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Hope College
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IN a former issue of THE ANCHOR mention has been made of college colors. Altho perhaps it should be decided to have a college color before we select one, yet we think that some suggestion on this subject may not be out of place. Since our institution owes its being to men who will ever hold dear the land of their birth, to honor them, to honor their fatherland in this matter would be no more than proper. Orange, then, in our opinion, should be the color. And since our own country must especially not be neglected, some representative color for her should also be chosen. What better than blue, the emblem of hope? What say you to orange and blue as the emblem of "Hope"?

STUDENTS, ATTENTION! We have often urged you to buy your wares of these merchants who advertise in our college paper, and we would continue urging you to do so. You will find, as a rule, that these merchants who advertise in these columns of

for special inducements to students and it will benefit both you and your college paper to patronize them. Give the merchants of this city to understand that if they would obtain your patronage that they must show their good will toward the students by placing an advertisement of their wares in THE ANCHOR. Insist upon it!

THE first holiday for this school year has come and gone the way of all earthly days, leaving behind it recollections of a decidedly pleasant nature. Holidays are always subjects of considerable speculation to the boys, long before the arrival of these delightful days plans of enormous comprehension are made, castles in the air are multiplied one upon another, and anticipation is whetted with a keen relish of the good things to come.

There is an old adage that anticipation is better than participation. Present that idea to the average student, and he will soon make it distillation. It is a doctrine his reason refuses to accept. Being of an intensely practical turn of mind, the enjoyment of present luxuries is worth a hundred in the uncertain future. The only adage that seems to drive conviction home is "Tempus fugit." How gratefully does he acknowledge the evanescence of all earthly things; scarcely has he entered upon his holiday pleasures ere they are gone, and he again finds himself facing the stern realities of Calculus, Greek, Latin, etc. Students are a wonderfully philosophical class of mortals, the visions of departed turkey, stuffed with all sorts of spicy, savoury morsels, may arise before their mental vision, and cause a sigh of fond regret for these vanished objects, suggesting the idea—Is life worth living? Yet, how heroically do they banish these thoughts and turn resolutely to their studies. And thus they go on, generally thankful for all that is past, enjoying and making profitable the present, and looking forward with hope and anticipation for the next holiday.
Consult With Yourself.

BY REV. BASTIAN SMITH, '81.

This advice may at first sight seem dangerous, and not without reason, for but too often does consultation with ourselves result in utter ruin and shame. This is because the act of consulting with ourselves is wrong, but because the manner in which the part with which we consult is not the best. There is danger too that these words will be interpreted as meaning that we should have an exalted opinion of ourselves. In a certain sense we should. But only those who have an inbred opinion of themselves will misinterpret the language or thought of the theme.

At no time has their been so much need of independence, of reliance upon our own judgment of right and duty as in the present day. To the careful observer this seems very evident that our faculties and the world with its displeasures learn to look therefore into a sour face and from an individual standpoint estimate its power.

For one voluntarily to fall into such a frame as others are cast into by the power of their temptations, or to think that will suffice in them which they see to suf for others when circumstances they know is folly and presumption. Consult with yourself and your life, will live a true life and not an apology. Life should be lived itself rather than for approval or a spectacle. Prefer it to be of a lower strain, so it be genuine rather than that which is expected, as others may claim the power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

This advice is true by which this individuality or the good of consulting with one's self can be advanced by religion. By religion we do not mean a sectarian, which at best represents but a phase of religion. By religion we mean the act on the part of man by which he is bound or is brought into connection with God. Without God our existence has no support, our life no aim, our improvements no permanence, our hope no sure and enduring results, our spiritual weakness no power to lean upon, and our noblest aspirations and desires no pledge of being realized in after state. Struggling virtue has no friend; suffering virtue no promise of victory.

Thus we may see, and life becomes mean, and man poorer than the brute. Human nature is great only because of its parentage, great because descended from God, because connected with infinite power from which it is to be enriched forever. It is no wonder that so many doubt the power of religion to give strength, dignity, and independence to man. What bears the same religion too often yields no such fruits. True religion disclaims all connection with usurpers of its name. It is a calm, deep conviction of the existence of a god of infinite power and happiness and honor of his creatures through his Son,—a practical persuasion that He delights in virtue and not in forms, and He delights in infinite effort to conform to the highest possible ideal,—the perfect Man. It is for this religion that we claim the power to bring out all there is in man, and then his consulting with himself will prove the greatest good to the greatest number and be conducive to his highest happiness.

A DREAM.

A wondrous genius very wise
Begins to think of religion.
He weighed the subject o'er and o'er
As he had weighed it o'er before.
At last he leaves all hope of height.
And he received such beams of light
That quickly to his desk he went To give his visions to the world.
While on the "drizzly" brick he stood His strain was a higher sound Than o'er the thoughts of man have soared Or eagle's keen or eye explored. The grotesque, the fearful, the barbed To those ethical regions bright.

But stand and gaze o'ercome with awe At this new field of logic's law.
But happily now he's come down.
And no a being can.
But faithfully has set to work
To find the "point," where it may lurk.
But to his nature true.
"The point" is seen by very few.
Yet always will that work of fame Exist for honor, wealth or shame—
To judge which of these is true
Kind reader, now is left for you.
Thanksgiving Day for the American Dutchman

Reluctantly do we comply with the request of writ- ing an article for the conclusion. We are aware that we venture upon ground which has not as yet long been trodden by us. Then, if you here and there, dear reader, please read it as it ought to be read, and give no more credit to our lines than what they are worth.

As thanksgiving day is but fairly past, we beg you to look back for a moment when we try to find a reason why that day has a special meaning for the Hollanders in this country.

Consent to follow us in your imagination across the vast expanse of the Atlantic Ocean to the coun- try where either of us or that of our forefathers stood. Then, let us glance for a moment at the polit- ical and social condition of the country; and, lav- ing it with our present here and there, let us re-cross the waters and consider our privilege at home, in order that we may by way of compar- ison convince ourselves whether we as American-Dutchmen ought not by reason of gratitude to deeply bow our knees on our national thanksgiving day.

Now then, let us go to the capital to visit the halls in which the highest authorities of the land are now in session to legislate in behalf of our coun- try's welfare. Truly, they are all men of nobility and learning, fully able to hold with steady hand the rudder entrusted to their care. Are these the representatives of the people of Holland? We answer in both an affirmative and negative manner. Affirmatively we reply when we think that all powers are ordained by God, but if the popular characters are as the poets say, we say no. We are not able to say how large a proportion of the people exercise the right of suffrage, but we can state that wealth determines the vote, we say no.

As far as we are able to answer the question whether religious liberty is enjoyed in the Netherlands according to our mode of thinking, but we assure you at the same time that in every Dutch kinsman do not think so.

For Holland does not stand upon that ground which she held when the sword was directed against Spain, and she had inscribed on her banner the words we here quote in our mother tongue: "Volk God voor de waarnheid, tegen de leugen en priesten heerschappij!"

Now then, what about the social condition? From the rising of the sun to the setting down of the same is the father of the family engaged to coin his body into a few shillings that can keep his family in a long starvation. He really has his boys and girls learned to read and write, or they must leave the parental roof to make their life's struggle for existence. Without our articles being sold wherever the sun sets its rays on our globe; our—but enough.

What do you think my friend, is there reason to believe that our national thanksgiving day has a special meaning for the American Dutchman? If so, let us then put the best of our substance into the treasury of the Lord for the mericles He has shown unto us, and sing with a heart filled with gratitude divine:

Let us rather embark, and make for home over the briny deep. And though we simply went across the paper with their religious liberty. Look around you and you will not fail to notice an injustice which is imposed upon a class of noble people, who like the forefathers of the middle ages, honor and love God's truth.

Not many years since they were compelled to break with the established church for fighting against the doctrine taught in the Universities of Leyden and Groningen. And when and-by-and they desired to have their own schools in which they could not only have the youth instructed, but also educated, which could not lawfully be done in the public schools they built schools and paid their salaries, so that their opposi- tions were enormous. To meet the urgent demand for a good moral and religious training, a Union was formed with the object of establishing unde- nominational schools, for the support of which more than a hundred thousand guilders were raised annually.

And they, that, they in their respective shares for the support of the public school. Shall we yet write low unjustly they were dealt with in a past recent revision of the law relating to public instruction? We suppose, enough has been noted. Therefore, let us turn our attention to the social condition of that class of people which principally constitutes the hew whence go out so many seamen to try their fortune in the far West.

We leave it for you to decide whether religious liberty is enjoyed in the Netherlands according to our mode of thinking, but we assure you at the same time that in every Dutch kinsman do not think so. But what about our social condition? Let us go to the capital to visit the halls in which the highest authorities of the land are now in session to legislate in behalf of our country's welfare. Truly, they are all men of nobility and learning, fully able to hold with steady hand the rudder entrusted to their care. Are these the representatives of the people of Holland? We answer in both an affirmative and negative manner. Affirmatively we reply when we think that all powers are ordained by God, but if the popular characters are as the poets say, we say no. We are not able to say how large a proportion of the people exercise the right of suffrage, but we can state that wealth determines the vote, we say no. We are not able to say how large a proportion of the people exercise the right of suffrage, but we can state that wealth determines the vote, we say no.

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"Our fathers' God to Thee, Anchor of Liberty. To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With Freedom's holy ray. Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!"

J. LEYEN, '92.

History.

We know men by what we see and read of them. We can study men by reading history, poetry, and novels.

Shakespeare presents different phases of man's character, the different emotions man is capable of, and the many passions and principles that guide his actions. We find much that is real, but also much that is ideal. Much that has its counterpart in na- ture, but a great deal that is only the product of a creative imagination. So with poets in general. They tell us of the emotions that stir the human breast, but the characteristics of men, whilst in many respects real, are often in more respects ideal. They are more as men should be than as men are. The primary object of poetry is to please; and, hence, the characters must, in certain ways, if the poet is to accomplish his object.

In the novel we often find characters, real in many respects, having the same desires and emo- tions that move men in the battle of life; yet there is much that is the fancy of the author. The novel has been called poetical prose, and its primary ob- ject like that of poetry, is to please. And, hence, the novelist works under restrictions.

It is left to the historian to present realities; real life and action as they are exhibited. His object is not to present perfect characters, not to present men as they should be, but as they have been. The poet and novelist prescribe a situation for their characters, and choose an arbitrary end as the result of that action, but the historian tells how his- toric men have acted, and what, under the laws of God and nature, were the results.

Unquestionably the best developed man is he, who has read a proper amount in each of the various di- visions of literature; but the tendency to-day is to read a large number of novels, some poetry, and very little or no history. Perhaps this is somewhat the fault of our educational system. The first thing that is read to a child is a story. When it grows older, it is given stories and fine sounding rhymes to read, and is of ten compelled to commit small pieces of poetry.
There are many novels and stories just fitted to entertain and please the youth, and these the newspapers all tell them to read. Thus tho' the whole course of education, from childhood to manhood, stories and novels form the bulk of what is read in the United States as taught in the common schools is the only history studied and in some country schools even this is not taught. There is no history in such a style as to interest the child. Undoubtedly if there were more "child's" histories the people would acquire a liking for history, and would read and study it more.

Nor are college students as a general rule students of history. They also are apt to neglect the reading of history. There are many reasons why college students should read more history. Let us consider a few.

Because it is expected of college graduates to be well acquainted with the leading facts of history. The world expects it, and will be disappointed if they find out they are deceived, and he, who thus dispels doubts, will lose their respect and fail in his influence.

The study of history takes a man away from theories and confronts him with facts. We learn from history what is the end of different courses of conduct in man and in nations. The theorist may advance many views as to why a certain policy of government, but history tells what has been the result in like and similar circumstances.

In this history we have the best opportunity to study man. We find there the lives of a great number of men, actuated by a great variety of motives, in all sorts of circumstances, and yet all under an immeasurable number of ways. What motives, what circumstances, what actions are conclusive to success? These questions are answered in history. There is something to be learned from every prominent character, that can be made useful in our lives.

Historical facts are so often referred to in nearly history of Israel in explaining and illustrating the doctrines of the gospel. So the history of mankind in general, when studied carefully, is of the utmost value in deciding questions of doctrine, and of the genius of the present age. The ancient lights seem brighter because seen in the contrasting darkness then prevailing. The lights of the present times must be indeed great lights to overpower the general enlightenment. If the world with the present advantages of books, magazines and newspapers, (in everything in this respect of advancement,) could not produce minds equal to those of former ages, it would plainly speak of a great degradation. In this the wholly ideal idea that the past was better than the present. The world is as good as ever, and we should make the best of it. We live in a grand age if we only appreciate it.

We all remember the story of the dog, who, having obtained a piece of meat and going across a stream to enjoy it, saw his own image in the water. Thinking he saw another dog another piece of meat, he let go of his own to snatch the image, but lost all. Let us not therefore let go of our present ability to think, and the record which does not exist. The past was not better than the present, and even if it was it is of no avail to us now.

Then or Now?

That "distance lends enchantment to the view," is true not only of the distant hills whose outlines we see on the horizon, but can be applied to almost anything in this world. Anything out of our reach we always desire. Whatever is removed from us either by the distance of space or time, is valued in the highly ideal idea that the past was better than the present. The world is as good as ever, and we should make the best of it. We live in a grand age if we only appreciate it.

At the time of the gold rush to the Eldorado of the West, large and numerous companies of fortune seekers daily went to the shores of the Pacific. On account of the many natural barriers between the Mississippi and the Coast, they suffered untold misery and incredible hardships to gratify, perseverance, their desire for riches. Of these companies and their misfortunes we will attempt to give a brief description.

Independence, Mo., at that time a small frontier town of about one thousand inhabitants, was one of the common starting points. The companies were purchased the necessary provisions and apparatus for the journey. These companies ranged from 300 to 500 men, women, and children, occupying from 50 to 100 wagons.

After these migrating parties were fairly out on the plains, they were often called on to be the election of officers in whose care the entire management of the party was given. As orders prevailed everywhere in nature, so also must mankind in some way and under whatever circumstances he subject to law and order. Even when thus thoroughly organized, did dissatisfaction break out among them and entire separations take place. The nature of the journey, as to distance, wilderness of country, robber hordes, Indians and wild animals, rendered it impracticable to travel otherwise than in companies.

The distance traveled per day varies all the way from one to seventy miles according to the nature of the country through which they travelled. They were met with storms, when they crossed the range of mountains, they were met with floods and at times all their cattle were drowned in a circle, called a corral, thus serving as an enclosure for their cattle. During the night they were often unable to keep watch for fear of wild beasts and should make spoil of something of their possessions. Sometimes a few Indians would come into camp who could not be induced to leave till morning.

After they had been served to breakfast they left in apparently good humor.

When the companies reached the arid regions of the West they came to the most dangerous part of the journey. Here no vegetation save the cactus can be seen as far as the eye can reach. Here they were met with storms in great numbers and an unsatisfactory sustenance for their animals. Sometimes beautiful mirages are seen greatly delightful to the eye of the weary traveler. His joy and self-satisfaction are only ended in disappointment as he reached the delusive spot and found it to be but a phantom. Sometimes beautiful cities with shabby avenues and paved streets thronging with busy multitudes meet the view.

Rarity, however, an oasis is found here, indicated to the traveler and Gowen by various phenomena surrounding it. It is a question among geologists whether these spots in the otherwise desolate regions are the last traces of a vegetation which will be wholly dissipated, or whether it is but the beginning of a growth of verdure which shall some future day cover the now utterly barren waste of the desert.

Traveling across the Rockies from accounts given is not so difficult a task as one would naturally suppose. The ascent is very gradual, and were it not for the geographical knowledge of the country, one would hardly imagine that he was climbing the summit of the loftiest mountain range of the Western Hemisphere. As one ascends over the crest of the range, he can overlook a vast territory east and west, which for the greater part is but a dismal wasteland and used to be made by his oppressive climate. The danger in traveling through these regions is most appalling in winter, when heavy snowdrifts take place, and the companies formed in 1847 perished in these snows. The Christian philanthropy of such men as Capt. Sutter and others has done much for the relief of the sufferers. Many companies in 1847 perished in these snows. The Christian philanthropy of such men as Capt. Sutter and others has done much for the relief of the sufferers. Many companies

C. L. D., '89.

THE GOLD SEEKERS OF 1847.

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H. J. Leden, '91.
The Romantic Elements Around Us.

The stern realities of life do not tend to cultivate one's taste for romance and poetry. Neither does the constant search for dead roots in the musty soil of the Greek and Latin authors. We too often entirely overlook the elements of romance which present themselves on every hand. One of the objections to novels is that the view of life they present are too highly colored and they paint things in roseate hues, which subsequent experience teaches us are not without their shadows. But what of it? Must we always look on the prosaic side of life? The 'stern realities of existence', which face us continually, must be written on in quiet beauty of the quiet heart, larger hearts than we believe in them with a tradition, are valuable for their own sake; for without one redeeming feature, their surface, oftentimes dull, but full of peculiarities. A friend once suggested to me that the prosn...
The Anchor.

I drank der milk right from a cup.
Und vaged my tail und knocked.
Now please you let me lif
Und don't you kill me yet.
You saw dis narrative
Der end mit dis is ret.
I vas bleet Gretchen's pet
Und companion mit her show.
You wud not kill me yet.
I vas your only pet.
No, miser man, you stape dis bleet pub.
Und hurt him not vone his hair.
Yoost put dat sabre up
Und gone quick away von dere.

Und after dat I hear der Holy Vord in mine ears:
"Do mit yourself shoost mit a' of der just midout s ee ing
their prevend der increase of cruelty to animals.
I could shleep der sbleep of der just midout s ee ing
their new church.

"Do you kill me det.
I vas leetle Gretch en's pet
und hugged it.
I took dat little lamb und hugged it.
O' how glad I vas dat I vas no murderer.
Now I could enjoy minsell mit ein free conscience.
Now I could shleep der shleep of der just midout s ee ing
in mine ears.
"Do not you kill me det.
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Now I could shleep der shleep of der just midout s ee ing
in mine ears.

Henry Ludlens, '91, one of our associate editors,
who is absent this term on account of sickness, is
fast improving.
Rev. F. J. Zwemer, '80, Grand View, Dak., has
received a call from the Second Reformed Church of
Grand Haven, Mich.
Dr. T. A. Boot, formerly student at Hope, now
has his office in the Porter Blk., at the head of Mon-
roe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Rev. E. Van den Berge, '80, has been preaching
in Grand Rapids for some time but has now ac-
cepted a call to Passaic, N. Y.
Henry Van Engelen, graduate of a class last
year, is living at St. Louis, Mo. He is agent for an
electric truss and is doing well.
John G. Huizenga, a graduate of the preparatory
department, is studying medicine at Ann Arbor
and has been elected Secretary of his class.
Dr. Wm. Fortuin, formerly student at Hope, has
opened his office on the corner of South Division
Dr. and Mrs. Otto, classes '83 and '82, report
their work as encouraging; however much difficul-
ty has been experienced in obtaining a suitable site
for their hospital at Sio-ko.
Rev. E. J. Bleeckink delivered the Thanksgiving
sermon at the Union service held in the M. E. church
at Cohocton, N. Y., November 29th. The Olden-
kold Index for November 29, contains a full report of
the sermon.
Rev. H. E. Dosker, '76, delivered the first of a
series of lectures on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, on
the subject "Urrin and Thummin."
The lecture was given in the First Reformed Church, of Holland,
and was well attended.
Rev. Daniel Van Pelt, engaged in the endowment
work in the East, has moved to Brooklyn, N. Y.,
being cordially recommended by the eastern classes
to the various churches in behalf of our western
educational institutions.

THE ANCHOR.

COLLEGE-NEWS.

The "A's have taken up "Virgil" and Sprague's
" Milton's Paradise Lost."

—The Freshmen enjoyed an oyster supper at the
rooms of the "Irishmen" on Friday evening, Dec. 7.

—The '89's have been examined in Hobart's
College Astronomy and are now taking McCosh's
Logic with Prof. Kollen.

—The lady students have drawn up a petition re-
questing the faculty to secure for them a room bet-
ter suited to their needs.

On Tuesday, Nov. 27, the Freshmen were exam-
ined in Xenophon's Athismus and the "A" class
Cicero's "On Selectors."

—Quite a number of professors and students at-
tended the Hope Church Social, at the residence
of Pres. Scott, on Friday evening, Nov. 23.

The appearance of the ladies' room has been
greatly improved recently. A beautiful painting has
been donated by one of its benevolent members.

Several of the Seniors are taking up a course in
Hebrew with Rev. Steffens, D. D. The remainder
are taking up Mathematics with Prof. Kleinhezel.

Foot-ball has proved quite an attraction for the
boys during the past month. The favorable weather
offered unusually good opportunities for engaging
in the exciting sport.

The "Hymn New and Old," are now being used
in the Y. M. C. A. and college prayer meetings,
instead of "The People's Hymn Book," which have been
hereinbefore used.

College exercises were suspended on Thursday,
and Friday, Nov. 29-30, on account of Thanksgiving
season. Many of the students left town to spend
the short vacation with relatives or friends.

A course of lectures has been arranged by the
board of superintendents of the Western Seminary
of the Reformed Church. The first lecture of
the series was delivered on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, by
Rev. Dosker, of this city. The subject was "Urrin
and Thummin."

On Thanksgiving evening several of the college
boys participated in a carry-all party. Although
the night was intensely dark and the weather rather
disagreeable, they report having had a splendid time.

The evening was spent at the home of Miss Wag-
er, at North Holland.

—The Normal Department has just issued a cir-
cular announcing the four years' study which stu-
dents in that department will pursue.

A special Review Class will be organized Feb. 18,
1889, for the benefit of those about to teach and
will continue six weeks. During the summer there
will be a Normal class from July 9 to Aug. 16, 1889,
for those actually engaged in the work of teaching.

The college Y. M. C. A. observed the week of
prayer for young men, Nov. 12-18, with a daily
noonday prayer meeting. The meetings were well
attended and proved very interesting. On Thurs-
day evening, Nov. 15, the regular Y. M. C. A. meet-
ing was suspended and a union service was held at
Hope church. On the following Sunday evening,
services appropriate to the occasion were held in
the week were held in the First Reformed Church.

THE ANCHOR.

Yale Record.

FOUR BOOKS LEARNED

In One Reading.

A YEAR'S WORK DONE IN TEN DAYS.

From the Chaplain of East College, and Broughton Street Presbyterian Church.


In days 9th to April 1888, while thinking of taking orders in re-
spect of my family, I found it necessary to withdraw from the
college and study a course of lectures suitable to the purpose.
I undertook to get through in ten days a course of nine
lectures, which have been made necessary for the Exon. I find my previous
preparations in the above course of lectures and can
recommend it to all who are in the same situation.
A copy of the lectures can be had for $10.00.
I have been working at this course of lectures and
find that I shall be able to complete it in ten days.
I shall be glad to give the draft of any book after having been 1889.
I have already prepared all necessary material.

J. K. H.,

History of Mathematics.

TO PROF. A LOBETTE, 204 PARS Av., N.Y.

This is to inform you that the above is to be or by correspondence. Call or
inquire as above for prospectus.
Cornell has opened a course in journalism.

—It is claimed that the Ann Arbor students originated the famous campaign cry—"He's all right."

—Thirteen hundred and sixty Ohio students were graduated from 1910 to 1920. Three new buildings are going the rounds of our campuses.

—The Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin has opened a course in journalism. It is claimed that the Ann Arbor students originated the famous campaign cry—"He's all right."

—A fund movement carried the other day upon President Patton, of Princeton, and asked anxiously if her son would be well taken care of at college. Said Dr. Patton: "Madam, we guarantee satisfaction or return the boy."—Ex.

—A Sophomore, studying for examination, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elevation on the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if a man is justified in trying to help the awe from the sin on the Sabbath day, much more would the awe be justified in getting himself out.—Ex.

—Many college students who are legally qualified to vote in their respective college towns, neglect to avail themselves of that privilege under a misapprehension of their rights. There are a class of self-supporting students who go to college with the intention of making and actually do make the college town their home for the four years of the course. They practically give up their former residence and thereafter are absent from college only during vacations. It has been decided in the courts that such a student can vote in his college town, if he is of full age and has resided a year in the State, four months in the county and thirty days in the election district where he offers his vote.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

—High anticipations are based on the atmosphere of S. Hardy's new and striking novel, entitled "Passe Rovte," to the very practical paper on "The Future of the Country College," by W. D. Hyde, is a long leap, but it is the distance which readers of the Atlantic Monthly for December will traverse. High anticipations were excised, and naturally so, when it was announced that the author of "But Yet a Woman" had written another novel. These expectations "Passe Rovte" abundantly gratifies. There seems to be an increase in the tendency to do literary work in partnership, as this number of the Atlantic Monthly has two articles signed by firm names. One of the most interesting and valuable articles is a paper on the late William Warren, the distinguished comedian, by Henry A. Clapp, the well-known dramatic critic of Boston. We observe, by the way, that the publishers are to furnish in the January number a complete survey of the fundamental principles underlying Practical Politics. This course is arranged with special reference to good citizenship. The Advisory Board are President Julius H. Sibley, D. D., LL. D.; Pres. James McClure, D. D., LL. D.; Pres. C. H. Payne, D. D., LL. D.; Pres. Herrick Johnson, D. D., LL. D.; and Dr. Henry James, "The Pragmatic Muse," will begin in the January number. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

—There is money in it—for the printer.

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You shrug your shoulders at the mere sound of the word "ready-made", and think of a thing that has been patched up upon the public many years by some old tailor. In what respect does the Tower differ from other Grand Rapids clothing stores? Oh! tell me that old tailor, I dare not carry extra fine ready-made. I make to order, and high-priced ready-made would interfere with my custom.

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THE ANCHOR.

"Spera In Deo!"—Ps. xliii. 5.

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THE ANCHOR.

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THE ANCHOR.

WISHES ALL ITS FRIENDS A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The observance of Christmas as the great Christian festivity, is becoming more general every returning year. The Advent is again upon us, and mankind throughout Christendom is once more in fancy living over those joyful days which nearly nineteen hundred years ago brought peace upon earth and goodwill toward men.

The darkness of the southern night was dispelled by the Star of Bethlehem, and the nations ceased their warfare when the Babe lay born in the manger. The angelic song which heralded the advent of the Christ-child, has been echoing thru the centuries; its refrain was heard in the mysteries and miracle plays of the Middle Ages, and to-day Christmas carols innumerable almost rival the sweet music of that first Christmas tide.

We welcome this ever-recurring anniversary of a Savior's birth, as its observance makes the troubled world more peaceable and makes life less painful to the afflicted. For once the busy American spends a day in sweet leisure at his own fireside. The yule-log is kindled and its warm glow counteracts the effect of the wintry cold outside. The walls are decorated with sprays of holly and mistletoe, or perhaps with bits of green spruce and cedar, the fatted calf is killed and perhaps the church bells call to divine worship. Peace and happiness reign supreme.

To the student the holiday recess is a time always filled with pleasant memories. For weeks he anticipates, and as the wintry season approaches and the days grow shorter, he becomes happier in the thought that soon he will be at home to take part in the festivities of the season. The family reunion, the delightful evenings spent with friends in song and story-telling, and the appropriate observance of many pleasant traditions which surround this happiest season of the year, are once more to be realized. We doubt not but that one of the pleasantest thoughts which will accompany the student through life, will be when he lives over in fancy those days when he was "home for the holidays."

Perhaps the origin of Christmas-giving exists in the fact that those wise men of old brought gold and frankincense and fragrant myrrh to the infant Jesus, but whatever the origin, the practice is one worthy of emulation. Now, when we are surrounded with all the pleasures of the holiday season, let us not forget the poor and needy. Give freely and learn from experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive. An affectionate exchange of gifts is also a wholesome practice which should never be discouraged. A splendid Christmas gift is a year's subscription to some magazine or paper, as the ever-recurring visits of a good period-
ical are a pleasant reminder of the friendship of the giver. And—to come to the point—we hope that some of our readers may deem it proper to put this practice by having The Anchor sent for a year to some of their friends.

Here we are at the close of another term, and old father Christmas has safely brought us another year. How swiftly he passed along! We wish he would allow us to tarry for a little while at the threshold of the New Year, for we mourn so suddenly to part with 1888, and would have a few minutes to bid our old friend a kind farewell.

We are sad, Old Friend, for now as we are about to separate, we remember how often we grieved thee during the past months. The many promises we made at our first meeting were all broken before thy circle was half run; many golden opportunities were passed by unheed, and we were not even grateful for thy continual blessings. But we can only bid thee a swift adieu, for old Father Time will not tarry, but is drawing away to meet a few more kind friends like thyself, and then to hurry us to the tomb. Farewell!

Of all the strange and unreasonable ideas that are entertained by mistaken but well meaning people, perhaps none has greater prevalence, than that of the absolute proficency of the student in all branches of learning upon leaving college. Indeed some students in whom the all important ego is not wanting, even support and uphold these people in their opinions; but a little experience in life soon dissipates that. As the gymnasium is the place of training for the athlete desiring to enter upon the race-course in competition with others, so too the college should be the gymnasium for the student receiving his mental training and discipline in preparation for the arduous race-course of life. Constant training and the gradual acquisition of strength and skill in the arena or the race, in sharp competition with his opponent, are the only means by which the athlete can hope to become the victor. In a like manner is it with the student. The time spent in a college course will not warrant a proficiency in all the branches acquired. Life is the great arena in which the student must match his power and skill with others, thereby daily increasing his strength in mental and intellectual activity. Indeed the presumption of perfection at the end of one's course, would put to shame the memory of those intellectual giants, Newton, Herschell, and many others, who acknowledged, that they had but just embarked upon the great unknown sea of intellectual discovery.

At the annual meeting of the Anchor Association, held Dec. 7, the following officers were elected for the year 1889: Editor-in-Chief, Van Kampen, '80, Associate Editors, Fiske, '89, Ossewaarde, '89, Vander Meulen, '91, Winter, '91, and Soulen, '92, Business Manager, Kremer, '90, Assistant Managers, Albers, '91, and Steffens, '92.

The present management have enjoyed their connection with The Anchor for the past year, and also feel that the paper is not at all what it might be, yet they hope that their first experiment in the field of journalism may not have been altogether unsuccessful. We feel thankful to all subscribers and advertisers who have rendered us financial assistance during the year, and we would also tender thanks to the press of this city and elsewhere for the kindly encouragement that has occasionally been given us.

The officers who have just been elected will assume charge of the paper with the next issue; they are fully able to wield the pen and to manage the finances of The Anchor, and we therefore anticipate for our college paper a very bright future.

Christmas Chimes.

BY WM. A. SHIELDS, '92.

Hear the chimes from afar,
Echoing from the long ago,
When from the East the wondrous star
Drew the Wise Men by its glow.

"Joy, Peace, Good-will" rang from on high
To dwellers upon earth,
Harmonious chimes, pealed from the sky.
Announce the Saviour's birth.

"Joy to the world, the Lord has come!"
Rolls on the glad refrain.
Till priest and shrine and idol dumb
Fall prostrate at the strain.

Greece, Rome, and Britain's distant isles
Have heard the pleasant sound,
And oracle and priests' alike
The altar victim crowned.

Have passed away. In Odin's hall
The warrior feasts no more;
On Thor the Thunderer no more call
The vikings drenched in gore:

For "Pence on earth," has reached their ear
From far-off Bethlehem's plain.
And force and violence now hear
The all-subduing strain.

The diapason deepens, swells,
As centuries roll by;
Till to the shore where the Indian dwells,
The heavenly tidings fly.

The Anchor.

The Red Man hears in Eliot's voice.
The Great All Father speak;
The message makes his heart rejoice,
He bows in reverent meek.

Then discord mars the harmony
As war's shrill clangor breaks;
Yet but above, far, far away
Divine the music wakes.
Yule Tide.

The 25th of December is the great festival celebrated all over the world in memory of the birth of Christ. It used to be said that Jesus was not born on that date. If not, when was he born? No one knows and it is not at all likely that anyone ever will know. It is always easier to deny a thing than to prove that the fact really is as.

But the question naturally arises, "If it is known that the date is not correct how came that day to be celebrated as the anniversary of Jesus' birth?" The answer some writers give is curious.

It seems to have been the custom among many nations to celebrate a festival at the time of the Winter Solstice. Many hundred years before Christ's birth the Romans celebrated the festival called Saturnalia, which began on the 18th of December and lasted a week. The schools were then closed, the slaves given some measure of freedom and everybody indulged in merrymaking.

At the same time that the Romans were thus honoring Saturn, the wild nations of the North were enjoying themselves after a different fashion. The Goths and Teutons also had their feasts at this time, a prominent feature of which was the Mistletoe cut from the oak with a golden knife by one of the Druid priests. To the present day in some parts of England the mistletoe forms an essential part of the Christmas decorations.

Another strange ceremony performed at that season was the burning of the Yule Log. A log was handed from the forest with great rejoicing and burned in a large fire upon the hearth.

The origin of all these festivals seems to have been in the return of the Sun on the 23rd of December.

So a great many festivals were celebrated by very different peoples long before Christ was born or his gospel preached to the Teutonic tribes.

The leaders of the church in the early days had a great deal of sanctified shrewdness. They saw that it would be easier to modify a heathen custom than to abolish it. The conversions had been accomplished from childhood to feasting and merrymaking at that time of the year. It might be hard for them to give it up all at once. Why not smooth the way a little and by giving it another name unite the old feast and the new faith? Thus reasoned these ancient fathers and so they retained the Roman Saturnalia, changed the name and called it Christmastide.

When the Catholic missionaries converted the Saxons in England and Germany they came into contact in the same way with the peculiar features of the ancient Yule Tide feast.

These early bishops were able men. They had the instinct of statesmen.

So here also the ancient customs were not summarily condemned and entirely set aside. On the contrary, they were incorporated into the great Christian festival and received a new and higher meaning.

So that ever afterwards among these nations Christmas was indeed the anniversary of Jesus' birth; but the ceremonies and pastimes with which it was celebrated were borrowed from the revelries of Paganism.

The Quakers were so opposed to even the memories of the ancient religions that they refused to use the common names for the months and the days of the week. But it seems to us that the mediatorial Bishops were much wiser.

It is a characteristic of Christianity that it can accommodate itself to very different surroundings. It never requires a man to assume another character or to neglect the use of his peculiar abilities. But it sanctifies and consecrates them to a very different purpose.

So also Christianity does not conflict with anything that is peculiarly characteristic of any nation. But it purifies and ennobles the natural traits so as to make them those of a truly Christian people.

Much has been said about the brotherhood of man and a great deal of talk really amounts to very little. But if ever we approach the realization of that idea, it is when this great religious festival is celebrated in every country under the sun; always in the peculiarly national manner and yet the same precious season to all.

Very joyous is the music of the Yule Tide bells for there seems to ring in their notes both the memory of Truth's past victories and the promise of greater ones to come.

ALBERTUS PIETERS, '87.

As early in your course as possible choose a lifework. This is not always practicable but where it is, it may become an important factor. It is of great advantage to have a basis to which the line of thought and effort converge. A pre-requisite is to know your own powers. C H A R A C T E R S are the subject of all the above. It is 'you against the world.' To be independent of the influence of the world is of great importance. It is a small step. It is certainly a small step. If a man only cloaks his determination in a robe of convention and afterward he is to make a clean breast of it for himself and his family. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step. It is a small step.

"Peace to Mortals Be!"

Hark, that wild and awful crying
Of despairing spirits hinging
Thro the cold night air in crowds!
Shrieking with malignant laughter,
All the winds come tearing after.
Drudging down to earth the clouds.

While those spirits sad are sailing
Thro the darkened welkin, waiting
Lonely as they long for rest.
Faint the glorious moon is glimmering.
Like a jewel dimly shimmering
On heaven's heaving, trembling breast.

Oh, I am so sad and weary
From the angry storms and dreary
Raging in my soul oppressed!

Thick the shades of doubt are throwing
All around me, and I'm longing.

Pleasant morn and day for rest.

Thus, in that most dismal waiting
Of the souls whose hopes are failing.

Joins my spirit wild, distressed;
And aloof on earth, still lingering
With those joy voices mingling
Sharp and clear, it cries for rest.

Once glad visions did entrance me-
On the golden wheels of fancy,
Bear me to a future bright;
Now for many a day I'm pining,
Far and faint dear Hope is shining.
Solemn like the moon tonight.

But—beloved! The storm—it passes,
Scattering all the cloudly masses.

Where the sorrowful shades do weep?—
Cries no more the air are rending.
Strange, deep silence is descending
On the fair white earth asleep.

Yet—oh hark, what sounds are coming
From the skies!—The heavens are humming
Rich and melting harmony!
A South Carolina Christmas in the Days of Slavery.

BY PRESIDENT CHARLES SCOTT.

The 25th of December, 1844, found me at "The Mansion House," near Charleston. The men, to the number of eight or ten, rode out on a grand deer hunt, returning about 2 o'clock, and juicy, snapping venison in great quantities, to the other choice viands of the dinner feast. My college training had hitherto fitted me for the rough cunning and dangers of the forest chase, and in steel, I put the morning in taking in the holiday season of plantation life. From the rugged little darkies that frolicked about, often shoeless and half naked, to old Congo, the central figure of "Mary—merry as a marriage bell." The nurse, Sarah, however, smiled not, nor did I ever after see her smile, devoted as she was to her work. She had been sold from her home and children in "Old Virginny," and to her, the joy around was only a sad and bitter recollection. The estimable mistress of the house gathered the domestic servants into her sewing-room, for a peculiar exhibition of the physical effects of bright calico and glossy hose-ear upon negro human nature; and then superintended the distribution of the year's garments and of sundry holiday gifts to about 100 hands, at the village. This took place at the "gin house." But let not the reader imagine that cotton gins have the effect of "Schickard schuins," even on a dusky crowd of negroes, but rather as "matte—body service," Robert by name. He was perhaps the finest specimen of his race in Colleton, superbly built, erect, and tawny-skinned, easy and pleasant in speech and manner, almost noble in appearance. Why not? —The Encampment—had been the ancestral home of Robert Y. Hayne, the opponent of Daniel Webster, and this slave "boy" was recognized as his son, and bore his father's honors.

In December, 1845, I was residing at a plantation on the winds Toogoodoo. The fine large mansion had been erected by the lordly master of 600 slaves, and stood between Charleston and Edisto. Leading from the entrance to the high-way was a long avenue of live oaks, arched overhead in a few cases showing a spread of nearly 100 feet. Before the windows upon the lawn stood japonicas and rose-trees, and flowers of mid-winter bloom, and beyond, an ample garden of fuchsias and pomegranates and oranges, the latter of which had hung in the golden garb of the season, and from which had come daily baskets of muscadine fruit.

That rich mass of green, the festooned southern moss upon the trees, the border of color around the porches, and the bright snow of the pine, all betokened the environings of a "Merry Christmas." And right merry it was, a very holiday to bind and to free. For days the ever busy mistress, filled with her love for Christmas came, and room to room, and to and fro from the boudoir or dining hall to the kitchen. Some talk of the lazy women of the south, that there was not enough of the Christmas spirit, in Mrs. P., and often the midnight hour brought not to rest her active matronship. Lamme Rose, the cook, nerved her motions into an evolution of quickness, and tarts and pies, cakes, custards and confecttions, and meats of sundry preparations, began to assume wonderful proportions. The children, dressed in red, I tried the charms of a "jump-up-jack" and of a dancing harlequin or two, but with no diminution to this high tide of youthful gaiety and kerchiefs, by the boat load, came from the city, and Joe and Jim, or Sue and Cynthia began to think of their "golden age." Yes, it was evident that the plantation was not waiting for the angel's song, and I believe I whistled my "Yankee doodle" to the Guinea air of O. S. as ha—hal! Halcyon.

Christmas eve was not conducive to quiet slumbers, for the week's holiday of the negro had begun, and sleep had no special rights to be respected at Toogoodoo. But sleep or no sleep, the Adwent morning was heralded by 3 or 4 o'clock A. M., and salutations, and carols, and music of sundry sorts, not of the Bethlehem type, surrounded the mansion. The children, of course, were not long in adding to the chorus of noise, and if Massa or Miss, had any skill, it was to give it in its scattering. Let me say, however, that a Christmas morning on an old Carolina plantation was a picture of real luxury. I was still more sensible of this, in 1846, on the Ashapoo, where scenes similar to the above were witnessed on a plantation of 3,000 people.

As the morning, so the day. Breakfast indeed was only a happy social meal, but from 9 o'clock to 10 o'clock a resolutions, distributed, and the field hands also appeared in the regalia of their new attire, even to the driver's whip. Everything, however, to the planter's family is centered in the Christmas dinner; on horseback and in carriages came the friends and invited guests, and at about 11 o'clock p. m. a jolly company gathered around the festive board. A gleat occasion it ever was. Once at Robertsville, on the Savannah, the patriarch of the house was seated at the table with 13 children and 12 grand children, and little golden-haired Marie, who asked the blessing, looked like a spirit of joy from another world. The repast need not be described. Only the dawk of evening brought it to an end. Then followingly music, sports, or music and dancing, and sometimes earnest discussions, as on literature or politics. At about 9 o'clock tea and chocolate with cakes, nuts and confecttions were served, and the guests departed, on this occasion with singing and prayer.

Meanwhile the negroes had mingled in their own peculiar festivities, but while some kept up the former —Roe—dance, the majority preferred the excitements of a religious meeting.

Such was Christmas in the olden times of Carolina, and I thought it well to sketch the same in The Anchor. Already those days may now have passed away, and left only those pleasant memories and sentiments which is he present (old slave) mother, sixteen miles away. He always visited her on Christmas, and always took her what he could. My bookmaker had a wife and family in St. Paul's, Colleton, but he annually went and spent Christmas with a former spouse, who lived more than a hundred miles away, in N. Carolina. The planters, their wives, and children, with strictness, were almost dropped during the holidays, for the negro's liberty and comfort.

In 1847 I enjoyed a Christmas with many visitors from the North, at Aiken, but, pleasant as was the occasion, it was as a shadow compared with that charming reality of Toogoodoo and The Encampment.

THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM.

BY REV. J. H. STEFFENS, D. D.

Verae volant summi. The truth of this old adage is apparent even to the most superficial observer in the different use made of the term Gymnasium by Americans and Germany. What Americans are accustomed to call a Gymnasium is in German a Turnplatz, which is not the same as the German Gymnasium. In ancient times it was nothing more than a play-ground, a place for the children of noble families to amuse themselves. The gymnasium of the Greeks was of a more scientific character. It was a school for the education of the young, and was divided into two parts, the gymnasion and the palaestra. The former was a large room, covered with mats, and surrounded with columns, where the pupils exercised in gymnastics, while the latter was a large hall, where they began their studies.

In ancient times the Greek gymnasia were of a very different kind from what they are now. The ancient gymnasia were not only places for the exercise of the body, but also for the mental culture of the pupils. The ancient gymnasia were divided into two parts, the gymnasion and the palaestra. The former was a large room, covered with mats, and surrounded with columns, where the pupils exercised in gymnastics, while the latter was a large hall, where they began their studies.

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What is work? Thou art a blessed gift from God! A healing element for sorrow; the way to happiness. Thou art a fountain from which issue all joy and peace. The young take great delight in thee; the aged, to whom thou hast brought a happy old age, to thee a thankful heart.

This world is a wretched existence if we had nothing to do but to "kill time." How wretched this hour goes by when we have not a definite plan in mind of a day's duties which must be accomplished before the setting of the sun?

Those who have nothing to do but entertain themselves have a very difficult task, and are the least happy.

A young lady, when asked if she would render her service at a church festival, replied: "Indeed I do not want to work at home, I do not think I shall go to the church and work, why should I be so tired out?"

Such "aristocracy" is a sham, and may we be delivered from the shallowness of mere appearance. The lady might pause and wonder whether it was not her duty to work at home, and help to make it bright and happy. Lighten the burden of the tired mother who may be despairing, and take a share in the household duties.

Speak a loving word to the fretful little one, and thus soothe the ruffled temper. Mend the broken toys, and save the weary stitches of "Mother.

Make the kind attitude of charity and cheerful, thoy kind deeds and a bright countenance.

Oh, if one would but look for them, there are thousands of ways in which we may show our kindness; "nothing to do at home" is sadly neglecting some task for which she is responsible.

"We should be very willingly 'tired out' if we may thereby advance a good cause. A day well spent brings great satisfaction, and retiring to rest, we are blessed with sweet sleep, for, "A good conscience is a soft pillow."

If but an hour, or a day is granted one for a certain work, he will strain every nerve to finish that work in the allotted time. But one life is granted each to do his work on earth. Hence, the necessity
that life be spent in earnest toil, lest we be called before our work is done. -and, oh, the continuous work of one who can say to his Master, "I did my best."

Do I say work is a pleasure? Yes, we can make it so, or we can make it a grievous burden. It is all a question of the thought which inspires the work. When we feel we are slowly but surely achieving the aim of our life, namely, that we are fulfilling the will of God then is work a pleasure! Our first duty is to find our work, and then, having found it, to do it with all our might.

The question of pleasure must never be allowed to take the place of principal motive, but the question of duty. We must be successful and to obtain the satisfaction of tasks well performed, our work must receive the benefit of the devotion and enthusiasm of the whole soul. When there is a determination that the work shall be done with the earnest energy of the mind, we are surprised to find as the result a depth of pleasure of which we had never dreamed. And the faithful performance of duty brings out strength of character. A task which is difficult today will, if well done, become much easier on the morrow, for the simple reason that we are strengthened by the work of yesterday. Does anyone wish to know how he may most surely strengthen and adorn his character? Let him perform without delay some task which has been neglected without reason. Procrastination destroys force of character, and prevents us from enjoying the pleasure found in the work itself.

We should labor with a pure purpose; not to strive, but to perform well the work God has given us to do.

"Work for the night is coming. Work thru the sunny noon. Fill brightest hours with labor. Rest comes sure and soon. Give every flying minute. Work for the night is coming."

LeRoy R. Harwood, '92

Our School Days. Our Seed Time.

Nature is full of illustrations. Everything she presents to us seems to be a symbol of higher truths. She is an ever ready teacher. If our eyes are open we see everywhere object lessons; if our ears are not dull, we hear her voice everywhere. A sower sowing out to sow, was a picture, grand enough for the great teacher Christ to use as an illustration for something he desired to impart to his disciples.

It is very essential in sowing to distinguish between the tares and the good and bad seeds. For the corrupt work of Satan to have such vitality growing in the field as to endanger the future harvest, it is necessary that they smother the good seed and take away the best ingredients from the soil, which is very essential for growth.

The field in which we intend to sow should be well worked, no labor should be spared to prepare it for the seed. The sower has first to plough his land carefully in order to lay a good foundation for his future work. Thus it is with the mind. If it is furnished with a good foundation, it will be like a well ploughed field, all thought and inclinations will be checked. But after this is done it must not be left alone, on the contrary we must work on, and, like the sower drag and re-drag, until every clod and weed is uprooted. The drugging of the farmer is a fine example of our daily drilHng. The constantly digging forGreek roots, the pondering over direct and indirect discourse, and not forgetting the difficult problems of Mathematics are only preparing the mind for what we wish to know.

We must, besides our daily tasks, be ever watchful what happens about us, the development of the life of the nation. We should watch the movements of Germany, England, Russia and the other nations of the world, not forgetting of course, our own country. The leading questions of the day should ever be before us, so that we may intelligentY converse on any question which may confront us. In order to be enabled to do so, we should read a great deal of the past, for truly from the past we gather most of our knowledge.

There is another very particular feature in sowing. The sower must sow to sow. If he desires to sow by hand, his fingers must be in a certain position a very fit example for us to study the best method of expressing our thoughts. We must endeavor by constant application to Grammar and Rhetoric to become well versed in the arts of speaking and writing.

But all this striving after worldly knowledge will be in vain, if the true aim is lost sight of. For after all our sowing there will surely come a reaping. When all nations have passed away, and all earthly knowledge belongs to the past, then it happens to mankind what is done to the grain when it has reached its maturity, it is cut down and thrashed. And the thrashing comes the sifting, when the tares shall be separated from the grain. Then it will appear what the harvest shall be. But keep courage, if of this earth there are many disappointments and shortcomings we have striven after the true knowledge, that which neither time nor eternity can take away from us, we may lay down our heads in peace, and know our labor has not been in vain. After our time of sowing the reaping surely will come.

Fanny A. Stephens, '91

THE ANCHOR.

R. Bloemendaal, '86, has received a call from the Reformed Church at Hoppers, In.

M. Van Buizen, our college athlete, takes pride in having the best gymnast in the city.

Rev. John Vander Meulen delivered an address at the First Reformed Church, Dec. 19th, on Home Missions.

Rev. D. Brock delivered his farewell address to the Third Reformed Church at Holland, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 16.

Pres. Scott was absent from the institution December 10th and 11th on account of business at Centerville, Mich.

Rev. J. Meulendyck, '73, lectured in Hope Church, Tuesday eve, Dec. 19th, on the subject, "The Contemplative and the Active in ministerial life.

Henry A. Venema, formerly student at Hope, was married Dec. 6th, to Miss Henrietta M. Parmen- ter, of Xenominee, Mich. Accept our congratulations.

Treasurer I. Cappon, elector-at-large on the Republican ticket, will go to Lansing the second Monday in January to cast his vote for Harrison and Morton.

Married, December 6th, John N. Tromp, Grand Rapids, former student of Hope, to Miss Anna H. Becker, Holland. The Anchor extends its congratulations.

John H. Rorema, a graduate of our Grammar School will have charge of the law office of S. Wea- seline, Grand Rapids, while the latter is attending to his duties as State Senator.

To Hoppers, '89, is due the credit of having set up the Greek poetry which appears in this number.

Rev. E. Smits, '73, of North Loop, Nebraska, is trustee of the Presbyterian College at Hastings.

Miss Harwood '92, has been called home to Constantia on account of the sickness of a sister.

Hon. G. J. Diekman, '81, who has just been elected to the State Legislature for a third time, is being mentioned by many influential papers as the leading candidate for the speakership in the State.

COLUMBIAN NEWS.

The Freshman class is now taking up English Literature under Prof. Broek.

The lady students had a "candy pull" at the home of Miss Huizenga on Thursday evening, Dec. 20.

Rev. Tulsame Bergen, of Shokan, N.Y., took part in the church exercises on Thursday morning, Dec. 13.

The Utilla Club is making arrangements for a course of lectures which are to be held in the college chapel during the coming winter.

On Friday, Dec. 7th, the Freshmen were tendered a visit by their former classmate Miss C. Brock, C. Kremer and S. Van Zwolzenberg.

What's the matter with the Freshman oyster supper? That's their right. What's the matter with coming home to find their rooms and furniture all upset? That's theirs.

A number of the college boys, bearing the rather peculiar appearance of the Anarchist Club, participated in a supper and "good time generally" on Thursday evening, Dec. 20.

A number of the boys have signified their intention to complete the vacation by canvassing Rev. Nicholas H. Donker's Dutch book, entitled: "The History of the Reformed Church."

Some of our young Hopefuls are anxiously waiting for cold weather to come, so that they may anticipate a pleasant afternoon or a moonlight evening on the ice of the bay may soon be realized.

Prof. M. Ritchie, an eloquentist, entertained the students for a short time on Wednesday, Dec. 12, with one of his excellent recitations. On the same day he gave an entertainment in the opera house which a large number of the students attended.
The Anchor.

—The second lecture of the series arranged for the students of the Western Theological Seminary, was delivered on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18, by the Rev. Meulendyk, of Fremont, Mich. The subject of his lecture was "The Contemplative and the Active in Ministerial Life."

6 FROM THE COLLEGES.

The State of Ohio has more colleges than all Europe.

—Wellesley requires twenty hours of recitation a week.—Ex.

—Yale and Amherst have the Bible as an elective in the literary course.

—Yasser College has a Prohibition Club. Does it prohibit chewing gum?

—Harvard is preparing an expedition to Peru under eminent astronomers, to inspect the heavens in that locality.—Ex.

—Among the 550 women who have graduated from the fourteen leading women's colleges and seminaries, only 177 are married.—Ex.

—The Senior bath a solid girl, The Junior has the same, The Freshman has no girl at all. But he gets her just the same.—Ex.

—Yes student breaks the ye maydene's harte, His laugheth, answer: But else, she breaketh hye pockethearts—Which makes matters square.—Ex.

—The new fashioned girl is thus described by Leland larson.

She's a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics and pneumatics very true.

She was staved with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all the doggeries of the colleges and the knowledges of the past.

With she knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—lethyosaurus, pleiosaurus, megamosaurus and many more.

She'd discuss the learned charmers, theology of Brahna and the scandals of the Vandalis, and the scandals that they told.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a giant and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor voracious paup, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.

—Non paraus!" dicta Fersby.

—Rising with a troubled look.

—"Osme muta!" Prof. requested.

—"Nihil!" scriptus in his book.—Ex.

—Benjamin Harrison, President-elect, belongs to the P. D. T. College fraternity. This is a secret organization whose initials are supposed to mean "Please Don't Tell."—Ex.

—President Hyle of Bowlidin, is the youngest college president in the United States, while President Fairchild of Oberlin is the oldest. The former is thirty and the latter ninety.—Ex.

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AN ESSAY ON
WEARING APPAREL!

STUDENTS should always be of an inspiring turn of mind. Boys, investigate! and our word for it, you will profit in the end. Don’t confine your research to classic fields, get to the practical branches! It is an old saying, in which there is much truth, that: FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS. We do not entirely agree with those who declare, that clothes make the man, but we do believe that a person shown of dress, no matter how brilliant his or her attainments, will ever fail to command the respect that another lesser sight will through attention to dress and appearance.

Our name does not appear in this month’s list of contributors to THE ANCHOR; if it did we would select some such subject as these for our essay—“How to dress in style.” “Romance in dress,” “Where can I best replenish my wardrobe, with two-cents-in-a-vine, style and economy?”

We invite you to come to the Tower Clothing Co.

and investigate the truth or falsity of our statement, that we can supply you with ready-made Clothing, surpassingly stylish in cut, better trimmed, and superior in make to any custom tailoring work that can be purchased at Western Michigan.

You dangle your shoulders at the mere sound of the words “readymade,” and you may to that class of trash that has been packed off upon us, and in which we will not interfere with my custom;

Yes, there’s where we are not handicapped. The Tower Butterfield lines are as follows:

For 20 years we have manufactured and distributed fine readymade clothing to the leading dealers in all the large cities in the country. We are enabled thus to stimulate consumption of cloth and casimiers, to lay direct from the mill and thus earn 20 percent, over our less fortunate competitors. The magnitude of our sales enables us to employ artist designers at large salaries that the ordinary retailer cannot afford. The so-called tailor in small cities or towns makes an overcoat one day, a Prince Albert the second, then a single-breasted, then a blouse—all this from one style of garment to another in order to keep employed, and is proficient in nothing. Our factory help work at their specialties for years. An overcoat tailor becomes a perfect overcoat maker. He, by constant practice upon one single style of garment, becomes an expert, and thus, produces a perfect garment. But how can we fit you? We carry 44 sizes of suits, embodying every known shape in man’s anatomy. Come to us for your clothes.

We rip our garments and conform them to fit you perfectly—a little off here, a shoulder raised there, and go thus the same routine that does your tailor, and we give you more style at less than half the money charged by that individual.

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