are musical clubs; we do not understand why we cannot have something of that nature at Hope.

Our literary societies might give public entertainments two or three times a year, which in connection with a good musical club could be made very interesting indeed. Some appropriate Shakspearean play might be acted, and debates or essays on literary topics would be a pleasant pastime during the long winter evenings. We would be glad to hear the opinion of others on this question.

THE chronicles which we publish in this issue treat of a period in the history of our institution of which very little is generally known. We therefore print them entire as all the facts deserve to be recorded for the benefit of the future historian of Hope College and the Dutch colony.

THERE should be a flag-pole somewhere on the campus, so that we could show our appreciation of national and college holidays by flying the national colors. The stars and stripes are now so seldom seen on our campus that fault-finding persons might think they had good reasons to doubt the patriotism of our boys.

ADVANCEMENT is a characteristic of the world. Humanity, impelled by the resistless impulse of an enquiring spirit, is ever driven forward, either in the search of truth or in that of self-gratification. Far back in the morning of history the germ of intellectual activity began to take root in the minds of men; the demands of life increasing men began to cast about for them for their gratification and satisfaction; new wants and desires brought about an additional incentive for increasing activity, and thus men ever mindful of their desires were impelled on to advancement, and indirectly added a stimulus to the mind. As the material world advanced to contribute...
to the welfare of men, so too the minds of men were awakened and developed to a greater power of action. The intellectual world soon reducing all material things to its sway, now asserted its supremacy; thought became the lever of the world, and henceforth conformed to its dictates all brute force. Thus the mind of man in the advancement of time enriched and adorned itself from the vast fields of research and experience of the past. Nations have come and passed away, but their deeds and thoughts live in the characters left behind to be read and pondered upon by succeeding generations. The intellectual accumulation of ages is a storehouse for the ever restless mind of today. The mind needs no longer be enslaved in the superstitions of the past, the intellectual horizon is brightening and the mist of folly and narrow prejudice is rolling away. And thus in this present age of active thought onward and in advance the intellectual world keeps pace with the material.

**A WONDER OF LOGIC.**

Young Brown returned from college.

His head so filled with knowledge
(The freshman year, of course, you understand).

His fond and doting mother
Could scarce believe another
So wise and bright existed in the land.

He quoted logic daily,
And used to prate quite gaily
Of major premise, minor, and the rest,
His father oft perplexing,
With syllogisms vexing,
His head so filled with knowledge.

Young Brown returned from college,

But truth to tell, be rarely came out best.

One more the son was showing
The advantage of knowing.
With only two eggs left, there more must be.

"That's one!" The pea assessed.

"That's two!" He smiled, contented.

But two and one will evermore make three.

His father answered blandly:

"My boy, you've reasoned grandly,
This logic is the strangest thing I've heard."

One egg he gave the mother.

"And you, my son," he said, "can have the third."

**INDISPUTED.**

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Probably no one appreciates music more than the college student. After a hard day's work nothing, except the sweet voice of his girl, but greater power to soothe and comfort the troubled emotions of his heart than music.

—DAVIDSON MONTHLY.

**ALUMNI SONG.** *1887.*

Old Hope! Thy sons around thee standing,
Now raise thy banner high above.
To thee a song we sing,
To thee their tribute bring,
A tribute of praise and love.

**CHORUS.**

Shout a shout, sons of Hope, like a bugle-blast:
"Alma Mater sempiterna sit!"
Sing, in jolly college-days
Of our golden college-days
And a merry life of the past.

Ye hosts of ancient, classic worthies,
Whom we loved or hated with a will;
Your love is half forgot,
But your memory is not.
For your ghosts are haunting us still.

As boys, we dreamed of days before us,
Of a distant, longed for "by and by."
But now, amidst the smile
Of a noisy, carping life,
We look at the past and we sigh.

Many a one is silent at the roll-call,
Never more they'll cheer as on the way.
But your love for them will last
With the memories of the past.
Now raise thy banner high above
That our boys our places shall fill.

**THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINS** gives the following hints on speech-making, as "Harper's Magazine.

1. Have something that you desire very much to say. Always speak in a natural key, and in a conversational way.
2. Never carry a scrap of paper before an audience.
3. Plan out a series of a few points, as simple and ordi

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**REVERY.**

Words by A. OLMEAN. *'85.*

As the evening twilight gathers, When the hours of toil are o'er,

On the tide of time come floating, Pleasant thoughts on days of yore.

Thoughts of friends who now are scattered, Trio this quiet evening time,

And I hear their ringing voices As through mem'ry's door they chime.

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2. College life, how bright! how cheery! Sweet the fragrance from your bower, Scenes where summer lovers revel Bring their joys this tranquil hour. CHOR.

3. Friends, though parted, not forgotten, May the memory of our friendships Ever green and hallowed be. CHOR.
FLEMISH LITERATURE.

The Flemish are those people in Belgium who speak Flemish; they are just as the Hollanders the descendants of the Salic Franks, and settled in Belgium. Yet all of Belgium is not Flemish; there are several always called Wal- lon, while that portion thro' which the Scheldt flows, is called Flemish. In these latter regions it was that the oldest and most renowned of German law books, the Lex Salica, was written.

The most peculiar production of the literature of that people, one which by preference belongs to the stock of the Franks, is "The History of Reinsiert den Yss," this production seems to have started in France, then the country of France and then to Flanders; in the latter country it took the form which gave it the value it now has. The poet of the "History of Reinsiert den Yss," at the beginning of his work calls himself Willeum, says, that till that time the "groete," i. e. deeks of the Fox, had not been written in German, and that he has derived his sub- ject "uilen Walschen boeken," i. e. from French books. The writer gave it a national stamp. Jacob Grimm has said somewhere, which I think is very true, that animal fables and epics necessarily need heroes; the poet of "Reinsiert" is the typical Flemish poet, and the only real poet of the Flemish people. In the 16th century another edition was published by Flantor, of Antwerp, as it says, "a bewys oude ende nacherblick." (In French and Flemish). There has not been a want in Flemish poetry of imitations; it is a disgrace of the French romance of chivalry, yet Flanders was not the country for adventurous stories and erotic poetry. These, when published, were often burned and cut in pieces; and all that is extant, is nothing but fragments.

In the 13th and 14th centuries the country was in a very flourishing state; not so the poetry. The first poet we meet with is Jacob Van Maelrant, who is noted as a leader in the national independence, and to protect the good morals. He produced his "Rhyme Bible," the "Historic Mirror," and the "History of Newt." His poetry is instructive, and withal stale, always moral; instead of romantic adventures, he treats of the real world, of nature, of history, and of religion.

With the death of Maelrant come national songs, one of the most renowned being that of the "Kersies" or free farmers. They are a happy set of people; are quite independent, care little for others, and hate the knights. The farmer of the 13th and 14th centuries is the model of the real world, of knights, of plows and cows and cultivates and works hard while the nobleman rests quietly upon his couch. Not only does he set his name to their titles; then again the janitor for the proceeds of the church; and all other kinds of expenses for which the farmer does not get any returns. All this he bears patiently.

A rich collection of Flemish National Songs is found in the "Antwerpse Liederboek" published in the year 1544. They are all for the lower classes, common and popular.

In the 13th century another branch of the drama, which developed at the same time with the national song, the promooters of the drama were the "Bijjocks," or challeges and societies for the culture of dramatic performance and poetic contests, which are still existing. The Socie- ty called "Fontain," and the Schale of the most important, celebrated in 1484 its 400th anniversary. Up to the time of the reformation, they flourished; then the emperor Charles V. pro- hibited their performances; while the duke of Alva placed their plays on the "index." It was not till the 17th century that they again allowed to perform their "spedeenopol" or rather "spelen van zinnen," and had it not been for these rhetoricians of our literature perhaps would have been entirely lost.

In 1580 Belgium became a kingdom, and now the people had a national literature. With this also arose their language and their literature. Soon appeared the publication of "Willems" Reinsiert," and again the works of Maelrant in whose honor a monument was erected in 1806 at Damme. During the last 200 years the language had been entirely neglected, and conscience, the novelist, in his first works, wrote nothing but French. Conscience is regarded as the founder of the recent Flemish literature. The poet, yet he was more of an educator, leader, and moralist than a poet; his aim was to educate the people, to strengthen their independence and to protect the good morals. He produced his "Rhyme Bible," the "Historic Mirror," and the "History of Newt." His poetry is instructive, and withal stale, always moral; instead of romantic adventures, he treats of the real world, of nature, of history, and of religion.

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Our poets.—Half a century of Flemish poetry.

Like a few other poets, Van Dyck's (1629-1689), Van Bijvoet's (1811-1849) and Ledosee's (1805-1847) belong to these. Later we find Kunsme Hiel, and especially Pieter Mutas (1642-1707) renowned is Jan Van Beers. Whoever has read his "Lively" knows how powerful he can touch the heart, how rich he is in thoughts, and how much melody there is in his poetry.

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY CORNER OF HOLLAND.

By Rev. D. Van Pelt.

There were very few sections of the kingdom of Holland where our excursion and our visit during our visit of two years ago. One of these parts, however, was that strip of country which lies south of the river at the foot of the province of Zeeland, the country of Zeelandish Flanders. During our visit of this summer, therefore, we made a point of seeing this rather out-of-the-way corner, which is quite off the usual route of travel.

We first went to Flushing, or Vlissingen, and here took up our abode at a hotel. The next day we took the little steamer that performs a regular ferry-service across the Scheldt. It took us half an hour of straight and fairly fast steering across this broad river, which really is no river at this point, and on the other side of the sea. Our place of land was the village of Broek. A 'steam- tramb,' as they call it in Holland, or "dummy-road," as we did it in the United States, is not found in the river at this point, but as our current gave us the opportunity we were allowed to visit Bierdiet, celebrated as the birthplace of Benielson, the inventor of a method of preserving herring, which laid the foundation of one of Holland's greatest and most lucrative industries; interesting also to us in being the birthplace of two of Hope's alumni, Rev. William and Peter Makeup- dyke. But the "steam-tram" did not take in this noted village.

In this extreme portion of Zeeland we failed to find anything like those costumes to be seen else- where in the province. The women having every advantage with sleeves long, the men wore nothing peculiar. But to a former resident of Holland City, and to one acquainted with Hope's alumni, the treat in store was in the way of reminders of our adopted country and its associations. In one vil- lage we came across the name of "Coppent" on a sign-board, another in that of "Molenhijl," pre- sented its familiar appearance. We may add that in Flushing the name of "Speckholt," was quite odd that we had met with none of those names in any other part of Holland.

We noticed that the wagons were of a rather collar construction in this section. Had we been possessed of artistic talent, ample opportunities would have been afforded me to sketch them. The people had evidently not yet become accustomed to the "steam-tram" for every time we passed a ve- hicle we found that the horses or horses had been cautiously unhitched and removed from the wagon, to prevent possible accidents. Another cu- rious thing was that peculiarly the multiplication of trades undertaken by a sin- gle individual. On one sign we read, after the man's name, "De Father, Tailor, and Cup-Maker, Sigers and Tobacco." The next day we took the steamer that plies between Flushing and Ter Neusen, with the intention of visiting the eastern portion of Flemish Zeeland. We had to cross the river, and it required a continuous sail of one hour and a half, with a larger and faster boat than the one to Broek. Neusen, Ter Neusen, is surrounded by lofty and extensive earthworks now dismantled; and, as the port of Ghent in Belgium, is a pretty good road leading to Antwerp. We wished to go as far as the town of Holst, and accordingly took the railroad that goes from Gouik to Zeelo. In crossing the Zeelandsish Flanders, we met with the peculiarities of that portion of our country, in the way of habit, and manner of life, and the like.

On the way to Holst the town of Axel is passed. Here a couple of peasant girls came on the train, a visitable and sociable character, a peculiarly pleasant day and in Western Flemish Zeeland, we amply made up for the loss on the train. We went for a short walk in one or two other particulars what we had seen in other parts of Zeeland was reproduced in this costume,
there were some notable features never seen before in life, and never seen in the numerous albums illustrating the various costumes of the kingdom. The skirts stood out in regular bee-hive shape, as if stuffed. Pictures and stiffest kind of "crinoline," such as our grandmothers wore. And from either shoulder there rose high into the air above the level of the head, and at an angle away from it, a fan-like or wing-like affair made out of a pargeted colored material, either stiffened by starch, or else supported by a hidden framework.

In due time we reached Hulst. It is within a brief distance of the Belgian frontier, and figures in history as the scene of one of Prince Maurice's master-strokes. He took the place after a siege of five days, in 1591, while the Spaniards thought he was still in front of Symgen, in Gelderland. We went there more particularly because Hulst was the scene of a martyrdom. On February 27, 1565, one John de Zwaaf was strangled and burned upon the market-place, for having boldly professed his belief in the doctrines of the Reformation.

Hulst, now a small town of but about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, possesses a magnificent and imposing cathedral, built entirely of stone, and in part Gothic style. But alone perhaps in all Christendom does it manifest the phenomenon of sheltering both Protestant and Roman Catholic worship beneath its lofty roof. A brick wall in the interior separates the nave completely from the transept and choir. The nave, severely plain and bare, is occupied by the Protestants; the transept and choir are redolent with the incense of Catholic adoration, and picture with the pictures and altar adornments upon which the faithful love to look and to spend their hard-earned pennies. We left Hulst we wrote a postal card to the Rev. George D. Hulst, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a neighbor to us in our own charge in that city, and one of the ministers of our Church. We thought he would like to hear from him.

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PROF. (to very bright Senior): "What is the lesson about to-day?

V. B. Senior: "About seventy-five pages, Professor."--EA."

I believe that a college-educated man, if the education does not spoil him as it does a great many men—if, with his education, he can get down to every-day practical things—will succeed in journalism. Education is certainly a good thing; but education that keeps a man in the clouds all the time will not do for the hurly-burly of daily newspaper work.

FRADE HATTON, of the "New York Press.

TRANSLATION TO HORACE, Ode IV., Book I.

Fierce Winter has now been dispelled by the impetuses and spring's soft retiring. And let us go down to the sea the dried-up old shipping: Nor flotsam in their stalls now delict, nor farmers in fires bright burning. Nor meadows all golden in white with frost's hoary nipping.

Cytherean Venus now leads in the dance, with the moon overhanging. And hand in hand with the Nympha, the Graces, uniting. On alternate feet shake the earth, while Vulcan, with implements clanging. The glowing, laborious forge of the Cyclops is lighting hot.

But now 'tis beginning to cross the ancient bow with the myrtle, or flowers which spring from the Earth, which the frost now reddens, and also to Faurus is due an offering in groves green and fragrant. If either gods he grants or kids or better pleasan.

Pale Death knocks alike at the doors of the poorest stations, and also at caves of kings. O friend of high merits! The short span of life now forbids us to cherish remote expectancies. Even Death you now overcome, and fabulous spirits, and barren pleasant homes into which you must some time be going, and not any longer by lot, rule or the casual, nor delicate Lydias love, for whom the all the youths are now glowing and maidens ere long will walk warm with hopes of exposure.

D. L. PERRIN, in University.

Mesa puella lectiones est.

This means, as you know, that my girl is the best, Temper, amans et constans est in hanc's tender and loving; she's constant and true.

—OBERLIN REVIEW.
encouragement, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and after many days shalt thou find it." And I am not unaware of these I had there and that I stand here before you tonight.

"What has God wrought," this I feel like saying over and over again.

Waltzing upon the lips of this Institution I would put the words of the patriarch of ancient Israel, "with my staff I passed over this," etc.

How very strange and mingled are the scenes which the cycles of years have brought up here before my face tonight. Here I see again many of the friends of my youth, many of the associates of my boyhood days, and many of the scenes and the doings, so much like those in which we boys in days gone by used to engage, in the exuberance of our youth, with hearts full of gladness and with spirits running wild. Enoch and Ninth, and Tenth terminated on the north-west corner of the public square. The whole street running north and south was River Street. The street immediately east of River Street, whatever you call it now, terminated at the same corner, whilst the other commenced in Eighth at the corner of the old "Postma house" and terminated in the woods about a block south of Dr. Van Raalte's church.

I believe I call it nowadays by a different name—any way, the church then was Dr. Van Raalte's church.

Holland counted up to '61 but one church; bidden all the tribes repaired "to keep the solemn day," and to be swayed willing-grain-like by the persuasions, to those families distant, and who hardly say, for oh! how different are the scenes from what they used to be, many year old friends I find so many, more of the doings of states are very different from those of former days. Even the "Holland Academy" itself is no more. It has gone, and will come back no more. Is there that much advancement today? Yes and no. I would like to see it not a moment simply for the sake of "old times." But I am on the other hand glad it is not. Its absence means improvement and progress, for which I am very thankful. This day I feel 27 years younger, and I am proud of it. I cannot help but feel that there is something in an Institution so useful and so excellent, old times have been renewed and strengthened. From the matter I have presented already it doubtless is clear to my hearers, that I cannot appear here as a chronicler such as this Association usually provides. I will be obliged to dwell to-night in the far past and revive

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SOME MEMORIES OF ANTE-COLLEGE DAYS.

Chronologically, with reference to our educational institutions and the like, I am a Jesuit of the Baptist. At the period where I stood in '61, the old was passing away, the new was beginning to make itself evident. There was here in Institution period. But before I speak about that past educational period, permit me first a word or so about Holland itself.

In your beautiful town, which, with magic and phrenix-like, has arisen out of the ashes of her desolation, I am a veritable Rip Van Winkle. A man dropped from the moon into the midst of your improvement and progress, could hardly feel more strange than I do. The old Holland prior to '61 had only two streets and a half running east and west, and one whole one and two half ones running north and south. The town was a level field and Ninth and Tenth terminated on the north-west corner of the public square. The whole street running north and south was River Street. The street immediately east of River Street, whatever you call it now, terminated at the same corner, whilst the other commenced in Eighth at the corner of the old "Postma house" and terminated in the woods about a block south of Dr. Van Raalte's church.

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bwilderness of trees and stumps. The thought of railroads or of a railroad linking Holland with the rest of the civilized world is quite sure to me. These days had not as much as entered the brain of the wildest schemer and dreamer. The "old stage" journey around in the country, and the like appearances. I judge and pass, and what not, with passengers sauntered in, was the only public means of transit, and that not a "rapid transit" to Grand Rapids, Grand Haven and other neighboring places. The quickest time of transit was always a day, never less some times more. Even then passengers would congratulate one another and thought themselves lucky to have escaped so portious a journey so safely, in so short a time and with so much comfort. A trip to Chicago by rail was a voyage to the old country now in almost every respect except fare.

There was an unbridling in which the citizens of Holland may indulge quite a little and with propriety too, does not however belong all to the present time. The past too has a claim upon a share by no means small. A hint about this I have given already, when I mentioned the fact that up to '61, of churches, which are of one faith strictly, Holland counted but one. In other words, there was then not to be found such a state of things, as an ecclesiastical institution half running east and west,周刊. men there were a fair number, these were rallied, equipped and prepared for the arduous conflict. Of studying, we "boys" in those days didn't do a wonderful sight, but of cutting, tearing, breaking and burning we did "plus." Well does your humble chronicler remember the occasion when he was embroiled, for a time at least, in the conflict. A clotheline had been stretched from the north-east corner of the building to the north-west, and the line being somewhere between the temples and my forehead. Inasmuch as the blow was a sudden one and had given me the knight of the round table any suspicion, so as to allow him to choose between a retreat and an attack for victory, the ax went off on a tangent, whilst I had measured my entire length supine in page 59. Holland, with the help of all the remaining settlement settlement, supported but one newspaper, viz: De Hollandse. That same year Hon. John Roost established De Grandoud, for those who did suffer from its politics said there was no possible room. Indeed it looked so, because when John C. Van Campen went for the first Republican candidate for the presidency of the U. S., there were in Holland, all told, about 64 Republicans. In the surrounding country and beyond, there was not a single one. Of this little faithful band and powerful germ, Hon. Roost was the great centre sun. Such an institution as this, the center of which was that wholly unknown. As hills were round about Jerusalem, so were the woods about Holland. As late as 1869 a step or two south from the present Union Schoolhouse yard would set one down in a

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turn between the old brown frame district school house, since passed away, and the "Orphan House," which I am told has not as much as entered the brain of the wildest schemer and dreamer. That "old stage" journey around in the country, and the like appearances. I judge and pass, and what not, with passengers sauntered in, was the only public means of transit, and that not a "rapid transit" to Grand Rapids, Grand Haven and other neighboring places. The quickest time of transit was always a day, never less some times more. Even then passengers would congratulate one another and thought themselves lucky to have escaped so portious a journey so safely, in so short a time and with so much comfort. A trip to Chicago by rail was a voyage to the old country now in almost every respect except fare.

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The Anchor.

At times you might actually have seen him like that great master builder in Israel, with the trowel in one hand whilst the other grasped the sword. Some laughed, some mocked, others shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders. 

Well, there is no time like the present to dig into the blossoms of the College of Hope. Have been in '54, Rev. Ch. Van der Ven and the lamented Jacob Van der Ven, Pieters entered and graduated from the Seminary at New Brunswick.

And restored every rose, but secreted its blossom in the dust of life. 

The grounds, the campus, the pines, which you hear from time to time until the wild erncs bloomed as the snow. 

Some good allies and a true friend in the Lord. 

There was still another sort of an association formed. A name, poor thing, it had not. Whether its object was mental admiration or improvement, we are at a loss to tell. Any way, we specified original speeches in an original way, and were criticized in a way that generally was original with a vengeance.

As teachers the Academy had up to '61 on her honorable roll the following illustrious names: First, a Mr. Taylor, from Geneva, N. Y. He taught also the district school. He left in 1854. His, some of the boys will never forget. They can't, as long as they live, forget Mr. Taylor. He was succeeded by Domine Beider, of the Rev. Ch. in the U. S., but who, when called to the Academy, was the first to state its supply, don't remember which, of the Rev. Dutch Church of South Bend, Indiana. He confined his attention to the Academy exclusively. The district school was then being taught by a young man by the name of Pieter.

In the fall of '55 Domine Van Vleck came upon the ground. Under him, in spite of his continued sickness and weakness, the Institution began to show signs of advancement. During from '57-'58 Domine V. was assisted by the late general and liberal Thomaseus, whose remains sleep in the dust of the little historic State of New Jersey, in the churchyard at Readington. Immediately after him, there came upon the scene a good and solid man Rev. Gillen Van de Wall, now in South Africa. Last, but not least, there appeared in 1859 upon the ground the scholar, the teacher, the gentleman, Rev. Phillip Phelps, D. D. Just before his arrival, in the spring of '59, the Academy suffered a sort of interregnum period. Those days were like some of the days of old when there was no king in Israel, when every one walked in his own way.

As teachers the Academy had at first one, the 'Mephisto.' It was ushered into existence and crucified for a while, as V. Orphan; Van der Ven and the lamented Rev. Abram Thompson fathered it. The eloquence which there was displayed by (the boys), was marvellous. The magnificent corruptions and the bright scandals arose above the dome of that temple of oratory, as if in perfect meteoric showers.

The next society was Philomoria, a singing society, having in view in particular, preparation for conducting the singing in that religious and moral manner. This gathering, which gathered every Sabbath for divine worship in the old district school house, and which since has been developed into Hope Church. To this society belonged not only most of the students, but also a sprinkling of the fair daughters of Holland. Thus, by the way, even the Holland Academy in days gone by believed in the education of the sexes. May it be a good thing. For some of those members, who were then and there joined in love and friendship "no man has put asunder" the sexes.

Thus I wish to say in conclusion, may the victories of post-college days here, be as brilliant as the struggles of ante-college days were hard. The hope to which this Institution is anchored, I feel sure, is a hope that maketh not ashamed, but entereth into her desired haven of a magnificient and glorious destiny. Her sons will yet come from near and far, seeking the fostering care of her broad and deep educational power, whilst her daughters, coming from distant parts of this goodly land of our adoption, will be as polished stones, set in her walls to radiate that light of a Christian education, that will drive away all manner of ignorance and superstition and all manner of moral and social darkness, like the rising days driving away the night. May evelong every hope of our alma mater be changed into joyful fruition.

Prof. C. Doebel has been visiting his sons at Ashland.

A Books, '90, is teaching a school in East Overisel this year.

Paul R. Coster, '97, will wield the ferrule this year at Salem.

Mr. John Nykirk has spent his vacation very pleasantly in the East.

G. H. Albers, '91, has been engaged at colporteur work in Northern Michigan.

Rev. Boardale commenced his new duties at the opening of the Seminary, September 5.

A. Pieters, '97, has returned from Iowa and entered the Theological Seminary in this city.

Henry Hulst, '83, has been appointed as physician in the State insane asylum in Northern Michigan.

Ed. Pieters, '91, will not return to Hope, he will spend a year in the church store of Dr. H. Krueners.

Profs. Kleinheksel, Kolmen, and Boers have been spending part of their vacation at Macatawa Park.

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- Dr. Ann Gray bequested to Harvard College the copyrights of his works.

- German universities are well attended by Americans. Berlin has had 600, Leipzig over 200.

- The oldest college periodical and the oldest monthly of any kind in America is the Yale Literary Magazine.

- Last June, at Hillsdale, a father of fifty-three and a son of twenty-two graduated and were rivals for class honors.

- One of the Cornell professors went to the circus to see what students to excuse the next day on account of sickness.

- Prof. Peabody, of Harvard, says that the general tone of the college has been improved by the growth of athletics.

- About sixteen colleges in the Unité States are without presidents and are looking for suitable men to fill the positions.

- Johns Hopkins will probably be removed to Clifton, just outside of Baltimore, in accordance with the will of its founders.

- It has been decided by the Supreme Court of Illinois that college students of legal age have the right to vote in college town.

- Professor Patton, recently elected President of Princeton, is a British subject who has never sought naturalization in this country.

- Three Presidents, two Vice Presidents, eighteen Cabinet officers, three Speakers of the House, and four Supreme Court Judges have graduated from Harvard.

- Miss Emma Kollen, ’87, has left for Orange City where she has been again engaged to teach Latin in the North Western Academy.

- Mrs. Cleveland is not a college man, but Mrs. Cleveland is a college woman, and Dan Lamont is a graduate of Union. Acting Vice President Engalls is a Williams man. Secretary Bayard has a business education. Secretaries Fairchild and Knullcott are Harvard men. Secretary Whitney hails from Yale; Dickinson from Michigan University, Vicksburg, from St. Mary’s College, Ky.

- THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.

- Greek is a thing we love to hear: Latin is a trumpet clear; Spanish like an organ swell; Italian rings its silver bells; French, with many a frolic min, Takes her sprightly violins; Lord the German roll his drum When Russia’s clashing symbols come; But Britain’s sons may well rejoice For English is the human voice.

- There is not a more useful or delightful occupation for the leisure hours of young ladies than the study of foreign languages. It is the bridge spanning the deep waters which divide our own from the rich and varied literatures of other lands. When once we have passed over it, a new world of enjoyment is open to us, and we are quickly brought to support with the brilliant intellects that have illustrated the grand and glorious in prose and poetry.

- The best translation is but a shadow of the original. We may transplant a tropical flower to our climate, and cherish it with infinite care; still its blossoms will never possess the beauty and fragrance of its own sunny clime. Thus it is with foreign literatures. To enjoy perfectly the noble utterances of great minds, we must read them in the language with which Genius first draped them. The subtle charm of originality—the delicate shades of thought, radiant and expressive as the hues of the rainbow—vanish away before the realities of a translation.

- Madame Compan did not consider the education of a young girl completed because she had left school. In one of her admirable letters of advice to a friend, she writes: “Continue still to devote daily hours of study, that you may speak fluently in German, sing sweetly in Italian, and write charmingly in French.”

- Altho the fashionable world may be very exacting and absorbs much of the attention of our young ladies, still, even in its whirl of gaiety there are many weary and listless hours, which might be pleasantly occupied in learning a foreign language.

- Among the happy visions which float in the mind of nearly every American girl is that of a visit to Europe; therefore, to her, a knowledge of foreign languages would be especially agreeable. Many persons travel through classic lands with no more enjoyment than the deaf and dumb, whose only pleasure is derived from sight. How charmingly might a young lady utilize her accomplishments as a lingua by contributing to the information, the happiness, and the comfort of those of her family who accompany her, and who, perhaps, have been too much occupied with the hard actualities of life to acquire there languages.

- It is always a joy to a woman to know she increases the happiness of the loved ones. Thus many amusing incidents and sparkling conversations are constantly occurring as we travel thru “lands beyond the seas,” which might be translated for their enjoyment also. Pleasure and usefulness are combined in the knowledge of foreign languages. It is an admissible training for the memory, and mental exercise for the mind; and the acquisition of every new language is another delight added to existence.

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