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OCTOBER, 1898.

The Anchor

HOPE COLLEGE.

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
THE ANGELO.

"Spera in Deo."—Ps. XXII. 5.

VOLUME XII.

OCTOBER, 1888.

MANILA.

H. F. VAN SLOOTEN, '89.

"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-dread, our lives shall be laid low, Oh, where, ye patriots who have bled can blood more nobly flow?"

The moon looked down in silence from behind the ragged clouds, And spicy, orient breeze blew, through rapping 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 under the bombast guns, the lurid sun arose, Our battle-ships sailed over the bay encompassed by their foes,—

Behind lay grim Corregidor, Manila's guns before, The battlements of Corte upon the eastern shore, Beneath the mighty fortress-walls, the Spanish vessels lay,

Their startled gunners mounted the decks and fire across the bay, In vain are all their efforts spent in vain their cannonades—

America, thy sons stand firm! there's not a man dismayed.

With fire before, with muskiers beneath, and battle-lines 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 loaded, 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!"

1. Silently, drearily
Waiting alone,
Worshipped, worthy.
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 Edin- burgh. Subsequently he 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, impassive 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 speed- ing over Saint Andre's plain. We admire such heroes when the din of battle surrounding 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, breadth of mind, high culture and great learning. Facts from all history and beauty from all literature delights us. Having read Hast- ings, 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 circumstan- ces 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 every day 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 phantastical 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 concerns around him fields white for a poetic man."

In this he is a direct antithesis to his contemporary, Carlyle. He never deals in the subtle, but strongly and passionately upholds Bacon's philosophy. He has taken upon himself the task of finding the cause for every effect by a logical arrangement of facts. Possessing a marvellous 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 such 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 supremely 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 his English love of freedom, and with this boundless 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 whose flesh and bone 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.

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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 were 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 descended 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 freethinker. Denying everything, he refused to recognize the relation between cause and effect, hence we lack in him what is so abundant in Ma·caulay—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 confuted.

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 prodigal 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 illumined by familiar figures taken from the common affairs of life. He knows the great mass of men want 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, illumines 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 monotonity of images, he varies them continually. 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 concerned themselves but 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, enthralling the minds of so
man standing thus in the ranks of
English writers is deserving of all
honor as one of England's great gen-
ious.

Charles Kingsley.

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 ob-
tained at the cost of but a small out-
lay. Knowing of this particular feature
of our college, he accordingly ac-
quired after its course of study, the
advantages it offered and the reputa-
tion it had. Among other questions
there were these: "Have you inter-colle-
giate sports? What voice has the stu-
dent in the administration of the af-
fairs 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 base-
ball and foot-ball question two years
ago.

The prospective student preferred
to work another year in order to bol-
ster 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 pro-
verbial in college annals.

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

Can the student be expected to re-
main indifferent as to whether he shall
be ruled or misruled? If he can, the
prospects of his becoming an inde-
pendent citizen and a zealous advo-
cate of representative legislation are
glomy indeed. If he cannot be ex-
pected 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 re-
mark: "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 we, should they
not then allow us a voice in our own
administration? Reasonable grounds
justify such a conclusion. We be-
lieve that laws should be framed ac-
cording to the present and prospect-
ive needs and interests of the institu-
tion.

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.

But the luckless student objects to
being thus experimented on. The
difficulty should have been seen be-
fore. 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 au-

torities directly concerning the stu-
dents as a whole. Let it be under-
stood however that this committee
should have no vote but only an ad-
visory voice. Such proceedings might
seem dictatorial, but cannot fail to
impress one with the responsibility.
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.

SIGMATOS.

Notes and Comments.

The imagination is a faculty of the
mind to which little attention is usu-
ally paid in the scheme
of
education, in the high-
er branches, at least. It
is left to take care of itself and its de-
velopment is almost entirely incident-
al. So, being left to chance and cir-
cumstances, it often happens that the
imagination is dwarfed, and in this
way one of the most powerful and use-
ful faculties in the service of man is
practically lost. That the value of
the imagination is generally underes-
timated, 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 imagina-
tion is more or less necessary to a
thorough grasp of the subject. In
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ary data, the theory of evolution. Kepler, by the mere force of his imagina­tion, discovered the form of the planets' orbits, long before there was any known reason for their movements. It is said that he made nineteen different suppositions, following the planet in its orbit with reference to each one, before he found the true curve. Without the aid of the imagina­tion, science is but a dry catalogue of facts of no particular interest except as they are useful, but to one whose imagination is trained it becomes a wonderland of delight. Such a one can look through the facts and see, with his mind's eye, the things which they represent.

That society work is of prime importance for a college student need only be mentioned. Its merits have frequently been set forth and discussed in college journals. The great importance of joining some society seems to be realized, this year, more than ever, by the students, judging from the number who have already united with the different societies, and the enthusiasm manifested in the work.

We doubt not, for one moment, but our literary societies are doing splendid work, yet it need not be questioned that there is room for improvement. Of late a spirit of rivalry has awakened them to their sense of duty. Such a spirit, if properly fostered, means growth, but, if not, it necessarily means ruin. 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 towns-people 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. Dam groend 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 Hirschby 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 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 land: 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 sanctioned 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. VanZwaluwenburg 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.

REV. J. F. WINTER, Ph.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 vitascribing 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 flops 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 crowd 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 Cloud 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.

THE ANCHOR.

Squadron of the skies.

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THE ANCHOR.

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 “Mohicans” he gives us the life of a Delaware prince, Uncas, the hero of the book.

The author fittingly 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 Cerc 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 terribilit lines of tormentors—the gauntlet.

His first act of magnanimity is the convincing of the other two forest fathers 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 of 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 Narraganset, 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 lofthouse 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, welting 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 deepest respect for him in whom are centered and developed so many of the good qualities of which we boast. He is pure, undefiled. 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 oratory is yet living and thriving among us. Why cannot we stand first as well as any one else? Stand first? Nay, why can we not 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. Nykerg, 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 pros and cons 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 unkindness, 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.

Among the Societies.

An Oratorical League.

There is certainly at all times and in all places room for improvement. The path of progress is ever onward and upward. The last step in advance only makes the next one possible.

We are especially brought to meditate on these things when the literary societies have again opened, and we look forward to another year of work. Hope College made a fair record last year at the oratorical contest. Yet there is no reason why we should not do better this year. We want to arouse enthusiasm among the boys.

THE ANCHOR.

THE ANCHOR.

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 Zwemer.
Vice-President, Miss Amy Yates.
Secretary, Miss Jennie Huizenga.
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.

Fraternals.

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
THE ANCHOR.

D. Tanis: Sec., Wm. Rinck. Four-teen 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.

Rey. M. Kolyn, '77, will be installed as Principal of the North Western Classical Academy, at Orange City, the 5th of October.

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

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

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

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

Of the class of '93, Messrs. Banning, Klerk, Kuyper and Winter have entered the Seminary at this place; Hyink and Van Eek have gone to Princeton; Meungs 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 Sciences in the High School at Escanaba, Mich.

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

College Jottings.

"Weer tehuin." 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 of 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.

A. C. V. Danagremond of the Senior class, but at present a private in Co. F, 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.

In Grand Rapids, Auctioneer.

New students especially should make it a point to be present at the annual reception of the Y. M. C. A. Thursday evening, Oct. 6.

Very few have not heard of Wage-maker's escape from a policeman's 'billy.' One evening last vacation while Andy was soaring aloft on the wings of eloquence in a certain pulpit in Grand Rapids he suddenly found himself in the grasp of a policeman and his attendant. Details referring to his trial will be published later.

In the latter part of this month we expect to hear the celebrated Dr. Kuper from the University of Amsterdam.

There has been a great improve-ment in the library system this year, which will be appreciated by the students. The library will be open Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from one to three o'clock. Books can be secured on Friday afternoon of every week.

Sayed spent the past summer in lecturing in various churches of Michigan and Wisconsin.

John Verwey has taken ecclesiasti-cal 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 Carlisle 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.

THE ANCHOR.

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