
Never have I beauty known
Of an earthly creature,
Never has a flower blown
More conformed with nature.
Freely let sweet music ring
Out upon the ocean,
Freely let the Muses sing
To thee in devotion.

When the moon all silvery shines
Through the clouds when broken,
When the wave: have narrow lines,
It is then a token,
That the sea nymphs are in sight
Singing, swimming gayly;
That they all are in delight
Coming, going daily.
Thanks to Oceann kind
For so freely giving:
Thanks for such as none can find
On this earth a living.

INDIFFERENCE is always the harbinger of slavery, freedom the eternal reward of vigilance.

SUCCESS is a relative term indicating how far one approaches his ideal in comparison with others who choose the same object for attainment.

The subject of the last lecture of the season was, "Is Uncle Sam Sufficient unto Himself?" J. DeWitt Tiltler The speaker took one comprehensive review of the history of our country from the earliest times, from the time the aboriginal Mound Builders erected their mounds and the Indians roamed thro the forests to the present day.

The French, Spanish, English, and Dutch were the chief nations which contributed to make America a great nation. They were not all actuated by pure motives, as some were distinguished for their love of conquest, or of filling the home treasury, while others came here to seek an asylum for their liberty-loving consciences. But the history of Spain clearly shows that a people cannot love liberty, the meaning of which they do not comprehend.

The speaker claimed that Canada was our prospective property. He predicted that the child is living who shall see our flag on Hudson Bay, and floating over the city of Mexico. But we must not think that all liberty is confined to our Republic. The Englishman today is enjoying freedom as much as we are.

In many respects we owe our existence and national life to English laws and institutions. In the realm of literature, we have the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton. J. G. Whittier and others. Our laws do not imitate those of France, but are chiefly based on the common law of England. Our Presidents have also been largely Englishmen.

But in certain respects we differ widely from England. We assimilate other nationalities better than any country on the globe. No one ever heard of an Irishman becoming an Englishman. But we can soon make even a Chinaman an American. We are now making a language of our own, which need no longer be called the Queen's. Its flexibility is far superior to the English across the ocean. We also have perfect religious freedom, while England is still hampered by the Established Church.

The last question which was considered was whether we can profit by making an alliance with England. The physical reasons in our favor are the distance, the nature of the intervening elements, and our ownership of the best part of this continent. The ethical reasons are the universality of intelligence, the quality of implicit obedience, love for our country, and the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Mr. Miller is not a great orator. He occasionally used slang expressions which rather weakened his statements than strengthened them. But he is a deep thinker, with liberal and cosmopolitan ideas, and very much in earnest.

Are the days of oratorical victories past? Has the civilization of the nineteenth century delved the grave for oratory? The answer is frequently in the affirmative. The press, it is argued, has replaced it. Men now read, and have no longer any taste for this art of persuasion. As further proof, attention is called to the retirement from the rostrum of men as Talmage, or to the difficulty of assembling people in places of public gathering, especially the church. But before admitting these things as proof of the weakening power of oratory, may we not legitimately ask what we are to understand by this art?

What is oratory? Is it a schoolboy recital without more thought or feeling? Does it consist in collecting a few, dry facts, historical or otherwise, which any and every book will supply: put them in a lifeless monotone—monotonous as the ceaseless surge of the sea upon the shore, and like it rocking us to sleep? Or does it probably consist in taking a subject; penetrating into its depths by patient toil; becoming convinced and convicted of the overpowering truth hidden within: and then speaking with the soul astir and afire by this very truth? We believe it is. To become truly eloquent, the orator must do more than collect facts. He must brood upon them; he must dip into his own soul for them, until their power thrills the harpsprings of his inner life. No
will this be bombast or sawing the
air, for these are but excitement, not
real emotion.
Besides this, take into considera-
tion the end of oratory, and the force
doubly increased. Oratory is pri-
marily to persuade. Hence a good
essay will not suffice. The treatment,
the style, (for there is a true oratori-

dal style) must be different. There
must be antitheses, periods, accumu-
lations of thought, climaxes, appeal
by interrogation as well as declama-
tion, soul stirring thought. Do we
wish to convict a man of sin, let us
persuade him to study the Bible for
himself, instead of doing it for him.
Such oratory is not declining, and
never will decline. Men are as will-
ing to listen to eloquence today as in
the long ago, because the fundamen-
tal life of humanity changes not. In
nature, men are the "same, yesterday,
today, and forever." "The appeal of
mind to mind, of heart to heart, in-
tensified by all the external condi-
tions, called action, cannot, and never
will be replaced by books. The liv-
ing voice—who will not listen to it?

The fact that public address is be-
ing pushed to the wall is because it is
not oratory. The reason is manifest.
We have too much undigested book
lore. As a result, we talk instead of

crate. Judging from much of the
present day public speaking, it would
seem that there was no relation be-
tween man's intellectual and spiritual
nature; that all a speaker must do is
to fill his head—not his heart; con-
sider his audience a sort of funn
and pour forth an unbroken and unvaried
stream of words. But who will not

weary of it? On the other hand, only
let men know and feel, and the world
will listen.

What Is My Duty As A Christian Student?
The following propositions were
presented to the delegations at Lake
Geneva, in 1896, by Prof. W. W.
White.
I. There is a place for each man
in the plan of God.
II. We shall be happy if we find
that place.
III. We shall be unhappy if we
do not find that place.
IV. We shall succeed if we find
that place.
V. We shall not succeed if we do
not find it.
VI. God cannot land us in the
place. He has provided for us if we are
unwilling to go.

XIV. The assumption that to go
as a missionary means obscurity and
failure is unwarranted. If we are
where God wants us we'll be heard
from.
XV. Means are at hand for our
 guidance into the place when God
wishes to have us.
  1. His Word.
  (a) Look on the fields, John 4:35.
  (b) Pray ye the Lord of the har-

De Alumnis.

Rev. R. Bloemendal, '81, of Mus-
kegon, has received the call from the
Second Reformed Church at Orange
City, la.
Rev. P. Ivrman, 78, has accepted
the call to Maurice, 1a.
Hon. G. J. Diekema, '77, will de-


liver the Commencement oration for
the Benton Harbor High School.
G. E. Kollen, '88, has for the third
time been elected City Attorney of
Holland.
W. D. Zothout, '89, has concluded
a series of lectures to the students of the
Harvey Medical School at Chi-

cago.
Rev. J. M. Van der Meulen, '91, has accepted the call to the First Re-
formed church of Grand Rapids.
Rev. A. Oosterhuff, '92, of Green-
leafiot, Minn., spent his vacation in

Michigan with relatives and friends.
Rev. W. Medema, '93, of Bushnell,
Ill., made a short visit in Holland
lately.
John Heeren, '04, has completed
his course at Rush Medical College,
and will begin his practice at Des

Moi系, 1a.
H. Yonker, '07, will discontinue his
course at the Seminary and expects to
enter Rush Medical College, at Chi-

cago.
L. Van den Burg, '97, of Princeton,
is visiting friends in the city and will
soon leave for his summer charge at
Sioux Center, la.

More laurels for Hope! This time
it is Ties Mulder, '98, who has cap-
tured the Greek prize of fifty dollars
at New Brunswick.

Among the Societies.

Y. M. C. A.

On May 11th Dr. H. E. Dosker ad-
dressed the Y. M. C. A. on the "As-
cension of Christ: its Practical Signifi-
cance." He spoke in his usually in-
structive manner.
evangelization and the imperative duty of Christians to further the triumphant march of the Kingdom by an intelligent, enthusiastic and prayerful obedience to the Great Commission. F. F. Turner, General Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, then spoke on the history and development of this summer campaign work. He also gave reports of some of the work accomplished last year. The movement promises to become an important factor for awakening a deeper, more practical missionary interest within the churches.

College Jottings

"My sweet little glue-pot."
"Don't give a hobbly-gobble!"
Pella Blatter! Pella Blatter! Schlitz! the beer wagon!
Mckinley, Depew, Moody, Fitzsimmons, all coming here to tea.
Don't be surprised if you find strange things in the young ladies' text-books.
DeKleine's equation:
The love of the students of Hope College = the love of interscholastic sports.
By algebraical sign:
The love x the students of Hope College = the love x interscholastic sports.
By removal of equal factors, love:
The students of Hope College are equal to interscholastic sports.
It seems quite possible that the visiting delegates will all remember the colors of "Hope."

The Hope College baseball team appear extremely well in their picture, but their defeat doesn't look so well.
Miss Theresa Waite, of Hudsonville, was at College May 22, as the guest of Miss Hattie Free and Miss Lottie Hoyt.
Who was it making that hideous racket, serenading the President? It certainly couldn't have been "any of the older students."
The local editors will be very much pleased to receive some jokes from the "D" class.
The local editors will be very much pleased to receive some jokes from the "D" class.
The frightened audience at the contest would have been much relieved to know that it was not Van Vleck hall enwrapt in flames, but some premature pyrotechnics of the "Celebration" Committee.
It is interesting to see the way John Y. ingratiate himself.

Those desiring portraits of the "A" class feminine gender should strike early.
"Non est igitur amici talent esse in eum qualis ille in se est!"
"It is not therefore the part of a friend to be such toward him as she is toward herself,"—and Dunson wondered why they laughed.
"Billy" Rineck on "Personal Conviction in Oratory": "We must believe that we know! We must only believe that we know! We must only believe that we know!"
Applicants for membership in the Hope College Men's Association can receive blank forms by referring to E. D. Polewinski or J. Brandywiski.
The Orchestra line up is as follows:
DeKline, A. Windinghynski.
Right autoharp, R. Deprezinski.
Left autoharp, V. D. Meulewowski.
Right violin, J. Brandwyinski.
Left violin, V. D. Beekski.
Right flute, R. D. Youngzookski.
Left flute, J. H. Hospersinksipolarylldodle.
Quarter ocarina, E. D. Polewinski.
Full mandolin, Dykeloobsinskii.
Several new members have joined whose names cannot be annexed for lack of room.
Prof. —"Is this poem a piece of Gothic architecture or merely a classic frieze?"
Wayer.—(In despair.) "A classic freeze?" (Aloud.) "Well, it didn't seem to me exactly frozen poetry, but—[Loud applause.]
Miss Nolan of the Central School Kindergarten gave the Juniors under Prof. Ladd a chance to become acquainted with the children. The happy students seem to have been really charmed.

THE ANCHOR
There have been many criticisms thrown upon the management of the base-ball team this year which doubtless are a result of the fact that Hope College has been beaten thrice by the city team. We cannot claim that we were not beaten fairly but we do maintain that if the students, as backers of the team that represents them, had, during the games that were lost, supported the players, there might have been a difference. If we students of Hope College really want inter-collegiate sports, there must be some other impetus than that which The Anchor tries to give. These games are played on our grounds, and while the coaching lines and the players' room were all taken up by a howling crowd of city sympathizers, a few stragglers on the terrace made known their presence when they applauded a play. Save for a very few, no helpful support was given, and while the team evidently do not want to advance their own claims, they think the students might be a little more enthusiastic.

We hear that Miss Grace Yates has been called to the First Presbyterian Church at Kalamazoo. Congratulations.

Hope College vs. Holland, 8-19.
Hope College vs. Holland, 3-10.
Fraternals vs. College, 10-14. Five innings.
Hope College vs. Holland, 16-20.
Blocker hits the committee men who worked for the contest. According to him, that was all manual labor but singing in the glee club is art.

On Thursday, May 25th, a reception was held at the home of Mrs. Gilmore to which the ladies of the college were invited. When the youngsters began to roam a little too freely, the impromptu appearance of Dr. Kollen informed them of their transgressions.

The Anchor is preparing a directory of Miss Thurber's uncles. Any further information will be gladly received.

The eve of May 26th has passed. The Y. M. C. A. hall is empty. The voices of the Fraternal quartette are hushed. Mrs. Gilmore's lambs are laid to rest. The President of the Frats has retired early for fear of catching a cold, and the delinquents are removed from temptations of the "Belles, Charming Belles," The Melophone serenaders have forgotten their wicked deeds and the campus is free from strangling couples. No one thinks of Dinkeloo's failure, nor yet of Bloemers' self-avowed confession, but the L. L. L. and the Frats have met and parted.

The city actually invited the Faculty to walk in the parade! There is a certain respect due to those in high places.

The President and family lately have been experiencing some of the delights of camping out. The windstorm Sunday night blew a chimney through the Presidential roof, and the boys patched it with canvas.

There is some discussion among the students at present as to whether Braak, Mansens, or Prof. Nykerr rightfully deserve the title of "St. Peter," i.e., "Keeper of the Keys."

We are still waiting for those Senior bean-poles to sprout. For first attempts we would advise maple-saplings in preference to oak or as the former are easier to transplant. We read in the Olivet Echo that "Bertie Broek lacked feeling." Anyone that knows of the emotions of our orator will see at once how far this is from the truth.

How modestly Damon bore the mighty honors thrust upon him!

One Latin Professor is so, That he'll never, n' ever more be lit, And yet he is better Than to be better or to do so. A large party of students is arranging for an excursion on June 17th, the day of the "Melophone Bash." On that day a game will be played between Michigan and Cornell at Grand Rapids. Let's all go and wear the Michigan colors and yell the Michigan yell, and see the Michigan crowd and have lots of fun.

Oh! the mystery of the morrow, Godfrey.

A number of the students attended the "Jasper's Mammoth Minstrels," and now, "they can't change it.

The students have always been interested in beastly camping out; all that was necessary was advice, and in here it is: Buy some seeds of Morning Glory and other vines and make each of those bean-poles hanging around the campus a joy forever. They're pretty good trees aside from foliage, and since they'll never be rooted either up or down, we'd better make the best of them.

One thing has been learnt by the local contest and by the inter-collegiate contest and that is, that the students should form an "Oratorical League." We suggest that one of the Juniors be appointed by that class to act as chairman pro tem, and to appoint a committee for framing a constitution. We would suggest that under this constitution every student should be allowed to hand in an oration, and that the best six should be the competitors in the local contest. Judging from the ill success the faculty has met with in trying to appoint orators, we feel sure that it will not feel offended if the students take hold of it altogether.

The lecture course was completed for the year by the De Witt Miller lecture. The students on the whole were quite well behaved. A few were disappointments but all would beg the hear Leland T. Powers and John De Motte again next year.

STUDENT'S DIRECTORY.
CENTRAL DRUG STORE. Drugs, Chemicals, Fertilizers, Soil Remedies, etc. R. Kresner, M. D., Proprietor.


NOTICES.

Subscription, postage prepaid. Half a year, subscriptions must begin at any time, and are payable in advance. Single copies, ten cents. The Anchor will be sold to subscribers until arrangements are paid and due announcements requested. If this indicates the paper is marked, your subscription is temporarily suspended. Any subscriber who fails to receive the paper at the proper time will confer a favor by informing the subscription manager immediately. Address all communications to The Anchor, Hope College, Holland, Mich.

Any subscriber will be sent a one dollar insurance policy by the company at our request.

For advertising rates apply to Advertising Manager.

GIFT BOOKS FOR... M. Kiekintveld, SODA BOOKS AND STATIONERY

COMMENCEMENT FOUNTAIN
UNION TEACHERS' AGENCIES of AMERICA. Rev. L. D. Bliss, D. D. Manager.

There are thousands of positions to be filled. We have over 5,000 vacancies during the past season. Unqualified facilities for placing teachers is in every part of the U. S. a at Canada. More vacancies than teachers. Address all applications to
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Get a fit
for your feet. That is the most important part of your shoes and it is our specialty. We guarantee a fit.

J. E. BENJAMIN, Prop.
First Ward Shoe Store.
Special discount to students.

`````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````````
A Square Meal

Cannot be had without Good Cut of Meat.

J. H. DEN HERDER, Prop. South River Street
Meat Market,
can supply you with all kinds of first-class
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats,
AT COMPETING PRICES.

H. Van Tongeren,
CIGARS, TOBACCO, CANDY and
FISHING TACKLE.
12 E. EIGHTH STREET.

If you want neat, smooth work
done call on
Arthur Baumgartel
BARBER,
No. 232 River Street.

THE BEST COOKS USE
Sunlight
Daisy
and
Hyperion
Flour

THE BEST GROCERS SELL THESE BRANDS
Walsh-De Roo Milling Co.

Graduates!

Do you know that we can
Frame those Large Pictures for
75 Cents?

If you don't, may this serve as a
warning, and come and see us.

Tromp & Kloosterman,
NO. 210 S. RIVER ST.

C. A. Stevenson
The Holland Jeweler
Carries the largest and . . .
Watches, Clocks,
Silverware,
Spectacles, Etc.

IN THE CITY.

MULDER BROS.
All kinds of . .

Book AND
Job Printing

COMMENCEMENT
Programs
AND INVITATIONS.
COMMERCIAL PRINTING.

Boots & Kram~r Building,
CHASE PHONE No. 50.
BELL PHONE No. 68.

No Well-Dressed
Person

Can afford to pass by our store this
season without looking in. At a small
expense they can add to their good
appearance.

J. ELFERDINK, JR.

Wise Buyers

—Buy—

White

—Flyers.

Kanters Bros.

HARDWARE.

H. Wykhuysen

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 Eloquence; Mathematics; Physics and Astronomy; Chemistry and Geology: The Biological Sciences; Philosophy; Sacred Literature; Geography, History, Civil Government and Pedagogy; Drawing and Music.

COURSES:
Classical, Philosophical, Scientific and Normal.

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.

B. Steketee.

DEALER IN
Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Crockery, Etc.

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

Eighth and River Streets.

Wm. Van der Veere

PROPRIETOR OF THE

CITY MEAT MARKET

Has the choicest Meats in the city.

Everything First-Class!

Best Accommodation to Boarding Clubs.