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THE ANGEL.

Spera in Dez."—Ps. XLII. 5.

Manila.

H. F. VAN SLOOTEN, '96.

"What though the Spaniard act the coward and dare not come to fight? 
We'll meet the lion in his den and force him to the fight; 
And if upon the battle-field, our lives shall be laid low, 
Oh, where, ye patriots who have lied can blood more nobly flow!"

The moon looked down in silence from behind the ragged clouds, 
And spying, creeps,нмснрохг, through rigging and through shrubbery, 
When forth there sailed these mighty ships, with mightier men equipped, 
And ere the dawn of day, into Manila's harbor slipped.

At noon, when o'er the boom of guns, the lurid sun arose, 
Our battle-ships sailed o'er the bay encompassed by their foes, 
Behind lay grim Corregidor, Manila's guns before, 
The battlements of Cauite upon the eastern shore, 
Beneath the mighty fortress-walls, the Spanish vessels lay. 
Their startled gunners mount the decks and fire across the bay, 
In vain are all their efforts spent in vain their cannonade—
America, thy sons stand firm! there's not a man dismayed.

With fire before, with mines beneath, and battlements on shore, 
 Thy ships sail boldly, nobly on and forth their broadside pour. 
From larboard and from starboard sides their mighty guns were fired, 
While not one soldier left the decks and not one man expired.
Six times they charged along their line, their cannon they directed. 
While all the Spanish ships were lost and many Spaniards died, 
The dark sea opened wide its arms and on its watery plain, 
The dead lie scattered round about, God has avenged the "Maine!"

Silently, drearily
Waiting alone, 
Wofully, wearily
Happiness flown—
Lonely the widow weeps,
Lonely her vigil keeps,
While her bost, loved one sleeps
Unbekked, unknown.

Mother, bowed down with grief,
Trembling with fears,
Nought can afford relief,
Nought can shed a tear.

Bravely thy son has died,
Nobly his life-blood shed,
Numbered among the dead,
Youthful in years.

Would that your son had fought
As did for the right.
Brilliant their laurels bought,
Nobler their right.
Was there an erring cause?
Was it against Heaven's laws
Vainly to seek applause,
Trusting in might.

Safely the maiden weeps,
Sighing for one
Who in the ocean sleeps,
Forever gone;
Goes by shod bare,
Langed to return the day,
Lost in the battle's ray—
Worp sadly on.

Where is thy glory now,
Froin, haghtly Spain?
Humbly thy warriors low,
Low in thy train.

Proudly thy bunners waved,
Hark their heralds crown'd,
Nought has thy honor saved.
Count now thy gain.

The glad men come.
The sun is rising o'er the mountain-tops
From bough to bough the leaves among the merry song-bird hope;
The fields are decked with spring's wild flowers, with buds and blossoms gay,—
It is at the first of May, the merry first of May.
The little lamb he runs wild in play and frolic over the green;
While England's folk a-singing go, led by their may-day queen,
And dance around their festive pole with joyous song and lay.

We, in this land of liberty, we honor Dewey's day.
O sister Nation on the sea, see, let thy May-day be
The same to us and let that day be Dewey's day to thee;
Let thine be ours and ours be thine—our common day.

To fla the banner of the free, to guard man's liberty.
For Dewey and his jolly tow will shout our loud hurrahs,
These heros of that glorious fight, who fought for freedom's cause,
To them to-day we pay our vows and in our praises vie,
And the sweet memories of their fame shall never, ne'er die.

* Thomas Babington Macaulay.

THOMAS Babington Macaulay, essayist and historian, was born at the opening of this century, when another period of martial glory and material prosperity was dawning for England. Though born in England, he was of Scotch descent. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was a noted abolitionist and philanthropist. Passing through a complete classical course, obtaining his B. A. at twenty-two and M. A. at twenty-five, our Macaulay was prepared to act his part in the drama of life. In the latter year, while still studying law, he gained a literary reputation by his brilliant and scholarly essay on Milton.

As the political tide was rising, Macaulay was, carried along with it, so that in 1830 he took his seat in Parliament, where he soon distinguished himself as a brilliant orator. Being appointed minister of the Supreme Council for India about three years later, he resigned his seat in Parliament and went to India the following year. While here, he prepared a new code of laws for the Indian Empire; and in the meantime acquired that extensive knowledge of the country, which was afterwards employed with such skill in his essays on Clive and Warren Hastings. Returning in 1838, he at once took his seat for Edinburgh, subsequently became Secretary of War; and when, some time later, he was defeated in an election for Parliament, he retired altogether from politics. Though some years after re-elected amid universal rejoicings, he never again took an active part.

During all these years of business activity, literature had been carried on with equal ardor. But when politics were laid aside, all the powers were devoted to literature. Several new honors were conferred upon him during this period of his life, but only to be enjoyed for a short time, as he quietly died in 1859. The man has left us; his works remain in poems, essays and history. By these he must be measured, and by these assigned his place in the ranks of English writers.

We turn to his poetry. They are upon historical events, written in the usual, impetuous rush of Macaulay. They are noble ballads in their spirit and grandeur, full of dramatic power. Of rhetorical flashes, of picturesque incidents, in one word, the passionate outbursts of an overflowing heart. Here are grand pictures of physical heroes. We admire Horatius struggling through the swollen, seething Tiber; and the glorious hero speeding over Saint Andre's plain. We admire such heroes when the din of battle surrounds us, but would we call for them in an hour of sadness, or at a time when the heart leaps up with inward joy? We believe not This poetry is not the song which lures the soul to better worlds. For this reason we leave it. We cannot truly love this man until we meet him in his prose.

His essays are in some respects an encyclopedia. They show extensive reading, broadly of mind, high culture and great learning. Facts from all history and beauty from all literature delights us. Having read Hastings, we know not only the oppressor of India, but the condition of the country, the character of the people, how they compare with Europeans. We have become acquainted with Burke and his contemporaries. Now we see the sufferings of the Indians; next he paints an English Hall by one grand master-stroke. In the midst of this variety of ideas, there rises up the practical man, the disciple of Bacon, the oratorical reasoner, the critic, the lover of right.

We observe the general character of his thought. It is not the product of a profound thinker. The cause is not difficult to assign. When a man has been born with an insatiable passion for knowledge; when circumstances favor the satisfying of that passion to an unlimited extent; when the most favorable environment in home and school training have influenced his entire youth; and when, finally, in addition to all this, nature has gifted him with a memory most remarkably retentive—we can readily understand why he does not penetrate far below the surface. To verify his assertions, he has only to produce facts from life or from history. He need not enter into metaphysical abstractions to prove his statements. His memory, aided by a clear and quick judgment, will meet him in every emergency.

This was the case with Macaulay.
He never deals in the subtle, but speaks of events of real life, of everyday sights and sounds. To produce the greatest effect, he stirs up sensations, for he knows the ordinary mind must taste and touch. Fiction is always more popular than philosophy because it speaks of experiences, and does not require a mathematical deciphering or a word for word analysis to grasp the idea. Hence, by this lack of theory, but abundance of fact, the effect upon the mind is irresistible.

The fact is Macaulay was a practical man. All his literary life was interspersed with sufficient business to prevent his losing himself in pantastical day-dreams and vague speculations. As Taine puts it, "His love for the practical is unlimited: his scorn for the speculative age. The practical business and commerce of England delights him. This is the reason why he so strongly and passionately upholds Bacon's philosophy.

The end of Bacon's doctrine was fruit. Ancient philosophy cared for none of this. Instead, it was to exalt the philosopher by dreaming about immensities and vagueness. Hypatia might talk beautifully, might trust for safety in her sublime philosophy against the violence of an Alexandrian mob, when all the reality of fact was clearly against her. Not so with Bacon's doctrine. It would have summed up the probabilities of success, and concluded by a process of induction that it was safer to remain at home. Determined to be useful, it set about to increase the pleasures and comforts, and to lessen the burdens of mankind. For this reason inductive philosophy has produced progress. Satisfied with words and sublime theories, ancient philosophy left the world where it found it. The result was endless metaphysical discussion, grand and lofty ideals. It dwelt among the stars where it was unattainable. The Baconian came to earth to aid mankind.

This is why it pleased Macaulay. It was a practical, not a theoretical philosophy. In his own oft-quoted phrase, "An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia", lay his doctrine. It must come to aid man's progress, or he would have none of it. When philosophizing, he begins by examining facts bearing upon the case, and then with true inductions leads us to the causes. No effect but he finds a cause, and always a natural one.

Of such a man, the reasoning powers must be of the finest quality. And this is exactly the case with Macaulay. He has taken up himself the task of finding the cause for every effect by a logical arrangement of facts. Possessing a marvelous power of accurate discrimination and correct judgment, which enabled him to arrange clearly and quickly the abundance of his facts, he reasons with wonderful force and effect. Nothing so difficult but he proves it. To this he adds oratorical strength. He is aware that an audience must be gained at the outset, that there are absent-minded men, weary and indifferent men, who must all be interested. Hence if one by losing attention should miss the argument, he is sure to repeat it. To prevent fatigue, beautiful descriptions are introduced, until, finally, with every eye fixed and every ear strained, arguments are heaped up in such abundance, and with such force and eloquence that the mind becomes irresistibly convinced. Besides, he always has the end in view. Though willing to pluck a rose by the wayside, it must not lead him from his course, but add to a better understanding of the situation, and thus increase the strength of the argument.

But what must be the criticism of one who speaks with such authority, and proves with such certainty? Criticism with some is summed up in a judgment. With others it is rather an explanation. They neither condemn nor commend. Macaulay belongs to the former. With him it is not enough to explain why Charles broke his coronation oath; why he violated the Petition of Right; why his faith in the Divine Right of Kings was absolute; why, moreover, he ruled as though he might carry out his sup posed royal prerogatives to an unlimited extent without bringing the wrath of his people upon him; but he must condemn him as a selfish, cruel, and corrupt father and king. He has formed a kind of criterion. Up to this the subject must come or he is condemned to the severest terms. But, though rough at times, he is always actuated by a high sense of justice.

Macaulay has a true heart for the right. Treating in both essays and history largely with politics, he naturally asserts the English love of freedom, and with this unbounded love of liberty, justice walks hand in hand. To deprive him of liberty is to destroy his rights as man and citizen. He has unbounded faith in an all-class representation, whether English or Indian, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. For this he contends with all the force which fact and logic can summon together.

We compare him with Burke. In the great trial of Warren Hastings, Burke chose parts against the defendant, not because personal grievances were to be avenged, not because honor and wealth were to be gained, but because the accused had trifled with a principle so dear to the heart of Burke, because the very foundation of the House of Commons itself had been attacked, yea almost destroyed among a distant people. To him the Indians were not mere chattels out of whom any Englishman might wring a fortune, return home, marry a Peer's daughter and have the title of Lord affixed to his name. They were a living people of like impulse with himself, stirred by the same spirit, "flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone." This was the spirit which animated
Macaulay. He fought against oppression of others as if his own liberty were at stake. Hence, when he pleads for this cause, his words fall like so many hammer-strokes, the force of which is increased by an overmastering passion.

Bearing this in mind we can easily understand why his history assumes its peculiar character. The period chosen exactly suited the whole force of his being. The great struggle between King and Parliament, between Divine Right of Kings and Divine Right of People, between unlimited oppression and limited freedom—was on. Once begun, the battle went on gradually but surely in favor of the people. No period of English history could be more inviting to a mind, swayed by such love of justice, than "from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." Besides, his historical erudition from Henry the Eighth down to his own time was unlimited. To trace out the causes from the effects, to show why the people won and the Kings lost, and why subsequently prosperity followed was the life-long desire. Thus prepared and with such a purpose, he wrote, in so far as completed, one of the finest and most popular histories extant.

The manner of treatment is remarkable for its completeness. He believes a true history should include the development of a people, morally, intellectually, socially, as well as politically. For this reason, he warms us at the outset what he shall do—how he shall give a history of his country and its people in every direction, even though he should by so doing be reproached "of having descend below the dignity of history." He fulfills his promise. He gives us all things and explains them. Hume wrote a history of the same country. But Hume was a sceptic and free-thinker. Doubting everything, he refused to recognize the relation between cause and effect, hence we lack in him what is so abundant in Macaulay—continuity. His history, instead of presenting to us the development of a race, effects springing from causes, becomes a cataloguing of facts. Not so with Macaulay. He sees a connection everywhere. Consequently all the facts form not isolated parts, but an unbroken chain, placing before the mind a grand panorama of the nation with all its disasters, its triumphs, its crimes, its follies, its earnestness, its social development arising out of its contact with other peoples, its intellectual force growing out of the blending of various races, its moral courage springing out of the English character, the heights to which it rose, and the depths to which it fell, with the additional advantage of having every event proved with such soundness of reasoning and authority of expression that we are forced to accept him as the truth.

But whence arises its popularity? Is it not because it is interesting? Reading this history, do we not find society in its reality? Is it not because it harmonizes with our ordinary conception of life that we prize it? He arouses sympathies by being a participant in the scenes. Moreover, he is so certain of his case that neither James himself nor his adherents can reason away his obstinacy.

To the accusations of partiality, of exaggeration, of sacrificing truth to his passion for style—must be yielded. The cause is evident and, though not excusable, it should somewhat mitigate the severity of the criticism. With his great heart for the oppressed, and with the good fortune of being on the right side, he becomes at times subject to his feelings—feelings which should have been controlled by the will. But the essential truth of his work has never been forgotten.

Since, then, this voluminous writer is an essayist of world-wide fame, a disciple of Bacon, a reasoner who proves all he says, and who adds such eloquence that men frequently listened for the mere pleasure of listening, a critic who might be termed a judge, a great lover of justice, an historian the most popular of all time judging from its acceptance by the public—we ask, what is the style in which he addresses us? What interest has he added to literature?

First, his style is truly oratorical. He continually rushes along with a prodigious flood of words. Like a true orator, he retains a noble dignity throughout. Then, he speaks with such clearness that he cannot be misunderstood. This quality is acquired by various means. Every page is illuminated by familiar figures taken from the common affairs of life. He knows the great mass of men wants images, and he gives them in abundance. He talks of a chimney-sweeper, and we all have seen one. As the sun, he tells us, illuminates the mountain before it is seen in the valley, so the greatest intellects discover a new truth before the mass understands it. Now who does not comprehend the idea? Again, clearness is aided by an abundance of antitheses. Ideas are contrasted everywhere with such effect that we cannot miss the meaning. Determined to be understood, his sentences are generally short and to the point. If he happens to employ a long one, it is never involved, but is either shaped into a grand period or reduced to a fine similarity of structure.

His elegances are numerous. In order not to weary the mind by a monotony of images, he varies them constantly. Often, he is showy, gaudy and metaphorical. In grace and ease he is said to surpass many who have made felicity of expression their chief study. Add to this a purity and choice of diction, and we have one of the most excellent styles imaginable.

This is partly the reason why he has added interest to literature. We say partly, for the material inclinations of his mind were not less forcible. It is the material prosperity of his country in which he "lives and moves and has his being." The world as it is satisfies him. Hence he gains many an interest in literature who had thus far been concerned with little about it. Having cast aside the air castles of his predecessors, enjoyed mainly by the few, he brought literature in a practical, material, matter-of-fact state before the public. Making himself readable to all classes, his influence is most extensive and lasting.

Here, then, is Macaulay, a man of fine talent as well as noble sentiment—a man in whom we seek in vain for the misfortunes, the melancholy moods, the fits of feverish passion, the outbursts of alternating hope and despair, entralling the minds of so
The Student a Factor in College Administration.

During vacation I had occasion to speak with a young man who had spent a year at one of our leading universities, but who, on account of a limited bank account, was seeking an institution where much could be obtained at the cost of but a small outlay. Knowing of this particular feature of our college, he accordingly acquired after its course of study, the advantages it offered and the reputation it had. Among other questions were these: "Have you inter-collegiate sports? What voice has the student in the administration of the affairs of the college?" What could be the answer? Inter-collegiate sports? None. Why not? "If you cannot kick the man, kick the ball! Students should keep away from the sporting class", and a few more of the reasons which temporarily buried the baseball and foot-ball question two years ago.

The prospective student preferred to work another year in order to bolster up his deficient bank-account and eventually to return to the university. We might be led to say: "If he wished to come for sport we don't want him." True enough. And yet he chose to wait and work until the time when routine class-room exercises could be interspersed with the sports so proverbial in college annals.

The other question as to the student's voice in college administration opens up a wide field for inquiry and discussion.

Can the student be expected to remain indifferent as to whether he shall be ruled or misruled? If he can, the prospects of his becoming an independent citizen and a zealous advocate of representative legislation are gloomy indeed. If he cannot be expected to remain indifferent, his voice should receive formal recognition, a recognition which should have weight in all deliberations affecting him.

But the critical reader might remark: "Do you not then trust your superiors who have your interest at heart?" Surely we trust them for otherwise our presence here were mere mockery, but then we may certainly again expect that trust to be mutual. But if they do trust us, should they not then allow us a voice in our own administration? Reasonable grounds justify such a conclusion. We believe that laws should be framed according to the present and prospective needs and interests of the institution.

But there again is a difficulty. Who must decide what is and what is not necessary? A rule is made and the student obeys it, but through some hitch the obedience is galling and the student complains of tyranny. The rule is alright in theory but fails in practice. The need was not met, and the law must be changed or remodeled.

Many literary men of this race and country—Macaulay, poet, essayist, historian, with his political bias and his literary excellencies. Surely, a man standing thus in the ranks of English writers is deserving of all honor as one of England's great geniuses.

Charles Kingsley.

But the luckless student objects to being thus experimented on. The difficulty should have been seen before. How can this be remedied? We believe by student representation. No one knows better what reception a certain rule will meet with among the students than the student himself. No one knows more of his needs and his attitude to his faculty and fellows. He wishes to obey cheerfully and at the same time reasonably. In fact, a sullen obedience is worse than an open rebellion. He would not object to making known his need, feeling that to be the chief consideration. And this would be a simple process. A committee of three could be elected by the student body to represent them at all of the deliberations of the authorities directly concerning the students as a whole. Let it be understood however that this committee should have no vote but only an advisory voice. Such proceedings might seem dictatorial, but cannot fail to impress one with their reasonableness. The scheme has been tried in other colleges and universities and found to work admirably. Undoubtedly the students of Hope College too would feel their responsibility, and would meet it nobly and sincerely, and then would dawn the day when the inter-collegiate sports question could be fairly defended, and the students could sit at the feet of instructors whose election they had themselves endorsed.

Notes and Comments.

The imagination is a faculty of the mind to which little attention is usually paid in the scheme of education, in the higher branches, at least. It is left to take care of itself and its development is almost entirely incidental. So, being left to chance and circumstances, it often happens that the imagination is dwarfed, and in this way one of the most powerful and useful faculties in the service of man is practically lost. That the value of the imagination is generally underestimated, is shown by the fact that we are apt to consider it as a toy to amuse us rather than as a tool to work with.

In every line of study the imagination is more or less necessary to a thorough grasp of the subject. In reading history, for instance, it is the events that we imagine most vividly which we will retain the longest, and will be able to see most readily in their relation to other events. "Count yourself not to know a fact when you know that it took place, but then only when you see it as it did take place." (Blackie.)

The greatest names on the roll of science have belonged to men of active imaginations. Newton imagined what would be the result if the force of gravity were to extend to the distance of the moon, and upon computation found his supposition to agree with the facts. It required an imagination to think of the moon falling to the earth and never getting any nearer! Darwin imagined, from fragment-
Henry, with his mind's eye, the planets in its orbit with reference to each one, before he found the true curve. Without the aid of the imagination, discovered the form of the
Kt:pler, whose
eight of rivals. Rivalry should not simply for numbers, but rather for intellectual advancement. Have our societies not mistaken this heretofore? For a number of years the two college societies have been running side by side, each vying with the other with jealous might, each eager to exceed the other in numbers; but never have they met in a declamation or oratorical contest, never in public debate, never even in a joint session. We would ask whether the true sense of rivalry has been exercised. Would it not be well to have a joint meeting once a term, to have contests between the societies, and thus create a spirit of rivalry that would produce beneficial results?

Opening of the New Year.

Hope College opened its doors on Wednesday morning, Sept. 21, at nine o'clock. The beginning was in all respects auspicious, as about two hundred students were on hand to begin work. The best of feeling prevailed and all seemed anxious to begin or resume their duties. Quite a number of townspeople were also present as an evidence of the interest taken in our institution.

The exercises were opened by singing, after which Dr. Kollen read the 46th Psalm for a scripture lesson. Dr. Winter of the Seminary offered prayer, and then the President made his annual address to the students. It was replete with good suggestions and helpful advice to all who had left their homes to enter into another sphere of activity, that of college-life. We quote a few passages which were most striking:

"We welcome you all, new and old, to our midst. We cordially greet the new student who for the first time has left the parental roof and is now cast among strangers. You, older students, are also welcome, and may you consider it your duty to make the young and less experienced brethren feel at ease in this their new home."

We miss a few to-day who were still with us when last we met. A.C. Angermond of the Senior class and Wm. Damson of the Sophomores are absent—they left all to obey their country's call, and their action is the fruit of the deep-seated patriotism manifested when the war broke out.

All honor to our brave comrades, and may they live to return to us and prepare themselves further that they may devote unto their country the products of a faithful and trained mind.

Another seat is vacant in the "C" class which might also have been filled to day. Hubert Birchby is no more. The grain was ripe ere we ourselves knew it, and the Master thought fit to garner him in and leave us standing until our mission should be performed.

My young friends, before you begin your work, let me point out to you some of your advantages that you may see the more clearly your duties arising therefrom. The boundless fields of learning are yours if you will but persevere to explore them. The rapture and joy attendant upon each acquisition in the intellectual world may now become a reality to you. You are factors in our country's history and owe your country the service of a devoted and consecrated life.

A new era is dawning in our local: great problems must be solved and momentous questions settled. Who must decide these? Young people, the world looks to you. You who stand on a higher plane and look to a wider horizon than your ancestors are expected to do your duty. You are to be congratulated to-day. Happy may you be that you have been born in America, and happy that you live in this age of opportunity as factors of the nation that is to act as God's deliverer to destroy the effete nations which stand in the way of international arbitration and peace.

All honor to the Russian Czar, Nicholas II.

We know but little, and as the boundless areas of knowledge open up before us we feel our own acquisitions to sink into insignificance. But let it be thus, for the wisest men have been the humblest.

Only remember to adopt one aim and stick to it. Every individual has a place in his own peculiar sphere and must concentrate all his energies upon it. It is the man of one idea who succeeds—call him a crank if you will. 

Look upon your knowledge as a stewardship and treasure carefully your talents nor hide them in a nap-
kin lest the lord of the house think thee unfaithful.

And when you have acquired, then give. One has what he gives, all else has him. Genius is but another name for generosity.

Lead a hopeful and devoted life for it is the sanctified life which answers to its mission. Webster on his deathbed was still alive. The pessimist would have been almost dead.

You intend to become preacher, lawyer, teacher or doctor. We cannot make you a 'preacher, lawyer, teacher or doctor; we can only aid you. You must be the making of yourself.

Let the Bible be your text-book, and pay especial attention to your spiritual welfare, and thus will come the day when from our institution shall flow streams that shall make glad the city of our God."

At this juncture the President introduced Mr. A. J. Ladd as Professor of Pedagogy, and Mr. J. A. VanZwaaluwenburg as Instructor in Scientific Studies, and extended to them the hand of cordial fellowship.

After the Doxology was sung the students dispersed to the tune of the college-yell.

**Old Pin Hook.**

**RE. J. F. Winter, LL. D. South Bend, Ind.**

I AM standing on a long, wooded bluff which rises precipitously some seventy feet above the St. Joseph river, two miles northwest of South Bend, Ind. The river here almost doubles on itself, making a sharp angle around a low-lying, brush-covered point known as Pin Hook. Though the river has a swift current it is quite shallow for I see the mud and stones at the bottom near the bluff. It is dirty too, but not through any inherent depravity, for the mills of the city have polluted the water, and nature makes at least a perfect mirror of the murky stream, reflecting bushes and trees along the shore. And see! Just now she is vitascopeing every movement of two little birds which are skimming low over the water, occasionally darting down to demolish their life-like images. A small turtle comes to the surface, stupidly floats about and, as though conscious of the summer heat, languidly drifts on its side with the current and then lunges out of sight. There is a humming of insects in the air, some little stir among the foliage of the trees, the distant barking of a dog and the gay laughter and occasional protests of a party of children who have driven a dairy wagon out into the river some distance below. Beyond the wooded point lie beautiful fields of grain. A few acres of shocked wheat is particularly pleasing and restful to the eye, for it lies like a deep-set picture in a border of green. Just beyond and above this deep border appear the chimneys and spires and parts of the white walls and black roof of St. Mary's Academy, one mile away,—a Catholic institution of some renown.

The atmosphere is clear. Five or six clouds are visible, and as they lie there seemingly anchored in the peaceful blue, they strongly suggest a White Squadron of the skies.

To the simple beauty of the place is added the charm of historical interest.

In this neighborhood there existed from time immemorial one of the three famous "portages" of the country between the Great Lakes and the Gulf, the others being in Illinois and Wisconsin. It was about five miles in length and formed the path of the Red men for countless ages. Over it they carried their canoes from the St. Joseph to the head waters of the Kankakee which has its source about two miles west of South Bend and flows into the Illinois river. It was over this portage that La Salle and his party of explorers made their way in the winter of 1679 on their first voyage of discovery to the mouth of the Mississippi. Though the exact spot where he landed is not known, it must have been in this neighborhood and an effort is being made to mark the place with an appropriate monument.

I am now looking down upon a shelving beach which could easily have formed the beginning of the portage, and the imagination loves to picture things as they once were, with forests, full of savages and intrepid explorers, coming round the bend, turning sharply inshore and grating on the pebbly beach.

**"Uncas."**

*Henry Stairs, "C."*

ONLY a few scattered accounts can give us a true view of the Indians as they are. Cooper has gathered these accounts, and together with his knowledge of them, has pictured in vivid scenes their true greatness. In the "Micmacs" he gives us the life of a Delaware prince, Uncas, the hero of the book.

The author fitly introduces him in the midst of an earnest discussion between Chingachgook and Hawkeye. As the Indian finishes the touching narrative of the misfortunes of his tribe and family, his son appears with the simple words, "‘Uncas is here!!" He does not leap to his father to tell of his adventures, but an impressive silence prevails.

Uncas, Le Cerf Agile, the nimble deer, is a youth with an admirable physique. In his face are indications of both pride and purity. In killing the deer he shows his skill with the bow. His wonderful physical ability saves his life in passing the two terrible lines of tormentors—the gauntlet.

His first act of magnanimity is the convincing of the other two to join him in a prayer that it is their duty to lead the party to Henry. He next, at Glenn's falls, eagerly serves the sisters, and saves Heyward's life. From this last act friendship springs up which lasts the remainder of their lives, and gives us a glimpse of the Indian's character.

In the nineteenth chapter we find probably the most beautiful scene of the whole book. Chingachgook and Uncas have thrown aside their stoicism, not their natures, and are father and son. They laugh, chat and play with social enjoyment. It is the pleasure of nature. From the read-
ing of books one might think the Indian but a warrior, a murderer, without a heart of sympathy and love. But this picture reveals the falseness of that idea.

The keenness of observation of Uncas saves much time and trouble for the party. He observes the sideling gate of the Narragansets, Cora's veil, Alice's trinket and the trail. All of them lead to important discoveries or the saving of time. He is very modest in these discoveries.

His loftiness of character, self-control and bravery are clearly shown in the terrible ordeal he goes through in the Huron camp. What a striking contrast the cowardly Huron is to Uncas! At the escape he nobly refuses to leave his friend Hawkeye. Throughout the scene before the great Tamenund Uncas bears himself with dignity. Though causing him much sorrow, he sees that the only just course for him to pursue in regard to Cora and Magna, is to give the Huron his property. As chief of the Delawares, in general, he shows himself an able leader.

Throughout the whole book Uncas seems to respect Cora as he does no other. At the falls, the rescue and the escape through the lines of the enemy, Cora is aided by the arms of Uncas, and their deaths are proofs of this statement. After the rescue his noble action wins from the author these words, "That elevated him far above the intelligence, and advanced him centuries before the practices of his nation."

"But the noblest scene of his life is at his death. Cora is rapidly being borne away when Uncas pursues. As he reaches her, her heart's blood is already ebbing away. He is too late to rescue her, but not too late to die with her. Down by her side, weltering in his blood, he lies—stabbed. We would not have them live together; we would have their deaths so they are sublime. This is one of the master strokes of the author.

In studying Uncas, we cannot help but feel the delicacy respect for him in whom are centered and developed so many of the good qualities of which we boast. He is pure, undefiged. In him are the virtues of both white man and Indian, but with the villainy of neither. He is a man whose qualities would do honor to most white men, and fall beneath the moral standard of few.

We want to feel that the true spirit of orators is yet living and thriving among us. Why cannot we stand first as well as any one else? Stand first? Nay, why can not we raise the standard of oratory in our institution, so that instead of being almost neglected it shall be one of the strongholds of this school?

By the advice of Prof. J. B. Nykerk, who last year so faithfully conducted the work in connection with The Oratorical League, we now submit to the members of the college literary societies the following proposition: Would it not be well to organize a local oratorical league among the societies for the purpose of becoming more interested in the work and regulating more satisfactorily the home contest? We would kindly ask the members of the different societies to consider the proposal and come of this proposition.

There are many reasons why we should have such a society. In the first place, it would bring the two societies closer together. Whatever of unbrotherly rivalry there might exist between them would be removed by this common bond of union. It would give them a common aim and purpose. Besides, there is a strength of self-confidence which comes only from a knowledge of each other's ability.

Then, too, it would arouse interest and enthusiasm among the college students. Identifying the oratorical contest with the literary societies, it would put a premium on society work, which, as a school, we most sorely need. The society is the most natural place to develop our abilities as a public speaker, and we honestly believe no student can afford to miss its influence.

The Ullfas club has again opened its doors to begin this year's work. Last year was a very pleasant and profitable one to those who attended its meetings, yet we hope to make this year better than its predecessor. We would urge any and every one, who does not yet belong to it, to come and visit us. There are very few students in this school who do not come from Dutch homes and do not frequently have occasion to speak the Dutch language. Why then not learn to use it properly? Prof. Doesburg has again promised to be with us during this year. He will again, as was his custom, assist us in whatever we need his help. There is therefore no reason why any one should not speak his Dutch tolerably well. The Ullfas affords a splendid opportunity to those who want to become masters of their own mother tongue.

L. L. L.

The L. L. L., held its regular business meeting on the first Friday of the term, at which the following officers were elected:

President, Miss Hattie Zwenmer.
Vice-President, Miss Amy Yates.
Secretary, Miss Jennie Huijenga.
Treasurer, Miss Lottie Hoyt.
Sergeant-at-arms, Miss Alice Kollen.
Several new members have been enrolled, and the society hopes to have as prosperous a year as last.

The F. S.-held its first meeting of the year on September 23. The following officers were elected: Pres., A. B. Van Zante, Vice Pres., John
D. Tanus, Sec., Wm. Rinck. Fourteen new members, ten of whom were members of last year's "A" class were elected.

The society begins work under the most favorable circumstances. The membership at present is larger than it has been for some time past. A thorough fraternal spirit exists among the members new as well as old. May the future be even more glorious than the past!

De Alumnis.

Rev. M. Koly, 77, will be installed as Principal of the North Western Classical Academy, at Orange City, the 4th of October.

Rev. F. J. Zwemer, '80, has accepted the call to the combined charge of the Reformed churches of Hope and Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

Rev. J. Poppen, Ph. D., '82, supplied the First Church of Pella for a few Sundays.

Rev. James Ossewaarde, '90, of Pella, Iowa, has accepted the call to Bethany Ref. church at Grand Rapids.

Rev. Henry Veldman, '92, has received a second call from the First Reformed church of Pella.

Of the class of '98, Messrs. Banning, Klerk, Kuyper and Winter have entered the Seminary at this place; Huyink and Van Ess have gone to Princeton; Meings and Mulder are at New Brunswick; Van Slooten and Kremers have gone to Ann Arbor; Beardslee will enter the University of Chicago; De Bruyn is employed in Chicago; Rutgers is teaching; Steketee is at home; Frakken is working in the city. Van den Bosch, '97, is at present Principal of the High School at Gaylord, Mich. E. Boone, '97, is Professor of Science in the High School of Escanaba, Mich.

Mr. Henry Bruns,'96, left for Harvard, where he will continue his studies.

College Jottings.

"Weer tehuis." Forward, march.

Cooper already dreaming of the Y. M. C. A. reception.

Jack Frost was an unwelcome visitor in Van der Meulen's pickle patch.

J. F. De Jong, formerly with us, has been appointed Deputy Recorder of Sioux County, Iowa.

Mansens has been very successful in late in capturing a rare Forest Grove peach.

A few more lady students than last year.

Arends undoubtedly felt that his uncle's silver wedding would be incomplete without his presence.

Legters was employed during the summer as porter in a Chautauqua hotel.

THE ANCHOR.

A. C. V. Danagremond of the Senior class, but at present a private in Co. I, 203 N. Y. Volunteers, will very likely do garrison duty in Cuba.

Nywening's vacation was sadly marred by the death of his brother who was drowned while out fishing in the Kankakee river near St. Anne, Illinois.

William Prakken, '98, is taking a post-graduate course in carpentry.

Several duplicate books from the library will be sold at auction in the near future.

John Verwey has taken ecclesiastical orders as appears from his smooth shaven face.

"Boarder wanted" is the sign that now adorns Hosper's window.

Brook is contemplating a trip to Detroit.

W. H. Cooper spent most of his summer vacation studying vocal and pantomimic expression under the private instruction of Prof. Charles Carlsile of the Department of Eloquence of the Ferris Industrial school at Big Rapids. After leaving his studies there he gave recitals in several towns and cities of Northern Michigan and was everywhere well received. Two weeks ago Mr. Cooper gave an entertainment at his home town, Muskegon, and was greeted by a very large and enthusiastic audience. Cooper is always good.

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