THE HAND OF GOD IN THE HISTORY OF CHINA DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.

All history reveals God, moving onward through the centuries to the accomplishment of His eternal plan of redemption. "By Him, kings reign" and nations exist. God is in history, hence its development.

This is clearly illustrated in the history of China, especially since the dawn of the present century. Enshrouded in a mystery denser and of longer duration than that of any other nation on the inhabitable globe, she has, since then, swung her gates widely open to commercial enterprise and the glorious light of the Gospel.

The country thus alluded to has been the theatre of frequent convulsions. Since 2,000 B.C. twenty Chinese dynasties rose and fell, each opening and closing amid horrible scenes of bloodshed. And many times in addition to this, the country was overrun by the savage hordes of the frontier. In 1280, the Chinese were even forced to submit to the Mongols, who ruled two hundred years: in 1644, to the Manchus, of whom the ninth emperor now sways the scepter over the Celestial Empire.

From a religious standpoint too, China's history is remarkable. The superstition of ancestral worship, antedating the birth of Christ by two thousand years, was, after an un molested sway of sixteen centuries, loosely blended with the philosophical doctrines of Confucius. But when in our era, the doctrines of Siddhatha Gautama, and Lao-tse began to influence the people of China, this superstition "conglomerated into Buddhism and Taoism"; so that, with the exception of a comparatively slight sprinkling of Mohammedan ideas along the western border, the religion of China became, and is to-day a composition of three great heathen religions, incongruous in doctrine, but still entertained side by side in the Chinese soul, with their dissimilarities absolutely unnoticed.

In their onward course these heathen religions have obliterated almost all vestiges of Nestorian and early Roman Catholic missions. Besides, they have erected one million temples with their hosts of idols, and plunged all the inhabitants of China into the darkness and despair of spiritual slavery, making them the foremost opium smoking, gambling, and infanticidal people in all the earth. But worse than all, they have swept myriads of the Chinese race into eternal destruction.

Still the Chinese have shown themselves worthy of evangelization. Their arts, inventions, and their voluminous literature evince that their natural capacity is by no means inferior to that

*For author see Commencement news.*
of any other nation. But for all their abilities, they have remained for forty centuries, the most conservative, bigoted, superstitious and self-conceived people in all the world, and have closed their country to all foreign influences, as effectually as only they could close it.

Such was the condition of China at the beginning of this century, that, humanly speaking, there was no chance for her ever coming in contact with the Gospel. But God’s ways are not man’s ways. He, the director of the course of every nation and individual, beheld China’s pitiable condition, and He prepared the way for her evangelization. In His wise providence He called Robert Morrison, in 1807, as the first missionary to China. For more than ten years did this linguistic genius bend all his energies to master the language. For another ten years, with the assistance of Milne, he applied himself to the translation of the Bible. The sore lack of Chinese words representing protestant ideas of spiritual things made this task a stupendous labor. But Morrison applied himself to it with a power of action wrought in him of God, until in 1823 he had completed a dictionary, a grammar, and the translation of the Bible, his worn-out body sank into the grave.

A few months later The Medical Mission began its beneficent course. After the key to the language had been found, nothing could be more providential than this; and especially that men of great faith and ability, like Dr. Parker, Dr. W. J. Bone, Dr. D. B. McCartee, and many others later on, entered China to alleviate first the pains of the body, then the pangs of the soul, and thus, by winning the hearts of the Chinese, prepared the way for the glorious Gospel of Christ. Such men, filled with the Spirit of God, have done a great work for Christ in China. Their work shall stand forever, for it is of the Almighty.

Besides these medical missionaries there were others, who imbued with a special portion of God’s Spirit, added the inauguration of China’s evangelization. We refer now to those who after preaching the Gospel in the islands south of China, had crossed over to the Malay Peninsula, as early as 1838, and there proclaimed the glad tidings in the face of the cruellest persecution and death. Nor should we, in this connection, forget to mention W. Medhurst, E. Stevens, Guttaff, who also, without professing to heal the sick, went through the outlying provinces, preaching and distributing tracts and parts of the Bible in spite of all dangers which threatened them. These men and their labors will never be forgotten by him who has felt the redeeming power of the Gospel in his own soul. Behold! China, at least, shall arise and call them blessed, when she shall recognize the hand of God in their labors.

This work, however, was only preparatory. Little did the Church think, when she heard of the opposition met with, that she would ever gain a foothold in China. Far less did she think that China, satisfied in self-conceit, with her boundaries guarded, her ports closed, and her population blindly and indiscriminately following the doctrines of three heathen religions, would ever be permitted to see the shackles of seclusion and imprisonment fall from her limbs, to feel the pulsation of Christian life, and to wake from the sleep of ages, to behold the glorious dawn of the Gospel day through the dark night of superstition.

But what even the Protestant Church thought to be impossible, occurred. The opium traffic which was carried on in the east by English merchants, had a most disastrous effect upon the millions of China. Already for thirty years had the Chinese authorities endeavored to destroy the traffic. They saw how it impoverished the people; how its baneful effect upon the mind and health destroyed all virility; how the awful drainage upon the public treasury would ruin the country; and when imprisonment, persecution, and banishment availed nothing, but the work of destruction rather increased, in their perplexity, they destroyed all the opium in the country. England, incensed at this unceremonious procedure, declared war and forced China to an indemnity of twenty-one million dollars, the cession of the island Hong Kong to the English crown, and the opening of the five ports, Amoy, Canton, Ningpo, Foochow, and Shanghai to the commerce and civilization of the West.

The news, that a part of China, containing two million inhabitants, lay open to the protestant world, thrilled all Christendom like an electric shock. The five missionary organizations that were already represented by nineteen missionaries in Canton, Amoy, and the island Macao, increased their force, and new missionary societies sprang up throughout the Christian world. Soon the treaty ports were entered amid the increased tumult of commercial activity. The heralds of the Prince of Peace and the emissaries of the prince of darkness entered side by side to fight greater battles than the hostile dynasties had ever fought upon Chinese soil.

This had not been anticipated by the most hopeful Christian, nor foreseen by the shrewdest statesman. It was indeed the work of Him, who had clearly spoken in the thunder of British cannon and in response to it, made China swing her gates partly open. In God’s providence the enforcement of the opium trade meant the entrance of Christ: and law, protection, freedom, and liberty to the mess-anger of the Cross as well as to the merchant. On the part of England it was greed and avarice that made her act; on God’s part, however, it was the first forcible interference with Chinese seclusion, and the opening of a way for her spiritual emancipation. Yet, for all the good thus brought to pass by the hand of Providence, in directing the evil intent of man to the salvation of a great nation, the Lord will require the blood of those slain by the iniquitous opium traffic. That opium entered almost every hamlet and reignied supreme, and that it debauched more than half of all the families in China, is to be laid to the charge of Christian England. Behold! the millions of opium-stained shall yet arise against her in the great judgement day.

The mission of the Gospel bore better fruits for China than the opium trade. At the opening of the five ports it began to prosper. Before the year 1850 had dawned, one hundred and thirty missionaries, representing
nineteen organizations had entered; ten protestant churches with four hundred communicants had sprung up; two hospitals and four dispensaries were in constant operation; and two newly ordained priests had been ordained to preach the Gospel.

To understand the condition of China at this time, it is only necessary to refer to the noted Taeping Rebellion, in which Hung-sen-tsuen played the most prominent part. Under the leadership of this man, the rebels traversed the provinces, destroying all the images and massacring every one who refused to join their ranks. In 1854, Hung-sen-tsuen had himself proclaimed "Divine Prince." He then promulgated the ten commandments as the fundamental law of the conquered provinces, circulated the Bible to a great extent, sanctioned polygamy, condemned opium and declared himself the brother of Jesus, and sent from God to overthrow the Manchu dynasty.

If at this point the European powers had had the forbearance of the Gospel of Christ in China, she might to-day be a Christian nation. But instead of this, the English together with the French subdued the rebels and forced the Chinese government into a treaty which, when it was ratified by Russia, France, England, and the United States, threw the entire empire open to travel, commerce, and the Gospel. Indeed, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." Man ponders on such events, but God directs them.

Thus was providentially accomplished what the utmost efforts of the great nations of the earth had failed to do until this century. As an event of importance it stands in bold relief upon the canvas of Chinese history and marks the beginning of a new era. It legalized, for all future times, intercourse with the West, turned the currents of religious and political activity of the civilized world towards China, and made the Protestant Church responsible for more than three hundred and forty million perishing souls unto Him, who had thus providentially opened China to the influences of the Christian civilization.

The non-Christian may ascribe this to the natural course of events only; see in it great opportunities for the introduction of all mechanical inventions of the West, and for obtaining a clearer perception of China's past. The Christian, however, who knows that all things "come not by chance but by His fatherly hand," and redown in the end to God's glory, recognizes in this the mighty hand of Him, who has all power in heaven and earth, and who overrules the actions of nations and individuals to the interest of His cause upon earth.

This directing hand became more and more apparent in the continually increasing progress and interest of missions in China. The fact that in 1857 four hundred and fifty missionaries had entered, that fourteen hundred natives had professed the Christian religion, and that seven churches had been ordained to preach the Gospel, that sixteen hospitals; twenty-four dispensaries, three hundred churches and a greater number of schools had been established, so characteristically stamps the seal of Divine approval upon the work, that in consideration of the events, which had brought about this condition, it would indeed be difficult to find, in the history of any other nation, a course of events showing so clearly God's guiding hand in the transformation of a people from darkness into light.

From this time forward missions received a fresh impulse. Evidently the result of the united prayers and action on the part of all the missionaries in China, was that many more laborers were sent forth, the fields enlarged and more thoroughly occupied, and native preachers, helpers, "Bible women," and converts increased more rapidly than ever before. And when, by order of the conference of 1890, the Bible appeared in the "high classical," "simple classical," and "official" languages, missions received an impulse among the different classes of China, scarcely to be measured.

Soon after this conference came the Japan-China War, which was the crowning act of divine interference with Chinese isolation. Here it became plain what their neighbors, the Japanese, had achieved under the influences of civilization; here was determined whether progress or conservatism should prevail; and here the progressive party became emphatically progressive. On this occasion, too, Li Hung Chang stood out in such a light as the chief representative of this party and the foremost Chinese statesman, whose career as such has ever since 1850 attracted the attention of the civilized world, and whose recent visit to the United States may yet prove of inestimable good in the consummation of God's purposes with China.

This same spirit of progressiveness has of late seized the greater part of the educated classes and affected the masses to such a degree that the universal interest in idol processes and ancestral worship is waning space. Both the people and their leaders often manifest so much disbelief in and contempt for their most holy religious exercises, that China, beyond all point of doubt, is ready to accept the religion that first comes to her. Whether she will accept the Gospel as the anchor of her temporal and eternal welfare, or forsake her old superstitious moorings either to bring the more dangerous waters of confirmed atheism or intrust herself to a religion that can give no happiness in this life nor salvation for the life to come, lies wholly in the power of the Protestant Church to determine. Truel the long expected hour of China's evangelization has struck. She is to be saved—now if ever.

In so promising a field the messenger of the Cross is now laboring for the Master. Pressing onward upon his triumphant course, he finds but little difficulty in crossing the barriers of iron custom, in scaling the walls of hoary heathenism, and in dismantling the, strongholds of Satan, to plant upon their ancient sites the Banner of the Cross and to do service beneath its sacred folds for the Lord God Almighty.

To destroy the good that has thus been done and to obliterate the direct and indirect results of missionary effort in China since 1807, would be to hurl one million Chinese Christians back into heathen darkness; to withdraw two thousand one hundred and twenty missionaries and the Bible itself with its widefelt influence for good; to destroy fifteen hundred schools, one hundred hospitals, ninety-six dispen-
saries and six hundred fifty churches; and finally, to close China's ports, cut off her trade, and check all progress in her political, social, and religious institutions; so that Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism would be restored to their former supremacy throughout the empire.

But, this elevating, noble, and godlike in China to-day is due, first of all, to the missionary enterprise of this century. Her homes made happy; the lives of her inhabitants made useful and their characters ennobled, are the results of the Cross of Calvary. That the infanticide has been transformed into the loving parent; the opium smoker and gambler into an exemplary Christian; the vagabond into a Christ-like citizen; and the self-conceited literary aristocrat into the herald of the lovely Galilean, proclaims the glory of the everlasting Gospel and the power of God to prosper it.

But China, as a nation, has not been thus affected. However great and glorious the results of missionary enterprise of less than a century may be, more and still grander work must be done, shall China ever be won for Christ. All the missionaries, native preachers, "Bible women," and helpers, are as yet like a few straggling sunbeams, piercing the thick gloom of paganism, but heralding the dawn which shall bathe enlightened China in an effulgence of Gospel glory.

That China has hardly begun to be evangelized is but too apparent. The increase of her population during this century has at least been fifty times as great as the entire number of those won for Christ. The converts, even during the greatest period of mission-ary activity and progress, amount only to one-twentieth of the increase of population during the same time. Not to speak of the millions that are very inadequately supplied with the bread of life, there are at least two hundred fifty million of her inhabitants who have never so much as heard the sweet sound of the Gospel. Burdened with all the great sins that ruin body and soul, they approach the judgement bar of the Almighty. We know that they disappear to swell the mighty throng that has gone before. We can see, as it were, the angels upon the pavement of heaven, weeping as the celestial messenger makes announcement of China's lost. But amid all this we stand aloof, busied with our own petty affairs and considering the great work of God of secondary importance.

Think of China's seventeen hundred graveyards with their average dead of fifteen million, all of whom "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." Think of China's four hundred ten million present population, rushing to these graves, almost without exception unremeoned and without the knowledge of the Gospel. Think of this condition with a people now easily accessible to the messengers of the Cross, and raising their sin-blinded eyes heavenward for a ray of Gospel light. Then think of the responsibility that devolves upon you and me and every one who was born under the standard of the Gospel, and drawn out of the darkness of sin into God's marvellous light.

O, that the entire church of Christ would come to China's rescue; that she would realize the importance of the great mission Christ has left her to accomplish; and that she would respond more readily to the Macedonian cry, which is now more clearly heard from China's shores than ever before! Then, and then only, would peace begin to flow for China like a mighty river and the great plan of God regarding her be accomplished.

To win China for Christ is to win the human race for Christ. There is the paganism of the world; there is the greatest stronghold of Satan; there is almost one-third of the earth's population serving under his sceptre; and there Christ is nominally unknown.

To bring the Gospel to such a country is the greatest enterprise in the universe. The angels "desire to look into" its mysteries; God is its originator; and Christ sealed it with His blood. Eternal truth is its companion and all heaven is its supporter. It proclaims everlasting life to the dying, and to those that "dwell in the shadow of death" it causes the light of God's countenance to shine.

God grant that we may be instrumental in bringing such a message to every hanlet in China; that thus the "Sun of Righteousness" may rise, "with healing in His wings," higher and higher above her shores, until all China shall be won for Christ and ready to join the mighty throng of the blessed, when the last trumpet shall sound and the dead arise to meet Christ in His second coming.

John Eliot.
THE ANCHOR.

With siren voice laurel on her totaries
To sink them deep in misery and woe,
While that Sabbath day is not revered and with

Unhallowed regards the wise white goose goes,
And乖乖 takes his merry round song.

This holy day. Here politics becomes

A game in which designing men seem
Of light all the sovereign law, which from
The throne of Equity greats justice pure.
And liberty, A game, indeed, in which
If men but wish to play right they need
Must seek the favor of some venge lord

The Pilgrim Fathers of the West.

M. SMUTZ.

Over the ocean waves, sudden and salted,
Came wandering mother from home and from heart.
For the love of their god and adherence to justice,
A band of poor pilgrims to seek a new home.

Far from their fatherland, honest and worthy,
Deeped by their kindred, denied their just right.
With the heavens above them, the dark sea beneath them
They sailed from Old Holland to each heart so dear.

Over them watching and guiding their journey,
The faithfully eye of a provident god.
Who their sufferings heeded, their trials regarded,
And brought them in softly secure here to dwell.

How they were free from despotic oppression
To serve and to walk on their forefather's god,
And in grateful devotion they build first his temple
Every thought on their own homes concern'd those true hearts.

Holy religion! Oh heartfelt devotion!
What sternness, tempered by Mercy's sweet smile.
Is the fruit of thy bearing? How prepossess thy ser-vice,
How kind is the land where thy sceptre holds sway.

Know ye a portion of mother earth's bosom
Where happiness lingering to bless mortal men?
It is there where the service to God and the brother,
May teach us to love, and to triumph o'er self.

Here is that portion of mother earth's bosom,
Here happiness linger'd, because of the faith.
The brave perseverance, the toilsome endeavors
Of those who now sleep in the silence of death,
Honor the memory of heroes so noble,
And follow their path that to virtue will lead.
Let me honored those loyal ones, true to convictions.
Forget not the God whom our forefathers serv'd.

Then, with birdlike voice, she warbled
"Father fairies! Daisy fairies!
Quickly dance and trip!
Hither fairies! Tiny fairies!
Flutter, fly, and skip!
Hither fairies! Flower fairies!
time's wing, glittering gay,
Until our revels scatter for
With breaking day.

Then from every lovely cover,
Fay of violet, fern or daisy
Quickly springing from the fairy courts
Dainty ladies were the daisies,
thistle maidens were the violets,
traceful, shy, anonemous smart gentlemen the fern fronts,
Winter green, and merry elves,
Thus three spring forth all the flowers,
Gathering round their fairy ruler.

Then, a joyous time attending,
From the water's golden tinkling
Hand in hand a dance beginning,
All the fairies quietly joining
Trippé I amound in merry fashion,

Holland's Influence in America.

JOHN AUSTEN.


A GREAT many superficial observers seem to think that America owes her existence and national life to English laws and civilization; that America was simply a child tenderly nourished and protected, until it became unruly and determined to take care of itself, and what Englishman will not admit that America was rather independent for its age? But in vain do we ask an explanation from England for the remarkable characteristics America displayed during her existence. We are compelled to look elsewhere for it; not to England, not to France, not to Germany, but to that country hid for centuries under foaming billows and angry waves, to that country reclained from the briny deep, to that peaceful exponent of democratic principles, to that beacon-light in an age of religious and political superstition,—Holland.

There the people were considered able to govern themselves; there human ingenuity in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures was leading the world; there was the fountain of all religious and political liberty, which was sending forth its streams of influence throughout continental Europe: there every citizen had his rights, while his only dictator was his conscience.

Holland has given the foundation of liberty both to England and America. The Dutch Act of Abjuration is the ancestor of England's Magna Charta, while our own Declaration of Independence can claim a near relationship to it: "the genealogy is distinctly Dutch, English, and Ameri-
A hundred and forty-ethnic colony for the East. For the East. Of men to America, which is doing for already accomplished, she gave the master-stroke to that piece of Continental Europe. They desired to give a necessary impetus to their religion. The civilized world had hardly imbued many of their ideals of government, when an internal strife arose, and dissensions began to spread through the country which threatened to obscure the last rays of that brilliant beacon, which had guided the Puritans and had illumined Continental Europe for centuries during its darkest hours of religious fanaticism. While there was a common foe, they were united; but no sooner was he vanquished than their country deteriorated through those dogged religious stripes so characteristic of the Dutch. We may safely say that religious intolerance is incompatible with the nature of a Dutchman. He will always consider religious interference the deadliest poison for the body politic. They did not migrate to establish a second Holland within our borders, an imperium in imperio; but they desired to become worthy citizens of this country which they so loyally served. They did expect their colony to expand. Cities, harbors, prosperous communities were in the vista of their mental vision. The first attack had hardly been made upon the monarch of the forest, when an educational system was considered. Oh, the indescribable grandeur of it! Destitute veterans, far removed from civilization, in a strange land, in an impenetrable forest; nothing to encourage them but their implicit faith, nothing to vouch for their ultimate success but their indomitable perseverance;—still striving to establish those hereditary institutions for which their ancestors had bled and died. Did they realize their expectations? Were they permitted to see their ideals established? As we look around us, we search for many of these men in vain; a kind Providence saw fit to remove them; they are no more; their labor is finished; but it shall remain as a memorial to posterity of their love and fidelity to this colony. But there is still a remnant of that noble band which is permitted to enjoy the fruit of their labor with us, their loving children. As they gaze over this beautiful country, and admire their prospering cities, how their hearts must throb with joy. We cannot increase or decrease it. They ask for no false reputations. They are great enough without our humble encomiums; they have toiled enough to be pioneers without concealing their mistakes or magnifying their virtues. But ere long their places, too, shall be vacant. Time is no respector of persons. They will soon be called to join their comrades by whom they were beloved and honored. Their children will soon bear these responsibilities. Will they prove faithful? Heaven forbid that we, their children, should squander or dissipate the sacred inheritance of our ancestors! Should this city and settlement not be dear to us? Should not that young man or young woman who is ashamed of his pedigree be socially ostracized from this community? And if we shall be found faithfully guarding their institutions, then these educational systems, which are so well represented here to-day, shall be our Minerva, who shall influence our assemblies, and, with her golden sceptre of wisdom and knowledge, shall banish illiteracy from our fair borders. Our ancestors have made this college a centripetal force, which must check the opposing force of jealousy and avarice which threaten to annihilate our people. Our sacred duty is to preserve what has been intrusted to us, to improve their imperfections, and to foster those qualities of our ancestors which give symmetry and beauty to our American civilization. Then our flag, which was first saluted by the red, white, and blue of the Dutch Republic, shall be hailed by mankind, and shall float to the breezes of every clime.
De Alumnus.

As General Custer once so brazenly sought, So Napoleon is said to walk And bravely lights upon our mission well, And Windy-vee attempts a hardly task, As he con courage plagues for behind The line of Atic's rock, and not suspects. Of all the land that he has journeyed over, The scene they came, faded, and disappear A lady beside her writing desk, And reads old letters over. She stops to laugh And reads something out for a long time. She speaks—When Arthur used to court her you see, So have we ever, and in Miss Shalely and Karch are we. But we must leave it for the scenes desired. But one poor lonely preacher in our class And that is Dennis Wager of Kalamazoo. The weathered man you ask. Why that is soot.

Rev. E. W. Stapelkamp, ’83, pastor of the 1st Rev. church of Kalamazoo, has been spending a few weeks in Wisconsin and Minnesota, seeking to regain health.

Rev. T. W. Mullenberg, ’89, pastor of the Seventh Reformed church, Grand Rapids, has been called by the 3rd Rev. church of Kalamazoo.

Wm. Zoethout, ’93, is visiting friends in the city.

Rev. J. Schafer, ’93, Oregon, Ill., has received and accepted a call from the Elim congregation at Kings, Ill.

Klaas J. Dykema, ’94, was among those who were graduated at New Brunswick Theological Seminary on May 20th.

John Van der Meulen, ’95, D. C. Ruigh, ’96, were vicars at chapel exercises recently.

with 1881.

The class of 1881 numbered eight upon graduation, of whom six became ministers of the church. We have received communications from but three of this class and shall publish the others as they are received.

Gerrit J. Diekema entered the University of Michigan Law Department in the fall of 1881, and graduated in due course in 1883. He opened up his office in Holland in the same year and has steadily continued his practice here ever since. As a representative of his class at the U. M., he delivered the annual oration before the Law Alumni Association of the University in 1884. In 1885 he was elected Representative to serve his district in the State Legislature. In 1887, he was re-elected and in 1885 again. This time he was honored by being elected Speaker of the House. He has served in various capacities since his legislative career, and is a prominent leader in the Republican party of the state. In 1895 he was elected mayor of his native city by a large majority. Mr. Diekema is at present
secretary of Hope College and takes
great interest in the progress of his
Africa Mission. He is a regular reader
of the Anchor, which he considers
one of the best college papers pub-
lished.

T. J. Kommers at present pro-
claims the "glad tidings" from the pulpit of the Lafayette Reformed
church, Jersey City, New Jersey.

Upon being graduated he pursued
a theological course after which he
became pastor of the church at Pompton,
N. J., in which field he labored from 1884 to 1886. Since then he has
occupied the fields of Knox Memorial,
New York—from 1886 to 1888; Ouray,
Colorado, from 1888 to 1893; Linden,
New Jersey, from 1893 to 1897, and
his present charge he has served since
that time.

**Notes and Comments.**

Old Father Time has at last brought
vacation round even to the Anchor
staff. With the issue of this number
we bid our readers fare-well for a
couple of months. If they are half as
glad to be rid of us, as we are to lay
aside the pen, then mutual congratu-
lations are in order.

But we have grown so accustomed
to advise and even preach a little, un-
der cover of the inevitable "we," that
we cannot bear even to take vacation
without a few more words. Boys,
have you heard that the much-longed-
for Inter-collegiate League is at last
a reality? and that the third annual
contest is to be held here at Hope?
Of course you have. Well, this means
work and honor. We are certain of
at least two contests here in our midst
to decide who shall be Hope's first
delagate to the inter-collegiate con-
test. Surely each of us will do more
or less studying during the summer.
What better chance could offer for
work on prize orations? Select your
subject now, and at odd moments this
summer think of it and jot down the
thoughts as they come. This means
one may have his subject well in hand
when he again treads the gravel paths
of our campus, and can spend the first
term in preparing for delivery. Here
is a field for ambition! A carefully
planned oration will not only bring
him honor on his author, but may also
serve to make his name one of Hope's
glorious among the colleges.

Now a word on a more prosaic sub-
ject. The Anchor belongs to the stu-
ents. Remember this during the va-
cation, and if your "Domine," or any
other dominie is not a subscriber, a
gentle hint may awaken him to his
duty; for, of course, it could not be
anything else than mere thoughtless-
ness that prevents his subscribing.

There, 'tis done. May the pleasures
of a happy, prosperous vacation bring
us all back, with the flush of ruddy
health and a well filled purse, to sport
and study in the genial atmosphere of
Hope.

It is an undeniable fact that all men
seek for happiness. Whatever
may be the outward pursuit he is fol-
lowing, the ultimate object, though it
be a hidden one, is true happiness.
Some seek this happiness in business,
and the pursuit of wealth. Others
find true happiness only in work which
benefits humanity, while still others
give themselves up to luxury and
pleasure, thinking that in these they
can find true happiness.
The college student, in common with
all other persons, seeks for hap-
piness, and probably no one reaches
enjoyment in a higher sense than he.
No happiness can be keener than that
derived from mental pursuits, and con-
sequently the college student must
have great happiness. He is surround-
ed by the best thought of all ages,
handed down through generation after
generation, each adding something to
that which it received from its pre-
decessor. Nor is the field of study
limited to the college man. He goes
into all fields of leaning and receives
enjoyment from all. Variety is the
spice of life, and this the student finds
in the different studies he pursues.
After partaking of the rich food of the
sciences and philosophies, he can
help himself to the luscious fruits of
literature and poetry. In winter he
busies himself with the abstruse
thoughts of metaphysics, and when
the heat oppresses him, he allows the
cool breezes of lyric poetry to fan his
hot cheek, and hears the low murmur
of the babbling brook.

But to his mental happiness we
must add the physical. This gives
still more variety to his life, and adds
many enjoyments. When tired of
books and indoor atmosphere, he
gives his mind rest and muscles exer-
cise, while he enjoys the beauties of
nature in all her forms. No matter
what he does or where he goes, nature
lays her boundless treasure of beauty
at his feet for his enjoyment.

The college student does not, how-
ever, live altogether in the present.
There is a future of usefulness and
profit to which he is looking forward,
whether in the field of business and
happiness, or the wise and happy.

John G. Fagg is at present pastor
of the Middle Collegiate church,
Second Avenue and Seventh street,
New York city, in which capacity he
has served since 1895.

Upon being graduated from "Hope"
Mr. Fagg studied theology at New
Brunswick Theological Seminary, af-

ter which he took a one year's post-
graduate course. He then became
pastor of the churches of Lawersville
and Cobblekill, N. Y., where he re-

mained two years. He then went to
China, as a missionary of the Re-
formed church, and served six years at
Amoy in the Fukien province.

Upon his return in 1894 he became
pastor of the New Paltz, New York,
church, where he remained till 1895,
when he accepted his present charge
at New York City.
circumstance of the present with a golden surface. Thus even the future begins to lay her store of happiness before him. The sorrows and trials of a student's life are hidden by the bright hopes of the future.

College Jottings

EDITED BY J. VAN E., '93, AND B. HUNDELINE, '90.

Anna!

Yes, Frank!

Oh! Anna, where are you going?

Say no longer talks of "Saana" in his sleep. He says she has given him the "Neshukta.

The foot-ball world has been gladdened by the arrival of a new quarter-back.

Nicholas Van Goor opened the bathing season by a swim under the college pump.

Clare Hekhus attended chapel exercises on the 10th, with his former classmates, the Juniors.

The college campus truly resembled a primitive farm when the grass had been mowed and stacked in a tower.

Cooper recently took part in the program rendered at the Y. W. C. A. social. He acquitted himself honorably.

Quite an interesting debate occurred not long ago in the Sophomore Greek class when Feildle and his professor discussed the relative merits and beauty of the cow and the horse.

A movement was on foot not long ago to organize a society in the college which was to be composed exclusively of "dominies" sons, but the faculty refused to incorporate the new society or in any way assist so reprobate a class of students.

The faculty, wishing to make the course as full for ladies as for gentlemen, have decided to convert the room below that of Prof. Doesburg into a gymnasium for the lady students. Quite a complete set of apparatus has already been obtained, including a washstub, sewing machine, and other utensils usually found in the kitchen. Contributions are earnestly solicited.

L. C. Heyboer, alias "Pink," was recently saved from an untimely end while out bathing in the lake. The young swimmer ventured further than his strength would allow and found himself sinking helplessly in fifteen feet of water, when a grave Senior, anxious to do a benevolent deed before his departure, with a few powerful strokes reached the lad and with cheering words and a helping hand brought him to land.

A party of students, lured on by the tempting strings of fish daily brought into town, concluded to try their hand at the game. With practised precision, brought on by a four week's study of the "History of Mathematics," L. Van den Burg, succeeded in capturing one "sleep-head," while the rest of the party aided him in carrying it home.

Who can explain the curious phenomenon that all those boarding at the Hope College Club did not suffer from seasickness during that memorable trip on the "Music"?

Among the familiar faces seen at the exercises attendant upon the last week was that of Jacob Schepers formerly of the Sophomores.

It was quite a shock for those who knew John Hinken to learn that he had died a few days ago during an attack of malaria fever. Mr. Hinken graduated from the Preparatory Department with the present Juniors. The Anchor extends its sympathies.

Benjamin Eefting received a visit from his sister who came to attend the Commencement exercises.

Appropriate services were recently held at Chicago in memory of John H. Eefting who met his death in the railway accident near Vincennes, Indiana, last March.

John Verwey has begun his duties as book-keeper and general "soup" at Fred. Boone's livery barn. Woe to the unsuspecting or refractory broncho?

Commencement.

At last it was Friday noon. The agency of the undergraduate in the last throes of examinations had been alleviated, and with a hearty good will a party of students hoisted "old glory" to the top of our flagstaff, and flung it to the breeze that whispered of Commencement with its joys, pleasures, and surprises. Only a short half hour after the "mocking-bird" had given warning of midday, you might hear the tread of hurrying feet, as the busy Meliphonians, duly impressed with the fact that this was their day, flitted hither and thither to prepare for the evening's entertainment. No fairer evening could have been desired than that Friday night; and it was a goodly sight to see "Party bright hadders, some younger, some older, Each with his midden, some hawful, some bold, Hurrying on to the hall."

The C's and B's recently played a game of base ball which resulted in victory for the B's. Game was called at 12:30, and when the shades of night fell the seventh inning had just been completed. Steffens did the cork-screw act.

The following is the score of the jokes cracked by Raam in his introductory speech at the Meliphone entertainment: 0 0 0 0 0 0 0.

The Hope College Boarding Club was fortunate in securing for another year its head-cook, Mrs. Bottoms.

The tables have turned and Jim De Free is now called "Love." Peter has proved that his alleged infatuation was nothing but a story invented by his rival to hide his own affliction in that line.
Van der Hart, who both delighted the audience and were enthusiastically encored, and of the excellent music furnished by the quartet, which was far superior to anything produced at former Meliphonie entertainments. The Master’s Oration, by Rev. J. M. Van der Meulen, on the subject, “Hereditas,” was indicative of considerable biological study.

On Saturday the Meliphon and the Cosmopolitan Societies held their annual picnics at Macatawa Park. Various expedients and games made the day one that will form the nucleus of pleasant recollections; while the ups and downs of the excursion on Lake Michigan were not the least beneficial, since they proved to many a gallant Meliphonian that even such pleasures are not without their alloy.

The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered Sunday evening in Winants Chapel. At exactly 7:30 P.M. the Glee Club appeared on the platform and sang an anthem. Then, after prayer and reading of Scripture, the Rev. John G. Fagg, ’81, delivered the sermon. It was exactly sixteen years since the speaker graduated and since he set foot on our campus, and thus he began with a gracious, heart-felt apostrophe to his Alma Mater. Mr. Fagg’s pleasing, earnest delivery, and richness and aptness of illustration drove many a beautifully helpful truth home to the hearts of his hearers.

Every available foot of room in the auditorium was occupied Monday afternoon by the enclosing exercises of the Preparatory Department. Many of the productions were original, which we are glad to publish for our readers in this number. Even as in the case of the Meliphonie, these exercises, in our estimation, were an improvement over former years. A remarkable feature was the clear, distinct enunciation of the participants. The following is the program:

- The Day of New Amsterdam - from "History of New York" - Irving Miss Kate Van.
- Original Poem - A Woman’s - Edith Berghaus.
- The Contest - Lowell, Arian J. Knickerbocker.

From this point on, the program was a masterly address, in every way worthy of the great man eulogized. Dr. Mandeville then spoke on Dr. Phelps’ relations with the Board of Education.

The following is the program of Wednesday evening:

- Invocation - Rev. Dr. G. H. Mandeville.
- Graetz & Olde on Os Semi-Centennial.
- John F. Van Vollen.
- Oration - "How to Teach." - Lewis Van der Burgh.
- Prof. J. B. Nye.
- Ascending of Prizes.
- Oration - "Valedictory." - Tony Kodnicky.
- Day Clubs.
- Benediction - Rev. P. Moens, D. D.

During the evening Dr. Kollen announced the following prizes: The Van Vechten prize - For best essay on missions, $25, to C. Kuyper.

- Judges - Prof. H. E. Kosker, Dr. W. H. Van Antwerp and Rev. G. H. Dubbink.

The Geo. Birkhoff, Jr., prize - For best examination passed in English literature, $25, to Wm. N. Birch.


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