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NOVEMBER, 1898.

The Anchor

HOPE COLLEGE.

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HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.

THE ANCHOR.

"Spera in Deo."—Ps. xlii. 5.

VOLUME XII.
NOVEMBER, 1898.
NUMBER 2

Robert Carter: the Christian Publisher.

REV. H. DEARING, '72.

Robert Carter is a name familiar to a host of readers. It is found imprinted on the title page of some of the volumes most precious to them. He was the publisher of such books as lie near us in sickness, or in hours of secret devotion. As we look at our libraries, we see on the backs of some of our second hand religious books the name, "Carter's." However familiar the name may be, comparatively few are acquainted with the character of the man, or the facts of his life.

Seldom have we found a biography more absorbingly interesting and instructive than that of Robert Carter. In the hope that others may be induced to read his life, and to pay more attention to the study of biography, we have prepared this brief sketch of this truly christian man and publisher for the readers of The Anchor.

Like so many of the benefactors of our country and the world, Robert Carter hailed from Scotland. He was born in the pleasant village of Earlston, in the heart of one of the most beautiful parts of that country. Earlston is about thirty miles from Edinburgh, four miles from Melrose with its famous abbey, and not far from Abbotsford. His early years, therefore, were spent in the immediate neighborhood of those places made famous by the pen of the Wizard of the North. Near by, also, was Dryburgh—the place where Sir Walter Scott lies buried. In this place Mr. Carter was born November 2, 1807. He was the second of a family of eleven children. His father, Thomas Carter, and his mother, Agnes Ewing, were both of sterling qualities, intelligent, and earnest christians. They looked after the intellectual and spiritual education of their children with intense zeal and fidelity, and they were not without their reward.

The early years of this century were very trying to the poor working classes of Britain. Heavy taxes had to be paid to defray the expenses of the battle of Waterloo, for that victory over Napoleon, like all victories, cost money as well as blood. And the day wages of the ordinary laborer were but a shilling, while those of the artisan class were only a little more. Earlston was famous for its ginghams, and these were the best in Scotland, and the larger part of the families in the village were weavers. Each weaver had his loom set up in his own cottage. There were six of these in the cottage of Thomas Carter. They were worked by himself, his two eldest sons, and hired help-
er. When Robert was nine years and a half, he was taken from school, and put at the loom. After that he was obliged to acquire his education by his own exertions. Of this period of his life he writes: "My work was light, but tedious. From dawn till ten and sometimes eleven at night I had to toil until my task was done. I grievously felt the loss of books and mental improvement. From early childhood I had an insatiable thirst for reading. The stories of Wallace and Bruce, the Pilgrim's Progress, Hervey's Meditations, and any books of a somewhat motley character, cheered my solitary hours."

One of his friends let him read Rollin's Ancient History. At a village auction, he bought a second-hand copy of Josephus's Works. He was then only seven years old. With an apple, he hired a little playmate to help him carry it home. When they got tired, they would lay the book down on the grass, sit, and rest, each sitting on an end.

Shortly after this his cousin Thomson, who was a student in Edinburgh University, taught him Latin and Greek. He applied himself diligently to the study of the classics, and made great progress. He had great power of concentration. At one time, while set to watch the neighbor's cows, his attention was riveted on the book of Job, and when he looked up, there was not a cow in sight.

At the age of fourteen he became deeply interested in religion. At that age he became a member of the Secession Church of Earlston.

For some time he taught school in various neighboring places. All his spare time was spent in hard study. He had a vivid imagination, a powerful memory, and an intense love for poetry. He loved to repeat Gray's Elegy. Young, Burns, Scott, and Byron he quoted at great length, and even Homer and Virgil in their original tongues.

In the winter of 1831 he desired to become teacher of a parish school six miles from home. He was told that he need not apply because he was a member of the Secession church. Upon this he determined to go to America where his religious denomination would not stand in the way of his progress. Accordingly he sailed from Greenock on the 21st of April, 1831. He reached New York May 16th of the same year. Through the influence of Prof. Anthon, of Columbia College, he secured a position in the Grammar School of that institution. Soon after he taught in the High School.

The first Sunday after his arrival in America he went to the Scotch church on Cedar St., where Dr. McIntire was pastor. A few Sundays later he joined this church, became interested in the Sunday school, and leader of the teachers' meeting. In 1837 he became Superintendent, a position which he held for more than thirty years. In 1847 he was made an elder in the church.

It was in this Sunday school that Mr. Carter first met Miss Jane Thomson, who was destined to be for more than 50 years his helper in the battle of life. They were married March 18, 1834. His mother in-law, Mrs. Thomson, being a woman of excellent judgment, suggested that since he knew and loved books so well, he ought to make a good bookseller. The idea at once took root, and the very next morning he set out to find a store suitable for his venture. He found one on Canal and Laurens street. He had saved just $600 for which he bought the stock of an insolvent bookseller. The young couple resolved that they would never run into debt. This was a rule to which he adhered all his life.

The first book he sold was a Bible, for seventy-five cents. After he had looked up the price-list, he found that he had sold it at a loss. In 1835 Mr. James Lenox advised him to publish Symington on the Atonement. This was his first publication. A copy of the first edition may still be found in the Lenox Library.

Business steadily increased, and there soon followed such works as D'Aubigny's History of the Reformation, Chalmers' Works, and Horne's Introduction. He first read every book that he published, so that he was familiar with it. The mother of Dr. T. L. Cuyler would go to this modest bookstall on Canal St. and select books for her precious boy. She was certain that the books found there were safe, for Mr. Carter had a taste and appetite for such books as were loved by those who relished strong spiritual food.

As business increased his benevolent work also increased. He was literally full of good works. In 1843, at the age of 36, he was elected a member of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. In 1848 he became a member of the Executive Committee. In 1856 he was elected a manager of the American Bible Society, and shortly after a member of the Committee of Publication. In 1856, also, the General Assembly elected him a member of the Board of Directors of Princeton Seminary, and he served faithfully in all these capacities till the end of his life.

Mr. Carter frequently visited Europe with his family. On these delightful journeys he became intimately acquainted with such men as Chalmers, John Brown, Norman McLeod, Guthrie, Edward Bickersteth, Baptist Noel, Tholuck, and others.

After his store had been removed to Broadway, it became a sort of meeting place for prominent laymen and clergyman. Among the laymen who used to frequent his place we may mention Apollos R. Wetmore, Wm. B. Crosby, Theodore Freylinghuyzen, James Lenox, and William E. Dodge.

On Mondays mornings, the Princeton and Union Seminary professors were often found there. Among the honored names are those of the Hodges and Alexanders, of Drs. Miller, Smith, Skinner, McElroy, Potts, Krebs, Murray, Phillips, Hatton, and Cuyler.

Episcopal and Methodist bishops and clergy, ministers of the Baptist, Dutch Reformed, and other denominations mingled with the rest.

He gave away thousands of his books to the poor, and to children in the Sunday Schools. He also gave hundreds of theological works to the ministers and theological students. His heart and purse were ever open.

Dr. Cosh says of him: "Every one was impressed with two features of his character. One was his great conscientiousness. However brilliant and salable a book might be, he would not publish it if its tendency was not good, or even if it contained a passage..."
that was fitted to injure religion and morality. In this respect he was more rigidly faithful than any publisher I ever met with. I know of no library, juvenile mission, or tract society containing a greater number of books, all good and none evil, than Mr. Carter's store in Broadway. Everyone noticed another characteristic. His heart was full of pious devotion. It was ever ready to express itself in prayers. Every sentence of his prayers was rich with spiritual unction, and you felt that it was the outpouring of the heart."

On March 18, 1884, Mr. and Mrs. Carter celebrated their golden wedding. On April 1 of the same year he passed the fiftieth anniversary of entering into business. On that occasion thirty-five of the publishing houses of New York congratulated him upon having finished fifty years of book making.

Thus far we have considered the brighter side of his life. But it was not without its shadows. In 1848 his eldest child, a son, died at the age of four. Then for many years his life was free from personal grief. But towards the close of his life the shadows thickened. His son-in-law, Rev. I. W. Cochran, died at his house in February, 1887. In July of the same year his beloved wife was taken from him. After she had passed away, he took up her lifeloss hand and said, "I am alone now." Yet he was submissive. He said over and over again, "I don't want to murmur: I hope I don't murmur." Soon after followed the death of two of the children of his daughter, who lived in with him. Thus four very dear to him were carried from under his roof in thirteen months. But these afflictions were blessings in disguise. They made him ripe for heaven. On the 6th of July, 1889, he was taken sick with a disease from which he did not rally. The struggle lasted for nearly six months.

On the last Sunday, December 15, one of his grandchildren asked him, "Grandfather, whom do you consider the most remarkable person you ever knew?" His eye brightened as he said earnestly, "My wife." They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. His heart beat faithfully for her alone, till death stilled it.

A friend said to him, "It must be a great pleasure to you to look back on a well-spent life, and think of all the good you have done." "Oh no, no. I have been very, very unhappy. I have no reliance but in the atoning sacrifice of my Savior." And thus in the early morning of Saturday, December 28, 1889, he entered into rest. On Dec. 31, loving hands laid him beside his beloved wife in Greenwood. Mr. Shedd said afterwards, "Mr. Robert Carter was without exception the best man I ever knew." The influence of such a life, who can measure? The Highest Culture.

THE ANCHOR.

Over twenty-five hundred years ago one of the prophets of the glorious Book gave the recipe for the highest culture in concise and comprehensive language when he said, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" The three essential elements according to this prescription for high breeding are the love and practice of justice, a kind heart, and a life lived in the conscious presence of God.

We have so habitually associated in our minds with the idea of the highest culture the idea of riches that it is difficult for us to think of the former without the latter. Palatial houses, costly garments and elegant equipages, the glitter and trappings of wealth, are regarded as the emblems of it and frequently identified with it. Still more closely do we associate it with learning, that is, with college, seminary, and university courses of study.

When both may be helpful and greatly to be desired, especially the latter, neither riches nor college courses are essentials. The highest culture is attainable without them.

Foremost among the three elements of which it consists is the love and practice of justice. This is elemental. It is the first characteristic of real, ringing manhood. Wherever this is wanting there you have the spurious article. To do justly in all relations of life, to deal uprightly and honestly, not on the theory that honesty is the best policy, for he who acts on that principle, as Archbishop Whately has said, is not an honest man, but to do justice from a profound love of justice, this is one of the essential marks of the purest breeding.

It was such a character Pope had in mind when he wrote, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." The second of this trinity of essentials is a kind heart. Here is a culture of the heart or of the head and the hand. In our educational systems and institutions it is largely overlooked and neglected, and hence the sad one-sided, deformed, stunted culture that frequently results. We heard a few years ago a leading educator in this country make the statement, and the best educators of to-day will agree with him, that the chief object of education is "to learn to do disagreeable things in an agreeable way." What is this but saying that all the development of mind, the furnishing of the intellect, the training of the various powers, must, if they attain the highest and the best, blossom in a kind heart. Neat clothes, chaste and exact language, Chesterfieldian department in society, have real value only when we find back of them a kind heart.

It was a mark of good breeding, of the highest culture, outside of college walls and in the home of poverty, when Abraham Lincoln found a swine fast in the mud by the side of the road over which he was passing and waded into it up to his knees to help it out.

"A kind heart is more than conscience. And simple faith than Norman blood." Two elements of the highest culture have been mentioned, a third still remains, namely God. The consciousness of God is the sunshine under which all noble character has developed in all ages and among all nations. When a soul allies itself with God in thought, purpose, plan and action it comes under the sway of high ideals and soon reflects in its own be-
An Anglo-Saxon Alliance.

May not the fact that she stood and still stands alone in her Chinese affairs, have something to do with averting war. thwarted in her aims as she was, might not England have plunged whole Europe into war had she been thoroughly conscious that the balance of power was on her side? May not her Canadian possession add another reason why England should so strongly favor a political alliance with the United States? Situated on the very borders of the "Nursery of Liberty", as Canada is, may not the social and political influence of one truly free and liberty loving people gain ascendancy over another kindred people, though not so free, equally liberty loving? And may not the ascendancy of such influence be detrimental to the interests of England? Besides this social and political influence, there are yet the common mercantile relations, which both Canada and the United States bear to the eastern world.

And once more, who warrants us that England has no designs in regard to Central America and the South American republics? Might she not reasonably and rightfully expect to further her interests there, were we allied with her? Certainly she might. And should bad come to worse we would have to join hands with England then too. We would then have to give our support to her not only morally, but substantially.

It is, therefore, apparent that war may as well be the result of an alliance with England as peace. And those who are wishing for peace may, perhaps, find themselves bitterly disappointed as to the means if they build their hopes upon this alliance.

For the balance of power in Anglo-Saxon hands may act as a support of British aggression as well as a restriction upon the other powers. And, since England is mightier than the United States, is it not possible that the stronger will dictate to the weaker? May not the truth of the saying that no two persons can be together for one hour but that one of the two will show his superiority over the other, be verified to our detriment when in this case the two persons are represented by two nations? And thus may England not, if not in fact, still in purpose, become the dictator of our land?

And, without making the comparison seem far fetched, it appears to be quite possible that, after the Anglo-Saxon race had gained the victory over all the world, and after the lion's share had been wrested from subdued Europe, the allied combatants might fall to quarreling among themselves over the conquered territory or whatever the booty might consist of.

From such a state of affairs, which, if history really repeats itself, is neither impossible nor improbable, how can prosperity be born? When our treasures are required for the equipment of both army and navy; when the flower of our manhood is called forth to the crimson field of battle; when the greatest minds are employed in planning campaigns, and when the mind of the people is directed to everything but the peaceful pursuit of business, then I ask, whence will prosperity arise?

True it is that peace will follow war; our heroes, all that will be left of them, will come marching home again; the minds once employed in planning campaigns, will be directed to seek happiness and prosperity for the land, our treasures will come back to us tenfold, and the people will be at rest and will go about their business, happy in the pleasant light of prosperity. Yes, prosperity! But, alas, too dearly bought. Why wade through fields of blood; why break the hearts of mothers, of sisters, and of wives; why destroy happiness and prosperity in order that it may be reached again?

When, after the civil war, we attended to our Southern affairs, we prospered. Yes, and we did more. We acted the part of men, we were true to ourselves. When we righted, in a measure at least, the wrongs of the Indian, we were benefitted. And today both Negro and Indian are our friends.

And in this way might not prosperity smile upon us continuously? We have certainly wronged our foreign statesmen are carrying our products to all the markets on the globe, why then seek for more? Or, if more must be obtained, then why not seek it through
such an extent that they may cause disaster as well as success. From a sentimental point of view an Anglo-Saxon Alliance may be desirable, but more than sentiment is needed to make such an alliance firm. Some one has said that nothing but hostile tariff legislation can bring about a breach in the kindness and regard wherein both nations now hold one another. Therefore, to preserve peace, an alliance is not necessary, and for the sake of prosperity, we are least of all dependent upon it.

J. Straus, ’01.

Notes and Comments.

There seems to be a disposition in the human mind, not to attempt anything until the resources approximations. are at command which will make possible its complete and perfect accomplishment. There is a certain repugnance to half-doing a thing, which is natural and right. This desire for accuracy is one of the mainsprings of our advancement, for without it the imperfections of our present knowledge would cease to trouble us and all research would come to a standstill.

But this dislike of imperfection is very likely to prevent us from making the best of what we have when we can not have what we would like; and the testimony of history proves that many valuable ends have been attained by very imperfect means. The best steamengine made is a very imperfect machine, for it is said that it utilizes less than one-tenth of the energy of the coal consumed by it; but no one would think of rejecting it until we could get a better. If we think what a change this single invention has wrought in the conditions of life, we can form an idea of what the world would have lost if its inventors had decided to wait until they could perfect it. Another example of an imperfect instrument that has proved its value to us, is the telescope. Theoretically the object glass does not form a single image but each part of it forms an image slightly different from all the others, and what we see is the result of all these overlapping one another; and not only this, but it breaks up the light, coloring the image. But by studying these defects and making them as small as possible we have the beautifully clear pictures of the heav enly bodies, which our modern telescopes give us.

Another consideration is that the use and study of an imperfect instrument opens the way for the making of a more nearly perfect one, so that, after all, the best way to approach the perfection we desire, is to use what materials we have, and make a start which will give us something to work upon. Those who wait for everything to be just suited to their purpose are not likely to accomplish much, because the probability is that the conditions will never be what they want. On the other hand we find that those who have taxed their ingenuity in putting to the best use what lay in their hands, have been the ones who have discovered the most truth to add to the world’s knowledge.

One reason why we can gain so much that is valuable by such apparently inadequate means, is that the mind has the faculty of completing, by its powers of reasoning and generalization, the partial knowledge obtained. For instance, when we look at the moon, all we see is a flat, bright surface, of varying form and with various markings upon it, moving rapidly among the stars; yet we discover by our reasoning that it is an immense globe, so many thousands of miles away; that it receives its light from the sun, and the hundred other facts we know about our satellite. So, in the end, the imperfections we have to deal with are not so great a drawback to us as at first they might seem to be. The mind rises above them, and sees with clear vision the truth which it is its birthright to possess.

For some reason the spirit of oratory has not laid hold upon the students. Comparatively little interest is shown in class work, and with respect to the home contest, preparatory to selecting a representative for the inter-collegiate contest, nothing is being done. Last year’s contest was a complete failure, not as far as the orations delivered are concerned, but considering the few contestants who took part.

If we are not mistaken, the Inter-Collegiate League was formed to create a greater love of oratory among the different colleges in the state. Last year the reverse was experienced in our college. The college literary societies have considered the matter of forming an oratorical association among themselves, but concluded it better that such an association be formed among the students body, in order to give those a chance who are not members of any society. What must be done? We do not at all believe in dictating to the faculty, but since one of our professors in oratory expressed his desire that the students take this matter in hand, we would propose that the professors in charge of elocution and oratory call a meeting of the students and form an oratorical association. This will create interest and promote oratory in our midst. If such is to be done, it should be attended to at once.

A feeling of sadness prevailed among the students when it was heard that the Angel of Death had borne away our alumnus and missionary.

Peter Zwemer. In the morning of life, in the full hope of young manhood, from the midst of an extensive field of labor, he was taken away to enter upon the service of a grander
life in the beyond. His was but a brief service, yet he has joined the ranks of those who suffered martyrdom for the cause of Christ. History has but repeated itself. The furtherance of Christ's kingdom demands martyrs. We look upon his chosen harvest field, now without a laborer, with tear-dimmed eyes, but our hope is in God, for we trust that ere long others of Hope's alumni will say: "Here am I; send me to that wide field." In our next number we hope to give a short sketch of his life and work.

WHEREAS it has pleased God, in his inscrutable wisdom, to take away from us by death our beloved brother and fellow servant Rev. Peter John Zwaan, who, humanly speaking, could so little be spared in his chosen field of labor, and whose work in Arabia was just fairly begun and gave hope of great usefulness and ultimate success, therefore:

REMEMBER, that we, Professors and students of the Western Theological Seminary, bow ourselves in humble submission under the hand of Him in whose wise counsel there is no error for mistake, however dark his dealings with his people and Church may appear.

REMEMBER, that we appreciate and honor the great qualities of mind and heart displayed by our beloved brother in his latest work, in one of the most trying missions that we will bear his toils and self-sacrifice and devotion to God, appointed duly, and his philanthropic endeavors in behalf of the lost and the eneared in Arabia, in loving remembrance, and that they will be to us a stimulus to like endeavors, and to willingness to say, "Lord, here am I; send me!"

REMEMBER, that we commit the labor he left undone in Arabia, his mourning orphans, his living and sad­dened fellow-laborers in Arabia, and especially his aged father and mourning brothers and sisters, notably the one left alone in the distant and dangerous field, to the tenderest care and shielding, comforting love of Him who becomes only to feed, and who casts down in order that He may lift up again.

REMEMBER, that a copy of these resolutions he sent to the afflicted relation, to his brother in Arabia, and that they he published in De Hope, Anchor, and Christian Intelligencer,

CON. FED. L. H. W.,

Prof. H. E. Ensner, D. D.

HOLLAND, MICH., Oct. 24th

THE ANCHOR.

Wm. II. Cooper.

On Friday evening, October 14, the students were treated to an educational entertainment given in Winants Chapel by our friend and fellow-student, Wm. H. Cooper, assisted by Profs. Veghte and Nykerk, the college quartette, and others.

The program was as follows:

1. Instrumental Solo.
   Prof. Veghte.

2. Prelude to the Mass (San Maison), J. G. Holland.

3. David Copperfield and his Child (Charn Oklaw). "


5. Vocal Solo. "Marseillaise".
   Dr. A. C. V. H. Gilmore.


   (Encores: A Boy's First Revelation in Public).


9. Instrumental Solo.
   Miss Amy Yates.

10. At Aunt's House, James Whitcomb Riley.


12. Happiness, 
   "W. H. Cooper.

13. Vocal Solo, Recitative and Aria.--"The Glorious Streets Inspired by Tongue and Image of Benende."
   Miss Nykerk.


What Did Sigmatos Mean?

In the last issue of The Anchor appeared an article touching upon the matter of student representation in the administration of the matters of the college. Though couched in language clear enough to be understood, it nevertheless created some misunderstanding on the part of the authorities, and it is to eradicate this matter and to vindicate the position taken in that article, that this is written.

First, then, why did Sigmatos write thus?:

Secondly, what did he mean?

Since our students have no voice in their own government, the only channel through which their grievances could reach the public was the columns of the college press. I say a grievance, for such at least the students consider the fact that sports are forbidden at Hope, and this opinion is unanimous, which is quite the contrary of the statement that ninety-five per cent of the boys disapprove of it. Petitions have failed, and since the consensus of opinion among the students was that the matter should again be agitated, the author took up the pen in behalf of the cause. The intentions were of the best and the motives were inspired by conviction, and yet the sentiments expressed were in such a way misinterpreted that our good president thought them hostile to himself and his colleagues, and that they manifested that a spirit of diminuitive anarchy was rife here. That such a misinterpretation should have been made upon second thought, cannot be the case, for the students have in times past too well shown their loyalty to Hope and her interests to give the least evidence that their intentions were anything but good.

Secondly, what did Sigmatos mean?

As to whether or not foot-ball is injurious to health and detrimental to studies, it is doubtful whether we could convince the contrary those who hold that view. Perhaps they have never played the game or read the rules, and if they did and were injured, we might investigate whether it was not the result of their own negligence in entering the game when not physically able to engage in it. Football has its merits, as shown by the many able men who advocate it. But that is not the point of discussion; if rightly understood and fairly considered, the game will vindicate itself.

But there is another phase of it. Does the fact that the authorities of other institutions require a certain average standing as a prerequisite to engaging in sports show that they regard the game as a hindrance to work? Can we conclude from this that the nature of foot-ball is to blame? If so, let us also restrict bicycle riding.

"But we will not enter upon that." Student representation was the objectionable feature. We believe it right and will stick to it that Hope College needs, if nothing else, at least student representation. But not such as it was misrepresented to be.

"We are no mutual admiration society." Would that we were, in order that we might see a little clearer the justice of each other's motives and the sincerity of each other's convictions. Then would we not misinterpret one another.

Further, as to our voice in choosing
had been present last June, we would
never have heard a dissatisfied or dis-
concerting voice, because then the stu-
dents would have known the facts of
the case and would have admired
the action of the Council.
However, when we consider the fact
that student representation is here
so bitterly opposed, can we not con-
tinue that is feared? But why fear
it if it is right? And if it is not right
it will surely come to naught.

John Van Es, 93.—"Stigmata."

De Alumni

Prof. H. Boers, 78, is not yet able
to resume his work at College.
Herbert G. Keppel, 95, who was
engaged in Y. M. C. A. work among
the soldiers, is recovering from his re-
cent illness.
Rev. H. Veldman, 92, has been in-
vited to take charge of the American
Reformed church at Orange City, Ia.
Rev. J. Sternberg, 93, relinquishes
his pastorate at Orange City, Ia.,
to pursue his post graduate studies.
In regard to the death of Rev. P. J.
Zwemer, we quote the following from
the Holland City News:
"Wednesday morning the sad in-
telligence reached here of the death
of Rev. Peter J. Zwemer, the Arabian
Missionary, in the Presbyterian hospi-
tal, New York. The remains arrived
in Holland on Thursday evening, and
the funeral occurred Friday afternoon
from the First Reformed church.
The deceased was thirty years of
age; was born in South Holland, Ill.;
graduated from Hope College in '88,
and from the Theological Seminary at
New Brunswick, N. J., in '92. His
aim had been for years to devote his
life to the cause of missions, and six
years ago he went to join the Arabian
mission of the Reformed church at
Muscat. Last summer he was taken
ill, the extreme heat of the climate
and the insanitary condition of the lo-
cality telling upon his vigorous con-
stitution with such an effect that the
doctors told him the only chance for
his recovery was in an immediate
change of climate. On July 12 he
reached New York and was immedi-
ately arrived to the Pres., terian hospi-
tal, where he lingered since.

Among the Societies

There is no room more essential to
Hope College than the Y. M. C. A.
hall adjoining Winants Chapel. There

the student, wearied with a week's
toll, may cast off his burdens at the
Master's feet. There the life that was
aimlessly drifting about amid the
unknown possibilities of this world
receives its mission and direction for
the future. There the yearning soul
may find peace and joy and happiness
at a loving Father's heart.
The Y. M. C. A. opened Sept. 22
with a meeting of welcome, which was
led by the president, C. Spaan. The
following week Rev. Dubbink opened
the regular lecture course by deliver-
ing a most interesting and profitable
address on "The Christian's Prayer
Life."
The Annual Reception was held
Oct. 6, at which Prof. Bergen, Ladd
and Kleinbeckel favored the audience
with appropriate remarks and Prof.
Vegete rendered some excellent instru-
mental music. After the program a
social time was enjoyed by all.
Oct. 13, a missionary meeting was
led by Dr. Beardsee, who took for
his topic, "Paul's Missionary Meth-
ods." It is interesting to note how
missionaries today agree as to the ef-
ficacy of the methods of that pi-
ioneer missionary.

A Proposed Change
Our society notes have long since
become stale and uninteresting. A
literary society cannot be expected to
have something new every month.
The work is very much the same the
whole year round.
In order to remedy this in some de-
gree, we thought best to ask the soci-
eties, instead of writing notes every
month, to give some of the society
productions whenever they had noth-
ing special to report. We believe this
will not only render this depart-
ment more interesting, but furthermore, will inspire the members to take
greater pains to do their work as good
as possible. Of course, we cannot
expect to publish all the good produc-
tions that are delivered in every soci-
ety, we would not have room for all,
but only the best ones—those that
shall fairly represent the society. And
just herein do we believe lies the suc-
cess of this department, to induce the
members to excel in their work.

Melpomene Society

The Alpha Section is again training
her guns on the fortress of success,
and, unless our guns are blown to at-
oms by overcharges, we expect to oc-
copy the fort before the year is past.
We have again been reinforced by
quite a large number of new students.
Although we are not yet what we
were at the termination of last year,
we yet have every reason to believe
that the future is as bright as ever be-
fore.
Our aim is the acquirement of self-
possession on the stage, so that one
may be able to speak fluently and in-
telligibly extempore.
At our first regular meeting the fol-
lowing officers were elected:
President, N. E. Van Dam.
Vice-President, J. A. Wiggers.
Secretary, E. J. Stanton.
Treasurer, A. Wubena.
Sergeant, H. Naberhuis.
Executive Com., J. Van Zomeren.

Philomathen Society

The Philomathen Section of the Mel-
phonie has entered upon another
year. The experience and energy of
the older members, coupled with the
willing spirit of the excellent addi-

THE ANCHOR.
omens a grand success. The meetings thus far have justified the highest expectations, both in the rendering of the program and in the behavior of the individual members. A new feature has been successfully introduced into our programs, in the form of vocal music.

**COSMOPOLITAN**

The Cosmopolitans report this month that they have again entered upon another term of society work with renewed zeal and determination. New members have taken the places of those of the Senior class that left last year, and they are again sailing with a full crew. They are determined, whatever they may lack in numbers, to make up in quality, they want to make their members feel that for them there is no better society than the Cosmopolitans. Not in a spirit of rivalry, which they would at all times consider far below them, but to give to all the greatest possible benefits of the opportunities offered. In the way of making their room more attractive, they have obtained two beautifully framed pictures, one a life-size drawing of Franklin, the other a lithograph of the U. S. war congress,

**DEUTSCHE VEREIN.**

Der deutsche Verein hat seine Thieren wieder geöffnet um die Arbeit für dieses Jahr zu beginnen. Das letzte Semester hat den Gliedern der Gesellschaft viel Nutzen gebracht; doch können wir dem Anscheine nach dieses Jahr noch herzlicher Früchte erwarten. Letzten Herbst eröffnete sich der Verein mit zwölf Gliedern, darunter Pastor Graber. Mit beginne dieses Schuljahres sind ihm noch vier Studenten beigetreten, so dass er nun, obwohl unser vorige und gefährte Vor-

**FRATERNAL.**

The programs of the F. S. remain much the same. However, from time to time, new features are introduced. This term we have begun a series of productions treating the different phases of college life. They prove to be very interesting and arouse a greater college spirit of which perhaps a little need may be felt.

We are trying to make our hall as cozy as possible. Electric lights have recently been put in. Other improvements will follow.

Once more would we revive the subject of archives. Alumni! if you have in your possession any old papers having a direct or indirect bearing upon F. S. work, send them. Be assured that they will be very gladly received.

**College Jottings.**

*Seen In the Exchanges.*

Inscription for Ingersoll's tombstone—Robert Burns.

We know a man who hates monarchy so much that he will not even wear a crown in his hat.

How old are you, Miss? I have seen twenty summers. How long have you been blind?

**Good night, Sally:**

Hallowe'en, Oct. 31.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!

If it had only been true, Raum!

It takes only a short while to become famous, Andy.

Ask Nywening how much he made on that watermelon deal.

"Won't that horse and buggy fly from Orange City to Maurice next summer?" says John Straks.

Rev. and Mrs. Roe were welcome chapel visitors Oct. 10. Rev. Roe conducted devotional exercises and gave a five minute talk about the Indians in Oklahoma.

Hoppers is already trembling at the lectures he is going to receive when his mother comes to visit him.

Dr. Kollen went west to attend the installation of Rev. Kolyn as president of the N. W. C. A. and incidentally to take in the Omaha exposition. After an absence of a week he returned to Hope.

**Dennis—**"The great astronomers have seen a new asteroid."

**Mike—**"They can kape the animal; O'm satisfied with a common horse to roide."

We have boiled the hydram water, We have sterilized the milk; We have strained the prowling microbes Through the finest kind of silk; We have bought and we have borrowed Every potent health device. And at lest the doctors tell us That we've got to hold the crew.

In his lonesome hours TerAvest still dreams of the time when a gentle hand held the razor.

Hard tussle, Juniors! But the rubber in the hose would not stretch.

A mistake of the compositor accounts for the small number of news items in the last issue.

Dr. Kollen at Grand Rapids?????? The College Junior Foot ball team has organized as follows:

Van Putten—Full back.

De Free—Right half.

Hyink—Left half.

Verburg—Quarter back.

Kremers—Left end.

Moerke—Left tackle.

Naberhuis—Left guard.

Kleinhesslink—Center.

Stanton—Right guard.

Van der Bee—Right tackle.

Grieb—Right end.

The team will line up against the City High School, on Saturday, Nov. 5. A good game is expected.
Professor Bergen, contemplating to teach Psychology again this year, introduced a new book entitled Ladd's Descriptive Psychology. The Seniors say he spent most of the summer in composing to memory this new text book. But, alas, he did not get the chair.

John Wagner, of the 'Ph' class, has left college.

Peter Braak, '99, was on the sick-list for a short time, but is now up and around again.

Dangremond, '99, of the 203 N. Y. Volunteers, is down with fever in a Philadelphia hospital.

Wm. Damson, '01, together with some of the other soldier boys from the city, went to Grand Rapids, Oct. 25, to be mustered out of the army. Come out and see the tug-of-war between the Sophomores and the A's and Freshmen.

Peter Vérburg's latest—a foot-ball team.

Two class-rushes a day. Holland tailors also rushing.

The December Anchor will contain a cut and sketch of the Rev. P. J. Zwenzer. Order your extra copies from the subscription manager.

The literary societies are making provisions for an oratorical league.

Fratern Hall is now lighted by electricity.

The back of a dog affords an excellent example of "Explosives" in Election. The Professor in charge supports two hounds.

DenHerder and the telephone—now and forever, one and inseparable.

Who broke the window? Gans or War-horse?

"Shinny" is the latest sport introduced here.

Mrs. Kollen shock hands with President McKinley. Hurrah for Hope! Prof. Bergen would be pleased to inform the person who abstracted a part of the Syrian hawk from his desk shortly before Commencement, that the hawk afor-said was intended neither for a prolog nor for swine.

Schipper, Rannunga, Kuzenga, Brock, Raun and Giebel sail along as smoothly as ever; Jim has changed the rudder slightly; Spen and Te Kolste are in mortal combat on a raging sea; Godfrey in a whirlpool and Legters wrecked by an ice-berg. Too bad! The horizon had not been clear for several months.

Ganzevoort and VanEss took in the Chicago peace jubilee, October 18 and 19.

The boys from beyond the Mississippi spent the evening of Oct. 17 at the President's house, listening to the messages from the friends at home. A war dance in the good old Indian style around a large fire seems to be more inviting than geology, to some people.

Wonder how many beechnuts have been consumed by the Seniors on the campus?

Bert Brock has been elected manager of the co-operative association for the ensuing year.

Can anyone tell where Dyckema learned the Latin word for sailor?

The campus can now boast of two tennis courts, the new one being south of Van Vleck hall.

Remember the Grand Rapids carnival, but consult your parents before going.

Will the person who saw Sandstra's hands out of his pockets please report to the editors.

A barber on River street offered free shaves to Brink. This semi-weekly practice will enable the barber to exercise good work on any unusual specimens he might meet with.

Miss Wraatred Kendall is now taking a business course in Charlotte.

Schuurman's only comfort—the baby. An S. C. W. to every student and Professor of the Seminary.

The Science Hall is nearly completed—on paper.

For advice to new students see Dr. Josiah Strong's book "The New Era." Jacob Brouwer, Prep. '98, has generously given up his position as bookkeeper for a seat in the livery wagon of a Grand Rapids fruit store. He took his neckties with him.

Mr. Bloemendal, our janitor, was recently found studying the dictionary in Van Vleck Hall.

The Y. M. C. A. has established another Sunday school at West Olive, eight miles away. The attendance on the first Sunday was about ninety.

Subscribe for The Anchor. Special reduction to new students.

Fiddle Wierama spent most of his vacation with a well known carpenter of this city. Satisfaction all around.

Gymnasium membership fee is $1 a year or 50c. a term. For admission apply to H. J. Steketee, Freshman.

The "D" class numbers twenty-two.

The Junior class fire department was recently called into active service, undoubtedly to extinguish Hendrick's non-combustible fire in the German apartment.

Grul has left Hope to continue his studies at the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso. Success to "Bunny."

Kalamazoo Cooper thinks the farther he gets away the better.

"Trimmed my whiskers, curled my 'stache, blew in a dollar, at the silver wedding of my uncle."—Arends.

A slight mistake. Not a traction engine, but Fred Lubbers on his velocipede.

Friday, Oct. 21, the flag was at half mast on account of the funeral of Rev. P. Zwemer.

Sunday, Oct. 16, Heeren received the sad news of his sister's death. He left immediately to attend the funeral.

Prof Ladd was called away Oct. 11 by the death of his sister.

Many of the students report an interesting talk on "Axioms" by Dr. Ashley of Albion at the M. E. church Saturday evening, Oct. 22.

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