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What Protestant Missions Have Done for India.

Protestant missions are bringing the Gospel to every land. Their mission is divine and their goal the redemption of the world. Hence they will continue on this course until all countries shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.

To India, with her present three hundred million inhabitants, diversity of language, pantheistic belief and much desired wealth, Protestant missions have come to win the entire land for the glorious gospel of Christ.

India was once an enlightened country. She gave birth to sciences and philosophies, taught European and Asiatic lands her skill and art and as such was a beaconlight to the world. But that brilliance was dimmed until recently she is again being illuminated, but now by the gospel torch which will gradually dispel the darkness that envelopes her people.

From a religious point of view, too, India's history is remarkable. Hinduism with three hundred and thirty million gods, teaching that life is a dream, has influenced her literature and controlled the manners and customs of her people. Buddhism, denying the omnipotence and personality of God, teaching that utter extinction is the goal of man, holds millions in its icy grasp. Add Mohammedanism which teaches fatalism, degrades woman, destroys the home through polygamy and concubinage, and you have presented the three religions which Protestant missions have encountered upon the shores of India.

These religions have brought the inhabitants of India into a most deplorable condition. They have caused the illiteracy, the intellectual stupor of the masses, the low estimate of woman and the clinging of all classes with a grip stronger than that of steel to the "time-worn" customs. They have produced the caste system, which separates communities and even members of the same household with unsurmountable barriers. They have utterly corrupted the social system and became the mighty strongholds against Christianity, the curse to the people, and the bane to national development.

To lift India out of this condition is the work of Protestant missions. As early as the seventeenth century, an effort to evangelize her was made by the Dutch, who were followed by the Danish at the opening of the next century. At first their labors were rewarded with apparent success. Many of the natives were induced by compromise, bribery, or force, to accept the Protestant religion. But no sooner did the political influence of foreign countries cease, than the cause of missions began to wane, and soon the
Tamil translation of the Bible and a small Christian community, the work of a few true missionaries, were the only traces left as the remembrance of a lost cause.

Thus it was proven that India could not be won "by might nor by power," that hypocrisy and self-wisdom, clad in the garb of religion, could not make true converts and that Protestant missions could be established only if men animated with unillumined motives for the extension of the kingdom of God.

Such a man was Carey who landed in Calcutta in 1793 and gained a permanent foothold for Protestant missions. He strewed the seed that fell into a rich soil and after some time bore an abundant harvest. He it was, whose efforts and self-sacrifice gained the love of the natives, won the admiration of the Christian world and inspired many with a passion for missions. He it was who toiled alone for eleven years and then, with the aid of Marshman and Ward, continued the struggle for thirty years more until his body sank into the grave.

Meanwhile the London East India Company had shown its hostile character to the gospel. In India it supported idolatry with money and grants of land, persecuted the missionaries and forbade their landing. In 1813, however, the Elizabathan charter was thus modified that thenceforth this company pledged a friendly attitude towards Protestant missions. The result was the gradual occupation of the field by various denominations and mission societies from England, America, Scotland, Wales and other lands, so that now all the Protestant countries of the world, save three, are represented in India.

This work was interrupted by the well known mutiny of 1857, the most heinous crime ever enacted by human hands. Thousands of converts became the victims of their own Heavens and Hell.

MISSIONARIES were killed or driven to the mountain recesses for refuge. Yet this became the means of scattering the laborers and of planting the gospel seeds in different regions of the empire. Hence the mutiny caused the work to take on a new aspect, and proved itself to be a blessing in disguise and the accomplishment of God's purpose on earth.

We should not fail here to make mention of such men as Carey, Judson, Newell, Hall, Nott, Dr. Duff, Wilson, Messrs. Winslow, Scudder and Hunt with their faithful wives, and many others who have sacrificed their lives that India might be won for Christ. They have wrought results which give full assurance that this will eventually be accomplished and will have transformed her from a "Gibraltar of Paganism" into a Gibraltar of Christianity. They have given India a network of schools and of churches extending from the bleak Himalayas to regions in the torrid zone. They have brought intellectual development to the masses, have changed the political system to a great extent, have revolutionized the social standard and have caused a spiritual awakening to manifest itself among all classes. Therefor they will be remembered by each succeeding generation and remain dear to the lovers of missions until time shall have passed away.

The youth of India bear witness to the intellectual changes. Their unwillingness of countenance has been displaced by the radiance of Christianity. Their narrow-mindedness has been widened by the broader views of life held before them. Integrity, self respect and religion have been woven into their character. They are now possessed with strength of intellect, actuated by principles of justice and truth and are the means of instilling the principles of Christian civilization into the public mind.

The women of India also have felt the influence of Protestant Missions. Thirty thousand of their vast number, who are confined in the de-based zemans, have been visited by the missionaries and have heard the blessed tidings of the Gospel. They have been taught the immortality of their soul, their sinful condition, their infinite danger and the way of salvation in Christ, the Savior of the world. What grander results could be achieved than educating those who were kept in illiteracy for centuries and received only a tincture of education with European and American women. What grander result could be accomplished than rescuing these out of the pit of debauched womanhood whence wails of despair have arisen for ages, unheard by the Christian world until the opening of the present century. Then, too, a general awakening has made itself manifest among the people. Dissatisfaction with ancient systems has resulted and is witnessed among the lower and the higher classes who are ready to forsake their hoary customs to adopt those that are fostered by civilization. Even pantheistic believers, who pondered upon the insolvable metaphysical problems that confronted India through all times, have ceased their intense meditations and have been induced to try the superior teachings of Protestantism.

When the Hindus realized that their education was not on a par with that of the Protestants, they knew why the state officials preferred to employ Protestant graduates. This stimulated the Hind lus to action since such a difference in education formed an ever increasing gulf between the two classes of graduates. They now advanced their own standard of education, established more schools and thus, to some degree, diminished the difficulties that retarded the success of missions in infusing intelligence into the life of the nation.

All this has lifted the people to a higher plane. The superstitious beliefs in the healing of diseases has ceased to a great extent. The desire to have the afflicted visited by the "magic power" of the witches no longer exists where Protestant missions have penetrated. The most universal confidence in cure by muttered incantations or "pow-wowing," which craft the avaricious priest and many a "self-pronounced" doctor claimed to possess has changed into doubt, disbelieve and rejection. The deep-rooted beliefs that starvation is the best remedy for fever, that burning with hot irons cures many diseases and that crude mercury is an efficient means to prevent death, have lost ground, and these absurd methods, which have claimed numberless victims in the past, have been largely supplanted by the scientific methods introduced by Protestant missions. Also evil customs have disappeared.
The disasterous habit of child marriage, on account of which there were, a few years ago, eighty thousand widows below the age of ten, has been abolished. Now the native marriage act has fixed the minimum age of marriage at fourteen years and even at this age discourages it. Other habits, as murder by the sutter, burial alive, burning of widows, suicide and the cruelties, to which formerly the eyes were blind, are now admitted by the higher classes to be detrimental to the individual and to society. These customs are entirely suppressed in Protestant communities and even in non-Protestant districts they are falling into disuse and vanish before the advance of Missions.

The thoughtless observer is apt to forget that the success in causing the people to see the folly of their ways was enhanced by the impulses which the missionaries gave to all industry. He does not recall that, while they journey through the country scattering the gospel seeds they do not neglect to advise better ways of cultivation to the tillers of the soil, to suggest the introduction of improved agricultural implements and to recommend a complete system of irrigation in those regions that are subject to severe droughts; nor does he remember that in some cities they have brought about the establishment of factories, of paper and of cotton mills and at times have superintended the work themselves. Further, he has forgotten that the missionaries have exhorted cities to establish systems of waterworks, to construct sewerage systems, to enact sanitary laws and thereby prevent the great losses by fire and ward off the awful pestilences arising from the filth of the cities. But if he will consider thoughtfully, he will remember that by such deeds and by the encouragement given to the construction of the railway and the telegraph, to the building of the ‘Benares and Dufferin bridges’ across the large rivers, the missionaries have received the respect of the people, gained the confidence of those employed in the factories, and obtained opportunities for giving them religious instruction; that in this way they have won the admiration of England, the controlling power of the larger portion of India, and have opened the way for steady progress in all occupations.

In addition, much good has resulted from the Protestant press. Books, tracts, newspapers such as the “Defender,” and periodicals as “The Epiphany” and “The Progress,” together with the Bible in forty three languages have been scattered broadcast through the country. These, on entering the sin darkened homes, have frequently dispelled the clouds of doubt and brought light, happiness and salvation. By means of the publications many thousands of youths who could be reached in no other way have been brought in contact with Protestantism and unconsciously imbibed its spirit which not seldom won many souls for Christ.

Besides, this Christian literature exceeding thirty million copies in the decade preceding 1892, has kindled in many a heart that patriotic spirit which should fill Christians and non-Christians, and this caused the native press to foster the feelings that are conducive to patriotism and nationalization to such an extent that the leaders in state and some of the higher classes are looking beyond the veil that separates the present from the future and catch glimpses of what India will be when these shall be obtained. They eagerly await the day when the eyes of all shall be opened to the present weaknesses, when the need of concentration of power shall be universally felt, and when the love of country shall inspire every heart; for then industry will prosper, commerce be stimulated, public welfare promoted, England cease to control and India become an independent nation flourishing in the Orient.

Meanwhile all classes from the lowest Hindus to the highest Brahman have been stirred by a spiritual awakening and accept Christianity. The Chooras of North India, the filthy Moghars, Pariahs of South India, Malays, Gypsies and those oppressed by the tyrannical hands of the landowners and money lenders, have come in groups to the missionaries and eagerly listened to the story of the cross. Large numbers of them have forsaken their past, broken the caste bonds, and are now journeying side by side with Christians of different castes and on that path which leads into everlasting life.

This silent revolution in the realm of religion yearly added many souls to the number of converts. According to the last census there were nearly seven hundred thousand professing Christians in all India; of these, one hundred and eighty-two thousand were members in full communion in India proper, thirty-three thousand and thirty-seven in Burmah, and nine thousand in Ceylon. The next census is awaited by all acquainted with the work with great joy and expectation, since the fields are full of promise. They believe that the per cent of increase will be larger than ever before, and that this not only will inspire every missionary with new zeal but also will cause the people in Protestant lands to re-inforce the laborers in India strongly, and no longer compel their ranks to be diminished in any district.

Some temples of idolatry have already fallen into decay and vices of the priesthood have been exposed. Churches have arisen on the site of these crumbling temples and the servants of God are winning the followers of the priests whose strength was once powerfully felt but is now crippled. And as a proof of this we refer to the fact that many a time large donations are given to the advancement of a misn., that the temples of Hinduism are transformed into houses of worship dedicated to the lowly Gau-lean; and that, as a whole, Hinduism begins to give way to the Gospel and the people are beginning that it is making for its last despair. Said Nawab Hussain ud Molk, “To me it seems that as a nation and a religion we are dying out.” Said a native convert, “God is forming a new nation in India.”

We should, however, not forget that foes are still attempting to arrest the progress of the Gospel. The Brahman Somajies mainly in the Bengal province and the Aryan Somajies, especially in the Punjab districts, are vigorous attempts to revive Hinduism and Buddhism. For this same purpose, two special colleges have lately been founded—the one for young men by Dharmapala, the great revivalist,
the other for girls by a European woman. These schools are aided by some of the native newspapers which falsely charge the missionaries with introducing bad customs and declare them to be opposers to patriotism and nationalization. Also, atheism, rationalism, and materialism have come to India from civilized lands and have created among the intelligent classes a taste for the works of Ingersol, Strauss, Hegel and others. But need this dishearten the followers of Christ, when they know that, in spite of the bitterest opposition and the severest persecutions, the Gospel has steadily progressed and that all the principalities and powers of darkness joined together cannot permanently check the spreading of God's Word? By concentrated forces these foes will be overcome and the triumph of missions will be the greater. Already Protestant missions have accomplished much for India. Says the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, "To my mind Protestant missions have done more lasting good for the people of India than all other agencies combined." To destroy what they have done for her would be to turn the friendship of the British government into its former hostility, to take away all modern improvements, to make void the law providing for a "famine fund," to remove the Protestant press and the Christian literature, to disregard the sanitary laws of cities and expose these anew to plagues and pestilences. It would mean to tighten the shackles of the caste system and enslave all classes to its pangs, to subject the young girls to the lamentable woes of child marriage, to reinstate the suit and other instruments of torture, to encourage suicide and to feed the Ganges with helpless infants. To obliterate what Protestant missions have done for India would be to withdraw eighteen hundred missionaries, to lay waste more than one hundred and seventy asylums for lepers, hospitals and dispensaries, to dissolve the network of schools, colleges, seminaries and churches, to hurl thirty-three thousand women back into ignorance and despair and to deprive forty thousand children in Ceylon and three hundred thousand in India proper and Burma from a Christian training. Finally, to destroy the results of Protestant missions would be to blast the hopes of thousands of converts for obtaining everlasting life, and even to consign the souls that have passed to heaven to destruction, and once more give universal sway to Buddhism, Hinduism and Mohammedianism. The non-Christian may refuse to ascribe these results to Protestant mission. But every follower of Christ is assured that they could be brought about by no other agencies. The history of India at least testifies that such results could be accomplished only by missions which were sanctified and blessed by the Spirit of the Almighty. As such the results shall stand and ever remain the living witness of her missionary past and the hope of her still brighter future. But India has not yet experienced such changes as a nation, nor have the hearts of all her people as yet been illuminated by the gospel. On the contrary, the need for material aid, for recruits, for reinforcements, for united prayers must be clear to every one who casts a glance to this enlightened empire. Millions of people in the central districts have never heard of Christ. One thousand, one hundred and sixty-nine towns in the Poona district are in utter darkness. Satara and Kolhapur districts are unoccupied. Kothiwar with her three million inhabitants has only three missionaries. Ballia is unprovided for, and in the Bengal province Palam, Bogra and Malda each with a population exceeding seven hundred and fifty thousand have never yet been visited by the missionaries. There are many thousands in different parts of India who have never seen but a slight glimmering of the light that streams from Calvary's mountain. The five hundred thousand lepers outside of those in the asylums are destitute not only of physical comfort but also of that spiritual food which alone can save them for the eternity towards which every human being is speeding. For of Christ they hold these extensive fields that are ripe for the harvest and almost without a single laborer! The barriers have been cast down, the doors have swung open, great opportunities are offered, the Macedonian cries echo along India's shores and re-echo across the seas to every land. Never were there fewer obstacles in the way than now and never was the responsibility of the Christian world greater. If only every Christian would feel his responsibility for India's millions who are passing into eternity without the knowledge of salvation, a different attitude would be assumed toward missions. If the church of Christ realizes that before another half century has passed the way may again be obstructed, with what vigor ought not the work be prosecuted! Would that the means were provided to send more men and women to India that she might become pervaded with the principles of the Protestant religion and no longer cherish the heathen religions in her own dominion nor encourage them in China, Japan or Turkey, but that she herself might aid in bringing the gospel message to those countries so that they too might be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." God grant that the entire Church may do her duty in bringing the gospel to India. Then Protestant missions will advance more rapidly. Then will be added the glorious results of the future to the grand accomplishments of the past. Then India will soon become a Christian nation and her millions will rally round the banner of the gospel bringing the praises of their salvation unto Him who has sent His Son to redeem them with his blood.

De. Duff.

Jack's Change.

The Alger family resided in a large comfortable cottage in the summer resort of S---. Early in the spring, the four persons, comprising the family, lived in a circle in their city home, had all looked expectantly forward to the time when they could again get away from the noise and dust and smoke of
the great city, and when they could again enjoy the cool sea breeze.

Besides the father and mother and sister Edna, let us notice Jack, a strong, robust boy of eighteen, who cares little for anyone but himself. His greatest delight is to enjoy himself, in company with a roistering band of companions, at the village about a mile distant from their summer home.

“Well, I suppose I’m doomed to stay here to night again, but what the old gent wants me to stay for is more than I know. I guess I’ll tackle this book.”

Jack sat leisurely down in one of the many large and handsome chairs that adorned the richly lighted parlor. At the piano was seated his sister Edna, intensely interested in playing her newly purchased musical selection.

“Say, this book is just fine, I don’t think,” Jack remarked to himself, “get on to this: ‘yes, truly, if Nature is one and a living indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature with out which Nature were not. As pal pable life-streams in—

And here he stopped and threw down the book.

‘Tell you what, Sis, that music of yours is simply grand. It seems to lift one from the common realms of realism to the lofty heights of musical inspiration”

Edna said nothing, but quietly bore his sarcasm with a smile. She knew how discordantly the classical strains struck upon Jack’s ear, and she was not surprised, when, a moment later, he left the room and slammed the door behind him.

Jack walked to the seashore. Here he pushed off a boat, and, after a few strokes allowed his oars to rest.

It was a beautiful summer night. The bay was one calm expanse of water lighted by the partly shadowed moon, thereby giving that weird, yet lovely scene of evening. In the distance could be heard the regular “trac-tac-tac” movement of the oars, and the gentle dripping of the water. From over the bay sounded merrily singing and the soft sweet strains of stringed instruments. All around was happiness and peace. The God of Beauty was here.

And yet, all these things made no effect upon Jack, who sat discontentedly in the boat planning something for his own selfish amusement. Dissatisfied he went to bed, dissatisfied he arose: but he was in high spirits, later on in the day, when invited to spend the week camping with his associates on the ocean beach.

And here, indeed, Jack had a ‘high old time’, as he usually styled it. Ginning, fishing and swimming were the main sports in which he enjoyed himself. But these pastimes were not to be compared with the nightly balls that were held. Here all was life and gayety. The merry company in the dance swayed to and fro in perfect unison with the rhythms blazed forth from the brazen instruments.

On Saturday afternoon the jolly party in the little catboat started upon their homeward trip across the bay. A strong, fresh breeze was blowing, and for some time they were carried rapidly before the wind. Soon, however, the breeze died out and they rolled idly upon the water.

The sun has already gone down. The night darkens by reason of the gathering clouds. The sea is somewhat troubled and seems to have a low, distressful moan. All Nature has a hushed expression, previous to the breaking forth of its wrath; suddenly there is a whistling, rushing wind. The small sail is torn to ribbons. Above all the noise and tumult can be heard the terrific peals of thunder rolling along the blackened sky. Through the blinding sheets of rain can be seen the keen, vivid flashes of lightning. The elements are in their fury. The awful God is present.

The little vessel plunged and strained with its broken mast and torn sail, but still she rode gallantly thro the waves, bearing the terrified boys safely to harbor.

That night, when Jack retired, he looked thankfully up to his great Superior, and in that degree was himself changed and ennobled.

He dreamt that he saw a herald, standing before the people of the world, holding in his hand a tablet upon which were written these words: “Too often dost thou recognize God in his terrible majesty and in his awe inspiring works. How much better would it be if thou shouldst learn to read him in quiet, peaceful, and happy nature; and, like John, Bryant, learn to love him for the delicacy and grace of the small forest violet.”

Jas. J. Hoffman, ’02.

American Oratory: Webster.

THERE is nothing grander in this world than to persuade men to noble action. It is the prerogative of every American to aspire to this calling. In no sphere of life are men sooner successful. Position, honor, wealth, reputation, all are at the orator’s bidding. But the requisites of a successful orator are so great that few have been worthy of the name. He must have self-reliance, power to use language, information on almost every subject in the realm of knowledge, especially on the one in hand. But above all he must form an intimate acquaintance with his own heart, which will give him easy access to those of his audience. Thus, as long as men are controlled by like passions, so long will oratory in many respects be the same through all ages and among all peoples. But modern oratory differs from the ancient as well as English oratory in certain ways, differs from American Climate, habits, and environment of necessity influence nations as well as individuals. America has only a small classic literature compared with that of England, especially in fiction and poetry. But, as for orators and orations which may be called distinctively American, she can make a respectable showing. This need not be surprising. The oratory of England began practically during our Revolution, and it has always thrived best in a democracy. It took many years of struggle before Parliamentary debates and speeches were allowed to be published in England. Before the English Revolution no one dared to print any of the transactions of Parliament. Even in the time of Pitt and Fox, it was a dangerous undertaking to criticise the government.
Samuel Johnson often wrote entire speeches, which by many were supposed to have been delivered in Parliament. If he knew only the subject and made up his own fertile imagination would conceive the arguments that must have been used. The art of stenography was then unknown. There was no trusty reporter present to write verbatim the speeches as delivered. Some of the great masterpieces of English oratory have come down to us only as "eloquent fragments." Only four or five orations of the Earl of Chatham were reported with any degree of accuracy. Burke, indeed, is an exception. But he seems to have applied himself more to the written discourse than to the art of oratory.

The general diffusion of knowledge and literature by means of the printing press has deprived the orator of being the only source of information. But the daily press is not so influential as some would have us believe. Its very mass effectually abridges its influence. Americans will always listen to the human voice on such occasions as Decoration Day and Fourth of July. Our national elections also furnish excellent opportunities. Thus, for the various kinds of orations many occasions offer themselves.

It does not often happen, however, that one man becomes a model in determinate and demonstrative oratory. Yet such was the case with Webster. In addition to the advantages stated above, Webster had the opportunity of carefully revising his orations as they had been reported. He was singularly fortunate in having Edward Everett, himself a platform lecturer, edit his works. But above all he was prepared to meet the profit-yielding occasion. No one knows whether all his orations, which are now considered as classics will bear the test of time. But strangely enough, Webster has given us two masterpieces of the determinate class and at least one of the demonstrative. The Dartmouth College case is the great forensic; the Bunker Hill Monument is the great occasional, and the Reply to Hayne is the great Parliamentary oration.

Webster's orations are valuable for the following reasons (apart from their immediate effect) the purity of their style, their historical, intrinsic, and subjective or personal value. True, his imagination was not so fervid and poetical as that of Burke. Many of his metaphors are from nature, so their concreteness makes them more popular. He has no brilliant, descriptive passages, as for instance that of Burke in the Nabob of Arcot. But he does not hesitate to use the short, common words for his sublimest thoughts.

In reasoning, he has no superior. The continued taunts and insolence of Hayne finally stirred his massive frame, and he delivered in reply a popular oration. But against Calhoun, he is the close metaphysical reasoner. He placed his chief reliance on the human understanding. His arguments are plain, and so often repeated in various forms that the dullest mind must comprehend them.

Webster's great mission was to interpret the Constitution for the American people. Tho his historical argument was probably weak, the American people, however, were ready to accept his interpretation. Thus, historically, his orations will always be valuable commentaries on the Constitution. It is very probable that Mr. Webster could not have delivered another oration as the one in reply to Hayne. He poured forth the thoughts he had stored up from boyhood, from the time he learned the Constitution at his mother's knee. His mighty soul was stirred as if it never had been before. The occasion, the provocation, and the right man met at the right time.

Webster's name will always be dear to Americans because of the services he rendered his country. To be sure, he made mistakes. But who is free from them? His "Seventh of March" speech is by most people now condemned. He evidently did not sound the depth of the feeling in the North in regard to slavery. But what statesman of the old school did? Compromise had for many years been the order of the day. The other mighty causes had not yet appeared which were to stir the North. Webster educated the North by his orations. He convinced their understanding. This, truly, would not have been sufficient. But "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other events soon thereafter appeared which did for the emotions what Webster had done for the intellect.

He also had the physique of an orator. One often hears that the admiration for physical greatness belongs to barbarians. But, other things being equal, a huge frame with a deep, sonorous voice has even today the preference. But beauty and symmetry of form are not now the chief requisites.

In respect to leadership, Webster was not great. He could hold his own position by his own native force, but he could not form a following. In this Henry Clay, his great rival, was greatly his superior.
promise of 1833 and the one of 1850. Many now accuse him of having encouraged slavery by his compromises and of having courted a dangerous evil in the body politic. So the historical and subjective elements are against him; and these count immensely with posterity. His speeches more-

over do not read well and are not interesting. The he was not on the whole immediately as successful, Webster holds the first place as an orator in the hearts of the American people chiefly for the inseparable service he rendered the Union in its darkest hour. J. Steunenberg, '01.

*Poem. E. L. Strong

It was scarce four short years ago,
A score of lads and maidens fair,
As lightsome as their native air,
Possessed a deep desire to know.

Then gathered they upon the margin
Of knowledge's stream. Then to embark
And sail upon the waters dark,
In their equipped yet untried barge.

A motley crew in truth were they,
United in a band by fate,
Hailing from many a town and state,
Each to pursue the scholar's way.

Th' Empire state our prophet gave,
Sturdy yet full of brimming wit,
Not like the seers of Holy Writ,
But jolly withal instead of grave.

One mighty oarsman in the crew
('Mong lofty sandhills was he bred
And in theology well read)
Vowed that he never danger knew.

Dreath the offered up three noble boys
In this new voyage to partake,
And ne'er did they their mates for-\nIn difficulties or in joys. [sake

The home of all professors wise,
To save its ancient pride,
Or with its rivals keep afloat,
Sent John to this great enterprise.

Again the crew bends to the oar,
And with long strokes they skim the deep.
The bark is trembling at each sweep
That drives it swiftly from the shore.
But what is this that checks its course?
'Tis but some little hidden snag
That holds the keel and tries to drag
The precious burden down by force.

United effort soon o'ercame
This hidden obstacle of dread;
The boat again soon onward sped
While skiff and crew were still the same.

Another harbor now is neared,
Where two new mates their names enroll
To journey toward the longed-for goal
Of which these youth so oft had heard.

A quiet row against the stream
Which narrow'd as the distance grew.
From whence had sailed the little crew.

Revealed the distant harbor's gleam
Th' anemone was add'd then
To such a fair bouquet of flowers
As ever graced the sea-nymphs' bowers,
Or pleased the fancies of the glen.

Again the gallant crew set sail
Against the stream with dangers fraught.
By sad experience were they taught,
And suffered much in many a gale.

To right and left are rocks and rills
And hidden dangers in the deep;
But the gallant crew their course still keep,
While dangerous wreckage downward drifts.

Beside them now the whirlpool's glare,
A Scylla and Charybdis new.
Where never sailor had passed thro';
And twenty-six then foundered there.

But someone with a mighty voice
Like some mysterious god of old,
Art for Truth's Sake

Art is a sample of human skill. Fine arts exercise the taste and
the imagination. These arts are di-
vided into two classes; the free and the
dependent arts. The object of
the free arts is to create form for its
own sake. They embody expressions
which awaken the emotions to the ap-
preciation of high ideals. The object
of the dependent arts is to create
form for utility's sake. Now, the de-
pendent arts are the works of the
whole spirit of man. Therefore, the
free arts pertain more to the moral
and spiritual development. In their
truth and perfection they are the ulti-
mate climax of human acquisitions.
Painting and poetry, to which we limit
the present discussion, belong to the
free arts.

Now, in these arts there are two
great principles to be considered.
What shall be the leading principle in
art? Shall it be "Art for art's sake"?
or shall it be "Art for truth's sake"?
In a true work of art there must be
the distinct and inseparable human
element. Art is not merely a literal
copy of nature or a physical accom-
plishment of human skill, but it is a
combination of nature and the soul or
spirit of the individual artist. That
soul or spirit is the human element.
If now art simply exists for its own
sake then we do not necessarily re-
quire this human element; for beauty
is the criterion of perfection. But if,
on the other hand, art exists for truth's
sake then we do need this human ele-
ment; for truth is the criterion of per-
fection. Now, since these free arts
are the works of the spirit of man, we
hold that truth is the criterion of per-
fection.

This subject, the art of painting and
poetry is too broad for general discus-
sion. Therefore we have chosen one
painter from the ranks. We do not
choose this particular painter, for his
superiority over other artists; but be-
cause his work and his life is such as
to most easily explains the subject
under discussion. In poetry two poets
have been chosen for the purpose of
representing art in its two forms. Under
Pope we mean to discuss art for its
own sake or skillful versification; un-
der Milton art for truth's sake or art
subservient to the soul of poetry.

Now, since there is a beauty which
comes from association, and a beauty
which is intrinsic, the environments
of the aspiring artist are great factors
in his appreciation and assimilation
of truth and beauty. And it seems
that kind Providence had provided a
place for the cradle of art. Under the
azure heavens of sunny Italy, where nothing
ventures to grow that does not bear
fruit, where flowers are weeds, where
roses form the hedges, and where the
lovely cloudy foliage of the olive af-
ords both shade and wealth to the in-
trusive admirer of beauty, then it
pleased Providence to locate the cen-
ter and cradle of the art of painting.
There is Florence. On the outskirts
of this city, about midway between
Fiesola and Florence, on the brow of
a most beautiful slope stands the con-
vent of San Dominica. In this con-
vent, planted upon the beautiful mar-
gin of the concave paradise of Flo-
rence, was the abode of the angelical
painter, Guido di Pietro, known under
the Dominican order as Fra Giovanni,
and popularly known from his angeli-
cal paintings as Fra Angelico. It
was from this paradisiacal home that
the artist filled the chambers of his
soul with hundreds of delicate shades,
soft glooms and heavenly shadows, as
he viewed before him the beautiful
vale of Florence dressed in Nature's
gaudy train of flowers and stamped
with the workmanship of earthly mor-
tals. Such were the environments of
the Tuscan artist. There was no pe-
dantic school to fetter Nature's child
to strict and senseless laws of art.
His environments brooded in him an
effervescent fountain of Nature's gold-
(en. truth. No scientific nor mechan-
ical contaminations permeated the
truthful concepts of his pure childlike
soul. And yet, above Nature's truth-
ful instruction there vibrated a more
serene chord in this age. It was the
spiritual chord of Christianity. This
was an age of the revival of truth.
And it was these noble and truthful
influences that guided the graceful
hand of Pietro.

Examine now his picture. As you
enter the outer cloister of San Marco
you face the painting of the crucifix.
The countenance of Christ is beautiful
in youthful resignation and patience.
But into the celestial symbols of the
depth of the reality of the suffering
son of God the sympathetic soul of
the artist could not penetrate. "The
passion of suffering was alien to his
heavenly nature," and if art is truth
the artist cannot portray what he can
not comprehend. He did aim at the
truth but he could not reach it.

At the foot of the cross of this same
picture is the figure of a devout Do-
minican clinging in humble supplica-
tion to the cross. An emotion of earn-
est self-devotion is expressed upon his
countenance. The painting is true.
The aim was within the scope of hu-
man skill. The artist lost the ideal
of beautiful features to beautiful truth.
His premise was true.

All art is not founded upon a true
promise; but all worthy art is true to
the premise upon which it is founded.
Pietro could not comprehend the suf-
ferring of Christ. He did not have a
true premise; but to his premise his
art was true. He painted not for art's
sake but for the truth which a picture
should embody. Pietro painted with
ears in his eyes and prayers upon his
lips. But there is a limit to human
skill and human interpretation. Be-
{}
magnanimity and sublimity.

"Of the soul, the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

In describing the journey of the fallen angels in hell, Milton writes these lines:

"For many a frozen, many a stony peak,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fire, fogs, drugs, and shades of death
They passed."

This is not mellifluous diction. It is the soul of these lines that makes the form; but it is not the form that incorporates the soul to its likeness. The soul demands the wearisome monosyllabic spondee; and the very prosaicness of its form and rhythm makes it the truest art. Form is the body; truth is the living soul.

If we ascribe to Milton the simple honor of having written musically flowing verse we crumble his immortal fame. These things are subservient to the soul, to the life of poetry.

The most beautiful Corinthian architecture has long since crumbled into ruin. The grand majestic supporting columns of the stately Corinthian temples have ceased to shoulder their burdens. Her beautiful structures have fallen away; but that sublime soul of architecture, that nobler sentiment which architecture embodies, lives on forever in the world of pure art literature. It is not that form of Milton's poetry that maintains its high supremacy; but it is that sublime soul that makes the form immortal. Art does not exist for its own sake; but it exists for the truth from which it springs.

Children play; men work. College boys are half way between children and men, in a transition period. They are not ready to quit play, nor for all work. They must have both. Formerly they were left to themselves while at play, when at work they were watched over by the eyes of a whole faculty. The idea of training was left out of sport, it was all centered on the class room. The whole child side or play ground of the boy's nature was permitted to grow up in weeds. On the man side he was worked for all that there was in him.

But things have changed. Nature is mightier than college rules and has asserted itself. The big remainder of the child in the boy broke out on every side. Pranks were not enough. Carrying off a few gates at night, and a little old-fashioned game of ball in a neighboring field, did not satisfy the demand of the transition period. Being half full of play and half full of business the boy began to mix the two with tremendous earnestness. He played with the abandon of a child and with the system of a man. A game of base ball became as serious an affair as running a factory, and football took on the formidable aspect of an engagement between two armies. Boating and boat races assumed an

* From The Congregational Advocate.
should not oppose but fall into line with the new movement and make the student's sports an opportunity and means of education. And this idea is getting firm possession of the minds that be. The department of sports is recognized and appropriations are made for its support. There is a paid director, and play is a factor in education. Faculty meetings hear reports from the ball ground, and when a game is won over some other college the whole town hears of it day and night until enthusiasm has worn itself out.

Thus the whole college boy, with all the play that is in him and all the work that is in him, is utilized, developed, and fitted for the fierce battle and high achievements of after life. To use Mr. Tabor's fine sentence in closing: "It is play with a meaning, sport with an object. Idleness without losing, liberty without license; up-building strong character and fine physique as silently and imperceptibly as the web of the spider, but as firmly and surely as the growing coral reef."

There are at least two modes of criticism. The one deals almost exclusively with the extraneous; the other with the internal. The former is the easiest of all; it tells us, for example, of a man's parentage; when he was born: where he went to school; what he did there; whether he was an enthusiast or a dreamer; with whom he married; how many children he had; when he died, and a score of others, apparently considering that this is explaining a man.

The other makes these external matters of secondary importance and penetrates into the inner life of things, whether art, science, history, or man. It seeks for the principles that moulded things; the motives that produced a man's actions; what emotions inspired his life; his influence upon his fellows, his age, future ages—constructive or destructive. Two questions arise—what is most important? How obtained?

The most important is always what is most useful. Except knowledge serve some purpose, what have it? To serve what purpose? What weight of real information? Is it not a useless burden to know all the outward facts of a man's life? True, they are not worthless, but yet should they not be secondary? What is the benefit, pray, to know Milton's married life—that story of misfortune? Are we any the wiser? Is it of any practical use? To us his mind is of more value—the spirit which stirred that mind, because it is the better Milton. The first is but the story of unhappy flesh in its relations to flesh, and like all flesh, transient. The other shows the inner life—calm and resigned—moved again with thoughts of the sublime, pure and powerful. It is spirit and, like all spirit, eternal. To understand this is to know a man; to think as he thinks; feel as he feels.

Morover spirit is power. It seizes the heart of man, and conquers him. We may stop a rivulet, but the mountain torrent, whom does it not overwhelm. A nation may resist an invasion of bayonets, but an invasion of ideas, roused up by an eternal spirit, what nation can? The true purpose of criticism is to become imbued with the underlying principles of all things, in which the spirit dwells. This is to become the savior of the world. The body kills but the spirit makes alive. It is Christ's spirit that the world needs; it cares less for the few historical facts of his life.

But how to obtain this? It is to get the ideas of a man. Idea means originally to see. This will necessitate the putting aside of a dozen different critics, and go to the thing itself. The water of the fountain is better than the same water down in the river. In criticism it is the same. Man only muds what he touches. The translation of most books ruins them. The translation of the thought has the same result. Scientists have dissected every kind of organism, and gotten at the inner thing, therefore, do we say? True, but they found only clay, cold and lifeless, having destroyed the better thing in the process. To read criticism primarily is to handle lifeless clay. Hence, back to the source, fresh, pure and inspiring.

Do we hear it said, "I can not?" Canst thou not think? Then, indeed, thou art in a wretched plight. Or art thou too indolent to toil hard? Go to the ant thou sluggard, and be wise. Shall we be satisfied with what the friends and enemies of Darwin have to say of him? If so, we shall not know Darwin. Shall we read commentaries and pamphlets and editorials primarily on Bible truths? If so, we shall get the opinions of men, not the thoughts of God? Again, therefore, back to the refreshing fountain to get the eternal draught.

The management of the Anchor has decided to offer three prizes for short stories. The first prize will be a three years' subscription to the Anchor, the second prize a two years' subscription, the third prize a one year's subscription. The competition is open to students of both college and preparatory departments. The number of words must be less than 2,500 and the stories must be in before Sept. 1. The competitors should sign nom-de plumes and send separate envelopes with their own name and nom-de-plume.

Address, Anchor, Holland, Mich.

In the Meliphone and "A" class entertainments, one thing was noticeable and that is worthy of mention. The class has some very strong material in the line of humor and pathos, material that should be encouraged and cultivated. We would like to see the students next year form a Declamation Association and have the different students gifted in that line compete for a medal. Other colleges have such associations, why shouldn't Hope have one?
Commencement Chronicles.

THE Commencement exercises this year as usual began with the Meliphonians. They celebrated their forty-second anniversary with a public program, which was especially strong in music and recitation. A new departure was undertaken when the society determined to try on some instrumental selections, which proved to be very successful. The journal this year was a decided improvement over former attempts and was free from any stinging sarcasm that might have hurt either students or professors. The following was the program:

 Invocation: Rev. J. W. Bradimer, D. D.
 Opening Remarks: N. E. van Duin.
 Instrumental Music—Large: Mendelssohn.
 Address: "Whispers of the Century." Anthony Kehraman. 
 The Class of 1896.
 Oration—"The Sword in Kentucky." J. A. Phelps.
 Instrumental Music—"Life is a Dream." Robert W. and Holmes.

Eccalaureate Sermon.

Sunday evening the Eccalaureate Sermon was delivered to the Seniors by the Rev. Joachim Elmsendorf, D. D., of the Collegiate Church of New York City. His text was taken from John 18: 8—"Pilate saith unto him, Whither goest thou?"

The discourse was a scholarly production and the Anchor wishes to thank Dr. Elmsendorf, in behalf of the students in general and the Senior class in particular, for the thorou study which he put on the production and for the earnest way in which he strove to impress upon us hearts what the Truth is—"the agreement between the ideal and the real."

"A" Class Exercises.

Monday afternoon, June 19, the commencement exercises of the Preparatory Department were held. The class had taken upon itself to entertain the public rather than to show what they could do. The sacrifice was noble and indeed successful but rather unfortunate, for we hear that the members of the class are especially strong in original work. Mr. Van Dam's production on "Art for Truth's Sake" is a good example of what the class can do. The following program was rendered:

 Invocation: Miss Amy M. Yates.
 Recitation: Rev. J. Van Houtte.
 "Her First Shot." McCoy.
 Address: "Again the Wind." Miss Jennie G. Heidmann.
 Music—"Bridal of the Birds." Bradley Richards.
 Laude—"Quintet." Miss Amy M. Yates.
 "An Order for a Picture." Alice Cory.
 Miss Ethel K. Roberts.
 "Supplication to the Press." Eugene J. H. R.
 Love Song. "Norah W." Miss Amy M. Yates.
 Miss Amy M. Yates.
 "The Painter of Seville." Sarah Whiting.
 Music—"Sonata." Miss Grace Yates.
 "Rosa." 
 
Class Poem. Miss Grace Yates.
 "Deburea as she is Ent." Arr. by W. H. Cooper.
 Music—"The Star of Love." Dudley Jack.
 Male Quartette.

ULFILAS CLUB.

On Monday, June 19, at 7:30 p. m. the Ulfils Club held their thirtieth anniversary. The members showed that the past year was a profitable one. There was done upon Van Vonder's "Lucifer", under the able direction of Prof. C. Doesburg, who still continues in his capacity of "Eve's Corretor" to help the society in its work.

Geels, Rev. J. W. Ir. Jones.
 Opening-Program, W. L. Hemlock.
 Recitation — "Bring on Otreul van Leiden." J. Van Der.
 "The Doctor's Boy." W. H. Cooper.
 Miss Lena Bonner Accompanist.
 "Tartik in de Koel." H. Pelman.
 Recitation—"Wautam van Fransche Overheersing." N. C. Keysor.
 Piano Solo—"Gavotte in E." M. M. Van Der.
 Recitation—M. Frey.
 The prizes this year were as follows:

* The Van Vechten Mission prize essay, on the subject "What Protestant Missions have done for India", by Gerrit Te Kestel. The Henry Birkhoff Jr. Sophomore prize in English Literature, in an ex-
Arrangements have practically been completed for obtaining a new instructor in the Natural Sciences. The Executive Committee of the Council has also been empowered to engage a teacher to assist mainly in Greek and Latin. So we see the faculty is still growing.

The first page of the Anchor shows the pictures of Prof. A. J. Ladd and Prof. E. D. Dimnent, who were added to the faculty last year. Their work has assured them of permanent positions and has won for them the love of the students.

We call the attention of the students to the prizes offered for short stories, under "Notes and Comments." We hope many of the students will try their skill along this line.

Mr. Cooper's work on the "A" class program was probably the effort of his life. His repose and unconsciousness of art is very pleasing. The secret of his success is his ability to give himself wholly to each successive idea and to hold himself in such sympathy with the various situations and characters that he gives expression to what arises in his heart with simplicity, truthfulness and sincerity. Mr. Cooper, in his impersonations of childhood, showed a remarkable insight into and a deep appreciation of the child nature. His impersonations do not seem the efforts of a man to act and talk like a child but rather a child trying to act and talk like a man.

Fleming H. Revell Co. has just published a book that promises to be of special interest to our students. It is "The Bible Among the Nations," by Rev. J. W. Beardslee, D.D., of our Seminary. It is a history of the most important translations that have been made of the Bible. The students who were fortunate enough to hear Dr. Beardslee speak to the V. M. C. A. on some of these subjects during the past year will certainly want a copy of the book.

Orville E. Fisher, who was the president of the class of '01, when it graduated from the preparatory department, and who entered the class of '02 at Rutgers, has added to the laurels of Hope that of a prize of $15 in a speaking contest. Congratulations.

Since the last number of the Anchor was issued, two of Hope's sons have again been winning prizes in the East. John Van der Vries, '96, has won a Senior Fellowship in Mathematics, at Worcester University. Harry Wiersum, '96, won a prize of fifty dollars for the best Thesis on Obadiah. Congratulations.

Those desiring a copy of the Baccalaureate sermon of Dr. Elmendorf should get a copy of the Holland City News for June 30th.

The subject for the George Birkhoff Jr. Dutch prize essay for 1900 is "Joost van Vondel en Zijn Werken." The professor in charge recommends the following books for reading: Bilderdijk's "Geschiedenis der Nederlanden; N. G. Van Kampen, "Verkorte Geschiedenis der Nederlanden; Jonckbloed, Nederlandse Letterkunde; Encyclopedie Britannica, and other Encyclopedias.


Grand Rapids, June 19, '99.

Prof. J. B. Nykere.

Dear Sir:—

Your committee for the award of a prize to the best competitor on the subject of the Novel respectfully submits the following report:

That while it commends the thoroughness of the preparation of each of the students who entered the contest, and while it considers the work of Mr. Stormand unusually worthy of mention for its scholarly accuracy and that of Mr. Winter for its keenness of analysis, it must, in its judgment, award the prize to Mr. Steunenberg, for the originality and effectiveness of his method of getting his ideas, for his definiteness, and his general grasp of the subject. Judgment in this contest has not been altogether easy. Assuring you of our endeavor to judge justly and hoping that our judgment will meet your approval, we are very truly yours,

We all know what the class of '99 is noted for. Well—the "B" class fills its place.

Arthur C. V. Dangremont has returned.

College Jottings.

Dinkie! Dinkie! Always there.
And the moon hung like a pall over the scene—
Is Uncle Sam sufficient unto her self? Ask Tanis for the answer.

We know what the class of '59 is noted for. Well—the "B" class fills its place.
Mr. Koets—At home from four to six o'clock, at Black Lake, near the ice house. Every day except Sundays.

The council's action in conferring an A. B. on Arthur C. V. Dangremont is deeply appreciated by the students.

The Commencement exercises open with Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.'
One Bright Student—"I wonder who the Seniors are going to be married to?"
Another Bright Student—"To their alma mater, of course.

John G., Latin Student—"People don't generally marry their mothers!"

It is worth our while to notice the actions of the under-graduate students during commencement week. Not a meeting went by, if we except the baccalaureate sermon, in which the students did not make an apropos "racket," and "rackets" generally came when they weren't wanted. The boys forget that they are not faculty members.

Green again! It is to be hoped that this is positively the last appearance.

Inter-collegiate sports next year, maybe!

"Little Ball, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Little Ball, I'll tell thee,
Arthur Birchby made thee."

"When we get inter-collegiate sports" The Manager.

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"" "What We Need," XII, 134-135.


HOPE COLLEGE - HISTORY. "Opening of Hope College," X, 14.

HOPE COLLEGE - RELIGIOUS LIFE. "Bible Study at Hope," by J. Van Ess, X, 5.


HOPE COLLEGE - STUDENT LIFE. "Quo Est Hoc?" by 'E. Astrophel,' XII, 102-105.


"Huizinga, H. "After Two Years in India," XII, 45-48.


"" "Reminiscences of a Year," XI, 41-42.


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