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"Spera in Deo." Ps. xlil. 5.

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"History of Protestant Missions in the Ottoman Empire During the Last Fifty Years.

In few countries has the history of Protestant missions been written in such letters of blood and cruelty as in the land of the green blood. Flag and crescent, and that, too, under the guise of religious freedom. The perpetrator of these foul deeds has fitly been dubbed "the unspeakable Turk." Crazed by the blood of his victim, his fanatic fury knows no bounds, until thousands of "Christian dogs" lie mangled at his feet. Death shrieks are music to his ear; ravage and destruction kindle ecstasy in his soul.

Yet nowhere has providential guidance in missionary effort been more remarkable than in this land of terror. Seven centuries ago, a pious host came sweeping from the west to rescue the Holy Land from the defilement of the Moslem stranger, but He, who rules "not by power, nor by might," showed, in the failure of the crusades, and in the recent progress of truth and righteousness, that His is the work.

The arena of this action cannot be called heathen. Neither is the Turkish empire a nation; but a conglomeration of races, tongues and religions, with the Mohammedan Turk predominant in both numbers and power. Excepting a few curtailments of such districts as Greece, Servia, Roumania and Bul-

PEOPLES, immediate power. Ottoman Turks, Koords, Arabs, Circassians, Turcomans and other Islamic tribes; and Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, and many more nominal Christian sects, constitute his subjects—truly, a mingling of races and a "Babel of tongues." Aggregating about twenty-four millions, the Christians number one to every four clinging to the Koran and its prophet.

For four centuries this whole mass was a slumbering host, Christian, as well as Moslem, lying buried under ritualism, superstition and wick-

* The Van Ysselton press-type. For author's use only.
edness—a scene peculiarly pleasing to the Prince of Darkness. This, however, was to be of short duration. Mohammedanism with its sterilizing atmosphere is doomed. There are signs of a “shaking among the dead bones.”

First come the Bibles from the Bible societies at Malta. 

BEGINNING Then two men, Fisk of And Parsons, seek the strongholds of the council. Furthermore, persecution had scattered the Armenians throughout Asia Minor; necessity had made them the commercial element of the empire, and the missionaries thus deemed them not only most susceptible to reform, but also, when reformed, most competent to bear the torch to other tribes. Nor were they disappointed. Schools and the press, as well as private Christian intercourse, were soon active in awakening a spirit of inquiry. The purifying love of God began to burn in men’s hearts.

Pestilence and fire were great hindrances, but by far the opposition, more bitter and discouraging was the opposition of the old church. That body, not comprehending why the reform policy of the American missionaries, feared that, as the Romish movement had done some years before, thus also the Protestant movement would make fearful inroads upon their numbers, and forever blight the hopes for political freedom, for which the Armenian nation, at this time, was expectant. Add to this the natural hatred for light, and the instinct of the Romish and Greek patriarchs, and do you wonder at the hostile position of the mother church?

All means were resorted to in order to check the reform. The mission schools were stopped, and the Bibles were confiscated. Young converts were dishonored, or thrown out of employment; others were imprisoned and banished. Bull upon bull was issued hurling the most awful anathemas at the reform element. Even the Turk was instigated. Finally the crisis was reached, when a young man was publicly beheaded in the streets of Constantinople.
At this juncture Sir Stratford Canning, the English ambassador, himself a noble Christian, in pursuit of his country's interests, induced the Sultan not only to adopt certain civil reforms, thus consolidating the empire against Russian advance, but also to recognize the Christian element as an essential factor in effecting this consolidation. Thus the year 1833 saw the Protestants on an equal footing with Mohammedans before the law, and, in 1836, the Sultan Abd ul-Medjid, in the Treaty of Adrianoupolis, promised "full freedom of religion and conscience." So now the Turk was ready for evangelization! The door to the Moslem world, long closed, had been flung open by the very "shadow of God upon earth." Too good to be true! and, in fact, subsequent experience was not long in disclosing the error of this supposition. The Church Missionary Society, especially, had occasion to find this out, when a few of her men rushed madly into the fight, and opened broad-sides on the enemy. The truth must not always be proclaimed with trumpet from the house-top, and so here. Some converts appeared, 'tis true; but the most important man was converted in the wrong direction. The Sultan, hitherto unaffectcd, now turned the tide. Some were imprisoned, others banished. It needed no further demonstration that religious liberty to Chris- tians did, by no means, allow of the turning of a Moslem. The doors were again closed, in reality, had never been open. A general feeling of political and religious freedom had, however, been aroused. Many Bibles had been scattered among the Turkish soldiers, and, further, the war rendered direct aid to the church in affording Dr. Hauy, by mills and other industries, not only to offer support to thousands of unemployed Armenians, but also to clear the handsomely sum of $2,500, whereby thirteen churches, schools and adjoining chapels were built.

The organization, in 1834, of the "Turkish Missions Aid Society," for the purpose of rendering pecuniary aid to our missions, speaks well for the Christians of Great Britain.

Thus all external forces, the political intrigues of jealous nations, as well as the church at home, contributed to rapid advance of religious reform in the Ottoman Empire. In 1856 the churches numbered thirty. Ten years later there are twice that number, with two thousand communicants and twenty thousand adherents. So urgent is the cry for religious instruction, that the schools and seminaries are unable to supply the demand for teachers and preachers. Young men are ordained and hurried into the field, without a completed education. So extensive has the field become that it is necessary to divide it into separate missions; that of the American board into European, Western, Central and Eastern Turkish Missions; and in 1870, the work in Syria was consigned to the Presbyterian Board.

To relate, in detail, how each of these missions continued the struggle against ignorance, and vice, and corruption; how the wave of revival surged on from town to town, over the valleys and mountains of Ararat; how even the oriental churches began to put away images, preach on repentance and establish schools, would be so many scenes in whose light the horrible atrocities of recent times become the more terrible to behold. Suffice it to note the forces employed, their work, problems and comparative usefulness.

First, in time and importance, is the Bible, and other Christian literature, which has been to Turkish missions what medical work has been to India or China.

How often does the story of whole towns and villages converted not lead us back to a stray tract or Bible! True, the Armenian church did have the Holy Scriptures; but what can be expected of it, when written in such an ancient dialect that only the priests can read it; where even that class peruse it in a perfunctory manner? Said Dr. Goodell, "Our work with them (the Armenians) is emphatically a Bible work. The Bible is our only standard, and the Bible is our final appeal. It is natural, then, that the pure, unadulterated gospel truths should be like honey in their mouths. However, it has not been all sunshine. Tho the Word of God remains untouched, the censorship of the press is a serious hindrance to the publication of text-books, tracts and periodicals. It assumes the liberty to eliminate or entirely annul whatever may not suit the caprices of the officials. When we remember that the presses at Constantinople and Beirut, in spite of opposition, send forth broken streams of tracts and Bibles, and that the Bible has been translated into the Arabic and the other languages of the empire, thus giving it an advantage over the Koran, which may never be rendered in another tongue, and when we further recollect that the schools are fast increasing the percentage of those light the horrible atrocities of recent times become the more terrible to behold. Suffice it to note the forces employed, their work, problems and comparative usefulness.

Based on the eternal truths of God, the second factor in the native direct evangelization of the church would be, naturally, a well organized Christian activity. In all missions the primary object is to plant a self-supporting and self-propagating religion. What problems and difficulties are, usually, attendant upon the execution of such policy were not unknown in Turkey; but owing to the abject poverty of the people, the problem of self-support of the native church was peculiarly perplexing. The ruling Turk caused this. Himself never engaging in any productive employment, he is a parasite on his Christian subjects. Wars and a wretched system of taxation have despoiled the country otherwise rich in soil and undeveloped resources. Neither was the problem ameliorated by the motto of the Tsar: "Protestantism and reform shall never enter
Turkey." But they have entered, and, to-day, a strong self-governing and largely self-supporting church discloses to Russian and Turk alike that they are but dumb instruments in the hands of a righteous God. Not only is the church, for the most part, self-supporting, but, also, active in disseminating the truth. Imagine four evangelical unions organized for mission work. Add to this the various young people's societies, Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, and you will not wonder at the rapid increase of professing Christians. The very strongholds of Mohammed are being undermined.

Education, the strong feature of the American Board, was especially emphasized in Turkey. It is the superriority of the Christian schools that has kept the mission work abreast with civilization. This has its advantages. First, the best youth are attracted, and again, the schools are less expensive than, when, like in Japan, there is a constant struggle to keep pace with modern improvements in order to draw the young. Begun to get a foothold and, subsequently, to create an educated ministry, they have been compelled to step somewhat out of the bounds of direct mission work and to establish industrial and medical institutions. Primary work and kindergartens have increased, of late, because of the thousands of little ones left orphans by the recent massacres. A feeble desire for education and a striving on the part of Christian men to enter at once upon direct gospel work are problems of the past. A desire for learning is quite prevalent. The age of experiments, too, is past. Vernacular schools are fast being supplanted by the English. A tuition is always insisted upon, not only to make the educational department self-supporting, but also to make the advantages of an education more highly prized by the scholars.

Last, but not least, of the means employed by the Lord in bringing light to that land, whence Christian once that Great Light Example shone, is the devoted lives of Christian missionaries. Their surroundings have been extremely immoral, their trials sore; the hatred and opposition of the people discouraging; but as the night was darker, their lives were the more radiant. In 1866 the Earl of Shaftesbury said of them, "I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiation carried on between man and man, we can find anything to equal the wisdom, the soundness, and the pure evangelical truth of the American missionaries. They are a marvelous combination of common sense and piety." The Christians have learned to love them; the old church to respect them; and the fanatical Moslems to fear them. Pioneers, translators, organizers, evangelists and scholars, as well as a few medical men, have arisen in due time to meet the exigencies of the work. In 1857 the American Board had one hundred and sixty-four men in the field, one-third of the whole number connected with that society. About the same number are laboring in Syria and Palestine, excluding those representing the several smaller boards. These are the main forces in the field. Their entrance was silent, their development gradual; their efforts effectual. Among so many races, each with its own civilization, they have, naturally, opened many phases of missionary activity, and led various societies to undertake them. Several years of devoted labor have been bestowed upon the Jews. The Greeks, numerous along the coast of Asia Minor, strongest near Ooroo, in the north, have the gospel preached to them, and many of them are preaching the gospel to their brethren. Russia's religious interest, however, with her political aggrandizements behind the scenes, is not unfelt. The Arabs, Bulgarians, and other tribes can boast of more or less effort, the work among them is mainly by Bible and secret visitation. Egypt, practically independent of the Sultan, and noted mainly for the large Mohammedan missionary school at Cairo, is clearly showing that the Church of God's inherited dread of missions to the Moslems is a wild hallucination, the sooner gotten rid of, the better.

SCHOOLS. Medical colleges and dispensaries, tho not employed so extensively as in other lands, are by no means a hindrance to the progress of the gospel. Whilst education is the primary and ultimate object of all missions, it is not without its benefits to both society and state. The utter rottenness of Turkey's judiciary, educational and moral status cannot be concealed by us. Whatever good has been introduced has been directly through Christian missions, or Christian nations. The mission schools are the bulwark of enlightenment, particularly such institutions as Robert College on the Bosphorus and the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, both independent of, still co-operating with, the missions. It is firmly believed that Bulgaria owes its emancipation to the former. Says J. R. Mott, "The Syrian Protestant college is one of the three most important institutions in all Asia. It has practically created a medical profession in the Levant. It has been, and is, the centre for genuine Christian and scientific literature and learning in all that region." The enfranchisement of women has been another outgrowth of mission labor. In this land of polygamy, where woman is deprived of immortality because deprived of a soul, she owes much to the love of foreign Christians. Seminaries and schools, with their Christian instruction, have not only restored to her a soul, but are also giving her a place in society and the home. The noblest monument to the efforts of the last fifty years is displayed in the recent Armenian massacres—horrible tho they be. The dressing of Turkish soldiers in Koordish dress, their falling upon the schools and churches, the killing of a thousand martyrs at the capital, the pillaging and burning of the college buildings at Malash and Harpoot, the consuming of hundreds of bodies with kerosene at Sassoon, in fine, the looting of twenty-five hundred towns, and the slaughtering of eighty-
five thousand innocent Christians, the
flower of the empire, show all to
plainly what the Sultan and the Tsar
think of our mission work, and the re-
ligion it is propagating.

How is it possible, you ask, that
the government can play such havoc,
when bound by the
How possible. Hatti Humayoun of
religious freedom: when the Berlin
Treaty, made after the Russo-Turkish
war in 1878, confirms this promise,
and adds that of civil reform? Would
you know why? Ask the nations of
Europe. Russia knows
too well that the expul-
sion of the Christians is
the removal of the great-
est obstacle to her aggrandizement in
Turkey. As Russia relishes it, Eng-
land fears it. It may mean to her a
crippled commerce and, possibly, a
lost India. Austria, Germany, France,
Italy, and even Greece would have no
conscientious scruples against having
a slice of the "sick man's" land.
Each afraid of the other, there is that
quiet which usually precedes a storm.
Meanwhile the Sultan, aware of his
doom in Europe, wants "Asia Minor
for the Moslems." Christianity and
reform, which may yet save his coun-
try from the Tsar, will mark the down-
tail of his own power. They must be
routed out, hence the Armenians must
be rooted out. Degradation from gov-
ernment offices, taxation, measures
oppressive to schools, property and
the press, have, to his amazement,
like pruning, made the plant more
vigorous. This process being too
slow, he now throws to the winds all
promises of reform, yields to his cap-
prices and draws the sword. The
story need not be told again; it is
written in the blood and sufferings of
down-trodden race.

Thank God! the scenes of carnage
have been stopped, but for how long
no one can tell Whether Turkey
will, some day, be the home of the
Slavonic race, which, ethnologists tell
us, has so great solidarity; whether it
will be divided among the nations, or
remain independent, cannot be fore-
seen.

"Missions to the Moslems are the
only Christian solution to the Eastern
Question." This is not chimerical.
The bruised reed is more alive than
ever. The forces are, once more,
united. The attention and sympathy
of the world have been drawn thither.
The homeless orphans will not soon
forget the heroic deaths of their loved
ones. The jealousy of the oriental
churches is fading in the light of the
magnanimity and the love of the mis-
ionaries. A revival is on. Thou-
ands are turning to God. What the
result will be none can tell but He,
whose work it is. Even Islam is see-
ing of the glory of God. The scan-
dal of oriental Christianity no longer
veils the Gospel from the Moslem
world. The Bible is open to re-
search. "Living epistles" are be-
fore them all. Hundreds are disgust-
ed with their own actions of the past.
Missionaries pledged to secrecy about
details, report that many would, to-
day, fall at the foot of the Cross, if
only their heads were safe. Arabia's
pretender cannot stand before the
lowly Man of Galilee. But the fight
is, by no means, over. The muezzin
still calls to prayer five times a day,
and, five times a day, three-fourths of
the people bow their dusky forms
toward Mecca. Religious fanaticism is more stubborn than political power. The latter may be crushed any day by the Powers. Missions to Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Bulgaria and Greece, as well as to Turkey itself, may crush both. Strategic as the Ottoman Empire may be, when the one hundred and two millions of Mohammedans, now under free governments, become soldiers of Jesus Christ, the Sultan's eighteen millions will be a paltry host. The problem, then, of the Moslem Turk, is the problem of the Moslem world.

Shall the blood of the Armenian martyrs have been split in vain? Shall the seal of God's approval of what has already been done be passed unseen? Shall the call of the heroes in the field fall on ears that are stopped, or hearts that cannot be touched? Rail at the "unspeakable Turk." Heap upon him epithets of shame; yea, even cherish bitter hatred within your hearts. But, my Christian friends, will that evangelize him? He needs our love, our prayers, our lives. Shall we yield them that "Ishmael may live before Thine eyes?"

JOHN PLOUGHMAN.

Queen Of Hearts.

I'll not stand it another day. I shall leave at once. Nothing that you can say will keep me. Good bye! Yet, mother, I hate to leave you. But I must go. Good bye, mother dear. Good bye forever."

With these words, Robert Brown walked down the gravel path to the gate, then turned towards town. His mother stood in the door, tears were filling her eyes. Just this morning he had witnessed another stormy scene between father and son. The father, harsh, stern, quick tempered, had punished Robert for something that seemed to him a mere trifle. At each of these scenes Robert had threatened to leave home, but the kind, gentle, loving mother had always persuaded him not to leave his home and her. Now he had left, and it seemed that all happiness was taken from her.

Robert was of a very determined character; when he had once resolved to do a thing he never turned back.

His mother well knew this, and felt that her boy of eighteen summers would be lost to her forever, unless she could persuade his father to relent, and ask her boy to return. At noon the father returned from the store for dinner. Seeing Robert's place vacant at the table, he demanded in a sly tone, "Where's Rob?"

"Gone," answered the mother in a trembling voice, "and, father, you have forced him to leave home."

"Hush up! Never again let his name be mentioned in my presence," said the stern father.

She humbly submitted, and sank into her chair, a heart-broken mother.

Day after day she had hoped against hope that her boy would yet return, but it was not to be so. Robert had fully determined to leave his home and seek employment in Chicago.

Having but very little money, he was compelled to walk. Towards evening of the second day he sat down
by the side of the road to rest. Often during these two days had he wished that he was again with his mother, but he was now about thirty miles from home. As he sat there, lonely, despondent, almost ready to cry, he heard the heavy thud of a runaway horse approaching. Jumping to the middle of the road, he saw, not far distant, a large saddle-horse bearing a young lady vainly endeavoring to check her frightened steed. He took in the situation at a glance—an inexperienced rider; a few yards below a sharp turn in the road. If the horse could not be stopped, the young lady would be thrown from the horse and dashed against the trees. He ran out to meet them. Calculating well the distance, he stopped and prepared to seize the horse by the bridle. As they came nearer he made one desperate effort and seized the reins. The horse dragged him all some distance before it could be stopped. When at last the frightened animal was brought to a stand-still, the young lady dismounted, and he led the trembling horse to the farm-house which stood a short distance down the road.

As they were walking toward the house, he introduced himself as best he could. He learned from her, that she had returned from school the day before, and was just learning to ride the horse which she had received as a present from her uncle, at graduation. When they entered the yard, an old gentleman met them. "Well, Jessie, what's the matter? Can't you ride the new horse?" he asked. She soon explained how the horse had become frightened and how Mr. Brown had saved her life at the risk of his own. The old gentleman took the horse and led it to the barn. Here beckoned to Robert to follow. When in the barn, the farmer inquired about the runaway and how he had happened to be there. Robert explained to him how, the morning before, he had left home, determination to go to Chicago, and added that he was looking for work so that he might earn money enough to travel by rail. The farmer offered him work for a few weeks that he might earn the required amount of money.

Many times during the weeks that he stood at the house of Mr. Lawrence did they try to dissuade him from his project, and have him return to his home. But his mind was set and he soon left this pleasant place.

Many a time, as he worked in South Water Street in the crowded city, did the vision of that farm-house appear, and especially the form of her who had always sat opposite him at table. Many times in his dreams did he live again the summer evening when he had sat swinging her in the hammock, while she read to him selections from her favorite authors.

Days rolled into weeks, weeks into months and years, but no news came to the home concerning the son. Once only had the mother heard about her boy. That was when, some days after Robert had left the home of Mr. Lawrence, Jessie wrote her about Robert. Since that no word had come to her. No one knew of his whereabouts. Even Jessie had given up all hope of ever seeing him again. During the five years that had elapsed since Robert had left home there had been a great change. The little sister, who had kissed him good-bye as she left for school, had gone to the land from which there is no returning. The father had grown prematurely old. His business was nearly gone. At first he had become stern and very harsh. The son was gone, their only daughter was no more. The loving mother had tried every means to induce the father to ask the son to return, but all was of no avail. At last she tried the one last thing. She poured out upon the father all the love of a wife and mother. At last the stern old man began to relent, he began to sway before her love, at last his pride fell.

Many anxious days were spent in search of Robert. All means of advertising were employed, but Robert could not be found.

One day, some months afterward, as Jessie and her father were at the "International Hotel" in San Francisco, a handsome, well dressed man accosted them, introducing himself as Mr. Brown. It was but a short time before Jessie had told him how matters stood at home; that the father was anxiously awaiting his return, and that the mother was very sick, longing to see her boy.

It is sufficient to say that Robert took the next train, which happened to be the same that Jessie took, for home. He was soon at the bedside of his mother who had been anxiously awaiting his arrival ever since she had received the telegram that he was on his way.

It is useless to relate the joy of the mother at seeing her son, and having the two again reconciled.

Some time after the mother had recovered sufficiently to be out, there was a quiet wedding at the home of Mr. Lawrence. Jessie is now the wife of the Hon. Mr. Brown of California. The father never wearies of telling how his son has risen in this world and become one of the most influential men in the west. But he forgets to tell that it was the love of the mother that brought back the boy who had been sent from home by his harshness.
It would be needless for me to continue picking out such passages as the above; any one "who runs may read" and find them, they are so thickly strewn.

One of the redeeming qualities of the poem is its concreteness, but this is the only one it holds in common with poetry. And, indeed, Johnson could not have expatiated so much if he had not brought testimony upon testimony against this common sewer of Paris and of Rome. By these means he almost make one believe that the London of his day was fifty years worse than that of Butler's time; however, the above named reason can fully account for it all.

He satirizes everybody—courtiers, magistrates, members of Parliament, warriors, actors, and toadies; but through all it runs violent hatred and scorn of the rich, those rich, from whom he himself was afterwards only too glad to receive a pension. But, probably, they were then starting on the right road, according to his notions.

His description of the fire and after-events, lines 178-203, may be partly true, but, thank Heaven, we have seen the same friendly assistance tendered among the braver classes at our present day; which, again, goes to show that the world is not so very much worse than it was in those "good olden times."

"The simple thief was born a patriot," shows his hatred of the French and things French.

"Stand me, kind heavens, to find some happier place, Where honesty and sense are no disgrace."

And, again, this sentiment:

"Hercules, proceed! there is hope for you, but none for me, who start at theft and blunder at perjury."

LINES 134-141 may, perhaps, represent some persons with whom we ourselves are acquainted. (To be taken as a general remark.)

"Hope soothes but to double my distress" is quite felicitous; as also, "Worth wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise."

Though, on the whole, Johnson is not as quotable as the other poets of his school, yet some passages are as fitting for this purpose as any of Pope's; for instance:

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed."

"All crimes are safe but hated poverty."

"Fate never sounds more deep the generous heart, Than when a backbone's insult points the dart."

As strokes of wit we might cite the following:

"Prepare for death, if here at night you roam, And sign your will before you slip from home."

Yet amongst all this wit the sting of satire is everywhere painfully evident. Do not think, however, that we differ entirely from what Johnson wrote in these lines. Many of his remarks are true; but there is one thing that keeps coming to the front right along, one thing that makes him look at it all from its darkest side—his empty purse and his emptier stomach.

Still one passage to show that Johnson did not, could not, write poetry. Suppose a Wordsworth had undertaken to express the following thought:

"There every look with nature's music sings, There every breeze bears health upon its wings", you do not think we should have had something infinitely more musical and sublime?

THE PRINCETON INN.

While the licensing of the "Princeton Inn" has been a blessing in this respect, that it has opened the eyes of many to the state of affairs in some of our large colleges. The very fact that such a place could be opened for the benefit of the college students without a vigorous fight on the part of the faculty is so what surprising. But such a position is only the logical outcome of a doctrine that seems to have gained a good deal of ground in the past few years. "We can only get control of evil by making it legal." According to this view a certain amount of wrong-doing is a necessity and it had better be under our eyes than in some dark corner where it may thrive unchecked. The flaw in this argument is in thinking that it would be any easier to restrain crime after having licensed a part of it than it is now. Will there be any fewer students drawn into lives of dissipation, because one of the places to which they can go is given some degree of moral support by their teachers? Hardly. On the contrary many who would never visit the low gambling dens will be given by this "inn" an excellent opportunity to start on a downward course and bring ruin upon lives that otherwise would have been fair and honorable.
After Death.

REV. J. DE BERN, HAMILTON, ILL.

Up through the vast and vaporous gloom,
Whose massive, cloud-girt columns loom
Sublime—
I climb!
Along the broad and starry stair,
Upbuilid in blue-steps of air,
Far as the spotless seraphs dare
To rise
With veiled eyes—
My raptured spirit flies!
Earth and her echoes die away,
I am beyond the night, the day,
The range Of Change,
And Time, and the last agony,
I rise aloft uncheeked and free.
A breach, a beam, a dream of Thee,
The One,
The source and sun
Of all, since time began,
I hear a hand sweep through the stars
With might, withdrawing golden bars:
Light pours
Through doors
Flung noiseless as the doors of dawn,
And all the stars, it seems, are drawn
Into its glory, and are gone!
Ah this—
This is the kiss
Of God, the angel's bliss:
My Father, thro' a while estranged
From thee, thy love is all unchanged;
And lo,
I go
Into thy presence without tears,
To see thy face no more through tears,
To dwell with Thee, through endless years
With Thee,
Whose love for me
Was proved on Calvary.

Hope's Loss.

In this the most successful of years ever yet experienced by Hope College, a note is sounded sending sorrow into the hearts of those connected with our institution. Prof. J. H. Gillespie, who for ten years has so ably filled the chair of Greek Language and Literature has been called from our midst to become Professor in Hellenistic Greek at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, New Jersey. His departure causes keen sorrow, for he not only by his scholarship but also by his Christian example and influence has won a prominent place in the hearts of those who have sat at his feet.

Enthusiastically interested in the cause of Christian missions, he for two years was the leader of the Mission Study Class. To him is largely due the missionary character of our beloved institution.

The college loses in him a man admired and loved for his scholarship and true loyalty to the state, but most of all for his Christian career.

The Anchor wishes him Godspeed in his new position, and the student body as a whole commend him to the care of Him who, we feal, will supply the serious loss just sustained.

Notes and Comments.

The instructive course of lectures of the Young Men's Christian Association, given during the past year, has proved to be a great benefit to the students. We feel grateful for the willingness which the different pastors showed in responding to the invitation of the Anchor. The Anchor desires to thank them for this token of kindness. The Association is already planning to arrange another course of lectures for the coming year, and we trust that the same appreciation will be shown, and that it may meet with equal success.

Every individual is stamped with some peculiar trait which belongs essentially to himself. These traits we sometimes call his peculiarities: remove them and the individual is not himself; he has lost his identity. To cultivate these traits of our nature, should ever be our aim. There may be strong points in one's character which, when rightly utilized, can be of blessing to others as well as self. We cannot cross the bounds designed by Nature. Says Sydney Smith: "What ever you are from Nature keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. Be what Nature intended you for, and you will succeed: be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing." While every human soul cries for its own individuality, let us not be afraid to show it, and not cover our thoughts, words, and actions with the borrowed robes of others.

The new cut on the cover was designed by Richard De Young of the Freshman class, and is a fair type of the latent talents, abiding in some of our students, which need but a grain of patronage to fan them into a flame of beauty.
Commencement Exercises.

ALTHOUGH not generally recognized among commencement exercises, yet the first of the festivities was the long-looked-for, Meliphanon Anniversary, a program of which follows below. The Meliphonians displayed to a wonderful degree their ingenuity in presenting an entertainment novel and yet proper.

Only one word of comment however. An undergraduate should remember that even in a journal where grinds and hits are expected, he must clearly distinguish between real wit and vulgarity.

On Saturday the society had the usual picnic at Macataw Park, which is reported to have been quite replete with merriment. Here is the program of Friday evening:

**Invitation.**
Dr. G. J. Kellen,
Opening Remarks, Henry J. Skerriett,
H. George Polynia.
"A Vagabond Prince," Peter Ver Burg,
Quintette, "Mrs. Winner's Birthday Song.
Currier, "Shall We Be Americans," Prof. H. Allen.
March, Suite of National Hymns, Prof. H. Vagley.
"The Swell." Geo. W. Kile.
Journal, "Good Night." J. George Brower.
Quintette, "Good Night." Dudley Back.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The formal initiation in the Commencement week exercises was made with the Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday evening by the Rev. Dr. E. Van Slyke, of Brooklyn. He spoke from I Cor. xiii, 31:—"But covet earnestly the best gifts."
The “Jaar-feest” of the Ulfäs Club proved, as usual, a great drawing-card to the citizens of Holland and vicinity. The hall was already filled at an early hour, showing the interest still felt by our Dutch in their mother tongue.

Tho laying it to the charge of no one in particular, yet some of the students might remember that, even if they do not wish to listen themselves, others do and might on another occasion not favor us with their presence which is so much desired. The Ulfänian presented the following program for the successful issue of which much credit is due to the uniting efforts of the “Eere-Voorzitter”, Prof. C. Doesburg:

Piano Solo. ....................................................Melvin Meenge
Gabeh ..............................................................De J. Lucas, Koekama
Indeeling schutterij door den President, C. Nettinga.
Piano Solo. ....................................................Melvin Meenge
Redering—Het Reglement der Pelgrim Vaders,.............J. Wessels
Sobd): 1. Een Hemelzaak, ........................................Spool
2. Vensterkleid. ..................................................Spool
3. Mr. L. M. Riemans.
Declamatie—Jarmier v. Prange. ..................................Wm. Birx
Redering—Alles gaat het leven. ..................................P. Wierama
Declamatie—De Schipbrek. .........................................J. Sywoning
“Solo”—Het Jonge Mediamanegewi. ..............................Spool
Mr. L. M. Riemans.

Anton Jus, H. D. Brink.
Luide Poë, G. H. Koesteling.
J. Schuurchaar, J. Kronenberg.
Dr. Vanderhoeven, H. Telman.
Tamina Holla, J. Sywoning.
Gerrit Seger, Wm. Birx.

Slaatzoek. ..........................................................C. Doesburg
Gezang—My Country ‘tis of Thee. .................................Accompagnatrice—Miss Kate Kanters.

**

Tuesday evening was devoted to the interests of the Alumni, and right well did they avail themselves of the opportunity to recall the past and outline the future of one another. The usual banquet was for this year dispensed with.

On Wednesday, June 15, the annual Commencement exercises of the Senior class took place. Already at an early hour the hall was filled with those who wished to see the fifteen young men take their formal leave of Hope College, and all through the program the crowd paid respectful and courteous attention to what was said and done.

***

THE ANCHOR.
Honorary degrees were conferred by the council as follows:
Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. H. Gispen of Amsterdam, Netherlands.
Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. W. H. Vroom, of Ridgewood, N. J.
Doctor of Divinity upon Prof. J. H. Gillespie.

Prizes were awarded as follows:
The Van Vechten Mississin Prize to Jacob Van Ess, Chicago.
The Henry Birkhoff, Jr. Sophomore prize in English Literature to S. C. Nettinga, of Lemars, Iowa.
The Henry Birkhoff, Jr., Freshman prize in Dutch Literature to John Wesselink, of Sioux Centre, Iowa.
The Bosch "C" class first prize in English Grammar and Orthography to Miss Alice J. Kollen, of Overisel.
The Bosch "C" class second prize to E. R. Kuizenga, of Spring Lake.
The prize in Free Hand and Perspective Drawing to the following, in order of merit: 1st, Cornelius Van der Schoor; 2nd, John W. Douma; 3rd, Henry A. Naberhuis; 4th, Bernard H. Hyink.

In view of the plan of the council to erect a Memorial Hall to bear the name of A. C. Van Raalte, the following subscriptions have already been signed:
Isaac Cappon.......................... $1,000
Geo. P. Hummer---------------------- 1,000
The H. D. Post Family............. 1,000
A Friend in the City................ 1,000
Peter Semelink---------------------- 1,500
A Friend................................ 1,500

We would call the attention of our subscribers to a small volume of poems just published by the Rev. J. De Beer, of Baileyville, Ill. They are decidedly meritorious, especially since the production printed on another page of the Anchor is but a fair sample of our friend's work.

College Jottings.
EDITED BY J. H. TAYLOR, JR. AND G. KOSTELING, M.I.

What an immense lot of revelations!!
Country belles at wholesale!
Anniversary of "Volo videre te."
Next term will find Giel on a frock coat besides.
Slyther, have you heard of Ike Fles lately?
A jolly company of ladies and gentlemen, including Prof. Dimment, spent the afternoon of Saturday, June 11, at Alpena Beach.
Handelink and Kleinheeselink belong to the past;
Straks to the present;
TerAvest to the future.

Next time, Stekete, make a contract that will last the entire day.
Ask Grul what idea he has of a pulse.

The two military companies, in order to show their appreciation of his able instruction, have presented Mr. Langworthy with a souvenir by which to be remembered.
Poor Andy, down-hearted; Strick, blue; the loss of a couple of twigs did not kill the whole tree, did it?

The Anchor extends a sorrowful farewell hand to Prof. Gillespie who has left our college and accepted a position in New Brunswick Seminary.

Miss Van Zwaluweberg sends her best regards to her former classmates.
Prof. Bergen, delegated to attend the General Synod at Asbury Park, N. J., returned a few days before the flunk rooms were closed.
With that solemnity will Van Zee, some twenty years hence, describe to a happy family of little Van Zee's his narrow escape from the angry billows.
What has become of the Prep. Juniors since that defeat at the hands of the Freshmen?
The officers of the boarding clubs have been elected as follows: At the Hope College Boarding Club—Steward, Hondelink; Secretary, Stekete; Treasurer, Giel; Commissary, Nywenning. At the Scott Boarding Club: Steward, Reeves; Secretary, Braak; Treasurer, Heeren; Commissary, Nettinga.
Winnie rejoices in the fact that cherry picking time has once more come around.
Some unexplained why's—
Why does Van der Mel visit Dr. Kollen so often of late?
Why does Van Dam sprinkle and mow the lawn so often?
Why did not the L. L. L. invite the boys to their "bust"?
Why does Wesselink and Koster appear so friendly?
Why did some of the students go home so early?
Why does Duven think more of his sweet dreams than of breakfast?
The students will please remember to have their Anchors as well as other mail forwarded during vacation.

Hessel Yntema, undoubtedly feeling guilty because he had cut off Gent's negotiations in Zeeland, thought that by a skillful change of seats he could clear his conscience.
The som de plume "John Ploughman," which is added to the Mission Essay, stands for Jacob Van Ess who is this year's winner of the VanVechten mission prize.

It was a slight mistake that the Freshmen were to spend Saturday, June 4, at Macatawa Park. Thus the Lady Principal had no occasion to exercise her mission. Even mothers are against the Freshmen.

Preparations for next year's lecture course have already commenced. The students, realizing the benefit received from the past year's course, and ever ready to support Prof. Nykerk in his unfinishing efforts to bring our college on a par with any in the state, look forward to an instructive as well as interesting course next year.

A few of the Freshmen have decided to take a post graduate course in Chemistry under certain conditions. Accordingly they will study during vacation till further orders.

It has often been with feelings of deep regret that we were compelled to mention the name of John Verwey in our columns. But now it is with great pride that we weave his name into the wreath of illustrious heroes. Sufficient proof is afloat that John has saved a woman and a boy from a "watery grave." Hence no more "war-horse Johnny" but "sea-horse Johnny."
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