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"Spera in Deo." Ps. xiii. 5.

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S
Socrates was a man who deserves our admiration and esteem not only as the missionary philosopher of Greece and the moral teacher of antiquity, but as combining all the good qualities of a man, as a man with a force of character which no one of his contemporaries ever had and no one of his successors ever will have.

This admirable man, so well worthy our closest attention, was born in the early part of the year 469 B.C. in a retired cottage situated north-west of the Acropolis, not far from Cynosarges, where a school of cynics was held.

No prophets heralded his birth, nor was the event considered as a "prognostic of the highest import." And yet, this boy, though of humble birth, was destined to be one of the greatest men that the world has ever seen. When he had reached a suitable age he was sent to one of the schools of his district to study poetry, music, and gymnastics. As to his proficiency in poetry and music we learn little or nothing from his subsequent life.

He took great delight in speaking of the fact that he was of Attic extraction and that he undoubtedly sprang from the renowned family of Daedalus to which mythical progenitor his father, Sophroniscus, proved himself loyal by pursuing the profession of sculptor. Thus, young Socrates would, perhaps, have followed the same occupation had he not been called to a higher sphere of action by Crito, a wealthy Athenian, who took a great fancy for the ugly, uncouth, disfigured fellow bent over a half-formed mass of stone. "Come," says Crito, "leave this thoughtless, senseless mass, and these walls that imprison the free spirit and go with me and learn something better."

What thoughtful youth would not give heed to such enticing words as these, especially if they should come from the mouth of a wealthy friend of education. How the boy's heart must have leaped with joy when his father consented that he could go!

At an early age, Socrates made wonderful advancement in the acquirement of knowledge, especially physics, a branch of study of which he was very fond, which afterwards, however, he despised and looked upon with contempt when he became acquainted with better things.

It was not his life-task to tax his brain in attempting to investigate things which the gods were not willing to reveal; he, moreover, busied himself in studying the conditions of man and in what way he could best consecrate himself to service, and thus fulfill the great task entrusted to him by God.
The personal qualities of Socrates were, indeed, peculiar in body as well as in mind. His large nose, thick lips, large mouth, and awkward movements of his body made him an object of attraction and a fit topic for the comic poets. His body was healthy, robust, and enduring. He was indifferent to either heat or cold; able to bear hardships and fatigue. He enrolled as a footsoldier to march over Thracian snows and ice barefooted and clad in his usual summer clothing for the sake of reclaiming a revolting colony at Potidæa. His diet was very simple, yet at a religious festival or on jovial occasions he, like the other Greeks, found joviality very becoming. It is said that on such occasions Socrates could drink more wine than any one present without being intoxicated. He made it a practice, however, to limit his desires as much as possible, believing this to be a distant approach to the perfection of his gods.

After many hardships and trials, Socrates began to think of domestic life. The object of his desire was Xanthippe. With her he wished to share his remaining trials and difficulties. But, alas, Xanthippe often thundered, and rain, indeed, came to try the patience of good Socrates; and, notwithstanding this fact, he loved her who was to render her own "proverbial for a conjugal scold."

We all know that the life-work of Socrates was to converse and live with men. In view of this fact, he says: "I see that those who wish to become skilled in horsemanship do not choose the most obedient horses but the most spirited, for they believe that after they are able to bridle these they will be able to manage others easily. Now as it is my wish to converse and to live with men I choose this woman, knowing well if I could endure her I should be able to endure all other people."

We have said above that the life-work of Socrates was to live and converse with men, we will, therefore, attempt to give a brief account of him as a teacher, although he himself said, "I have become the teacher of no one," but immediately follows by saying, "If any one, either young or old, desired to hear my words and actions, I have not kept them back; I have not conversed for money nor have I kept still for want of it; but I furnished myself likewise to both rich and poor to question me."

Socrates was a public teacher who believed that his mission was divine. He also was fully persuaded that some voice, demon, or genius was directing his course for him. This wonderful revelation of his mission convinced him more and more of its divine origin. Upon hearing of these oracular revelations, his intimate friend, Chaeriphon, inquires at the oracle at Delphi whether any man is wiser than Socrates. The answer was that there was no one wiser. This was a surprise to him, for he was conscious that his knowledge was very limited. To test the truth of the Pythian priests, Socrates resolved to compare the wisdom of others with his own. For this purpose he chose a politician who was reputed by others and by himself to be wise. By cross-questioning and examining he came to this result, saying, "I am wiser than this man. For it is likely that neither I nor I know anything good or honorable, but this man thinks he knows something and does not, whereas, I fully know that I do not know anything, I am, thus, wiser than he." So in every experiment the oracle was proven to be true.

Early in the morning he frequented the public walks and the schools conversing with the rich and the poor and all who were desirous for his instructions. His aim was to make the people better, to form their character, to give them moral stimulus. Here was a man anxious to know the truth and to impart it to others. Did the people of Athens anxious the teachings of Socrates? Very few, indeed. Just so in our own day, in our own country the ministers and evangelists are preaching and trying to teach the way of truth and righteousness. How many are there who accept the truth compared with those who reject it? Socrates passed a life of seventy years in contented poverty, ever searching for the truth and ever desirous to impart it to others. Thoroughly honest and sincere was he, and we can hardly doubt that, if the good old man had been in the audience while Paul was speaking that memorable oration on Mars Hill, he would have accepted the truth which Paul presented, and he would have become a strong advocate of a "Socratic Ministry."

The Sunset.

HARRY F. NEW. 22

All Nature round about did wear a smile.
The azure-tinted dome no evil sign Did bear for mortals dwelling on this isle,
Where all is glee and bliss and no decline; Where discontent no longer forms the enigma Of evil days that still so many a slave Of other clime, where leaf and flower twine Their wreath over Freedom's sole, enriched by wave On wave of growth-producing power to save.

The stafflike pine, the grass and herbs so green Along the pathway planted, Nature's care Do loudly teach. In the afternoon was seen Suspended high, heighted with beauty rare, The bow-onsmouth of god's engagement fair; The rosy caduceus, a magic power, Enduing blue and budding blossom bare To put forth poetic meet for wedding bower, A sight superlative grand, fit for the hour.

The daffodils began their dance anew. The columbines drooping break did raise, Sweet violets with all their changing hue Their fragrance did impart to the neighboring meadow And now repaid to echoing man and beast Because of their unhind neglect to praise In time His Majesty's great, glorious feast. A feast alike for greatest and for least.

THE MINISTRY.

The buzzing drone of the humble bee was o'er; The tender cherub, freed its busy throning. Now juice did tap from mother-earth's rich store; As if they, too, had done a greater wrong; The kettle-drum refrained from giving a song. All things for rest and peace that they had deemed. The farmer after working all day long Humbled before the pathway that the faithful beam Before the sun should cast its last bright beam. But hark! Let not the cheerful sound be stayed! A joyful strain, a soul-inspiring hymn Escaped the lips of -yes delighted maid, Content with her lot, she leads with vim The bowing corn-lower homeward, and the white Over hill and vale in glowing arras, Her sweet, distinct, far-reaching voice did stem The gracing sleep, she knows that they had stayed Too far, and now turned back by taught delay. Along the pathway winding 'midst the trees And clinging shrubs, with here and there a trace Of skill akin to Nature's gifted hue. Flower beds result of woman in her place— One could descry an eager form with face Aglow, sending his way with wholesome plea Toward the watery deep, in faster pace Than joan of his desires are apt to be, To see that half of fire singed by the sea.
One of the most interesting of studies is that of history. And it is not only interesting, but it is also profitable. For history is a record of the past, a criterion of the present, and a gauge of the future. The study of history broadens the mind, elevates the soul, and deepens the sympathies. And a true conception of the past will fire the soul with patriotism.

History is a record of the past. Each succeeding age inherits a record of the deeds of the preceding. From generation to generation there has been handed down the tale of hopes and fears, of inspirations and aspirations, of deeds kind and deeds cruel, of nations rising and nations falling, of ages of deep gloom and of joyful light, of peasants and potentiates, of heroes, philosophers, and martyrs. From the dim twilight of history to the present day we see a constant struggle for supremacy between man and man, between section and section, between nation and nation. We see weaklings succeed conquerors, anarchy succeed tyranny, liberty succeed bondage. Yea, truly, ages rich in experience lie behind us.

History is a criterion of the present. That is, the past explains the present. Men have been men at all times. As men love freedom to-day, so have men loved freedom in the past. As men of the present love power, so have there been potentiates in the past. As the present generation strives to advance, so has there been a constant progress since the days of earliest history. A careful study of the deeds of generations now in the grave will aid us to understand the movements of the present day.

History is a gauge of the future. Men will continue to be men, and the struggles between men will continue. A grand civilization arose in Egypt. But Egypt has perished. Babylon became great. Babylon is no more. Greece rose to great culture and power. A mere shadow remains. After this Rome eclipsed every civilization that had existed. But Rome was buried under barbarism. And since the fall of Rome many mighty powers have struggled for supremacy, and to-day we see many powers greater and grander than Rome at the acme of their grandeur. And shall these nations also go down into oblivion as did Egypt, and Babylon, and Greece, and Rome? What else can we expect? Rome was called the eternal city! The poet has well said, "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs."

A more than human hand is guiding the affairs of nations to a certain end. And we cannot believe that that end has been attained. The States of the world may continue for some time as they now are, but the inevitable struggle must come which shall change the complexity of the nations entirely.

The study of history broadens the mind. A careful study of the subject can have no other effect. For history is broad, and the association of the mind with a broad subject must have the effect of broadening the mind. To grasp the meaning of the movements of nations, and to study the relations of the causes to the effects of such movements must give a person a wider mental grasp. There is philosophy in history, and philosophical researches broaden the mind.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the progress of the suns."

The study of history elevates the soul. Contemplating the divine hand tracing the paths of nations cannot but stir the soul with sublime feelings. And, as the history of the world is but the history of the great men who have shaped its destinies, the association with them cannot but fill the soul with noble, lofty ambitions. The evils of the past serve as warnings. The good, the noble, the sublime place before the soul a standard worthy of being followed. The sympathies are deepened by a careful study of history. We trace the inevitable punishment of evil and the sure reward of right, we will sympathize with the individuals and nations who persist in evil rather than sit in judgment upon them. Our best wishes will be for those who strive for the right.

True patriotism is aroused in him who traces the struggle for freedom through all the past ages, and sees the culmination in our own glorious nation. For our institutions are not the result of our contest with England only. No, our freedom is the answer to the prayers of millions of oppressed. Our nation is the outgrowth of thousands of contests, of thousands of battles fields. The struggle began in the earliest ages and had reached considerable advancement in the Grecian states, and still more in the Roman; then for centuries it seemed hopeless ly lost under European despotism. England and Holland were the coun-
tries where a large measure of freedom was enjoyed. But there was tyranny still. It was in the wilds of America that true liberty was fostered. And, behold, the prayers for liberty were answered when we severed our connection with England and proclaimed to the world, that ours was the "land of the free and the home of the brave." And whose heart can beat with true patriotism than his who understands our true relation to the past.

A Call to Worship.

MINNIE MOWE, PED.

Out on the quiet Sabbath air
Ring all the church bells, loud and clear,
Proclaiming joy and peace unto the world;
Their joyous tones ring far and wide Through valleys deep, over mountain side,
Where'er Christ's blessed banner is unfurled.

They summon Christians to their place,
To worship at the throne of grace.
Acknowledge Jesus as their Lord and King.
Their chimney ring out melodious, sweet,
They call "Come to the mercy-seat,
With humbled hearts, and Christ your praises bring.

Notes and Comments.

Of the many things that enter into consideration upon an analysis of the component parts of the desire to make up the whole of a student's education, the element of time is perhaps as important as any. And yet, in spite of its constituting such an essential feature in one's training, it suffers very frequent disregard, resulting largely, perhaps, from an undue importance of the practical young American spirit that craves for sordid gain. The fact, however, that many a young man makes the shortest leap possible for active life by condensing a four year's course into three, or by reducing it still further by pursuing only such branches as please his fancy, when a full college training is absolutely requisite to prepare him for his selected vocation in life, can further be accounted for partly by being secluded from the outer world of action, to concentrate all its affections and energies upon text-book lore by sheer will-power, to resist the multifarious attractions of life's busy commotion about him in a period of manhood when responsiveness to thrilling excitement is keenest, is not an easy task.

Besides, scarcity of pecuniary support and the pressure of similar coercive circumstances may also necessitate one to reduce his college training to a minimum. Though these causes may explain a student's conduct in hurrying through college, they do not obviate the fact that time performs an essential function in his education. It is evident that minds of ordinary ability cannot accomplish four year's work in three. Besides, if right methods of study are pursued, time acts as an important factor in the development and, especially, in the strengthening of one's intellectual powers. Further, the object of study should not be merely to multiply abstruse knowledge or to gain a slight conception of learning in general, but most of all to effect a transformation in our aesthetical nature, a susceptibility to the beautiful, a responsiveness to whatever is refined. Since this partakes of the nature of an unconscious growth, it is plain that the full time of a college training is absolutely essential. Remembering also in connection with these facts that they who strike short for the professions without a thorough preparatory education do so at a detriment to their own success, no student should be tempted to imitate such a colossal blunder in his own life's preparation. Especially in these days of abundant incidence of supply, a thorough education is required in whatever profession we may choose, even in the ministry.

A recent article in The Moderator has brought to our notice the essentiality of not having the college journal exclusively composed of student productions. In the October number is published an article on the "Three Great Literatures," and its author is a college instructor. The article, contrasting as it does the civilizations of mankind and, consequently, their literatures, and showing that "the life of these successive civilizations was in proportion to the vitality of the ideas by which it was animated," embodies thought invaluable to every student of literature. It casts a flood of light upon many questions of dispute and agitation, pointing out in undeniable statements the influence of ancient thought, that "the classics are the only oracles that are not decayed," which facts are so often ignored by immature, prejudiced minds. It shows what position the French hold among the literatures of the world and how the English and American literatures.

However, we need not give a synopsis of the entire article to establish the fact that such productions
serve as an embellishment for any journal, and that students, without exception, are incompetent to embody in thought facts which have been the life-work of specialists. To be sure, a college journal is first of all the students' journal, containing their thought, exhibiting their development, and giving in its true light the esprit de corps of the college. But should their not also be an educational department? Something that will instruct and be an inspiration to the student body? It, necessarily, must be short and spicy, captivating the vigilant mind of the youthful aspirant. Certainly, it should not be made the stronghold of the journal, the most interesting feature; that would make it too theological, too philosophical, and have a strong tendency to deaden college patriotism and imperil the purpose of its glorious mission which has such a distinctive, cosmopolitan character. But there is a medium which promises great results. In fact, is there anything more to be desired than a hearty co-operation of faculty and students in every college enterprise? And if the appellations with which we adorn our publications are worthy of their significance; if we call our college journal a college journal; does it not include all instructors and students? All our college publications would be stimulated with new life, if a compromise could be effected in this direction. Make any journal comply with the desires and requirements of its readers, and success is a necessary sequel.

That Hope College is constantly advancing in more than one direction is evident from a change made by the faculty in the course offered. Hitherto the institution offered but one course in both preparatory and college departments. It has now been decided to establish three courses, viz., a classical, a scientific, and a Latin course. In making this alteration a long felt need has been supplied, and the change gives hopeful promise of being effectual in largely swelling the number of students in future years. It is to be earnestly hoped that the college may be provided with adequate means so as to be enabled to extend these courses in the college department.

While reading in one of our exchanges, the question thus presented itself to our mind was, Why are not more articles of this kind written and inserted in our college papers? The articles read were, one on "Keats", and one on "The Tattler and the Spectator"; and we, certainly, received a better knowledge of the character and writings of Keats, and learned new facts about Steele and Addison and their joint-labor as editors. It is true, we all know that mere text book study of literature is not sufficient. Our professors always advise us to read the author's own work. But we cannot study every author, and, naturally, different students will make a close study of different authors. That there are students in our college who pay particular attention to the study of English writers, we know from the members of the Phi Beta Epson Club. Do we not speak for all the students in the college when we say, that we should be pleased to read articles on the authors in English literature or criticisms on any of their works?

Our student readers will recall that mention was made in a former number of the desirability of having a lecture course at the college. Such a course has not yet been provided for, but, through the efforts of the Professor in English, the students are promised a rare treat in something of this kin l on December 8, 1896. We expect the Hext Concert Company. This company includes Effie Elaine Hext, a most artistic interpreter, who will give readings and statueque passages in Grecian costume, representing forty-five Human Emotions in a realistic manner, with appropriate music for a background; Reginald Hext, a fine pianist; and Herr Carl Walther, the celebrated Belgian violinist, who has been associated with such artists as Patti, Lloyd, Albani, etc. The latter has been before European audiences since his sixth year, and now opens his first American tour with a week at Chickering Hall, New York. See advertisement in this paper.

*The Influence of the Italian Renaissance upon English Literature.*

The course of English literature has been one of continual development. Beginning with the rude war-songs of the Teuton scalds, influenced continually from within by the increasing civilization of the English people, and from without by contact with other civilizations, it has grown into that vast collection of poetry and prose which is now the grandest of modern literatures.

At the very first this literature was characterized by the strength and vigor of its movement. It was not polished, neither in form nor contents; it did not have that logical continuity of thought which characterizes early French literature; its essential element was one that has always appealed to the English people,—practical usefulness.

This early literature, the foundation on which the great English poets of all times have reared their splendid monuments of genius, ceased at the coming of William in 1066. For two centuries after that date almost nothing was written in English. It seemed as if the manners and arts of the French were to complete the conquest begun by their armies. But after the Normans had lost their French possessions, the tide began to roll back, and, gradually, the two peoples became assimilated. The basis of society, instead of becoming Norman, remained English.

For a long time, however, English literature consisted mainly of translations from the French. These productions, interesting as they may be in the study of the English language, are entirely worthless as literature. As the English writers became more independent, and the beneficial influences of the Italian Renaissance began to make themselves felt, our literature blossomed, first in the lonely grandeur of a Chaucer, and afterwards in the unexampled richness of the Elizabethan age.

This Italian Renaissance was the greatest intellectual movement of the Middle Ages. It freed mankind from scholasticism and superstition, under which civilization had been bound for
nearly a thousand years. It first showed results in the persons of Petrarch and Boccaccio in the latter half of the XIVth century. In a century it had reached its climax, and the history of Modern Europe was begun.

During this century it taught Europe the true spirit of Nature and of the classics, and that man is a rational, thinking being, not because he is the son of a high born noble, but simply because he is a man. It produced independence of thought, without which neither literature nor any other refinement of the mind is able to flourish.

It is for this reason that we find such a glorious and original literature suddenly springing up in Italy. It came like the Italian summer, immediately after the winter, while in the more northern countries a long intervening spring time was necessary. There flourished in the beginning of the Renaissance, three great authors, the founders of Modern Literature,—Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio.

Dante was an intensely original poet. Coming before the Revival of Learning had made itself felt, he was acquainted only with those Latin authors known to the Dark Ages, of whom Virgil was perhaps the most prominent. But he had that power of appreciating the beautiful, and that from scholasticism, which mark him as a true Renaissance writer. He was the connecting link between the Dark Ages and the Age of Revival; with him Medieval ideas had their end and modern poetry its beginning.

Petrarch was the first of the humanists, the first great representative of those scholars who so eagerly searched the attics of monasteries and cathedrals after the coveted manuscripts of Greek and Latin writers, and who studied those manuscripts with a zeal and earnestness that founded Modern Philology. He was the greatest of the classicists, but that did not prevent him from being one of the greatest Italian writers. He perfected the sonnet, with which he had just been invented. These sonnets show Renaissance Literature in its best form, native genius directed by the classical spirit.

Boccaccio's nature was very different from that of the thoughtful Petrarch or Dante. He was gay and sensual, clever and imaginative. He created the Italian Romance, and used it in his "Decameron", a collection of a hundred short stories told in a pleasing manner with great energy and grace.

After the love of antiquity had begun, it became a passion with the Italians, everyone was eager to study the classical literatures and antiquities. Business men left their counting-houses, monks their cells, young men their pleasures, to sit at the feet of scholars like Poliziano, Poggio. Universities arose in all the greater Italian cities, and in this day have been models of their kind.

The influence of this movement could not be confined to Italy alone. It spread over Europe, carried by the Italians in their wide-spread search after memorials of the forgotten past, and by those educated in Italy, as they returned home laden with knowledge. Travelers, also, returned with glowing accounts of the new-found splendors of the past, and court ambassadors, such as we know Chaucer to have been, could not fail to be impressed as they compared the educated courts of Italy with their own.

For many reasons this great civilizing influence reached the British Isles later than any other of the great countries of Europe. Their insular position, and the well-known conservative and practical nature of the English people retarded its progress, so that the XVth century had begun to wane before the enthusiasm was felt as it had been a century before in the South.

But before the English nation understood and appreciated the Italian Renaissance there arose in the middle of the IVth century one man that did appreciate it. Geoffrey Chaucer was far in advance of his age. He was possessed of great poetical powers, and he had the good fortune, rare for the literary persons of that time, of visiting Italy. It is possible that on that journey he met Petrarch, at any rate, as the special ambassador of the English King, he came into contact with the most educated and cultured men of the period, and, as a result, became thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance. By the time he returned to his native land, his poetical ideas had undergone an entire transformation. Before leaving home he had exercised his talents merely in translating and imitating French poems, but in Italy he discovers his originality and begins his glowing career as the first great English poet.

If the Renaissance had no other influence upon Chaucer than to show him his originality, it certainly was beneficial, but there was more. He studied Italian and read the great Renaissance poets. Of these Petrarch affected him least. He had no taste for Greek and Latin, and the lightness of love sonnets could hardly be admired by the hardly, studious young poet. He admired and respected Dante, he loved the immense force and grandeur of the great Florentine's style. Yet he was most attracted by Boccaccio's stories.

From Boccaccio, whose genius was in so many respects like his own, he borrowed the plan of the "Canterbury Tales" and the plots of many of the stories which it contains. Using these as his outlines and coloring them with his own poetical genius, and presenting them in a style influenced by the greatest of medieval writers, he painted those pictures of old English life which still remain unequalled.

For a century and a half after the death of Chaucer, the French influence held sway in England, but it was fast losing ground. The Renaissance was felt in other departments and it could not fail to be felt in literature as well. As people became more refined and the desire for education increased, it became more and more common to send promising boys of rank to study in Italy. Among these were two young men, Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey, who began the English Renaissance of literature.

In form our debt to the Italians is not very great. The only Italian metres that gained extensive use in England were the sonnet and blank verse. The sonnet, that polished and yet emotive form of poetry whose use is to express some single outpouring of the poet's heart in a regular, prescribed stanza, has always been one of the chief ornaments of English poetry. Introduced in a modified form by Surrey and Wyatt, it was restored to
its original Petrarchian form by Milton, and has always been the means used by our greatest English poets to express their sublimest thoughts and sentiments. Black verse, also introduced by Surrey, has been the grandest metre of English poetry. In that verse Milton wrote the sublimest of English poems, and Shakespeare those dramas which ever since have thrilled the human heart. Of other measures, none of importance were brought from Italy. The Elizabethan writers often tried to introduce them, but failed. The metres of the Southerners, like their flowers, were too light and ethereal for Northern climates.

Meanwhile the Renaissance was progressing in Italy as well as in England. Two new authors had arisen who, in the eyes of their contemporaries, far surpassed the men of the early Renaissance, but who, judged as poets, must fall far below Dante and Petrarch. These were Ariosto and Tasso.

Ariosto wrote poetry simply as a work of art. He was moved by no soul-stirring spirit which could produce "soul-animating strains". His poem is a romance of chivalry, elaborate and fantastic, but not real and true to nature. Tasso was of a more thoughtful turn of mind, more worthy of study, but still brimming over with Don Quixotic ideas.

As Spenser read these epics he could tell the difference between them and poetry which expressed the deepest convictions of the soul. So when he wrote his "Faery Queen" he took these poems as models, for the age required that, but he aimed higher. He wrote that he "must needs seem to emulate" and "hoped to overgo them". Inspired by his own poetic genius, he aided this with the decorative richness received from the Italian writers, and borrowed his allegory from the Middle Ages, and out of the three produced the most poetic poem of English literature.

The second great Elizabethan poet, Milton, was altogether the most independent of our poets. What influence was exerted upon him came chiefly from the classics and from Dante. The influence of the classics was a direct outgrowth of the Renaissance. The English received their first knowledge of Greek and their first appreciation of Latin literature from Italy. By the time the classics reached England the hard work of collecting and collating manuscripts had been finished, so that English literature ran no risk of being undermined by scholarship as the Italian had been. English writers could use the classics to advantage as soon as they first found them. When a man of the genius of Milton could receive such a literature in such a way, can it be wondered at that he accepted it? But Milton's greatest beauty is his grand, sublime thought, which, as we have seen, is characteristic of the old Saxon genius. He only used the classics as materials to assist in the expression of his own genius.

Shakespeare and the drama were in every way the most remarkable outgrowths of the Renaissance. The Italian short story, which was essentially dramatic, had always been well liked in England. We have noted the effect of Boccaccio on Chaucer, and the effect of the "Decamerone" and its imitators upon the drama was very similar. Italy, too, was the land of horrible crimes, of wild extravagance in love and in hate. Thence Shakespeare drew his plot of Othello, full of such cruel vengeance. Thence comes the character of the Jew, Shylock, painted in such bloody colors in the "Merchant of Venice." Thence, too, comes the happy, fairy-like love of Romeo and Juliet.

The Italian influence is also discernible in many points of style and diction, but here, as with the other authors, we find that the Italian is but the decoration, the real inspiration is English.

After the Elizabethan age, the prestige of Italy began to decline, and its influence also declined. Dryden once translated some of Boccaccio's tales, but, like most XVIIIth century translators, failed entirely to catch the spirit of the original. Mrs. Browning and her husband have both attempted some poems in imitation of the Italians, but even their genius could not reproduce the spirit of the Renaissance.

Among the Societies.

V. M. C. A.
At the first regular meeting of the school year, the meeting was led by Prof Bergen. His subject was, "Bible Study." To begin another year's work with instructions how we should study the Word of God is certainly very commendable, and we appreciate highly the words which were spoken.

The following week the Rev. Mr. Rubbink took charge of the meeting, presenting to us, "The Necessity of the Study of Missions."

On the fifteenth of October the meeting was led by Dr. Beardslee of the Seminary. Subject, "Prayer."

PHI BETA EPSILON CLUB.
"Conversation enlightens the understanding, but silence is the school of genius."-Gibbon, "Decline and Fall."

As the serpent, after a season of torpidity, sloughs off his dingy colorless coat, and assumes a new one of iridescent hue, so, also, has the Phi Beta Epsilon.

We have adopted a new modus operandi. The substance of which is: The Club year shall be twenty-five weeks, consisting of five Club terms of five weeks each. The first term shall be devoted to Drama; the second, to General Poetry; the third, to Phi-
THE ANCHOR.

COSMOPOLITAN.

The Cosmopolitans report progress.

One can scarcely comprehend the meaning implied in this expression, unless he has visited the Cosmopolitan Hall, and has marked the activity displayed by its members. No fitful enthusiasm, but a constant devotion to duty, arising from a realization of the value of the work in which one is engaged. This gives rise to a loyalty for the instrument through which this work is performed. It is, indeed, a matter of joy to notice that among the membership of our Society this loyalty is constantly increasing. But how pleasing it is to notice that also those who have gone from us into other spheres of activity are ever imbued with a feeling of loyalty and affection for the Society in which they received a training, so that they might struggle more effectually in the arena of life. Thus, at our meeting of October 2, we were honored by the presence of Messrs. O'Connell and Longfellow who cheered us with their earnest remarks.

What a cause for encouragement we find likewise in the number of new members who have been added to our circle. We seem more closely united when for the first time we hear from the lips of a schoolmate the remark, "Fellow Cosmopolitans," Cosmopolitans, indeed, gradually encircling the globe. We feel this more than ever, whilst, as a Society, this month we are privileged to have in friend Archimedes a link binding us to "India's coral strand.

ULIFLAS.

We now trust that the Uliflas Club has found a permanent abode. After years of toil and struggle and moving about, so characteristic of Uliflas him-

self, as has well been said and which ought to encourage every member, the Society has now come to a home of its own. With its beautifully decorated walls; its well decked roof; in fact, with all its external appearances, together with its conveniences and its staff of officers, it is now prepared to go on investigating the different branches of knowledge and solving the problems of the day.

The Society, on the fifth of October, set aside its regular program and had the pleasure of listening to a very instructive address by Dr. Kollen. Although we cannot give our readers all that was said, we would, nevertheless, present this one great truth uttered on the occasion: "You cannot get anything for nothing." Let us always bear this in mind. It is only he who is willing to work for an object, who ever realizes it.

To further commemorate the dedication of our new abode, an address was delivered by Prof. Doesburg who has always been ready to give a helping hand to this Club. Stress was especially laid upon the necessity of studying our mother tongue, for we know not where we shall be placed in life's activities. The sound counsel always heard from the lips of this speaker should urge us on to still better work in the future, and the benefit will be for ourselves and our fellow-men.

WIRELESS.

Alpha Section.—About ten new students have been added to the Society this fall, forming, together with the older members, a literary society of which no college need feel ashamed.

Work has commenced in earnest. The wheel of production moves in motion. The weekly grist of debates, orations, declamations, and readings have a strong patriotic and literary flavor. The enthusiasm of the different members often bursts forth into floods of eloquence. Long may prosperity continue to reign within our walls.

Philomathean Section.—The large addition to our membership is composed of such as will use the advantages offered for the improvement in the use of the English language. An earnest determination to succeed characterizes both new and old members.

The Hair of the Face.

By one who has none.

MAN is indel with an insatiable craving for those higher qualities which delight the taste and imagination. Unquestionably, he is in quest of that assemblage of graces as typified in the ideal. The realization of which he indulges hope of experiencing in self. As a succor to compass it, that entity generally countenanced by man, "the hairy filament" stands pre-eminent. The esteemed pride of mortals who possess them, envied by such as cannot nurture one. De-lection in its perfection crowns the youth when with razor in hand, he gleans the first harvest of ripened grain, "Vanity of Vanities." Deception is the hub about which revolves the wheel of beauty. The tuft of hair is a gudgeon alluring prodigiously the ever-fluctuating mind of woman. Its charming bewitchery is
irresistable. Beauty is fictitious. Deception is of small cost. Upon uncontrollable bristles wonderful changes are wrought by the sizzling curiosity—exciting-curling-iron. Auburn hair filaments are readily dyed. A fascinating tint is not costly.

The hirsute epidermis of man, as an aid tending to effect beauty as characterized in the ideal, is indispensable. Happily, man estimates justly its moment. Intellectual relish, however, varies. The one devotes convenient opportunities to the cultivation of handsome sideburns. Another turns to profitable use his spare moments by fostering a goatee. A third expends reserved energy in molding a complete beard. A fourth deems the immaculate stache as paramountly conducive to beauty in its perfection. The cynosure of mortals. How extensive a scope to attain the ideal?

Woman realizes the enchanting power centered in the facial men of man. She regards with malevolent longing these opportunities favorable to beauty. A boon imparted to man alone. All this. Her desires must be fully gratified with the insidious cosmetic face powder. No goatee can dissemble her dimpled chin. No tawny sideburns can disguise her abnormal ears. No comely stache can offer to view a harmony between her curvaceous organ of small and retiring chin. No markedly conspicuous beard can secrete lines of old age furrowed in her delicate skin. Her command of beauty is confined within narrowly circumscribed bounds. Need we be affected by surprise as we direct our eyes to the comprehensive throng of old maids.

Nature affords man extensive facilities to realize beauty. Woman must be born beautiful. Could man’s countour be veiled by a woman’s natural covering as an equivalent for his barbate pelt, his beauty would cease to exist. His becoming comeliness would waver. He would pass to the state of ugliness, adequately ugly to become offensive to the sight of all women. The bachelor would be as popular as the old maid. By good fortune the barbate covering in all its redemptory power is as yet his, and he who makes due use of knowledge will employ it.

No component of the human being is so immeasurable to beauty, grace, and propriety as the auditory appendent; yet, how impressively beautiful is this phenomenon when confronted by an adjusted side-burn. It is, in consequence, rendered less obvious to the eye, the issue of which is its ravishing appearance. Fragility is the watchword of the age. The beard is its teacher. No soap need interpose in the concerns of a filthy neck. The squalid paper collar can long furnish lucrative service. The cheap necktie can indefinitely embellish the grimy shirt bosom. The mysterious beard keeps them, one and all, in suitable seclusion. The century at hand attests of wonderful changes wrought upon the cavity within the lips. The tobacco-cup and pipe-stem have disturbed the mouth of man to an incredible degree. It has undergone an incorrigible degeneration. The mouth of woman fares but slightly better. The chewing-gum, as an agent, has there effected mischief. A limited number of decayed teeth or the flaccid exterior of a man’s mouth. Scars and ulcers deface his upper lip. Benign nature has al-

College Jottings.

Rain!
Snow!!!
Gold!!!!
Silver!!!
Windy.
Don’t trouble yourself about that.
We are told K—sees the cars pull in every Saturday night. Leap year.
G. Kooiker and Van der Wel were slightly under the weather for a few days.
J. Van der Meulen visited relatives and friends in Grand Rapids on the 10th.
And still there is more to follow.
J. H. E. has taken the stump. What next?
Mention quizz to S—and he will tell you that women are better judges of such articles than men.
At night, Mart refuses to accommodate S., B., or W. They’re sharers. My gottness notions, vats de use Maatin?
The advertising manager of the Anchor, together with the foot-ball manager, had an experience which they do not wish repeated. Groans—a little pain and the doctor—all had something to do with the case.
Three Seniors, one Sophomore, one Freshman, and one Senior Prep. listened to Mr. Bryan at Grand Rapids on the 15th.
Campaign speech in opera house—comedy girl—T—sitting near—F—wearing a hat, with leering eye. An apple—a barter—satisfaction all around.

Facts of this nature are to be found in one of our recitation rooms:

Records:
Distance between Prof. Sutphen’s room and Prof. Bergen’s room: Gurl,—2.35
Boschker,—2.34 6-8.
Vork,—2.36 1-12.
October 31d, while Miss Nellie Notier, one of the college ladies, was out driving with a friend, the horse became too spirited and overturned the vehicle. The occupants were slightly injured. A piece of court-plaster and a little time removed all traces of the accident.

October 16, W. J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for President, addressed the people in this city. All our boys were there. There was little enthusiasm, due, probably, to the time of the day. His car was magnificent, his wife beautiful, and the orator himself was in every respect in
The students were treated to an exceptionally interesting as well as instructive evening on Thursday, October 22. Prof. Marks, of Chicago, who has traveled extensively in Palestine and all the country of Biblical fame, gave an illustrated lecture on the Holy Land; and, in addition to this, most graphically presented the ancient and modern mode of dress and habits in those countries. Six ladies and six gentlemen, who most nearly resembled the characters he wished to represent, were selected from among the students and dressed in appropriate garb. The event was a success throughout, and all who attended expressed themselves as well satisfied.

A Silver Club at Hope College. The anarchists and repudiators holding high carnival within the sacred precincts of Van Vleck Hall; O tempora! O mores! Although the fact is to be lamented, yet true it is that 16 to-1 men abound in Hope. A club has lately been organized with A. Van Arendonk, president, and H. Steketee, recording secretary. Last Saturday a rousing meeting was held at which Dr. Godfrey delivered an able address. In a clear and logical way he exposed the fallacies and inconsistencies of the gold party. He was heartily applauded. It seems that at Hope there are a few who, as they say, "have not bowed the knee to Baal which, being interpreted, is Hanna."

E. Bl—— has formed a quartette. For further information ask the Van Vleckites.

Judging from the demand for oil at Room No. 7, Van Vleck Hall, more oil is burned than formerly. Cause?

Peter Ver——'s camera is a good one. A. L. W. still maintains that he is not cornered. Ask J. De Free about that joke he played on Hyink.

Brink's room may be appropriately called "Home of the Friendless."

Fl—— is fostering a "stache". It is of eight weeks standing, and as soon as it becomes visible to the unaired eye mention will be made of it.

Prof. Bergen presented a delightful program of readings on October 19. The entertainment was in Winants Chapel under the auspices of the Hope Church Mission Society.

The manager of the Co-operative Association has an instrument known as a wheel which can draw out more sweat in a minute than K—— can in an hour arguing free silver.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception took place October 8th. A short but entertaining program was rendered, after which the folk gathered in the Association rooms where one and all engaged in hand-shaking and exchanging of salutations. General merriment was prevalent.

Exchanges.

Professor——"Give an illustration of the law that heat expands and cold contracts."

Sophomore——"The days are long in summer and short in winter."

"Capital punishment" said the boy when the teacher seated him with a girl.——Ex.

Why is a gazette like a potato? Because they are both put into the ground to propagate.——Ex.

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