6-1-1897

The Anchor, Volume 10.10: July 1, 1897

Hope College

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Recommended Citation

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**The Hand of God in the History of China during the Present Century.**

**The S. Y. W. Yan Lectures Prize Essay.**

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 unmolested sway of sixteen centuries, loosely blended with the philosophical doctrines of Confucius. But when in our era, the doctrines of Siddhastha 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...
of any other nation. But for all their abilities, they have remained for forty centuries, the most conservative, bigoted, superstitious and self-conceited 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, humane 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 1819 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, Gutstaff, 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 customs of three heathen religions, would ever be permitted to see the shackles of seclusion and imprison-
nineteen organizations had entered; ten protestant churches with four hun-
dred communicants had sprung up; two hospitals and four dispensaries
were in constant operation; and two names 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 polyg-
amy, condemned opium and declared himself the brother of Jesus, and sent
from God to overthrow the Manchu
dynasty.
If at this point the European pow-
er had stood in the forefront of the
Gospel of Christ in China, she
might to-day be a Christian nation.
But instead of this, the English to-
gether with the French subdued the
rebels and forced the Chinese govern-
ment into a treaty which, when it was
ratified by Russia, France, England,
and the United States, threw the en-
tire 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 accom-
plished 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, inter-
course with the West; turned the cur-
rents of religious and political activity
of the civilized world towards China,
and made the Protestant Church re-

ponsible 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 in-

roduction 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
1877 four hundred and fifty mission-
aries had entered, that fourteen hun-
dred natives had professed the Chris-

tian religion within which seventy
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 char-
acteristically stamps the seal of Di-
vine 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 his-
tory of any other nation, a course of
events showing so clearly God's guid-
ing hand in the transformation of a
people from darkness into light.

From this time forward missions re-
ceived 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 wo-
men," and converts increased more
rapidly than ever before. And when,
by order of the conference of 1890, the

Bible appeared in the "high classi-
ical," "simple classical," and "offi-
cial" 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 be-
came plain what their neighbors, the
Japanese, had achieved under the in-
fluences of civilization; here was de-
termined whether progress or conser-

vatism should prevail; and here the
progressive party became emphatic-
ally progressive. On this occasion,
too, Li Hung Chang stood out in
such relief as the chief representa-
tive 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 uni-
versal interest in idol-processions and
ancestral worship is waning space.
Both the people and their leaders of-
ten manifest so much disbelief and
contempt for their most holy religious
exercises, that China, beyond all point
of doubt, is ready to accept the re-
ligion that first comes to her. Whether
she will accept the Gospel as the
anchor of her temporal and eternal
wellfare, or forsake her old supersti-
tious 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. Truly the long
expected hour of China's evangeliza-
tion has struck. She is to be saved—
nor ever.

In so promising a field the messen-
ger of the Cross is now laboring for
the Master. Pressing onward upon
his triumphant course, he finds but
little difficulty in crossing the barrier
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 Al-
mighty.

To destroy the good that has thus
been done and to obliterate the direct
and indirect results of missionary ef-
fort in China since 1807, would be to
hurl one million Chinese Christians
back into heathen darkness; to with-
draw two thousand one hundred and
twenty missionaries and the Bible it-
self with its wide 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.

The lifting of this elevating, noble, and godlike 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 loyal 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 be done, for China ever to 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 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 unregenerate and without the knowledge of the Gospel. Think of this continuing with 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 marvelous 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 call 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 hamlet 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 FOREST PRIMEVAL.

WILLIAM C. HITT.

Read of the "A" Class Graduation Exercises.

Long years ago men had worshiped of Ossiponce's fearful rites, or even known How far Colombia stretched her spearhead hand, Before the persecuted men set out Frolics and sports, such as some purpose good Or bad, to find a refuge on these shores,— The mighty forest rear'd its lofty hand Toward the deep and bottomless dome of blue In peaceful grand sublimity. The oak, With giant arm, proud monarch of his race, The murmuring pines, the bearded hemlocks hour With rays, the moonlight, the mellowed sun, The stately elm, the warlike beech, the firs, And all that fainly dressed in green surtout Seemed but the pillars of a temple fair That Nature reared to God. For might disturbed The bellowed solemnity and reverence Of her devo'sions there. The winds with touch so soft, bend vast a wind-string lute to play In m'son with that mighty choral voice That funereal anthem of praise Divine, as soft and sweet as Lydian sire. And babbling brooks like silver threads wound in And out beneath the darksome-shade, where lay In patterns rich and rare a carpet made Of downy moss and fruited ferns. In low Simplicity the tiny flowers gave Their breath as incense to this shrine. The vines sent forth their tendrils round the trees and hung Adorn like festive tapestry. To work

Some wondrous change with unfeigned skill and power Each shifting scene tied in friendly play And mingled with artistic touch the store Of heaven's joys. Amid this bounteous scene The Red-man of the forest's child Pursued the deer and other games, or sent His bark a course o'er rivers and along the stream Or lay. No sound of human voice save his Alone was heard. The Mosse there among The trees might hold high festival. Or off In some recess along the stately Sprints Might dance and sing their hoarser revelries. But sad to tell! Where stood the antique wood To pristine beauty made captive. Whose shade sequitered howvers of loveliness Made safe retreats, which Pilgrim Fathers sought As Belchites, now up the hill-tops and. The vale waves of ripening grain and pride And busy cities sending forth their smell And smoke, raise their spire and turret crowns, Homesteads Commerce Commerce Commerce, thronged, And Industry with noisy hum makes dull Monotony. And in this cultured train Of civilization comes a hovering bread Of cropsheets. Ingratitude and false Ambition waft their poison breeze that till To deep the moral conscience on her throne The pedantry of schools that men flame bright As tokens pure of truth and right, beguile The innocent. Corrupt society
THE ANCHOR.

With siren voice lures on her totaries
To sink them deep in misery and vice.

That's Sabbathday is not revered and with
Unshamed regards the bong white gone on,
And patience bears his merry round
This holy day. Here politics becomes
A game in which designing men esteem
Of light the sovereign law, which form
The throne of Equity, great justice pure.
And liberty, A game, indeed, in which
If men but wish to play upright they need
Must seek the favor of some vernal lord.

And in the sunshine of his smiles may draw
Their fondle breath, or if slovenly chaos
His face they perish by a frown. Thus seeds
Of discord soon by amity spring up
With heart-forged guileful shapes. And love where once
Were wreaths of purity and beauty grand.
Has Culture strewed the tainted realms
Of Nature's glory, devastated works
Sublime. The mighty forest has succumbed
To hand of ruthless man who haunts on
With deadly puce corruption and decay.

The Pilgrim Fathers of the West.
M. DODGE.

Over the ocean waves, sunder'd and startled.
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, lonely and weary.
Despised 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 fractionally eye of a provident God.
Who their sufferings steadied, their trials regarded.
And brought them in softly secure here to dwell.
Home they were not from despair suppressing
To serve and to wait on their forerather's God.
And in grateful devotion they build first his temple
Even thought on their own homes concerned those true hearts.

Holy religion! Oh heartfelt devotion!
What strangeness, tempered by Mercy's sweet smile,
Is the fruit of thy bearing? How protruous thy serenities.
How blind is the land where thy sceptre holds sway.

The Idyll of a Summer's Ramble.
J. H. WRIGHT.

Read at the "4" M Class Graduating Exercises.

On an early summer's morning
When the sun, with rising splendor,
Threw his rays across the hills-up,
I forth wandered through the meadows.
Through the morning cool I wandered,
Through the fresh, fast-springing grasses
Where the gentle violet nestled.
Through the meadows, white with daisies,
Where the bees, with busy murmurs
Winged their honeyed treasure homeward.

Then, of best of day, I wandered
From the meadows to the woodland,
Where the drowsy, dusky stillness,
Broken-only by a piping,
Tapping pecker in the distance,
Seemed intent for one's footfalls.

When the shadows span to lengthen,
As I cast and looked around me,
Beast I, tinkling satty, saucy
As of golden bells, a summens,
Seeming ever calling, calling.
Until, rising, I chased.

Feet, elusive, barely sounding,
Then in silence for a season.
Then the bell-tones slowly wilted,
Suddenly led me to a hilltop,
Where the motion rays of sunlit
Turned to gold the dancing waters
Of a brook, as in the pathway.
Leaping over a broken bedlarm,
Down it fell into its haunts.

As I rested by the brookside,
Watched the waters grow more golden,
From the falls there sprang a ferry.
Arcily, lightly, dizzyly whirling,
Dashing through the spraying water,
Till she rested on a fern-frond.
Thrice she waved her royal scepter,

Then, with birdlike voice, she warbled
"Swell her fairies! Dainty fairies!
Quickly dance and trip!
Hilfer fairies! Tiny fairies!
Flutter, fly, and skip!
Hilfer fairies! Flower fairies!
Oh! many, smiling gayly.
Until our revels scatter far
With breaking day.

Then from every lacy cover,
Fay of violet, fern or daisy
Quaintly sprang in the fairy courtiers.
Dainty ladies were the daisies,
Dainty maids were the violets,
Graceful, stily, amorous.

Gentle gentlemen the fern-fronds;
Winter-green, and merry chives.
Thus there spring forth all the flowers.
Gathering round their fairy ruler.

Then, a joyous time attaining,
From the water's golden tinkling
Hand in hand a dance beginning.
All the fairies quickly joining
Tripped I around in merry fashion.

Holland's Influence in America.

THE ANCHOR.

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 reclaimed 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-
can." Thus when nations were getting uneasy under the burden of despotism, Holland did not prove unworthy of the trust confided to her; but twice exerted a national influence upon America, which is still one of the most potent factors in our American life.

When the Puritans were compelled to leave their native land, it was Holland that received them and gave them an asylum for twelve years. After their religious spirits had been stimulated in the pure air of that republic, they planted on new soil British traditions and Teutonic institutions, which no royal scepter could crush, but which flourished under the red, white and blue of the Dutch and American Republics.

But Holland was also destined to establish her ideas of government on American soil through her own citizens. She did not hesitate to send her best citizens to the American wilderness, establishing colonies which were for centuries so many oases in a desert land. Those pioneers need no eulogist to extol their bravery and devotion to their adopted country. Those colonies speak for themselves. They show you fertile fields where once were forests, prosperous cities where once were savages; in short, the civilization of the white-man for the barbarism of the red-man.

But not content with what she had already accomplished, she gave the master-stroke to that piece of exquisite workmanship by sending in eighteen hundred and forty-seven a colony of men to America, which is doing for the West what the others have done for the East. These men are distinguished for their pure motives and lofty ideals.

They undoubtedly desired to increase their material prosperity; but the harvest their children are reaping, while benefits to them there were none." But is ambition to be condemned when it is a virtue? To these men it was a virtue, because the sense of honor was closely attached to it. But they were especially grieved to see their countrymen forsake those ancient institutions which had made their ancestors renowned throughout continental Europe. They desired to give a necessary impetus to their religion. The civilized world had hardly imbibed 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 centuries 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 strifes so characteristic of the Dutch. We may safely say that religious intolerance is incompatible with the nature of a genuine Hollander. 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 move 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 laborers; and they gazed 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. We 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 respecter 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 citizenship. 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.

"A" Class Prophecy.

The wind blew idly there; you tapering elm,
The night bird sang its plaintive note and all
The world seemed dark and full of weedy dismay.
Lida seemed a dreary journey to the grave
Awestruck with the terror. No gurgling brook supplied
The third of soul which mocked my innmost self.

But not content with what she had already accomplished, she gave the master-stroke to that piece of exquisite workmanship by sending in eighteen hundred and forty-seven a colony of men to America, which is doing for the West what the others have done for the East. These men are distinguished for their pure motives and lofty ideals.

They undoubtedly desired to increase their material prosperity; but the harvest their children are reaping, while benefits to them there were none." But is ambition to be condemned when it is a virtue? To these men it was a virtue, because the sense of honor was closely attached to it. But they were especially grieved to see their countrymen forsake those ancient institutions which had made their ancestors renowned throughout continental Europe. They desired to give a necessary impetus to their religion. The civilized world had hardly imbibed 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 centuries 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 strifes so characteristic of the Dutch. We may safely say that religious intolerance is incompatible with the nature of a genuine Hollander. 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 move 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 laborers; and they gazed 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. We 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 respecter 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 citizenship. 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.

"A" Class Prophecy.

The wind blew idly there; you tapering elm,
The night bird sang its plaintive note and all
The world seemed dark and full of weedy dismay.
Lida seemed a dreary journey to the grave
Awestruck with the terror. No gurgling brook supplied
The third of soul which mocked my innmost self.
THE ANCHOR.

One day while searching for a new retreat,
And breathing on my college days—what way
The lucky class of '97 would
In future years to meet their own spin of life,
So deep in thought I know not where I walked,
Until I pushed myself into a cave.
Where I was to seek retreat, but no—
The lamps of glowing words stopped on my path.
Fire flashed from off their steel.
It made me stop.
For brevity, in truth, I know not where I said.
My face hardened as I lost, cut, fell,
And clutched the earth. All seemed a hollow dream,
But others have done the same and emulating breath
Of one's inferior imp. 
Replied my feet,
I would have strangled hard to the ground, the hell
Had not he pierced me with his gilded steel.
The lamps shed but a feeble light throughout
The cave, now I felt I was like a pag—
And tried to find a way to leave the place.
Now as I sought, I found an open spot,
Lit with the brilliance of lightning. "Haste!"
The word it seemed came from an unknown source.
"What wouldst thou, a mortal man, within this cave?
Where only spirits dwell. What wouldn'tst thou here?"
So quoth I with fear with my words came she:
"I would return, Unknown I entered here."
Again the demon spoke—"The man I ren
Ere came here but his purpose led him thee.
Within this cave the future deeds of man
Are planned. You must be broken on this theme:
Sought else would lead you from your earthly home."
The spirit turned up my troubled mind.
And replied with hated breath: "I would
A grave and solemn grave thence I shall
As they will be some twenty years from hence.
"Your wish is heard, and now 'twas answered be."
As he began the brilliant spot appeared
Upon the wall, and there, with wondering eye,
The words fell long and ancient gave:
A picture of our noble President
As he will look when twenty years have spent,
And under these foolish words are penned,
They hear a truth, we hope 'twill not offend:
Fleeting life, a mortal thrall,
But one less-lived smiles.
For a minute bit,
And he played it.
Poor Fisher flashed a Miss
What's it that comes before my visage now?—
A sun burned mouth, and bring its breath,
The clear of face—ye face—stare of his mind
And down it that I think you'll find
He's very good at blunting, for you know,
He holds the chair of logic, and to bow
Comes every man present on the other term.
'Tis pre— the picture fades into the gloom
And unites itself to next one's dream.
A base-ball game at Princeton. I'm surprised.
The two hours time to time of pre-view.
And sports, they say, a state league from this year.
The going has struck. The game has just commenced,
And Zelo has led 2. Who'd let it be?
Upon the home-line and wears a new silk hat:
What's that in the face—"So why?
Surely you live,
Marine you've won the height of your desires.
But look! They play. Capt. Burts is in the box,
As General Sutter once so bravely fought;
So Napoleon is said at war
And bravely lights upon our mission well
And Minnie gave attempt a hardly task,
As he with courage ploughs for beyond
The line of Africa's roof, and how the sun is up.
All of the land that he has journeyed over,
The scenes they seem fade, fade, and disappear.
A lady beside her writing desk,
And reads old letters. She stops to laugh
As reading something amiss again. She speaks—
"When Arthur used to count me years ago,
She says, 'But, I'll not be sure."
For me, my little Cyn now free. One time
As we were strolling thus along the level,
We saw an old hold her dignity still
Among the branches of an English hickory,
As do we now, with Arthur Arner said—
Such have we done, and in our Miss Walnut and cherry are well,
But we won't hearken--I lost the scene throughly.
And that is Bennie Wanger of Kalamazoo.
The weathered man you ask. Why that is mean.

De Alumnis.

Edited by J. B. Sterke, '75.

Rev. E. W. Stapelkamp, '83, pastor of the 1st Rev. churc 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. churc of Kalamazoo.

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

Rev. J. Schaefer, '93, Oregon, Ill., has received and accepted a call from the Elim congregation at Kings, III.

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. Ruig, '96, were visitors 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 soon as 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. of 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 1889 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 Alma Mater. He is a regular reader of the Anchor, which he considers one of the best college papers published.

T. J. Krommers at present proclaims 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 1889; Linden, New Jersey, from 1889 to 1891, and his present charge he has served since that time.

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, after which he took a one year's post-graduate course. He then became pastor of the churches of Lawersville and Coblleskill, N. Y., where he remained two years. He then went to China, as a missionary of the Reformed church, and served six years at Amoy in the Fukien province. Upon his return in 1894 he became pastor of the Nuy Faltz, New York, church, where he remained till 1895, when he accepted his present charge at New York city.

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 congratulations are in order.

But we have grown so accustomed to advise and even preach a little, under 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 delegate to the inter-collegiate contest. 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 honor on the author, but may also serve to make the name of Hope glorious among the colleges.

Now a word on a more prosaic subject. The Anchor belongs to the students. Remember this during the vacation, and if your "Dominie," 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 thoughtlessness 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 following, 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 happiness, and probably no one reaches enjoyment in a higher sense than he. No happiness can be keener than that derived from mental pursuits, and consequently the college student must have great happiness. He is surrounded by the best thought of all ages, handed down through generation after generation, each adding something to that which it received from its predecessor. Nor is the field of study limited to the college man. He goes into all fields of learning 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 exercise, 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, however, live altogether in the present. There is a future of usefulness and profit to which he is looking forward, and what he does or where he goes, nature may be the outward pursuit he is following, 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 happiness, and probably no one reaches the limits of the college. He goes into all fields of learning and receives enjoyments 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.

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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


Anna:
Yes, Frank!
Oh! Anna, where are you going?
Sayad no longer talks of “Amna” 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 Hekhuis attended chapel exercises on the 10th, with her former classmates, the Juniors.
The college campus truly resembled a primitive farm when the grass had been mowed and stacks of wheat were piling up.
Cooper recently took part in the program rendered at the Y. W. C. A.
He acquitted himself honorably.
Quite an interesting debate occurred not long ago in the Sophomore Greek class when Feilde 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 washstand, 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 weeks’ study of the “History of Mathematics,” L. Van den Burg succeeded in capturing one “speak-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 bookkeeper and general “soop” 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. So fairer evening could have been desired than that Friday night, and it was a goodly sight to see.

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 Raum 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 DeFere 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, "Hereditary," was indicative of considerable biological study.

On Saturday the Meliphone 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, heartfelt 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 following 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 Meliphone, these exercises, in our estimation, were an improvement over former years. A remarkable feature was the clever, distinct pronunciation of the participants. The following is the program:

**CLASS MOTES:** *No Excuse Without Labor.*

**INVITATION--Rev. J. G. Fagg.**
Address: The Purpose the Principles and the Purpose. *John S. Ream,* Music: *"God's Country."* Dr. Charles Fawcett.

**"A" CLASS MUSE QUARTETTE.**
The Day of New Amsterdam (from "History of New York"). *Ivy Wink.*

**MISS KATE VAN.**

**ARIAN J. NEELKIS.**

**MISS JOAN.**

**MISS J. NEELEN.**

**THE SCENE.**
*John G. Winter.*

**INTERVIEW WITH M. N. BONNIE.-Loveliel*.

**BENJAMIN J. LEWIS.**
Original Poem: From the "Fighting Fathers of the West." *Martin Koeter.

**THE OLD SITTING-OUT.**
*Carleton H. Miss Dorsey.

**MRS. BUTTLESFORD'S TROUBLES.**
*Norwood.*

**MISS JOHN WYCKING.**
Music: *Peter Paper Quotet.* *Loveliel*

**MISS E. WINTER.**

**ORIGINAL POEM--The Forest Primeval.** *Ovadile E. Foster.

**FAIR--The Higher Education.** *Jenn.*

**ORIGINAL POEM--Class Project.**

**WILLIAM E. VAN H. HART.**

**MONDAY EVENING.**
Monday evening was given to the annual exercises of the Classic Club. The society is stronger than it has been for some time as was shown by its interesting program.

Tuesday evening the alumni exercises gave way to the Phelps Memorial exercises. After prayer and reading of the Scriptures, Dr. Kollen gave a brief succinct account of the life of Dr. Phelps. The principal address of the evening was delivered by Dr. Peter Moerly of Chicago. This 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:

**INVITATION--Rev. Dr. G. H. Mandeville.**
Music: *"God's Country."* *Killing*.

**CONCERT LADIES' QUARTETTE.**

**Oration--"Nature in Poetry."**
*JASON VAN DER MEULEN.*
Music: "Amity" Lorenz.*

**BRAND NEW ORCHESTRA.**

**ORATION--"Hero of Truth."**
*Lucas Van der Bui.*

Music: *"The Holy City."* *Adams.*

**PROF. J. B. NEELKIS.**

**TONY BERNSTEIN.**
"Vocal Rhythm--an Evening Blessing." *Bernstein Club.*

**BENEDICITION--Rev. P. Moerly, D. D.*
Miss Mary Adams, Accompanist.


At the close of the program Dr. Kollen stepped forward to make an announcement. He said that during past years the college has always been hampered financially and that during the present year an effort had been made to increase the endowment, with the result that $100,000, had been raised through the liberality of eastern friends. Donations ranged from $25, to $50,000. This was so great a surprise that it only gradually dawned on the audience what it meant, but then applause and cheers were not wanting.

On looking over the exercises of the week, the most ardent friend of Hope must be satisfied. The popularity of the exercises has increased; the audience were larger than ever; the standard of excellence has certainly been raised. More than all this, which is valued only as a guarantee of the past, the increased endowment is the guarantee of future success. All thanks, next to Him over and above all, are due to our indefatigable president, Dr. Kollen.
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