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Edgar Allen Poe.

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The name of Poe at once calls to the mind two distinct, but opposing currents of thought. The first represents him as a dreamer, always dwelling in ideal realms, "in heaven or hell—peopled with the creations and accidents of his brain." Again, he is placed before us as a man who braved the wildest storms in the darkest of the night, beating the wind and rain with his arms; who had lost faith in man and in woman, who could not be spoken to on the subject of wealth, "but his cheek paled with gnawing envy," who had nothing of the "true point of honour," whose "passions vented themselves in snares," who had that desire to rise which is called ambition,—not that he might thereby win the love and esteem of his fellow-men, but "only the hard wish to succeed,—not shine, not serve—succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which called his self-concept." In opposition to this, a series of thoughts rise before the mind's eye, which, indeed, represent Poe as a man who often dwelt in ideal realms; but only as all poets do, finding in them the images which inspired his soul. As a man, who may have braved the storms of night, but to weep at the grave of the only one who had ever addressed the orphan boy with a motherly tenderness; who no doubt had lost faith in many of his fellow-men, but not in his friends; who, indeed, often spoke in sneers, but simply because the master knew he was dealing with slaves; who had the tenderest love for woman, a feeling so often denied him; who, in other words, was very much like any other man in the general conduct of life, save that he chanced to be "the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; who felt deeper than most mortals: whose general stream of life was smooth and placid, save when disturbed with the usual bilious which make up the life of mankind, occasioned by the not uncommon excesses of youth; or, when he was driven to deeds of excess, as in the latter part of his life especially, by disease, by the fear of the death of his dearest object on earth, and by the merciless hand of poverty.

Such are the two opposing lines of criticism that have gathered round the name of Poe. As to the truth or fallacy of these conflicting opinions, we shall not decide, since we leave the discussion of his life, to confine ourselves to him as he reveals himself to us in his poetry.

The poetry of Poe has been criticised as obscure in meaning, unnat-
ural, so weird and strange in its thought that it often verges on insan-
ity, and, therefore, lacking many es-
cential qualities of good poetry. Be-
fore we decide as to the truth or un-
truth of this criticism, a little investi-
gation will be of value, first in regard
to Poe's idea of the poetic principle,
second by a brief examination of his
poetry itself.

Many men have agreed with Poe
that the primary object of all poetry
is to please; that instruction, or
the imparting of truth is a secondary re-
quirement. Admitting this, we are
at once confronted with the difficulty
of deciding what element produces
this sense of pleasure in the reader,there
being various ways in which this
may be attained, any one source by
no means producing the same ef-
fects upon different minds. We shall
not delay here to enumerate the vari-
ous sources, productive of this sense
of pleasure; but shall simply state
what Poe considered to be the produc-
tive element. Dividing the world of
mind into three divisions, we have the
Pure Intellect, Taste, and the Moral
Sense. Poe considered the intellect
and the moral sense the two extremes
between which taste holds supreme
 sway. "Now the intellect concerns it-
self mainly with truth. The demands
of truth are severe. She does not
sympathize with the myriads. Con-
science, on the other hand, deals with
duty, and teaches us the obligation:" but taste satisfies itself with the
"charms—waging war upon vice sole-
ly on the ground of her deformity, her
disproportion, its animosity to the
fitting, to the appropriate, to the har-
munions—in a word, to beauty."

Thus reasoned Poe. Now every
reader of Poe will at once detect one
element presenting itself. It may
often be shouted in gloom, with a
strain of sadness, or of utter loneli-
ness, darting out from every verse: or
it may be set with pictures, sometimes
bright, more often dark; but the one
element is there, coming to the front
everywhere to impress itself upon the
reader—that element is beauty. The
contemplation of the beautiful has
produced in Poe the true poetical ef-
fact, i.e., the beautiful, using the
word inclusive of all that is sublime,
the Beautiful in sunshine or in black-
est night. He recognized this soul-
nourishing beauty in the twinkling of
the heavenly orbs, in the tranquil
murmur of the brook, in the grandeur
of the mountain storm, in the roar of
the mighty cataract. He felt it in the
charm of woman, in the rustling of
her robes, in her gentle touch, in the
sparkling of her eye, in the sweet
strains of her voice.

But let us turn for a moment from
the artist and note his art instead. In
the year 1845, Poe was engaged as
sub-editor and critic of the Mirror, a
daily journal, published by N. P.
Willis, and General George Morris, of
New York. It was a step somewhat
downward for a man who had been
the chief editor of some of the lead-
ing monthlies as Poe had been: and
whose reputation as a writer of weird
tales, was known and respected far
and wide. It was during this time
that he reached the topmost ladder of
fame and renown. Among the many
things he produced during this time
was his masterpiece, The Raven. It
called forth many parodies and imita-
tions, and within a few weeks spread
over the Whole of the United States.

It was criticised pray favorably by
some of the most eminent English poe-
tants. More than this, it has been de-
scribed, as being "the most effective
single example of fugitive poetry ever
published in this country; and is un-
surpassed in English poetry for subtle
conception, masterly ingenuity of ver-
sification, and consistent sustaining
of imaginative life." On the other hand,
The Raven was criticised by his biog-
rapher, Dr. Rufus U. Griswold, as
simply a "reflection and echo of his
own life," saying that he was that
bird's, "Unhappy master whom uncourful disorder
Followed fast and followed faster till his song one bore
down here—
Till the dregs of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

If we accept Dr. Griswold's biogra-
phy of Poe, then it may be true: but
considering the testimony of men
more intimate with him, and, there-
fore, more competent to judge, we se-
riously doubt it. To every reader it
must but show forth the lonely and
melancholy part of his nature, and not
the reflection of a debased life. We feel
and involuntarily sympathize with the
loneliness of.

"The silken sad uncertain roosting: of each
purple curtain."

Of the poem:

"Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,
Bodily, less, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before.
and, again, the intense longing ex-
pressed in the words,

"Tell me, truly, I implore
Is there, is there, is there, is there in Goshal? I tell you, tell me, I
implore!"

It excites—not intending any com-
parison between the two poets—a sad
and lonely feeling in the reader, simi-
lar to Tennyson's.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair

But we shall not linger here longer.
Sufficient be it to say, that Poe is
everywhere stirred by that meditating

In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Poe's poem, however, is of a gloomy
heart-rending nature, while that of
Tennyson is of something sad, but
tender. The feeling of this comes
over us on a dark and stormy autumn
da
day; the sentiment of that fills with
utter loneliness in the dark nights of
the night, when the wind moans
about the window-lattice. The feel-
ing produced by this we may regard
afterwards with pleasure; of that we
shrink from because of its awful
gloom. The effect of this passes away
with the first gleam of sunshine; of
that may require days or weeks before
we can forget the sad recollections.

Among other remarkable poems of
Poe are, The Haunted Palace, The
Conqueror Worm, The City in the
Sea, and For Annie, in all of which
we find a new and haunting music.
The hearer is constrained to follow
the song. A new world is opened to
him as he reads: for instance, The
City in the Sea. Around the old myth-
ological idea, which represents the
golden West as the haven of rest for
weary mortals, he intricately weaves a
beautiful poem, placing before the
reader a city of gorgeously decked
palaces, and domes, and spires, and
kingly halls. Following the poet, a
repulsion at first comes over us as we
think of the dark cold sea. We wish
to flee from him; but only for a mo-
ment, for we are involuntarily at-
tracted by the picture, and desire to
behold more; and before we are aware
of the fact, we have become inhabit-
ants of that city.
the beautiful. On every page there is beauty, though of a sad and lonely nature. If we say it is obscure, and therefore uninteresting, then we do not as yet grasp his thought. To understand Poe, we must for the time being, fall entirely in his line of thought; lay aside the ordinary man; feel what he feels; descend where he descends; rise when he rises; look as he looks; in short, our whole nature must become one with the artist. Such then is the character of his poetry. And it must be apparent from what has been said, that if the ultimate object of all poetry is to please, by thrilling and elevating the soul, then Edgar Allen Poe has accomplished it.

Again, he may appear eccentric; but was it not because he stood above the ordinary intellect? May not the reason for his lack of popularity be found in the character of his mind, which was of such a nature as to be little in demand. Few persons have those battles to fight which he fought: and thus to appreciate him we must be able to realize the conditions under which the poet labored. If we decide that he is strange, then we answer that it is but the old story over again—a genius mis-directed, but a genius for all that. Had he not longed so persistently for the irrevocable dead, he might have been with the greatest poets.

In conclusion we quote two passages, the first showing his intense love for his wife, and therein verifying to a great extent the emotion that ruled his life: the second, in which the writer, having compared him with the great poets, in closing makes the remark herein quoted:

1. "His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty which he felt was fading before his eyes. I have seen him hovering around her when she was ill, with all the fond tear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born, her slightest cough causing him in a shudder, a heart chill that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them: and the remembrance of his watchful eyes eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face, haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain. It was this hourly anticipation of her loss that made him a sad and thoughtful man, and lent a mournful melody to his unlyric song."

2. "From Tennyson to Austin Dobson there is hardly one whose verse music does not bear traces of Poe's influence. To impress the stamp of one's personality on a succeeding generation of artists, to be an almost (although not wholly flawless, technical artist one's self, to charm within a narrow circle to a degree that shows no sign, after forty years, of lessening, is this to prove a claim to rank with the Great Poets? No, perhaps not quite; but at all events it is surely to have deserved great honor from the country of one's birthright."

Thoughts on Tennyson.

October, 1832, he passed away, the following lines flowed from a dear friend's quill:

"From the silent shores of midnight, touched with the splendor of the moon To the singing bowl of heaven and the light more clear Than ever was seen Here passed a soul that grew to music till it was with God in peace."

Tennyson, as a poet, takes a place which is decidedly his own and which no other than himself can fill. He had a message to humanity lost in the depths of materialism: that message he announced with no uncertain sound. He wove the music: they assisted him.

His poetry is not valued on account of its perfection in style and composition, however perfect it be in that respect, but rather because it comes to us with a meaning and purpose. Hence, however, does not speak to us as Bryant does in his Thanatopsis: his voice is far different from that of a teacher of moral reform and a preacher of spiritual exhortation. Such poems as Dora, Break, break, break, The Vision of Sin, and The Bugle Song, indicate the nature of his message. These remain clearly and distinctly the messages of a poet. In them we find hope for the lost, comfort for the afflicted, and cheer for the despondent. Hope he has for all even in the darkest hours.

"For this from out our保障 of Time and Place The floods may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face, Where I put out to sea."

"Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark."

This unselfish love, which frequently requires self-denial, was a christian virtue. He was born in a Christian family, nursed by a tenderhearted and fervently religious mother, and grew up under the fatherly influence of a high-tempred, high-souled, and noble divine. That these early Christian influences made a deep impression upon him, and produced the de-
sired effect, every reader of Tennyson must admit. His poems fairly glitter with Bible gems. Nor did he use them because they were Bible truths, but rather because he felt their meaning, and had experienced their ennobling effects. The following lines show his belief in God:

"That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one love, one element,
To which the whole creation responsive...."

When he hears the bells tolling the death of the old year, he says:

"Ring in the valued man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the kind,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

His simple faith is very beautifully expressed in the words of Enoch Arden:

"Get all your care on God, that anchor holds."
Spain could offer to warrant her attitude in this struggle. That her pecuniary and commercial interests are not at stake is evident from the fact that not a dollar of revenue ever goes, or will go, from the Island to the Peninsula, and, as Murat Holsted puts it, "all the advantages that Spain may derive from the continued possession of Cuba must be not only indirect but unfair and oppressive". We must, then, look for another motive than material interests. And we believe that the attitude of Spain in regard to Cuba is best explained by the official statement made by the Secretary of General Weyler, who wrote, in substance, that Spain was determined to hold Cuba at all costs, were it only to satisfy her natural pride. Bearing this in mind, we can easily understand the position of Spain. Too proud to confess the utter failure of her colonial system and thus to become the subject of ridicule, she is trying to uphold that system by force of arms.

This pride is as criminal as it is wrong and irrational, and we shall endeavor to show that Spain, because of this pride, stands before the world to-day as the greatest criminal of our age.

In the first place, Spain is guilty of crime because she has refused to listen to the just complaints of the Cubans, and has refused to remedy the evils resulting from an oppressive form of government. The complaints of the Cubans have not been drawn up in the masterly style of a Thomas Jefferson, but they are none the less real and grievous. If ever cause was just, theirs is. When we remember that seventy-five per cent of the offices in the Cuban Government are held by Spaniards who have no interests whatever in the local affairs of Cuba, and that she is the Klondyke whither hundreds of royal favorites annually hasten for the purpose of filling their coffers with the wealth which the labor, the sky, and the soil of Cuba have produced; when we remember that all the desirable places of employment are filled by men who would rather serve three years in the Militia of Cuba than five years in the army of Spain and who, therefore, are willing to work for wages that exclude the Cuban from competition; and when we remember that the debt of the last war must be paid out of the labor and industry of Cuba; we can readily sympathize with the Cuban, who would rather destroy the industry and toil of many long and weary years and die amidst the wreck of native land, than any longer endure a tyranny so odious. Surely, the grievances of the Cuban patriot are just and reasonable, and when Spain, trusting in the strength of her mighty army and superior resources, refused to remedy these evils, she committed a crime as great as despot ever schemed. And each passing moment adds magnitude to her crime.

In the second place, Spain is guilty of crime because she has engaged, without a reasonable cause, in a war which she might have prevented.

War involves the destruction of property. The Cuban war means the destruction of a country which is said to be fairer than any of which Goethe ever sang. The sun never casts its rays on richer soil. And yet, Spanish pride does not hesitate to render barren, for years at least, these productive fields. The reflection in the Cuban sky speaks of fields of burning cane. Such are the ravages of war. How long, oh unfortunate Government, do you think it will take to restore the country, the homes, and the industry you are destroying?

War means more than the destruction of property; it involves the destruction of life. The Cuban war means the sacrifice of the young manhood of Spain, the pride and the life-force of the nation. But this sacrifice is not too great. Spanish pride must be satisfied at all cost, and forth go the youth of Spain to be squandered in an unjust cause. But blame them not. Despise the Government that sent them, if you will, but honor those boys. Theirs is but a soldier's duty. Theirs is but to fight and die. Who can any longer doubt, the criminality of Spain, when he is reminded that she does not hesitate to send thousands and thousands of young men who come, like an innocent flock, to find their grave in a country they do not know and where every one curses them, because they represent the most odious tyranny. Oh, it is, indeed sad to think of the boys who are sent to the front many of whom will never return to the loving embrace of their dark-eyed mothers, sisters, or sweethearts. When will this miserable Government ever replace the youth it is sacrificing upon the altar of its pride? What indemnity so great can Spain ever offer for the broken hearts and blasted hopes her crime has wrought?

Such is the crime of which History will accuse Spain. Were so re Victor Hugo to write the history of this crime, he would arouse such a storm of indignation that even the Spanish maid would blush for very shame.

One question still remains. Shall this crime remain unpunished? Shall this dark shadow of the Pyrenees continue any longer to cast its gloom upon the fairest gem of the Atlantic Ocean?

There is a scene my fancy loves to paint. It is Spain before the judgment bar, with Liberty as her accuser. Humanity is the Judge and America is his representative.
Neither the former Editor has willingly rendered in order to acquaint us with our new duties. By harmonious efforts the Anchor will go without interruption on its useful mission.

Emerson says of Abraham Lincoln, "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in Magnanimity, it to hold the memory of a wrong"; to which might be added, "Oh, for more such characters as Lincoln." Wrong is the most potent elements that break asunder the bonds of brotherly love. It is that which causes dissensions, stirs up strife, and separates even the closest of friends. Whether it be active or passive it tends to separation. If my brother offend me, my anger is aroused, or my hatred. Be my own heart affected with evil, it will grow still darker at my brothers superiority or success. That is the course of our depraved human nature. But with the True Light to guide us, should we still grope in the darkness? 'Tis true, human nature is human nature, and

wrong is wrong, but is it ours to avenge? It must be remembered that in our pursuit of truth, and higher morals, and intellectual culture, we are continually growing in our understanding of human nature. We are learning to read the heart, and as such are apt to become more aggravated, should such motives have in them the element of evil, unless, in proportion to our better understanding, we become more philanthropic. But in this case it must also be borne in mind that the enemy must be real and not the product of our own imagination. The judge is subject to the same weakness as the judge. In our moments of leisure, when we engage in private meditation, or in conversation with our fellow students, we should talk less, think less, and imagine less about another's failings, and love him more and do more for his betterment. Though our work be not appreciated, it will advance the cause of morality.

Through the generosity of A. T. Huizinga, M. D. of Roseland, Illinois the library has received another valuable donation of books. It is nothing less than sixty neatly-bound volumes treating on natural philosophy. Among them are found the complete works of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and Tyndall, besides several other authors of prominence. Also, the portraits of these four renowned thinkers accompanied the gift, and are now serving to beautify the reading room. Another gentleman in the East, who has not grown weary in well-doing, has presented the students with the leading magazines and papers for the school year. We are greatly indebted to these our thoughtful friends, and can but repay them by making good use of these acquisitions.

To set before the students the best models of the present day's oratory, and thus to create a more lively interest and participation in the Michigan Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, an excellent lecture course has been arranged for, the first of the series to be given on November 10th. We cannot but commend the committee in their wise choice of men. To hear such speakers as Russell H. Connell, J. Temple Graves, and George Riddle cannot fail to inspire us with a love for and interest in the art of public speaking.

Apart from the inspiration of the messages brought to us, the simple coming in contact with men of national reputation, men who excel in their line of work, must make us more cultured and cosmopolitan. It gives us an insight into the art of the present. The popular, the eloquent, and the dramatic speaker will be presented to us in Connell, Graves, and Riddle. In the first we have one of the stars that made the platform brilliant in the days of Gough, Beecher and Chapin. His instructive address, effective delivery, and benevolent character serve to make him a most popular orator. John Temple Graves, the "successor to the mantle and mission of H. W. Grady," is considered the most eloquent orator of the South, while Mr. Riddle is unrivaled in his interpretation and rendering of dramatic art. Because of his highly developed art, he should make the most lasting impression of the course. The whole course is admirable and will undoubtedly have a good influence on the students and the community.

In a sense college life is a life of isolation. The eager student spends much of his time in mastering the problems that engaged the minds of men years ago. The learning and history of the past is his constant research. It is true that these all have a vital connection with modern life, but there is danger of becoming so absorbed in the scenes of former days, that the living present escapes his notice. He seems to be unconscious of this progressive age, teeming with life and buoyant with activity. He should constantly extend his mental horizon by remaining in touch with current happenings the world over. As aids to that end, the newspapers and other periodicals contribute their part, but far more can be gained by coming in contact with men who are now engaged in the conflict for right and liberty. The students of Hope enjoyed such a privilege in the visit of Rev. W. F. Crafts, D. D. of the Reform Bureau, at Washington, D. C. A summary of his address appears in this issue. The Dr. is doing a noble work in behalf of Sabbath observance and social reforms.

One of the best things we can acquire, while at college, is the power of self-control. Whatever Self-Control, stories of knowledge we may possess, if we lack this essential, we lack the most important part of an education.
Self-control aids a person to run his course effectively, and makes him stronger in mind from day to day, and more influential among his fellow-beings. History proves it; Revelation claims it; and the present supports it. Since this is the marked characteristic of the wise, they who seek culture should, above all else, develop this control. It will be a safe-guard to them in whatever they may undertake. Yes, let one acquire vast stores of knowledge, let one surpass all his fellow-creatures in the scope of learning, if he cannot control himself, he is still an unstable, pitiable, and self-willed being, upon whom no reliance whatsoever can be placed.

No one certainly can acquire too much of self-control, for its value is incalculable. It beautifies and strengthens the character of a man. Stability is its partner, and Success its companion. Napoleon may have possessed excellent qualities, Caesar may have been continent, Hannibal, patient; but he who has acquired true self-control blends all these excellencies into one harmonious ideal—

the man.

Is It Possible to Communicate With Mars?

The planet Mars has always been an especially suitable field for the imagination of the earth’s inhabitants. Its red, lurid light makes it prominent among the stars, whose twinkling rays are ever bright and pure, while its surface, free from those cloudy draperies which veil modest Venus from the too inquisitive gaze of the scientist, stands out clear and bold.

Many attempts have been made of late years to prove that Mars is signaling us. For instance, it was asserted by one observer that the so-called canals which rib its surface were constantly formed in the Hebrew sign for “God,” and thus tried to prove that the ten lost tribes of Israel had been transported there. But this and other theories fade into insignificance before the one last presented to the ever-ready public. This is, that a bright spot on Mars’ surface, is flashing at regular intervals dashes of various lengths, which have been separated by one gentleman into letters, words, sentences, and paragraphs. Assuming this to be a fact, let us examine the possibility of ever exchanging ideas, discoveries, and inventions.

Having agreed that Mars is signaling us, it is necessary for communication that we should reply, and in the same manner Flammarion has estimated that to produce a quantity of light sufficient to travel such a distance, it would be necessary to cover several hundreds of acres of ground with millions of incandescent lights. The cost of such a structure would be immense, and the supply of electricity to tally, inadequate, unless we were to harness to this Herculean task, the marvelous and inexhaustible forces of the Niagara.

Supposing we have constructed this gigantic flash-light, and are ready to commence operations, upon what plan shall we work? The natural course to follow would be to repeat some of the signals that have been observed from Mars on the previous night. Let us suppose that these have been again flashed from Mars in about a week’s time, they having discovered that we are at last awake; and also that they have repeated some original ones sent by us. Then if last communication has been established, and the problem is solved. But wait a moment, of what good is this to us, and what return are we to get from this outlay? What thoughts or ideas are expressed by these meaningless flashes that we have exchanged? None whatever, and no idea ever can be communicated except by the despaired method of the primitive savage, the sign language. Even then it is extremely doubtful whether any distinct outline could be given at such a distance, nor could any words be in the code except such as could be easily expressed by a sign like “man,” “eye,” etc., and Lius is going on the hasty conclusion that the Martians have the general outlines of the human form. But now that we have transmitted the idea “man,” is it not possible from this to establish other words? Let us try. How can we be certain that the Martians have the same sound, or even quantity of syllables to represent an idea that we have? Then again, is it not possible that they have a universal language, and so do not consider the possibility of a difference in forms of speech?

There is but one chance left. If the Martians are in all respects like us, and themselves use one of the many languages of our planet, with infinite pains and toilsious application we may establish communication with our brother world. But if not, there is nothing left to us but to lament the restrictions which holds us back from so much of interest and possible benefit to old Earth.
did not produce good morals, because they put beauty in supreme place instead of duty. It brought first moral, then physical, then political degeneration.

The lesson that France teaches is the retribution of breaking the fourth and seventh commandments.

We cannot rely upon our free public libraries for moral improvement. In them the youth must be guided.

In art, every country that sends us the nude is either dead or dying.

Education of the noted alone is a very dangerous process. The uneducated thief robs the express, the educated steals the railroad. Seneca defends infanticide, but Christianity teaches the sacred individuality of the soul.

The highest culture, apart from moral culture, debar us from political freedom.

Asia proves that agnostic, ethical culture is a failure. Her systems give direction but do not give disposition. The fruit of Confucianism is China. The fruit of Buddhism is India. The fruit of Mohammedanism is Turke.

Africa proclaims the failure of evolutionary naturalism. If evolution and naturalism are to produce the best society, then we must find the best family life in the heart of Africa.

America proclaims the failure of panaceas. A single cure may be efficient, but is not sufficient. Our country has attained her present status by the cooperation of industrial, educational, and legislative forces.

The army of victory marches two by two—the Conservative and the Radical, Law and Love, God and Man.

The teaching of Christ is that we are always to be in one of two hemispheres—love to God or love to man.

Daniel Webster as a Student.

"The heights by great men reached and kept, Were not attained by sudden flight; But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night."

That was Longfellow's idea of success. On the whole most of us like that view; for what a healing balm it is to our troubled souls, when we become painfully aware that there is no genius in us. Then we emphatically believe in the proposition that 'genius is an infinite capacity for labor.' But aside from this, there is a great deal in that theory. I am inclined to believe that Lowell was right, when he said, "Luck may, and often does, have some share in ephemeral successes, as in a gambler's winnings spent as soon as got, but not in any lasting triumph over time. Solid success must be based on solid qualities and the honest culture of them." Study of those whom the world accounts successful very often corroborates Lowell's statement. To the student there is inspiration in this. If it be true that Daniel Webster, for instance, who stands out among American orators as a grand and sublimeциальн, and as a crag, owed success solely, or at least largely, to his unceasing mental labors, does it not give one renewed hope for the future?

Webster's education was begun by his mother. As Daniel was her youngest son, and inclined to be sickly, it seems only natural that she should bestow special care upon him and watch carefully over the development of his mind. She taught him to read at an early age, giving him the Bible as his first reader. When twelve years of age Webster had already read quite extensively in poetry, travels and history, and had voluntarily committed to memory a Latin grammar. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Phillips Academy, at Exeter, N. H., where he studied almost night and day, astonishing his instructors by his diligence and power of amazing knowledge.

Dr. Abbot, the Principal, once said that in this he had never seen Webster's equal. In the nine months spent at this institution, Daniel thoroughly mastered Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, and Rhetoric, and made considerable progress in Latin.

After ten months of hard preparatory study, Webster entered Dartmouth College. Here the Freshman and Sophomore classes, in addition to exercises in declamation and composition, studied Greek, Latin, and Mathematics. Mathematics interested Webster but little; but the languages were his delight. Their origin and history, together with Etymological study, was a source of unceasing pleasure. His favorite Latin author was Cicero, whose writings were perhaps never so thoroughly studied by any man. As a philosopher and as a critic, he studied these orations day and night, until he could repeat several of them from memory. Oratory, however, interested Webster more than all else. To learn the principles of true eloquence he studied not only Cicero, but also Demosthenes, and

See Toffy's "Webster and his Masterpieces," p. 31. The general facts of this essay are from that work.
dent Webster has never been equalled. He did not study law merely as it was then, but traced each law back through the history of all nations, through all its revisions, until he found its germ in earliest periods. Besides this he made a manuscript brief of each book he read.

As a lawyer, Webster continued his active study more widely even than during his preparatory days.

De Alumnis. 1910, p. 40.

Rev. M. Koly, '77, of Orange City, Iowa, has received a call from the First Reformed Church of Grand Haven, Mich.

Rev. John Van de Erve, '93, and Miss Wilhelmina Mokma were married on Wednesday, Oct. 13, at the home of the bride's parents in this city. The Anchor extends congratulations.

Mr. J. Van der Vries, '96, is pursuing a post-graduate course in Mathematics at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Rev. Wm. Miedema, '93, has accepted a call from Bushnell, Illinois, and expects to be settled in his new field by Oct. 31.

Rev. J. Kraudenier, '86, after a furlough of one and a half years, left New York Oct. 23rd for Glasgow, whence he will take passage for Egypt, to resume his labors at the mission of the United Presbyterian Church.

The Reformed Church at East Williamss, N. Y., has called Rev. J. J. Van Zanten, '80, of Muskegon, Mich. Since our last issue, Rev. J. Poppen, '82, has arrived from Japan, and has taken up rooms at his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Van Zwaluwenburg.

William A. Beardslee was born at Constantine, Mich., thirty years ago. He attended Hope College but did not graduate owing to the fact that his parents moved to Troy, N. Y., during his course of study here. After graduation he studied theology at New Brunswick, N. J. He served one year as assistant to Rev. Dr. Cole of the Reformed Church at Yonkers, N. Y., at the end of which period he became the pastor of Park Hill Reformed Church, then but recently organized. He remained there three years, and his health having failed, he went to the Adironacks. There he accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church at Saranac Lake. He served this congregation until last April, when his health failed entirely.

The funeral services were held on Thursday, Oct. 21st. Rev. Henry E. Dusker offered prayer at the house; at Hope Church Rev. Williamson, Burchby and Bergen conducted the services. Rev. Dr. Winter concluded the exercises at the grave.

We have received the following resolutions:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has called to his eternal reward Rev. William Adrian Beardslee, son of our beloved brother and predecessor, Jr. W. Beardslee, be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the faculty and students of the Western Theological Seminary, testify that the cause of the Christian ministry has, by his death, lost one of its faithful servants, and that we express our gratitude to Almighty God for the bestowment of so many gifts and graces upon our esteemed brother, whereby he was enabled to lead many to the kingdom.

Resolved, That we hereby express our heartfelt sympathy with the bereaved family and commend them to the mercy of Him who alone can comfort an afflicted soul.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the INTELLIGENCE, THE ANCHOR, and city papers, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

Committee.

J. Engelman, E. Kelder, N. Boys.

Among the Societies.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A., although a comparatively new organization, has already been of great benefit to the lady students of the college. The regular prayer meetings, held Thursday afternoon, are well attended, and characterized by an earnest and ready desire to take part.

Y. M. C. A.

The weekly addresses, given on Thursday evening, have thus far been very instructive, and the students have shown their appreciation by their presence. On Sept. 30th Rev. Van den Berg of Overisel treated the subject, "Revelation and Inspiration."

He explained the different theories that are held, and especially the true theory—The Plenary theory. On Oct. 14th "The Trinity" was ably handled by Rev. G. De Jong of Vriesland; while on Oct. 21st "The Attributes of God" were very forcibly pointed out by Rev. H. Stegeman of North Holland.

We are glad to note that the membership of the Association is constantly increasing. Thus far, a goodly number of the new students have joined. Bible-study classes are now fully organized, and meet every Sunday morning at 8 A. M. Under the proficient leadership of Prof. Gilles-...
pie, the mission band, numbering thirty, will this year study the coun-
ty, India. That these organizations and means may awaken christian en-
thusiasm, and devoted consecration to the Master's cause, is certainly the prayer of not only the students, but also of the alumni and friends.

GERMAN SOCIETY.
The German society resumed work with an addition of seven new mem-
bers. Through the kindness and generosity of Cosmopolitans in allow-
ning the use of their room, they meet every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock in the Cosmopolitan Hall. The programs consists of orations, decla-
inations, singing, readings, discussions on some great German author, and conversation. The aim of the society is to keep the German boys of Hope in contact with their own language, so that when ready for active life, they may be able, if necessary, to work among their own people. The officers are as follows: Pres. Rev. J. Graber; Sec., E. Aelitz; Program Committee, Rev. J. Graber, F. Re-
verts, John G. Theilken.

CITRUS CLUB.
Never in its history has the Citruss Club reached such a stage of growth and prosperity. We are the only association which claims a member of the faculty among its active members, and are particu-
larly indebted to Prof. Duesburg for our present successful condition.

When the doors of our hall were once more opened, we were pleased to enlist nine new members among our number. The society spirit is unexcelled by any other college association; and the manner in which the programs are carried out evinces the zeal and enthusi-
asm of the members.

As long as the Dutch language finds a place in the college curriculum, the Citrus Club will continue to perform its glorious mission, and make itself felt for and in the defense of our mother tongue.

College Jottings.
EDITED BY J. VAN ES, '09, AND O. HEMMLING, '08.
Clash" Wanted: a box of cough drops for Prof. Kleinheksel. French, German, plng-hat, gloves, case, Stegy." Avery Dennmore visited his former class-mates the Sophs. on the 18th, ladies not excepted. Adrian Van Oeveren now attends McCormick Seminary at Chicago. Miss Grace Yates of Grand Rapids attended college exercises on Oct. 19. Remember the Convell lecture on Nov. 10th. Why is Wayer so anxious to sing in the Third Church choir? Marked depressions have been no-
ticed in the gravel path since Sten-
nenberg has occupied Van Vleak Hall.

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C. Kusper, '08, is suffering from an annoying malady of the eyes caused, we think, by too close application to the study of Greek roots.
The Freshmen elected the following superintending force:—Den Her-
der, Pope; De Pree, Capt. of Football team; Arndt, Vice President: Bek-
kering, Secretary; Neerken, Treas-
urer; Hoekema, Chaplain; Nywening, Manager: Visscher, Damson, Winter and Albers, reporters.

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