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* Wordsworth, the Poet of Nature.

Outline.

I. Influences that made Wordsworth the "poet of nature."

II. The impressions that nature made upon him:
   a. In hours of intercourse with nature.
   b. In hours of meditation upon nature.

III. His simplicity in presenting these impressions to man.

IV. His love for man:
   a. In general, for all humanity.
   b. In particular, for the poor.

V. God in nature.
   Conclusion: "Wordsworth still lives."

William Wordsworth was born near the close of the eighteenth century when the Modern Period of English literature was dawning for England. He inherited a quiet meditative disposition with a deep love for nature, and his entire youth was favorable for his poetical career. The old baronial castle at Cockermouth on the Derwent, his birthplace, enclosed by lofty hills, made a deep impression of beauty and grandeur upon his tender mind. The simple people at Penrith among whom he lived, did not restrain his natural temperamen by conventional fashions,
but left him quite alone to enjoy the solitudes of nature, so conducive to thought and imagination. The sweet and peaceful beauty of Esthwaite, his "beloved vale", with its picturesque meadows, its mirror-like lake, its "slowly village of Hawk-Head", where he went to school, strengthened his affections, and gave him that mental independence, so essential for a strong individuality.

His college course at Cambridge was also an impetus to his poetical career. Being at variance with his instructors, whose moral conduct was not in harmony with their teachings, he began those introspective habits of study which fitted him for a moral teacher. Here, too, his keen sense of justice and right, which he had acquired by close intercourse with the powers of nature, was enlarged and strengthened, and, with eagerness and freshness characteristic of youth, he strove to establish these principles in the hearts of men.

With this in view, he plunged into the turmoil of the French Revolution and devoted all his energies to the establishment of the Girondist party. He was there during the most stirring times of the French History. The king was in prison; the aristocracy were massacred in the streets of Paris. Sorely to the disappointment of Wordsworth, those who had been under the yoke of oppression, now went to the opposite extreme of libertinism. He hated every species of violence. He could "see no connection between reason and the sword." Here he saw all the influences which arouse man's passions to debauchery and bloodshed. Here, also, in the picturesque hills and valleys of France, he saw how little mankind regarded the beneficent influences of nature, so conducive to form character of gentleness and sobriety. Returning home, he resolved to bring the beauty and simplicity of nature to mankind, and what medium could be more appropriate to present such truths to a fallen humanity than poetry?

His life's career was in every way favorable for his poetry. Three gifts of his friends, and, latter on, as mail carrier and as poet-laureate, he was enabled to spend a life of deep research and meditation. The tender-heartedness of his sister Dorothy, his constant companion in all his quiet walks, somewhat subdued his eager and impetuous disposition, while the imaginative powers of Coleridge, his intimate friend, furnished a fit supplement for his own contemplative and philosophical mind. He lived a simple quiet life, at all times close to nature, which, like a fountain, poured into his soul those sublime thoughts and tender feelings expressed in his poetry.

Such a close intercourse with nature was a source of joy and pleasure to him. He loved to hear the gurgling waters of the brook and the wind whispering in the treetops. He loved to roam thru meadows and woodlands and linger in solitary places.

He loved to see the birds flitting from limb to limb and the daffodils bobbing their heads in the breeze, so that he "could not but be gay" in such a jocund company.

But all of those joys were of longer duration to him than just those moments of intercourse with nature. In his lonely hours, his hours of deep contemplation, he again sees the images of nature before him; they now "flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude."

He idealizes nature and finds every image surrounded by a halo of glory. Nature is no longer a cold reality to him but a beautiful picture, a living ideal which drives away all his cares and troubles. He sees every image animated with a living soul. Every flower bears tidings of joy and peace. Every brook speaks words of comfort and cheer. Now he realizes the great truth that all things have been created "very good", and that there is nothing "common or unclean" in nature. He sees poetical beauties even in a howling owl or a braying ass and perceives that all ideas of ugliness or offensiveness concerning things of nature are false and conventional. These beauties and joys arising from nature during his hours of meditation, drive away all low ambitions and induce him to seek after things pertaining to the eternal welfare of his soul. These truths of nature's beneficent influence upon man, he strove to bring to mankind, so that all might be led out of that "kingdom made with hands" into the kingdom of spiritual joy and peace—the kingdom of heaven.

These sublime truths of nature he brings to us in the language of real life. His style of expression is very clear and simple. He makes no attempts to embellish his thoughts with pompous phrases or jingling rhymes. His greatest poetical works are written in blank verse. His words are chosen for their sense, not for their sound. "Words", he tells us, "the poet's words, especially, ought to be weighed in the balance of feeling, not measured by the space they occupy on paper." His object was to impress character and life, not the intellect. He realized that the common things in life, which appeal to our simple way, make the deepest impression upon character. All splendor and brilliancy in thought or expression, like a flash of lightning, can but leave us in greater darkness than before. He desired to put into each man's hand a lantern which would throw a continuous flood of light upon the images about us and thus guide us upon the dark pathway of life. Like Elijah of old, Wordsworth realized that it was not a strong wind nor an earthquake nor a fire that would move the soul to feelings of tenderness and love, but that it was a still small voice that would cause
a man to hide the features of his own pride and self-righteousness, for, in this small voice was the great God himself.

In this clear conception of what is truly good for the uplifting of fallen humanity, at once appears the lover of truth and of man. His love for truth created in him a deep love and reverence for man, for he realized that in the soul of man all truth should reign supreme. This love for humanity is shown in the fact that he not only strove to bring to mankind all the joy and happiness he felt from nature, but that he also gave many warnings against things that tended to draw mankind away from truth. He was desirous to have those influences impress us that "calm the affections, elevate the soul.

And consecrate our lives to truth and love."

He teaches us that truth is the essence of the soul. Without truth the soul is dead; with truth the soul lives and glories in its own existence. Therefore, whereas a continual strivings after truth is the only source of true happiness, Wordsworth greatly disliked any strivings after other things which give but vain and temporary pleasures. He hated all things formal or conventional that tend to transform man into a machine, a puppet mimicking the caprices of society. He desired that man should live close to nature for then, not the restraints of society, but the feelings of the heart would prompt deeds of kindness and love. In his estimation the teachings of nature should impress us more than the teachings and conventionalities of man, as he himself tells us:

"And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher."

Therefore Wordsworth may well be called—what he considered himself to be—a teacher to show the true relation between man and the universe.

But tho Wordsworth's love for man is broad, including the whole human race, still his greatest sympathies are with the poor and simple. Among those he lived; for those he wrote his poetry. In many of his poems, he tries to show that the people in the lower classes of society are fully as susceptible of the simple truths of nature as the learned. He saw in their simplicity and humility certain traits of the great Master himself in whom there is "no form nor comeliness."

Much like Burns, who mourns for "man's inhumanity to man", Wordsworth expresses feelings of tender sympathy for the wretched conditions of the poor. But Wordsworth gave more to the poor than sympathy; and he also realized that they needed more than the cold sympathy of the wealthy to relieve them from their wretchedness. Wealth can never be of benefit to the true welfare of man. It always has demoralizing effects, whether it is put into the hands of the poor, or whether it remains in the hands of the wealthy. Moreover, that craving for wealth is not in one class of society alone but pervades the whole human race, and, as long as that exists in man, he can never be truly happy. Such was Wordsworth's conception of the social condition and, consequently, he strove to subdue that passion for wealth by creating a love for nature so that the crystal streams flowing from this fountain of all beauty and truth, might fill the heart and quench the soul—destroying fires of greed and selfishness.

But tho Wordsworth finds in nature a rest for every care and trouble of the soul, he sees in and above all nature the "Giver of every good and perfect gift", the great "Spirit of the universe." This conception is what gives him so much charm and delight in all his meditations. Considering God outside of nature, all things are cold and lifeless. Nature is then but a mysterious mechanism for the theorist to speculate and the scientist to dissect. She may touch the intellect but she can never touch the soul. But considering God in nature, all things are pervaded with life. Every image becomes a symbol of beauty and truth which tunes our hearts in harmony with the will of God. In hours of divine contemplation, all the voices of nature, whether of the sighing wind or the twittering bird, thrill the soul with the tenderest feelings of love for God who gave them speech. The trees and the hills, ever pointing upward into that boundless region above them, where even the strongest imagination loses itself in the immensity of it, cause us to reflect upon our soul's eternity and cast a beam of hope within us that we may be lifted up from our wretchedness by directing our lives towards God. The strict obedience of all things to divine law renders nature the greatest teacher of man, for "He who would be teacher

Must first learn how to obey." Therefore Wordsworth, finding that nature is the sublimest expression of God himself and makes the noblest impression upon the soul of man, speaks, addressing nature:

"By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine."

Whereas Christ speaks: ""The kingdom of God is within you". Wordsworth, true to his mission as nature's poet, shows us the beauty and joy of the images of nature in this kingdom, in accordance with what the prophet Isaiah says: ""The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary."" Though Wordsworth does not relate the story of the suffering Savior, he follows closely in his footsteps, considering the lilies of the field and revealing beauties in them far greater than those of Solomon. He beholds the fowls of the air and sees the all-wise Providence living in them, as the Psalmist sings of them: ""Thou seest..."
forth thy spirit, they are created." It was the sincere desire of Wordsworth to lead fallen humanity back into the Garden of Eden in the middle of which stands the Tree of eternal life.

Such was Wordsworth, a lover of nature, a seeker after truth, a reverencer of man. Tho his body is long in the grave, his spirit still lives with us in his poetry. He still sings to us the sweet melodies of nature which fill the soul with heavenly joy and peace. He ever speaks to us, in his sincere and earnest voice, of the high calling and the divine purpose of man. Like the ladder of Jacob, he ever leads us into celestial regions where the images of nature, like angels, are beckoning us upward to God.

Cleophaes—John Van der Heek.


Then from her couch arose Eos the bride of immortal Tithonus. Bearer of light did she come to the dwellings of men and immortals:

Down sate the gods in assembly, among them the ruler of heaven, He who was wielder of thunder, the son of all-powerful Kronos, Father of Zeus, most valiant of all of the gods on Olympus. Them then addressing, Athena the woes of Odysseus related, Mindful of him was she ever while dwelt he in halls of the Charmer.

"Zeus, I pray, thou who art father of men and immortals,
Grant that no sceptered king, cheerfully pleasant and mild his dominons
May rule, fostering right in his heart and his soul everlasting;
Harsh may he ever be, fateful deeds let him do; since of his people
None hath remembered the godlike Odysseus, the son of Laertes,
He who was king over all, and a father how mild was he ever:
Suffering terrible woes does he lie in the isle of Calypso,
She who is fairest of nymphs in her halls him unwilling detaineth;
Home to his father-land fain would he come, but the nymph will not let him."

John G. Winter, "ot.

† David Livingstone—His Career and Influence.

In all ages the armies of God have been battling with the hostile hosts of Satan. As a result of this, Christianity has gained glorious victories in every heathen land. Yet her triumphs have at all times been preceded by trials. For the cause of

* Recommended as best text in medical translation: A Junior class.
† Van Vechten Mission Prize Essay.

Christ many a soldier of the cross has fallen, many a pioneer has perished, and many a missionary hero has been martyred.

Such a pioneer and hero was the great missionary and explorer, David Livingstone, a man whose career is unparalleled and whose influence so extensive that we can here but give the briefest account of all his labors—labors which became the levers that moved the world to uplift that dark, down-trodden race for whom he toiled and bled and died.

As many of the world's greatest men, Livingstone was born in a humble home. His parents, he tells us, were "poor and pious", and it was the Christian environment and strict religious principles that early laid for David a foundation upon which so grand a structure was to be erected. Diligence and industry were his characteristics from the very days of his childhood. At the age of ten he already began to do his share in warding off the wolf of poverty from the family's door. Yet while toiling in the factory, he managed to find moments for study by placing his book in such a position that he could now and then catch a word, phrase, or sentence as he went about his work. But although the youthful lad had to labor fourteen hours during the day, he was often seen poring over the classics, or books of science and travel, until the midnight hour had passed. Nor did he neglect the earnest study of his Bible and religious works, which led him to accept Christ as his personal Savior and to consecrate himself, body and soul, to the service of his Redeemer.

Inspired, as he now was, by divine love, and yearning for the salvation of helpless humanity, young Livingstone resolved to prepare for medical missionary. The impediments in his way were many, but perseverance paved his path. Necessary degrees were all successfully acquired, and in 1840 he left home and dear ones, and, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, set sail for the dark African continent, prepared, like a Paul of Tarsus, to face the utmost toils and the severest sufferings in obedience to his Master's call.

With pure motives and a clear consciousness of a missionary's duties, the future liberator of an enslaved people arrived at Kuruman, where successful mission work was already being done by Robert Moffat. Here and in surrounding regions, he labored for several years, learning the languages of different tribes and gaining great confidence among the natives wherever he directed his steps. At Mabotsa, in the land of the barbarous Bakhatia, he was badly bruised by a lurking lion, but his life was providentially preserved by a native attendant, whose employment he had gained thro' a generous gift of Mrs. M'Roberts.

Upon partial recovery, the man "of all trades" built a mission house and school, and, together with his beloved wife (Mary Moffat), earnestly endeavored to bring young and old to a true knowledge of Jesus Christ. But a colleague accused him of in-
justice, in consequence of which the lover of peace showed his generosity and self-denial by leaving his happy home and directing his way to Chonuane, a town of the Bakwains, whose chief was Shekele. What influence the missionaries here gained is shown by the fact that this whole tribe followed them when a want of rain urged them to leave for Kolobeng where they now established a third station, and where Shekele (who was soon after converted and baptized) and his men built a “house for God.” Such progress was indeed promising, but drought again became a drawback for mission work. Famine frequently forced the natives to search for food, and so they had no time for attending services.

At this period the faithful philanthropist had already become convinced that it was necessary to do pioneer work in the unexplored continent, in order that vast territories might be opened for future missionaries and native teachers. Consequently he made long and tiring tours across the Kalahari; discovered Lake N’gami and the Zambezi; and, after many trials, succeeded in reaching Makololo, the seat of Sebituane who welcomed the white visitor with the greatest kindness. But to Livingstone’s sorrow the chief died soon after, having heard the gospel but once.

Insalubrity of the climate, the torturing thirst, and the unfriendly attitude of the Boers, forced the pioneer to send his family to England. Hence his purpose of settling among the Makololo was sadly thwarted. But a man of such caliber, courage, and resoluteness could not be daunted by anything but dangerous disease and death. His determination to “work for the glory of Christ’s Kingdom” urged him on to Limiyanti in search of suitable sites for mission stations. But here he found fever still more prevalent, and saw such horrors of heathenism and slobberous treatments of slaves, as he had never witnessed before. Hence in company with twenty-seven natives, he wended his weary way through an unknown path to Loanda on the western coast, where he arrived a “mere skeleton clothed in tatters” and stricken with severe illness. But thro’ out this whole journey no healthful region was to be found. Hence the preserver of promises brought the men back to Barotse, and thence started an equally tiresome march toward the east coast, on the way to which he discovered the beautiful falls of Victoria and other noted places.

Having now traversed the whole continent from Loanda to Quilimane, the worn-out wanderer resolved to visit his dear ones in England and to awaken all hearts to join in bringing the helpless herd to a knowledge of a Savior, who, as he believed, had shed his blood as well for the benighted barbarian as for the enlightened Englishman. The man, who, sixteen years before, had scarcely been considered fit to work for the advancement of civ-

ilization and Christianity in foreign fields, was now hailed by all as explorer, geographer, astronomer, philanthropist, physician, and missionary. His “Travels and Researches” and his arousing addresses concerning the newly discovered land with its heathen inhabitants, created great enthusiasm in many a heart and home.

Royal receptions and the thought of leaving ones tempted Livingstone not a little to stay in England, and to escape all toils and hardships of exploration. But he did not consider suffering for Christ and fallen humanity a sacrifice. Hence, as commander of the Zambezi expedition, he set sail a second time with bright hopes for future happiness and prosperity, especially since his beloved wife was now at his side to afford him aid and comfort. But altho he this time made the noted discoveries of Lake Nyassa, the Rovuma river, and the Kebrassa rapids, the explorer’s hopes remained far from being realized. The death of Bishop Mackenzie, with whose aid he had established the University Mission, caused him great sorrow. Yet the most heart-rending of all his trials was the call of Mrs. Livingstone to her eternal home. So bitter were those pangs of parting that the kind husband wrote: “It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered, and quite takes away my strength …… O, my Mary, my Mary! …… For the first time in my life I feel willing to die.”

But the iron will and unflinching motives of a hero who was ready to lose his last drop of blood for a people whom he had learned to love. We see him, therefore, making further explorations about Nyassa, the Loanga, and the Zambezi; then sailing from Kongone to Mozambique and Zanzibar, and again by way of Bombay, to England. By stirring statements concerning the unspeakable heinousness of heathenism, and by thundering appeals for the abolition of slavery, he now moves the hearts of all who hear him. Hence he is sent out a third time in order to determine the watershed of the African continent and to uproot that destructive thralldom and servitude.

A cold shiver must come over one as he thinks of the sufferings of the pioneer, who now actually laid his life on the missionary altar. He started out to the interior, accompanied by several sepoys and Johanna men, nine liberated slaves, and four boys from the Shire, among whom were Susi and Chuma. Since most of these men soon deserted him, and since he was deprived of his goats and medicine, which were indispensable requisites in times of sickness, Dr. Livingstone’s trials can well be imagined. He remarks, “I felt as if I had now received the death sentence.” But all this could not stop him. He went on across the Chambeze, passed along the southern end of the Tanganyika and, despite the opposition of the Arab slave-dealers, reached Lake Moero and the Motwa, the Lualaba and Lake Bangweolo,
and finally, as "a mere rattle of bones," arrived at Ujiji. From here he made a journey to Manyuema and Nyangwe, where he witnessed more cruel treatments of slaves than pen is able to portray, for hundreds were unexpectedly slaughtered or most shamefully tortured, until bodily pain was felt no more. But alas! did not their torturers feel their immortal souls? Such scenes were before him, but unable to relieve the distressed, the weary traveler went back to Ujiji, where Stanley arrived with provisions and clothing just in time to save him from falling a victim to starvation. The two lived together for four months as intimate friends. Then they proceeded to Uwayn- yembe, where Livingstone was again left alone to wait for supplies and attendants that Stanley was to send from Zanzibar. Lonely as a hermit, yet ever conscious of divine presence, he here wrote on his fifty-ninth birthday: "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee." Concerning slave trade he stated: "I could forget all my cold, hunger, sufferings and toil, if I could be a means of putting a stop to this cursed traffic."

When men from the coast at length came to Livingstone, they together set out to make further expeditions, and in the extreme perils the patient toiler writes: "Nothing earthly can make me give up my work in despair." He continued to lean upon the arm of the Almighty, until he was found dead on his knees in a humble hut at Ilala. His earthly cross was now exchanged for an eternal crown, and that soft and silent prayer, which he had no doubt breathed on behalf of "the open sore of the world," was considered sacred before a holy throne in Heaven. The life and death of this missionary martyr had sent an electric thrill, not only thro' Africa, but thro' all Christendom.

What affection he had won among the natives is strikingly exemplified by the fact that his followers, Susi and Chuma, buried the heart of their master in the land he had loved, and then, with the greatest precaution, carried his remains to the east coast, whence they were brought to London and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey where multitudes have come to mourn.

The career of so true and faithful a follower of the world's great Physician and model Missionary could not but foretell that the day of dark Africa's redemption was soon to dawn. For during his thirty three long years of toil and suffering, he laid open to the world no less than one million square miles of land, where hundreds of souls were daily perishing without ever having heard a single proclamation of the glorious gospel. Then, too, he everywhere endeavored to heal the forlorn and forgotten wretches from bodily diseases and to teach them about a Savior, who knew their distress and had shed his blood in order that they might be saved. The result of this is shown by the conversion of Shokele, Susi, Chuma, and others, who, as native teachers, became the instruments of leading thousands of their kinsmen into the fold of Christ.

But this was not all; for time and again the lover of liberty also emancipated and educated cruelly tortured slaves and prevented most savage tribes from being drenched in their own blood. And in order that such benighted beings might become truly civilized, he, like J. G. Paton, made them work without wages and taught them how to dig canals, build houses, cultivate and irrigate the soil, and do all manner of manual labor which was absolutely necessary to draw the miserable multitude out of those sloughs and slums of pauperism and perdition, in which they had been struggling and starving for centuries. Thus the kindhearted teacher won friends among the most hostile races, and kindled in them a fervent feeling toward every white man who was to follow his footsteps.

In this way Livingstone sowed the sacred seed in order that others might reap the golden grain. For how could it be otherwise than that all nations would be aroused to action when they heard or read his vital and vivid descriptions of that newly discovered land where prospects for future progress and civilization were so promising, the lawless paganism and slavery were yet ruling supreme over all the vast region? How could it be otherwise than that He who promised to hear prayers would listen to him whose heart was continually bleeding for the natives, and whose earnest supplications on their behalf were almost hourly sent up to a merciful Father? The works of such a man could not remain without glorious results. Hence we see travelers and traders, as well as scientists and missionaries, hastening to the dark continent and lighting the torch of civilization and Christianity in the most gloomy regions.

Thro' the influence of Livingstone, men like Stanley were converted and inspired to continue those exploring expeditions in Equatorial Africa. Consequently extensive territories are now being revolutionized by such marvelous mission movements as those of Blantyre, Uganda, Livingstonia, Tanganyika, and hundreds of other places, where ordained missionaries and native teachers instruct the ignorant multitudes in art and science as well as in religion. In these districts every true native convert eagerly tells his fellow-men how he rejoices in the love of the Redeemer, and even the little negro child listens with delight to the story of the Babe of Bethlehem.

But how can such a spread of the gospel be attributed to Livingstone? It is because he, as perhaps no one before, had opened the eyes of the world to the fact that not one, but every true Christian denomination must bring the "Gospel of Christ to the heathen." Nay he did more; for he, as has been seen, moved mankind by his thrilling statements about that cruel carnage
caused by the Arab slave-dealers. It was "wearsome," he says, "to see human skulls and bones scattered about everywhere." Therefore he made every possible effort to obliterate the "ac-cursed traffic," and induced Christian traders to supplant it by legitimate commerce. Hence treaties were made, which closed scores of slave markets, and this meant nothing less than the preservation of millions of lives and the protection of many a missionary.

But to all this we must yet add that the pioneer's work led to the "Partition of Africa," which seems destined to give the last death-knell to slavery and heathenism, and to replace the bloody banner of the crescent by the royal standard of the cross. Hence it is not surprising that such remarkable changes are being made in all Central and Southern Africa.

Vast tracts of land, which Livingstone found uncultivated and inhabited by races wretched because of ignorance, have now been converted into fertile fields by the hands of educated natives. Many lakes and rivers, which once served as burial-places for butchered slaves and savages, are now controlled by civilized nations and bridged by hundreds of trading-vessels. Regions, which Livingstone and Stanley had to traverse by making weary marches thro waters, woods, and swamps, the traveler and missionary may now cross by riding along paved highways and rail-roads, which are constantly being built, and which are doing so much for Africa's commercial and political, as well as for her social and religious advancement. Where it formerly took the in-dolent native several months to carry a message from one place to another, there his industrious son can today send a telegram in less than so many minutes. On barren banks of rivers where the cruel crocodile used to devour the innocent but abandoned infant, there the merry child may now play on grassy meadows, guarded by the eye of a tender, Christian mother. On many a spot where pioneers were accustomed to see men going in and out of slave-markets to buy and to sell human flesh and blood, there today stand schools, churches, and hospitals, within whose walls thousands of heathen are being educated and healed from dire diseases of both body and soul. The very towns that were formerly built beneath the vilest vices now stand forth to proclaim that virtue is gaining the victory.

And what shall we say more? We need but compare dark Africa of 1840 with that of today, and it will be noticed that in many a district drunkenness has been supplanted by total absti-nence; indolence, by industry; astrology, by astronomy; igno-rance, by intelligence; stagnation, by progress; servitude, by lib-erty; barbarism, by civilization; and heathenism, by Christianity. Nay, it can be seen that animists and totemists, idolaters and Mo-hammedans, pagans and cannibals, have all felt that the mag-netic power of the gospel is able to lay low the stately strong-holds of Satan.

Such progress would almost indicate that the time for fur-ther pioneer work in Africa has passed. But do we find it so? It is true that thousands upon thousands of lives and souls have been saved. But has the gospel reached the masses? Statistics of the great Sudan, the Sahara, and other regions tell us that even at the present day, one hundred and fifty millions of Africa's in-habitants are almost entirely in heathen darkness or perishing beneath the burden of Moslem oppression. Does this show that the Church of Christ has fulfilled her mission in that land? Can we who enjoy the blessings of Chris-tian homes and personal liberty, remain unmoved when we see that thousands of men, women and children are cruelly slaught-ered at the hands of savages and slave-dealers? Is it not heart-rending to know that in Africa alone five million souls annually pass into a dark eternity without the slightest knowledge of a Savior? Shall the cries of those legions come to us in vain? Shall we lay down the gospel armor and let Satan himself be-come king over those helpless natives? May we allow the de-moralizing liquor-trader to drown the work of our missionaries? Dare we suffer the cannibal to feast upon human flesh and blood? Shall Rome be permitted to rush into Africa with her doctrines of unbridled licentiousness and her "salvation by sacraments?" May we sit idle, while all destroying Islam is crushing millions of human beings under his iron heel of tyranny, and forcing them to accept a religion which is even more detrimental to mankind than paganism itself?

With all these giants the Christian Church must continue to contend, otherwise the vast continent will soon be overshadowed by darker clouds than it has ever seen before. The enemies of God can be crushed, and paganism may be made to crumble; but they will never fall unless we obey our Master's last command and bring Christ to the Christless. This privilege has not been given to angels, but to sinful men; yet we stand aloof, altho the groanings of Africa's lost are, as it were, ringing in our ears. We will not realize the responsibility that is resting upon us. But how can we expect the poor heathen to be evangelized, if we refuse to offer our gifts and prayers and lives for the multitudes who stand with outstretched arms to receive our aid?

O, that every man, woman and child would learn a lesson from him who laid down his life for "poor enslaved Africa." The fallen hero is, as it were, yet pleading with you and me, when he says: "I beg you to direct your attention to Africa....which is now open. Do not let it be closed again. Do you carry out the work which I have begun." May all Christians in every re-liigious denomination give heed to these words, for it is then, and then only, that all will once be able to rejoice with Africa's
redempted. Then it will not have been in vain that Livingstone earnestly prayed: "May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

*Alexander Mackay—Wm. Dolenbas, '01.*

### Touring In Italy.

A Night in the Alps.

The Alps of schooldays were a bristling band of brown on the boundary between Italy and Switzerland. But the lofty snow-covered range to the south and west toward which we had been riding all day from Turin served as a wonderful corrective on the fine point of geography. Still the dazzling white mountain did not on closer approach prove so impassable as it looked. Following the watercourse the road gradually rises with many windings, every mile of distance showing a greater elevation by the increasing depth of snow along the road. By nightfall my companion and I had reached Vernante, a curious village sandwiched into the narrow valley between the cliffs and surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. Its hotel accommodations are rather meagre for we are here very much off the tourist beaten track. But we ascend the steps of the most imposing "Albergo." They lead to the second floor and entering the door at the top we find ourselves in a room which serves as public barroom and hotel kitchen. The open-timbered ceiling, the stone floor, the rows of dark bottles and jugs, lighted only by the dull flicker of a smoky lamp on the hearth, make us dubious. But we are not in a mood to be critical and proceed to make arrangements. Our Italian vocabulary is limited. But we venture, "Una camera pour deux?" and are rewarded with "Cici, Cici," a whole broad-sides of smiles and gestures of affirmation from the hostess, barmaids and a number of villagers who happen to be there. The guests are accordingly ushered into the hotel parlor and the diubity gives way to entertainment. The room, about eight feet by twelve with its bed, stove, woodbox, bureau, table and chairs is forgotten in the conversation. The "ingles" are quite a curiosity especially to the pretty dark-eyed girl who, less shy than the others, plies us with many questions in fluent Italian to which we make reply in very bad French. But the linguistic difficulty only adds interest to the situation. Bodino is really very engaging and the supper of "spaghetti al burro" and "cottolette" daintily served by our entertainer in the cozy dining room becomes a royal repast. The sunlight on the mountains the next morning is not more delightful than the entertainment at Albergo dell Albero Fiorito. Before we get away it has become high noon.

### Touring By Bicycle.

Really there is nothing like a bicycle for touring. Sometimes indeed it becomes wearisome toil up a long slope under a hot sun. A rainy day has also many possibilities in the way of discomfort. But for all of these one is more than repaid in the exhilaration of a run down the zigzag mountain road, now thro a deep gorge where there is scarcely room for the roadway and the tumbling, leaping stream; among the olive gardens of the lower slopes; and, finally, under palms and cypresses, along the lemon and orange groves of the Riviera, stopping only with the blue Mediterranean at your feet. The tourist beaten track which takes in the larger cities with their grand churches, antique marbles and masterpieces old and new is delightful indeed. But the churches soon begin to look very much alike and endless madonnas somewhat cloy the appetite of the non-technical observer for works of the old masters. And forfeiting none of these the wheel takes one, by way of contrast and rest, thro charming little villages and country districts where he meets a welcome not prompted merely by the prospect of gain. The guide books often fail to mention the most beautiful spots along the country roads. Every turn of the mountain road reveals a new vista of unfailing beauty. While the railroad tourist is whirled along in stuffy cars thro gassy tunnels, the cyclist proceeds at leisure on the open road along the Riviera, now down by the dashes surf and again far above on the rocky face of the mountain, whence the ruined castles overhead, the blue expanse of the sea below and the gardens of tropical vegetation may all be seen in a panorama from the vantage point of a bank of shaded turf. The gleaning of hillcrest suddenly reveals an unheard of lake half hidden by the forest. The sparkling coolness of the mountain streamlet needs the exertion of a ride for its proper appreciation. Country people everywhere are respectful and kind Roads are nearly always good. Even the long level stretches are interesting as a variation from such grand parts as the North Italian Lakes, the Alps, or the highlands of the Rhine. If the ride does not exceed fifty miles a day there is no occasion for exhaustion. And, oh, how gloriously one can eat and sleep after it!

### The Roman Forum.

It gives one a feeling of sadness. The battered arches and prostrate columns, beautiful even in their decay, suggest the pain a Roman would feel could he return to the spot. It has a half buried appearance, for in the course of centuries the level of the ground about has been raised many feet. On a wet day a large part of the Forum is under water. The clang and whir of the
trolley car break the stillness of the ruins. From the spot where Mark Antony addressed the Romans one may now look upon great ugly signs setting forth the merits of certain brands of beer or Chicago harvesting machinery. The once proud Palatine crowd, with the palaces of the Caesars is devoted to the culture of carrots, cabbages and grapes, while the great piles of massive brick masonry at the sides give silent testimony to the ancient glory of the hill. Beyond in the distance rises the huge bulk of the Colosseum. Its outer wall is half gone and the remainder kept from tottering by a modern supporting wall. nearer the three arches of Constantine's Basilica rise high in the air. But their once marble covering lies in great masses around their bases and the crumbling brick masonry gives warning of the time when they too will fall. On the Forum itself only the arch of Septimius Severus retains its original form. Of the cherished shrines and basilicas there remain standing only a few columns. But everywhere marble fragments of foliated capitals and sculptured entablatures are lying about in reckless profusion to the number of which the workmen excavating are constantly adding as their search is slowly revealing the secrets of the place so many centuries hidden under the heaps of accumulated rubbish and crumbling fragments of the artistic creations of the Roman Empire.

**Pompeii.**

The horde of cab-drivers, trinket-sellers, and guides which make the traveler's life weary in south Italy were finally shaken off at the gate. The Italian government has done an admirable thing in making this place at least free from the rapacity of the Neapolitans who look upon the tourist as their legitimate prey. A prolonged hush reigns in the old streets but one does not realize that it is of centuries' duration. The evidences of human activity are so numerous in the streets that the rumbling donkey-drawn cart has worn deep ruts in the lava-paved streets. The brine of the marble street fountain is worn smooth and hollow where the thirsty passer-by was wont to place his hand as he bent down to drink from the constantly flowing stream. An artistic house has the base of the Themis earth to Campania in marble mosaic at the doorway leading to the atrium. Wineshops are abundant. From the hall dozen huge jars sunk into the counter the thirsty one could select his favorite variety. In the baker's shop the stone grinders (or heath as his own miller) stand beside the mixing trough and oven all ready for operation. The apothecary's sign, a broad band of red decorated with wriggling snakes, tells its tale regardless of the catastrophe. Elsewhere in private residences frescoes of remarkable artistic merit and perfectly preserved tell all too plainly the city's love of art—and lack of more substantial virtues.

A third of the city has now been uncovered—probably its most important part, for it includes apparently all the public buildings as well as the homes of more important citizens. Excavation is still going on, but slowly. But enough has been laid bare to make a faithful picture of the life of the world. It is novel and interesting, in some ways hopeful as we compare it with modern life and ideals. And yet were the town in its fury to take another snapshot of life around its base and preserve it for a future age, it may be wondered whether the latter would show any marked improvement.

**Florence.**

The Roman Campagna, once a garden, is a scene of desolation. In a ride of twenty-four miles from Rome northward we passed not a single village and perhaps less than a dozen dwellings. In the present low state of civilization the well-known fevers allow the few inhabitants only a wretched existence. But approaching Siena the landscape again begins to smile and in the last fifty miles to Florence one passes thro a veritable garden. High hills, deep water courses, groves of olives and beautifully winding roads make a constantly changing scene of beauty. Finally from the high ridge to the south we catch sight of the city, the valley, and the classic Arno. We recognize instinctively the famous Duomo with its campanile and the tall tower of the palace of the Medici. How peaceful it seems after its struggles! Every street corner somehow calls to memory the bitter feuds, the spiritual despotism and democratic principles which engaged here in a desperate struggle for supremacy as the dawn of a new civilization was breaking. But Florence now enjoys peace and harmony. The city government is housed in the Palace of the Medici. In its finest hall stands a statue of Savonarola. The exquisite Dante is honored by a splendid monument in the Piazza before the church of San Croce, the Italian Westminster Abbey. The Palazzo Ufizzi and the Pitti, once the homes of rival families are connected by a long corridor crossing the Arno by the Ponto Vecchio and form together the finest collection of ancient marbles and old Italian masterpieces extant. The bells which in the troubous old times rang defiance from Giotto's campanile still hourly wake the echoes in the narrow streets; but their chorus too is in harmony with the peace that has finally settled upon the art and liberty-loving Florentines.

Berlin, Germany.

*Henry M. Bruns.*

**Among the Societies.**

**MELIPHONE.**

Saturday, June 16, the Meliphones enjoyed their annual outing, this time at Alpena Beach. Shooting, boating, bathing and
eating were the features of the day. All enjoyed a pleasant time, as only students can who are free from pressing study. Poor old Kruizey, however, was in a sorry plight by reason of some practical jokers. But everyone returned home in happy spirits, wishing for another "Bust."

The officers elected for the past term were:
- President—J. A. Van Zomeren.
- Vice-President—E. R. Kruizey.
- Secretary—A. J. Muste.
- Treasurer—Jacob Kelder.
- Marshal—M. Stegeman.
- Sergeant-at-Arms—H. A. Nabershuys.

LADIES LITERARY LEAGUE.

Saturday, June 16, the L. L. L. held its annual festival at Macatawa Park. Boating and bathing were the pastimes of the day, together with numerous humorous incidents. After the serving of dinner on the beach, towards evening the young ladies returned home, tired, but agreed as to their jolly time.

The officers for the next term are:
- President—Alice Kollen.
- Vice-President—Lottie M. Hoyt.
- Secretary—Lena M. Keppel.
- Treasurer—Marie M. Veneklasen.
- Marshal—Henrietta G. Eskes.

On May 31 Rev. Hekehuis of Chicago spoke to the students on The Value of Personal Work. The speaker showed that in the winning of souls personal contact is of the highest importance. To prove his statement he cited instances from his own experience. Mr. Hekehuis' address was stirring and had much weight with us, seeing the speaker is a practical Christian worker.

The last speaker of the term was Dr. Beardslee, who addressed the meeting held June 7. His subject was, Christians, the Light of the World. In a very earnest, practical talk the Doctor showed how much more than before help will be expected from us at home, and that we should strive to be equal to our responsibility as Christian workers and let our light shine, reflected from the Source of Light.

The last prayer meeting of the term was led by the Rev. A. Pieters, our missionary to Japan, and by A. L. Warnshuis, who leaves in September for China. Mr. Pieters spoke about the history of missions in general, dealing with the young people's relation to the forward movement. Mr. Warnshuis addressed the meeting according to a printed outline, which each student present received. The Missionary Work of a Young People's Society he divided into the Educational, Financial, and Devotional phases, showing the need of frequent meetings, of missionary libraries, of proportionate and systematic giving, and, above all, of prayer.

J. J. Hoffman, '02.

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Lines on the Death of Henry D. Brink, May 12, 1900.

Swifter than the eagle's pinions cleaving thro' the boundless air,
Came the call from gloomy shadows drooping from the somber skies
To a classmate, friend and brother bending o'er his morning care;
And his soul went swiftly winging to its home in Paradise.

In the beauteous, sunny spring-time, longing for life's pleasures sweet,
Little did he dream of bidding this fond world a last farewell;
Never more we'll hear his greeting or his smiling face we'll meet;
Never more he'll hear the roll call or the ringing of the bell.

Now in yonder churchyard sleeping 'neath six feet of verdant soil
Lies all that's of him remaining to remingle with the dust.
But our steps are fondly lingering in the paths where he has trod,
For like fragrant flowers springing are the mem'ries of the past.

Thus God's hand is ever writing mystic lessons on the wall
And from out the shadows glimmering ever comes the call divine.
To be ready for the last loud sounding of the trumpet's final call
When our souls from earth ascending in immortal light shall shine.

Henry J. Luidens,
Columbia Class, '92.

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EDITORIALS.

The Anchor comes to you this month to tell you all about the closing days of another year of school. The commencement week was a fitting finish to this year's work. Another class has stepped into the ranks of our noble line of alumni, and another class will be here next fall to fill the vacancy at the end of the line,—a vacancy that will cause the Senior to still call himself a
Junior and that is real in spite of the fact that the verdant freshman cannot realize that there has been presented to him since his last day of school a first grade certificate. Those closing days have many endearing tales and we hope we may do our alma mater no injustice in chronicling those farewell scenes.

Prizes for Stories.

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 September 1.

The competitors should sign nom-de-plumes and send separate envelopes with their own name and nom-de-plume.

Address, Anchor, Holland, Mich.

A Letter from Jezebel.

There has come to our table a neat little booklet "dedicated to Joseph Chamberlain." Its explanation is found on the title page which introduces the little work as "An Epistle to Ahab, King of Israel, being an ancient manuscript in which Jezebel, his queen, a priestess of Baal and the princess of Sidonia, tries to persuade the king to quit the worship of Jehovah, the God of Righteousness, and to convert him to worship her god Baal, the god of Power, in order that he may extend his kingdom by such deeds as the killing of Naboth, the Jezeelites, and may defend his course by such arguments (?) as have been used by conquerors in all ages and such as are still used in modern times by those rulers who are willing to kill men, if need be to extend empire."

This epistle is in metrical form and was transcribed by Miss Elizabeth VanderMeulen and Mrs. C. S. Hulst. The book is a keen bit of sarcasm thro-out and its subtle strength lies in the striking application of its truths to him whose name is found on the page of dedication. The price is 25 cents and it can be obtained from the publishers, Lyon, Kymen, Palmer Co., Grand Rapids.

Next Year's Lecture Course.

Next year's lecture course promises to be the strongest yet given. For the musical part of the course, provision has been made to secure the Fadette Concert Co., consisting of twenty-three pieces. We can expect that these ladies will afford us an evening of great profit and pleasure. Mr. Brooks, the poet, said to be a capital entertainer and equal to Carleton, to whom we listened with so much pleasure this year, has been obtained. Two orators have been planned for. Mr. Campbell is to speak on the subject, "The Heroines of the World," while Henry Watterson, the well-known Southern orator, will thrill us by his lecture on Lincoln. At the request of many who heard DeMotte last year, arrangements have been made for having another of his interesting, impressive and instructive lectures next year. If it is advisable or possible, one more evening may be provided for, but even as it is, the course is a very strong one and is worthy of our hearty support.

Extremists.

Apparently some people think they must be extremists in order to be of some use in the world. They have made the observation that some of the most influential men in history were of this type. Now it is true, that, for example, Rousseau created a great sensation in the minds of many philosophers and educators of his time. He was radical in his pedagogy. He did much good. He opened the eyes of many who now stand in the front ranks of the world's great educators. But was it his philosophical system that brought this result? No, rather his incidental observations were the sparkling gems that drew the attention of men like Pestalozzi and Froebel and led them on to the goal of immortal fame. In this way Rousseau's theory bore fruit, tho, in the main, his philosophy was all wrong. Now to follow such examples may have a spark of hero-worship in it; but we should be guided rather by its advisability. The story of the extremist is usually the trite story of the pendulum,—swinging from one extreme to the other. One has a pet notion on religion, another on politics, a third on the social conditions; with these they fly into unlimited space. And, no doubt, this is frequently the best thing they ever do.

Alumni Notes.

Rev. B. D. Dykstra, one of this year's graduates from the seminary, will take charge of the churches at Peoria and New Sharon.

Rev. W. Moerdyke, '66, has been called to the Reformed church at Roseland, Ill.

During commencement week we saw among the many visitors attending the exercises, Rev. Kolyn of Orange City, Iowa; Rev. Luxon from Muskegon, Mich.; Rev. Huijzenga from Rock Valley, Iowa; Rev. Lepeltak from Alton, Iowa; Rev. Van der Ploeg from Cooperstown; Rev. Harmelink from Chicago; Rev.
The Anchor.

W. Moerdyke from Milwaukee; and Rev. A. Kuiper of Raritan, N. Y.
Rev. Van Duine, '89, has received a call from the church at Newkirk, Iowa.
Prof. H. Keppel, '89, from Evanston, is spending a few weeks at home with parents and relatives. Prof. Keppel expects to leave soon for the Netherlands and will also take in the Paris Exposition.
Prof. Zoethout, '93, of Chicago, has been visiting his alma mater during commencement week.
Rev. L. Van den Burg, '97, who has just completed his seminary course at Princeton, is visiting friends here.
Hope's students are obtaining responsible positions. Robert P. DeBruyn, '98, has been appointed principal of the public schools of Poplar Grove, Ill., and John TerAvest, '99, that of the Zeeland schools.
The installation of Rev. J. W. Warnshuis as pastor of the Third Reformed church of Kalamazoo took place June 29.

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How the Sophomores Write Poetry.

It takes a man to write a poem,
And one with lots of time,
It's easy enough to find the words,
But it's hard to make them rhyme.
I've tried to manufacture one,
I've tried with all my heart.
It took me oh so awful long
 Alone to get a start.
And that was just the easiest part;
The worse part lay in store,
When I was trying to find an end
To verses three and four.
And then to get a final end,
There's where the stickler came.
But still I found some words, altho
 They sounded rather lame.
And so I got the thing together,
But I'll never write another.
Oh! I can write a poem alright,
But still it's quite a bother.

—By One of Them.

Commencement Week.

Every commencement chapter in Hope's history is more interesting than the last. This year's tells of new departures that are responsible for a great deal of this added interest. The Ladies Literary League was in evidence and the students, alumni, and friends of Hope will not be satisfied in the future unless the ladies maintain the precedent they have now established.

They made their first bow to the public, with the indulgence of the Meliphone Society, on Friday evening, June 15. That evening was the Forty-third anniversary of the preparatory society and they had gallantly admitted the girls to assist them. The program that was presented by the two societies was representative of their good work during the year and it well earned the commendation and plaudits so vigorously bestowed by the public.

The following was the program:

Invocation .................................................. Prof. J. T. Bergman.
Music—Instrumental Trio—Charge of the Hunsars .................. Herbert.
Misses Zumaer, Veenkilsen and Booker.
Opening Remarks ........................................... J. A. Van Zoueron.
Recitation—Our Folks ...................................... Ethel Lannan.
Oration—Sir William Wallace ................................ H. Kabelhoise.
Original Story—A College Romance ......................... Miss Anna E. Floyd.
Recitation—The Three Lovers .............................. Will Curlebon.
Poem—By Ones ............................................ Miss Evelyn Visiter.
Music—Le Dernier Soupirre ................................. Miss Amy Yates.
Recitation—The Ring's Vengeance ............................. Henry Abbey.
Allergy—The History of John Proctor ......................... Miss Beatrice Bollome.
Vocal Duet—Gently Signs the Breeze ......................... S. Bokker.
Misses Amy Dosker and Amy Yates.
Oration—True Civilization ................................. Miss Minnie Van der Ploeg.
Music—Good-Night ........................................ F. P. Goldberp.
Ladies' Quartette.

On Saturday the Meliphone had their annual "Bust" at Alpena Beach while the ladies enjoyed a picnic at the Park.

Sermon to the Seniors.

On Sunday evening the baccalaureate sermon was preached to the Senior class by the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M. D., D.D., who has been engaged in missionary labors for so many years in India, under the auspices of our own Reformed board. The services were held in the Third Reformed church so as better to accommodate the many friends of the college. Dr. Chamberlain spoke of "The Triple Light of the World"—Christ, Christians,
be my witnesses unto the uttermost parts of the earth.' And a tender voice is wafted in upon us 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost? Have ye received that power?

'The Apostle says, 'Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.' Is that true of you? of me? Will we by God's grace make it true?

'Stephen, before the Sanhedrin, was, we are told, 'full of the Holy Ghost'; 'And all that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.' God can make this true of any one of us.

'Nor is it the Holy Ghost alone that may dwell in us. Paul, in his glowing prayer for his Ephesian converts, prays, 'That ye may know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge', 'That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.'

'In that wonderful prayer of the Christ about to suffer He said, 'The glory which thou gavest me I have given them that they may be one even as we are one; I in them and Thou in me.' The Father in the Son; the Son in us; the other Paraclete abiding in us; The Holy Trinity thus making His abode in us. Then shall we be indeed true moons to the Sun of Righteousness, with ever-increasing brilliancy radiating back His light. Then shall we realize to those about us the Savior's declaration, 'Ye are the light of the world.'

'And as thus Spirit-filled, we press forward in our witness-bearing for Christ it may be demonstrated in us that 'The path of the Just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day', aye, and when that perfect day shall come, in us it may be exemplified that 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'

'This my brothers, my sister, is the exalted function, the glorious consummation to which you and I have each the right to aspire. God by his grace fulfill it in you, in me.'

"A" Class Exercises.

On Monday afternoon came the closing exercises of the Preparatory Department, with a pleasant program by the graduating class, consisting of the following twelve young people:


Prof. J. T. Bergen presided at the exercises and the following program was rendered:

March.................... Miss Henrietta Zwaner, Invocation.................... Rev. J. Van Houte
Oration—Peace Triumphant Over War.................... J. A. Van Zouemen Recitation—Pride of Buttery B.................... F. H. Gasnowy
Religious Song.................... Marie M. Vennklaasen.
Alumni Banquet.

This year the alumni did not give a public entertainment on Tuesday evening, as was customary heretofore. But their annual banquet was held at Macatawa Park hotel on Tuesday afternoon. After the banquet a fine program was rendered. The president of the Alumni, Rev. Dirk J. De Bey, was in charge of the exercises and Rev. James F. Zwemer of Grand Rapids was toastmaster. Following were the toasts and responses:

"Our Nation"—Rev. John J. Van der Meulen.
"Northwestern Classical Academy"—Prof. John J. Van der Meulen.
"The World-Wide Influence of 'Hope'"—Prof. Albertus Picters.
"Pioneer Days at 'Hope'"—Prof. Wil. A. Sheldrake, A. M.
"The Hollanders in America"—Rev. James Ossendworde.

Remarks—Dr. Chamberlain, M. D., D. D.
Remarks—Dr. J. J. Kollen.

The L. L. L. Lawn-Fete.

Tuesday evening was the star attraction of the week. Then came the looked-for lawn-fete that had been kept quiet and was only announced on the last day of school. All kind of speculation was rife as to the character of the event, but all knew that when the "Girls of Hope" extended an invitation it would be worth accepting. Alumni, council, faculty and students, were all there to share in the dainty refreshments that were served to all by the fair waitresses, and to enjoy the social reunion that had been prepared. Many an alumnus again greeted old classmates and the students enlivened the scene with their jolly songs and yells. So pleasantly informal was the whole affair that even the ladies displayed their happy combination of poetry and music with the reliable old "Boom-a-lacka."

In behalf of the students the Anchors extends its most hearty thanks to the Ladies Literary League for its kind invitation and pleasant reception. Such a successful enterprise, such a well-received departure, is worthy of a repetition. The ladies may be assured of a hearty patronage for any entertainment during the school year if they intend to make such a happy return of the receipts.

Commencement.

On Wednesday evening came the final closing of the college year. A large class of graduates presented themselves to the world. They have left us their memory. They have taken with them their diplomas, representative of a liberal education. They go to meet the world in active conflict or to engage in further professional preparation.

Following is the program with which they made their farewell bow to the Holland public and their college friends:

Invocation——Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain. 
Music—It is enough (from "Elijah")—Dr. J. B. Nykirk.
Oration—Kohlschut Oblice——A. B. Van Zande.
Administration of Degree——Rev. J. B. Nykirk.
Music—Overture to "William Tell"——Gotschalk.
Poems—The Indian Maid and the Bird——C. B. Van der Meulen.
Orations—The Lesson of Science——Garrett Hondelink.
Music—Nymphe and Piano——Trompet.

Orations—The Triumph of Liberty——Albertus T. Brook.
Presentation of Certificates to the Graduating Class of the Preparatory Department.
Conferring of Degrees—A. B., upon the Class of 1900: Honorary Degrees.
Awarding of Prizes.
Music—Depuis que le grand jour——Charminade.
Miss Grace Yates and Prof. J. B. Nykirk.
Valedictory—An Educational Ideal——Steb C. Netting.
Music—The stars are shining in heaven——Rheinberger.
Quartette.

Doxology and Benediction.

A statement of work done was then given to Miss Henrietta A. Zwemer of Grand Rapids, who took a partial course, and the degree of A. B. was conferred upon H. P. Boot, Fulton, Ill.; A. T. Broek, Grandville, Mich.; Abraham De Young, Chicago, Ill.; Gerhard J. Dinkeloo, Holland, Mich.; Almon T. Godfrey, Holland, Mich.; Garrett Hondelink, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Henry Huenemann, Lester Prairie, Minn.; Leonard L. Legters, Cly-
Awarded the first prize, $15.00, to A. Muste; second prize, $10.00, to R. Leestma, of the "C" class.

Commencement Comments.

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

Prof. Siegers' Resignation.

As the Anchor goes to press there comes the announcement of Prof. Siegers' intention to retire from the faculty and to resume pastoral work in the Reformed church. His resignation as Professor in Dutch Language and Literature ends a service of only one year, for we understand that it goes into effect immediately. We wish Prof. Siegers a continuation of the same happy success he met before in his work in the ministry.

Hope College Quartet.

Messrs. A. T. Broek, James Wayer, A. Dykema and John Dinkelo, who compose the Hope College Quartet, left Holland last week, accompanied by W. H. Cooper and Miss Amy Yates. This company has gone out to the different Holland communities in Chicago, Northern Illinois, and Eastern Wisconsin. During the year several successful entertainments were given by the quartet in neighboring towns and now they have gone out to advertise Hope College. That they will be successful we do not doubt, and the College is to be congratulated on being so well represented by these young people. A great interest in Hope and probably a large number of new students will result from this trip.

Van Raalte Memorial Hall.

It was a great pleasure to the friends and students of Hope College, when Dr. Kollen announced just before the close of school that we are going to have a new building, which is to be completed within a year. This building is to be a handsome three-story structure of red brick and will stand as a monument to the memory of the founder of Holland and Hope, Rev. A. C. Van Raalte. The building will be devoted to scientific purposes; on the first floor there will be several large recitation and lecture rooms; on the second floor there will be well-equipped modern
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laboratories for the natural sciences; while the third floor will be devoted to a museum, a repository of the many famous relics of the pioneer days.

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* John Bull.

He is the roaring lion that goes about seeking whom he may devour. Tradition says that his early life was scandalous to history; and was, therefore, not recorded. However, seeing the error of his way, he was converted, in 1783; and then signed a pledge to do better; but alas! he has again wandered from the path of justice. He used to wear a high crowned hat; but, since he has become Conceit personified, the immortal gods have deemed fit to give it to his well-behaving cousin Sam; (and have placed upon his head one with a low crown.) A nation that wishes us to step into its neighbor's territory; and stopped by a high fence of peace, summons Johnny, offers him a dollar and just bet he is there to buck down that fence. This continual battering has somewhat flattened the top of his head. Judging from the appearance of his skull we are led to suppose that his head is of the hard rocky soil upon which the seed fell but lacking depth of earth has failed to yield a crop. Nothing more richly embellishes his round unctuous face than his rusty sideburns which protect from view his large ears plastered to his head. His glassy eyes deep in their sockets are characteristic of disease. Yes! upon this consecrated mortal has been thrust the awful malady, consumption.

Mythology has it that he once had a long pointed nose, but protruding his promontory too far the enemy inflicting a severe blow, rendered it flat. He is a bright man, for his head is exceptionally large; because it is the embodiment of more arrogance and contumacy than all the cohorts of Hottentots from North, South, East and West. He has a big mouth. Fortunately the rest of his body is proportional. He shows by his size that he is addicted to high living but no one blames him for this tho he does it at the expense of his tributaries. Another striking feature is that his hands are large and his pockets of wonderful size. His attire resembles that of his beloved Boers over whom he's master. He oppresses them severely but loves them dearly for, says he, a father who loves his children chastizes them. Judging from all his characteristics, it is concluded that he is a descendant of that species of animals which is noted for its stubbornness and strongheadedness and therefore men have kindly conferred upon him the name of his father which he bears until this day.

—J. G. Brouwer, '93.

College Jottings.

Hondelink has again gone to roost.

The Chinaman's expression when he suspects that some one is trying to cheat him in not presenting a check when calling for laundry is "You try to fool me? You no can fool me." Prof. Nykerk thinking he was being deceived by some of the students used the English expression of the same and said, "You cannot wind me around your finger."

Hurray! for the close of school. Haying on the campus has been finished.

By request of Bloemers no more jokes on Ida will be published.

Since the last Third church social Hynck says he is not in favor of socials. The reason is obvious. The young lady's father, fearing they might get lost, came to meet them on their way home.

The Sophomores had a gala day June 12, when two of their class members celebrated the anniversary of their birthdays. "Charley" Hoffman seemed to be the favorite. He received a profusion of roses in remembrance of the event. We do not publish what Minnie received.

No wonder Miss DeFeyer was so anxious to lead the procession on Decoration Day. Stekelenburg was one of the committee in charge of the students. Why the students did not participate we are unable to say.

Prof. Sutphen says that he is thru spooning now. Bessie B. is more than delighted over the fact that they now have a telephone at the club. Willard also rejoices.

Bonthuis is especially partial to quadrupeds. Appeldoor says that the Latin word "moneo" should belong to the first conjugation and "amo" to the second since one may first "moneo" before it is possible to say "amo."

Schaefer says that the word "bird" is nowhere so beautifully expressed as in Latin.

If you want to see Grooters smile, just ask him how Eva is. Steunenberg has decided never again to go out serenading with the F. S. Such a close call to arrest as he had upon a recent occasion merits that decision.

The Verdict was in Our Favor.

The jury was made up of Summer Girls, not twelve, but hundreds of them, and they were unanimous in declaring that our Perfumes were the best in the city.

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VanZee was recently elected as steward of the Boarding Club. He however refused the office. The next morning, in speaking about the matter to a friend, he said, "I wouldn't accept the office because I knew they elected me in derision."

Prof. Nykerk pronounces Mrs. Rev. Clark's Hair Restorer the best on the market.

Tanis has already secured a position for the summer vacation—Planting celery and catching potato bugs.

Prof. Doesburg wishes to have the Anchor announce that all who have back fees to pay up will have that privilege at the opening of school next year.

Thus sings the poet about our English professor:

"Blessings on thee little man,
With thy upturned pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes."

Tis but a reminder that the rainy season is once more here.

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