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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 flag and crescent, and that, too, under the guise of religious freedom. The perpetrator of these foul deeds has fittingly 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 delirium 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 geographical expression; 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- "The Anchor." Ps. xlii. 5.

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G. J. KOLLEN, A. M., LL.D., President.

GOVERNMENT, the Sultan still sways the politico-religious sceptre over the old dividing line of oriental and occidental civilization; over the prize of the powers of Europe, to whose jealous ambitions he may well be grateful. The Balkan peninsula, Asia Minor, Syria, Armenia, and Mesopotamia to the Arabian desert, is the seat of his peoples, immediate power. Ottoman Turks, Koords, Arabs, Circassians, Tartomans and other Islamic tribes; and Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Nestorians 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-
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 and Parsons, seek the missions, shores of Palestine. Jerusalem cannot be reached, and so Beirut now becomes the centre of the first missionary effort. Goodell and Dwight increase the force, but, owing to political insurrections, their plans are thwarted, only for the enlargement of gospel operations. In 1831 they reach Constantinople, this henceforth to be a strategic centre. The Mohammedan world is inaccessible. How could an effort for Christianizing the Moslem be, at all, effectual, when the very word “Christian” had become a stench in his nostrils, when the word “Christian” was synonymous with idolatry and death? First, then, the duty to reform these, and subsequently, by the example and work of a living church, to attack the strongholds of the Arabian prophet.

The Armenian church was first entered because of a special regard for the Word of God, a conscience that could be aroused, and because its errors of doctrine had never been confirmed by a 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 instigation 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 how? the Bibles were confiscated. Young converts were disheartened, 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.

The year 1840 meant to the progress of Protestantism in the land of the Turk, what the Separation year 1521 meant to Luther in Europe. Reform of the old church had proven to be well-nigh impossible. The Patriarch, in the height of his anger, had excommunicated those embracing the new movement. On July fourth, a temporary adjustment resulted in the organization of the first Armenian Evangelical Church at Constantinople with a membership of forty. During the same summer others followed at Alabazar, Nicomedia, and Trebizond. But ecclesiastical separation meant treason to the state. The Turkish government, the contrary to the precepts of the Koran, yet for the sake of immunities, unification had, since 1453, allowed the existence of other religious sects in Turkey, under the old Roman form of “extra territorialities.” These sects, divided religiously, formed also civil communities, each with its own patriarch, who alone was directly responsible to the Porte. Hence the newly organized church was still under the jurisdiction of the Armenian patriarch, who could continue his persecution without molestation on the one hand, and, again, on the other, might charge the Protestants with civil rebellion. In the year 1847, urged by the English ambassador, the Grand Vizier issued a charter establishing the new church into a separate civil community, which charter was confirmed by an imperial edict in 1850. The opposition, thus, was overruled for the furtherance of the Gospel. The forces were now united, and on an equal footing with the other Christian sects. Furthermore, a spirit of inquiry pervaded the whole country, Truth and organization advance with rapid strides. In the south, at Beirut, the political disturbances had subsided, enabling the brethren there to do much the same work as at Constantinople. While the Armenians were, also, indirectly reached, the Syrians were especially given the gospel from that station.

The general contour of the country, the distribution of the Armenians and the course of exiled men, led the streams of evangelism in two directions. Spreading most extensively in Asia Minor, the church at Trebizond shot its branches southward to Cesarea, Sivas and Marsovan; the other stream, proceeding from Beirut, spread northward and eastward to Antioch, Aintab, Marash, Bitlis and the surrounding country. Darkness had taken wings. Prospects of a bright and glorious day are at hand. Even occasional clouds, portending another storm of opposition, are brushed aside by a guiding Providence, making the approaching day all the brighter.

The Crimean War, 1853—56, seeming to forebode disaster—became the occasion for the granting of full religious freedom. The charter of religious liberty in 1850, you will remember, placed the Protestants on the same basis with the other Christian sects: but this by no means insured to them justice in the courts, nor allowed the Moslem to substitute the Bible and Jesus for the Koran and Mohammed.
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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 al-Medjid, in the name of Amoyoun, 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, "is true; but the most important man was converted in the wrong direction. The Sultan, hitherto unaffected, now turned the tide. Some were imprisoned, others banished. It needed no further demonstration that religious liberty to Chris-

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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 strait 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 per- rust 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 publica-

of the Turkish soldiers, and, fur-

however, been aroused. Many Bibles had been scattered among the Turkish soldiers, and, fur-

ther, the war rendered direct aid to the church in affording Dr. Hamilton, by mills and other industries, not only to offer support to thousands of un-

employed Armenians, but also to clear the handsomely sum of 82,500, whereby thirteen churches, schools and adjoining chapels were built.

The organization, in 1834, of the "Turkish Missions Aid So-

ociety," for the purpose of rendering pecuniary aid to our missions, speaks well for the Christians of Great Britain.

Thus all external forces, the politi-

cal intrigues of jealous nations, as well as the church at home, were contribu-

ting to rapid advance of religious reform in the Ottoman Empire. In 1836 the churches number-bered thirty. Ten years later there are twice that number, with two thousand commun-

cants and twenty thousand adherents.

So urgent is the cry for religious in-

struction, that the schools and semina-

ries are unable to supply the de-

mand for teachers and preachers.

Young men are ordained and hurried into the field, without a completed education. So extensive had the field become that it is neces-

sary to divide it into separ-

ate missions; that of the American board into European, Western, Cen-

tral and Eastern Turkish Missions; and in 1876, the work in Syria was con-

signed to the Presbyterian Board.

To relate, in detail, how each of these missions continued the struggle against ignorance, and vice, and corruption; how 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 able to read, and that of "Moslems read our Scriptures more than we think", can any one imagine that its work, as a distinctive feature of missions has come to an end? In many places it is the only messenger of light, and when that is not read, either through hostility or fear, the want may be supplied by the tract or peri-

odical. May we not suppose that these silent little miss'aries often bind up the wounded heart shattered by the unsatisfying promises of a false prophet?

Based on the eternal truths of God, the second factor in the native direct evangelization of the Church empire would, naturally, be 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: "Protest-

antism and reform shall never enter
schools, and is now 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 superiority 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 some-what out of the bounds of direct mission work and to establish industrial and medical institutions. Primary work and kindergartens have increased, of later, 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 now 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 1860 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.

Are the main forces in the field. Their entrance was silent, their development gradual; their efforts effective. 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 Oardo, 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 aggressiments 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. Medical colleges and dispensaries, thou not employed so extensively as in other lands, are by no means a hindrance to the progress of the gospel. Whilst evangelization 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 conjectured by us. Whatever good has been introduced has been directly thru 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 entrenchment of woman 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 effect of massacres, of the last fifty years is displayed in the recent Armenian massacres—horrible tho they be. The dressing of Turkish soldiers in Koordish dress, theirfalling upon schools and churches, the killing of a thousand martyrs at the capital, the pillaging and burning of the college buildings at Malash and Harpoort, the consuming of hundreds of bodies with kerosene at Sassoon, in fine, the losing 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 religion 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 1836 to observe full 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 expulsion of the Christians is the removal of the greatest obstacle to her aggrandizement in Turkey. As Russia relishes it, England 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 country from the Tsar, will mark the downfall of his own power. They must be rooted out, hence the Armenians must be rooted out. Degradation from government 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 caprices and draws the sword. The story need not be told again; it is written in the blood and sufferings of a 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 foreseen.

"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 missionaries. A revival is on. Thousands are turning to God. What the result will be none can tell but He, whose work it is. Even Islam is seeing of the glory of God. The scandal of oriental Christianity no longer veils the Gospel from the Moslem world. The Bible is open to research. "Living epistles" are before 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
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 spilt 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 "Ismael 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 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.

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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 surly 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, de-

pendent, 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 along some distance be-

fore it could be stopped. When at last the frightened animal was brought to a stand-still, the young lady dis-

mounted, 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 be-

come 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. He beckoned to Robert to follow. When in the barn, the farmer inquired about the runaway and how he had hap-

pened to be there. Robert explained to him how, the morning before, he had left home, determining to go to Chicago, and added that he was look-

ing 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. Law-

rence 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 in-

duce the father to ask the son to re-

turn, 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 ad-

vertising were employed, but Robert could not be found.

One day, some months afterward, as Jessie and her father were at the "In-


ternational Hotel" in San Francisco, a handsome, well dressed man accost-

ed them, introducing himself as Mr. Brown. It was but a short time be-

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, long-

ing 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 re-

covered 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 Cali-

fornia. The father never wearies of telling how his son has risen in this world and become one of the most in-

fluential 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.

Johnson's

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Jonathan's "London." 191

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T

his poem was written by John-

son during the first year of his

stay in London. It was published in

1735 and first drew Pope's attention

to him who was afterwards to be one

of the greatest dictators in literary

circles. It may be divided into three

parts: First, an introduction, in which

Johnson presents us to the circums-

stances of his friend Thales, who is

about to depart for Wales; next, a

speech or soliloquy, in which this

friend upholds the city of London;

and finally, a few words of farewell

from Thales to Johnson.

We called this production a poem, yet not in the narrower, the more ex-

clusive meaning of the term. For it is poetry = "heart in art", then John-

son's "London" cannot be classified under this head; but, if anything writ-

ten in rhyme may be called poetry, this production is well worthy of a

place in that category; and the per-

son with the largest vocabulary and an

average conception of meter nat-
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 times 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 it all 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 179-205, 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 has born a pardon!" shows his hatred of the French and things French.

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 c'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."

"I died never wonders more deep the generous heart, Than when a blackhead'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 sup from home."

THE Princeton Inn.

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 soewhat 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 gaming 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 BRER, HILO-STYNE, I11.

Up through the vast and vaporous gloom,
Whose massive, cloud-filt columns loom
Sublime—
I climb!
Along the broad and starry stair,
Unbuilded 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 unchecked and free,
A breath, 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, tho a while estranged
From thee, thy love is all unchange'd—
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.

H. Gillespie, who for ten years has
so ably filled the chair of Greek Lan-
guage and Literature has been called
from our midst to become Professor
in Hellenistic Greek at the New

THE ANCHOR.

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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 promi-

dent 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 ad-
mired and loved for his scholarship and true loyalty to the state, but not 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 feel, will supply the serious loss just sustained.

Notes and Comments.
The instructive course of lectures of the Young Men's Christian Associa-
tion, given during the last year, has proved to be a great benefit to

the willingness which the different pastors showed in responding to the
invitations, and The Anchor desires to thank them for this token of kind-
ness. 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 es-
sentially to himself. These
traits we sometimes call
his peculiarities; remove
them and the individual is not him-
self; 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 de-
signated 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 suc-
cceed; be any thing 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 cov-
er our thoughts, words, and actions
with the borrowed robes of others.

The new cut on the cover was de-
signed 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.
ALTHOUGH not generally recognized among commencement exercises, yet the first of the festivities was the long-looked-for Melophone Anniversary, a program of which follows below. The Melophonians 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 Macatowa Park, which is reported to have been quite replete with merriment. Here is the program of Friday evening:

**Commencement Exercises.**

With an excellent presence and a clear and forcible method of delivery, Dr. Van Slyke during the entire evening held his audience spell-bound. The program was as follows:

duction


Hymn

*Anthem Song*. Henry J. Stekler.

Shall Be American*, G. H. Afford.

March—Suite of National Hymns, Rev. W. A. Miller.


J. George Brower.


Quartette—*Good Night*, J. Y. Brock.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The formal initiative 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."

On Monday, June 13, were held the yearly class-day exercises of the *A. M.* class graduating from the Preparatory Department. A full house greeted the youngsters, and throughout the whole program the audience paid the strictest and most respectful attention. Following is the order of the exercises:


Singing—*Tom a Piper's Son*, Kendall Club.

A Rime of the Navy—*By a Moat Hailey*, J. N. Matthews.

Gertrude Klopman.


Music—"Ten and the Old Camp Ground" W. Kittredge, Minnie Yates and Male Quartet.

Essay—*Scotland's Hero*, Gerrit H. Brower.

Class History—*By a Moat Hailey*, John Y. Brock.

Moral—"Maiden Fair"—Joseph Hadyn.

Moses, Wayer, Heeren, and German.

Class Prophecy—*By a Moat Hailey*, Peter Y. Horst.

Class Poems—*Henry DePrey*.

Music—*I'm Changing Baners*, John Vork.

CLASSES.

Gertrude Klopman—*Henry P. DePrey*.

Wilhelmine J. Van Horne—*Dirk Greul*.

William Dekman—*Barnard Kleinhanszirk*.

Jacob H. Bowers—*Henry J. Nickels*.

John Y. Brock—*John A. Van Zorum*.

Gerrit H. Brower—*Peter Y. Horst*.

J. George Brower—*John Vork*.

William H. De Prey—*Herschel Yehena*.
The “Jaar-feest” of the Ultras 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 to themselves, others do and might on another occasion not favor us with their presence which is so much desired. The Ulflamians presented the following program for the successful issue of which much credit is due to the untiring efforts of the “Eere-Voorzitter”, Prof. C. Doesburg:

**THE ANCHOR.**

**PROGRAM.**

**Music:**
- America.
- Overture.
- Rec. C. Brett, P. D.
- Music: Home, Sweet Home.
- Ovation: The Scholar Citizen.
- Dr. H. J. De Vries.
- Poem: A Glimpse of the Past.
- Chronicles: Prof. W. H. Shires.
- Read by Prof. H. Boers.
- Music: Bogie Song.
- Ultras Club.
- Address to Class of 1975. President Lamarche.
- Alumnus Song.
- Words and music by Rev. H. V. V. Peake, Japan.
- Ovation.
- Verdiology. Benediction.

*Accompanied—Miss Vani Squier.*

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.

**PROGAMME.**

**Invention.**
- Music: “Lost Chord.”
- Ballad.
- Music: “Lead me your Aid!” (From “Queen of Sheba”).
- Grandma.
- Prof. J. R. Sypherd.
- Music: “The 8th of the Posta.” Kester Boga.
- Irving: The Abandoned.
- Robert E. Krumpek.
- Music: “Speed Our Republic.”
- Ultras Club.
- Presentation of Certificates to the Graduating Class of the Preparatory Department. Conferment of Degrees. A. B., upon the Class of 1975; J. M., in course, upon the Class of 1976. Honorary Degrees.
- Awarding of Prizes.
- Music: “Jewel Song.” “From East.”
- Grand.
- Miss Ursula Yates.
- Oration: Valedictory. John W. Boardman, Jr.
- Poetry and Benediction.
- Misses Maurice E. Squier and Amy Yates. Accompanists.
Honorary degrees were conferred by the council as follows:

- Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. H. Mispex of Amsterdam, Netherlands.
- Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. W. H. Vecon, of Ridgewood, N. J.
- Doctor of Divinity upon Prof. J. H. Gillespie.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

- The Van Vechten Missison Prize to Jacob Van Ess, Chicago.
- The Henry Birkhoff, Jr., Sophomore prize in English Literature to S. C. Nettengal, of Laramie, Iowa.
- The Henry Birkhoff, Jr., Freshman prize in Dutch Literature to John Wesselink, of Sioux Centre, Iowa.
- The Bosch “C” first prize in English Grammar and Orthography to Miss Alice J. Kollen, of Overisel.
- The Bosch “C” second prize to E. R. Kruizenga, 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 J. Huyink.

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.

What an immense lot of revelations!!

- Country belles at wholesale!
- Anniversary of “Volo videre te.”
- Next term will find Gielb in a frock coat besides.
- Sluyter, have you heard of Ike Fles lately?
- A jolly company of ladies and gentlemen, including Prof. Dimmert, spent the afternoon of Saturday, June 11, at Alpena Beach.
- Hendelink and Kleinheeslink belong to the past;
- Streaks to the present;
- TerAvest to the future.

Next time, Steketee, 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 Zwaluwe-berg 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, Hendelink; Secretary, Steketee; Treasurer, Gielb; Commissary, Nywening. At the Scott Boarding Club: Steward, Reecesters; Secretary, Braak; Treasurer, Heeren; Commissary, Nettengal.

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 mop the lawn so often?

Why did not the L. L. L. invite the boys to their “bust”?

Why do 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.

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 afoot that John has saved a woman and a boy from a “watergoye.” Hence no more “war-horse Johnny” but “sea-horse Johnny.”
For a full account of Dr. Kollen’s address to the Seniors, see Dr. Hope of June 20.

Students were quite surprised to hear of the election of Mr. E. D. Manton to the chair of Greek Language and Literature. Success.

Mrs. C. B. Coates of 103 E. Tenth St., wishes to give notice that she will take student-boarders at the rate of $2.50 a week, when the fall term again opens. Seniors and Juniors preferred. Please address her at the above number. A good table and courteous treatment are assured. She comes highly recommended.

The topic for the “George Birkhoff Jr. Prize” Examination in English Literature for the coming year is: “The History of the English Novel.” Consult the following authorities:


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