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"PAUL AND VIRGINIA," BY ST. PIERRE.

The story of Paul and Virginia centers about plantation life on the Isle of France in the Indian Ocean. The unity of the narrative and the interest in the story itself concern the life and destinies of Paul and Virginia.

Two unfortunate mothers seek to bury their grief over their unhappy and misspent lives, and to wrest a meagre maintenance for their children from the stony and unfertile soil, on a plantation far removed from all civilization. Their children, Paul and Virginia, grow up with all the innocence and beauty of Mother Nature's own children. They know no life but that of the simple plantation home and the wild, riotous beauty of the tropics, with only an occasional visit of a Sunday to a distant chapel. They wander hand in hand through their childhood, loving each other as brother and sister. They learn to count the hours of the day by the shadows cast by the trees, and the flight of time by the coming and going of the seasons.

Paul, as he grows toward maturity, eagerly first imitates, and then proves of real assistance to, the two slaves, in the daily roll for food; while Virginia quite as quickly learns the arts of the home—be it at the spinning wheel, or in the simple home tasks. As the children attain maturity, they learn to love one another, no longer as brother and sister, but as lovers.

At this point, another agency takes the life of Virginia into its hands, and she is forced to leave her island home and go to distant France, where she is to be educated and tyrannized over by a wealthy but crabbed old aunt. She leaves her
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nized over by a wealthy but crabbed old aunt. She leaves her
loved ones with much sorrow, but, with the optimism of youth, and in high hopes of a speedy return. She is gone many weary months and years, during which only occasional news of her reaches the lonely island home. Paul broods over their separation, and then, raileding, determines to keep pace with Virginia, or at least, to in himself to become her husband when she shall return to them; a finished, educated, and wealthy mademoiselle. He studies faithfully and earnestly, under the tutelage of an ancient reclus— the only friend the families have ever known. The young man chafes at the separation more each day. One day he is certain that Virginia no longer loves him, and longs to end his weary existence; while the next he is in high hopes at the prospect of her return.

At length, Virginia, no longer able to endure the tyrannies of her aunt, rebels, and is cast off by her ancient relative. She manages to send word to Paul by the pilot boat, of her home-coming, and he, alarmed at her return during the hurricane season, impatiently awaits the arrival of the vessel at the one sea-port of the Island. A terrific hurricane sweeps the vessel upon the rocks, and in the sight of her lover, the beautiful girl perishes; no human aid could save her. The agony and grief of her loss fairly crazes the heart-broken Paul. He refuses all consolation, and wanders in anguish through the wilds of the island; and then, coming back, he spends hours in the haunts where they so happily passed their young lives. He seems to forget the existence of his old and lonely parent and of Virginia's mother. After a weary two months he joins his sweet-heart, to be followed in a short time by the two broken-hearted mothers.

The few characters introduced are faithfully drawn. Madam de la Tour, mother of Virginia, is a perfect type of the quiet, sweet, self-sacrificing mother, while Margaret, Paul's mother, represents the shallower, more light-hearted woman who feels quickly, goes to the depths of grief and misery, and emerges in as short a time. Virginia is as good and true as she is beautiful, and everyone loves her light heart, quick sympathy and demure, winsome ways. Paul, whose very existence from the first seems to have been so strangely overshadowed by the influence of that other St. Paul, is a character eminently worthy to bear that name. He loved his friends absorbingly; and, like his mother, is easily cast into gloom.

as easily rallies to unknown heights of hope, only to be dashed to earth again. The minor characters in their intimate relations with the main characters are true to life.

The ecstasy and agony of human love is the all-absorbing theme of the plot. The character development of the young lovers is fascinating, in that it so surely and unfailingly mirrors the main characteristics of the mothers, and yet shows the influence of environment to a marked degree. As a whole, the story deals with the human heart: its joys, its sorrows, its follies, its rewards: its beauties, its ugliness; in a word, life as we may all find it, if we only had the power to idealize it with the charms of romance. In reading, one may find grave faults and impossibilities in many incidents of the story, but these are always forgotten in the absorbing study of character. It is essentially a story of the human heart, and not one of art.

BLANCHE A. HOWELL.

THE ARTHURIAN CYCLE.

(Continued from last month.)

The whole and complete Arthurian legend is not found in any one book or single compilation. The most extensive, and, up to that time, by far the best work on the subject is that of Thomas Malory, who flourished about the year 1470. He, in what he emits as well as in his treatment of what he inerts, is nothing short of a genius. Some have called him a mere compiler, but surely one who can tell an intricate tale like the Arthurian legend, with all its details, in such a way that it is intelligible to all, deserves a higher regard than that. True, he sometimes seems to lose himself in the labyrinth of tales and to forget his purpose, but on the whole the continuity of the story is maintained with wonderful power.

Although it cannot be denied that the Morte d'Arthur exhibits a rather low moral state of society, with very little evident repugnance to it on the part of the author himself, still we are leath to admit that it deserves the unqualified denunciation of the learned Ascham. For in almost all passages the author tries to distinguish between vice and virtue, and honestly to reprove the former, thus showing, in all his simplicity of statement, that his object was to recognize and
support the nobler elements of the social state in which he lived, and to carry them towards new triumphs over the evil. Especially is this true and prominent in his version of the tale of Lancelot, that chapter of sincere but weak struggle against temptation, and of final penance under the punishment of the woe which guilt has brought on all dear to him as well as on himself.

In it all we see Malory, the devout knightly author, in full sympathy with his theme. Indeed he has a claim to be called a genius, though a minor one, by virtue of his graphic narrative, especially of tournaments and fights, his swift descriptions, and delicate appeals to the feelings. Although his dexterity in mosaic is small, so that he frequently contradicts himself in details, yet he has told a fairly complete story, and in such a way that none of the pathos and terror is lost.

After this massive volume we find many smaller efforts by various authors. But these were all sporadic or half-hearted attempts. There was no genius in the later Middle Ages or early Modern Age, fitted or inclined to take up the legend, and it is not until our own day that the cycle has found, in Tennyson, a master to finish it for us. Chaucer spoke contemptuously of it; Dante appreciated it, but did not take it up; while to Milton it was but a mere puzzle-headed consequence, for which his mind was far too penetrative, logical and desirous of absolute truth. Among those who did take it up, however, are some of the best lights of English literature, although they all either treated it incompletely or dropped it soon after starting. The following names certainly testify to its attractive power as a literary conception: Robert de Borron, Walter Map, Dryden, Blackmore, Leyden, Southey, Wordsworth and Bulwer-Lytton.

The nineteenth century witnessed a new period in the development of literature. A legend can now be recognized as fiction and yet have acknowledged dignity and worth. This furnished the right conditions for the production of a masterful epic version of the old fascinating story, cast in a mould suited to modern tastes, and wrought to perhaps its highest possible perfection. In Alfred Tennyson, who, if not a consummate master, is surely a poet of acknowledged power, the Arthurian legend found an author whose limitations and excellences so well correspond with its own inherent merits and defects, that he may be said to be its unique interpreter. Tennyson’s “Idylls of the King” are the most read of all Arthurian tales today. They are poetry, rich poetry; they are a novel, a story; they are an allegory, teaching a lesson. The verse, if not musical or philosophical, is yet highly colored, producing rare paintings. The “Idylls” are sometimes referred to as a collection of beautiful miniatures, and such they are; but they are, too, a continuous narrative. The writing of this poem, extending, as it did, through the greater part of Tennyson’s literary life, occupying his attention more or less for thirty years, may be called his life-work.

His grand characteristic, as Mrs. Browning terms it, is “enchanted reverie,” and no better description can be given of the dreamlike mood in which the glamour of the old legends fell on his heart. Making King Arthur his ideal man, while not depicting him as an entirely blameless man, Tennyson has left a message in the “Idylls” for future generations. Below all the flowery strata of fancy lies the solid rock of spiritual truth. And to those who feel this, it brings a code of sacred duties, which, if they cannot fulfill, they cannot escape. The poet does not openly set out to write an allegory, but he has only “multiplied visions and used similitudes to dimly shadow forth man’s spiritual warfare here on earth.” However, this feeling is not forced upon the reader to any great extent by the allegorical character of it, for the time when allegory and parable can fruitfully teach mankind has long gone by. The moral lessons of the “Idylls” are better learned from their noble song of heroic aspirations and tragic failures. Critical study of an author is very well in its way, but it is only a means to an end. We must read the poetry itself for its own sake, and for the writer’s sake, sincerely and sympathetically, for only so can a great poem like the “Idylls of the King” become to us the “precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.”

Such is the story, and such have been its three principal interpreters, Chrestien, Malory and Tennyson. For this tale English readers feel a sense of ownership, for amid appropriate scenery, fiction assumes the air of history, and to local interest is added a radical significance. It is entitled to all possible esteem as the introducer of the sentiments we have learned to name romantic. Sometimes it taxes our imagination, to be
But even this is a moderate license for romancers to ask; at any rate, the results amply justify the demands.

Of all legends of the Middle Ages this alone has stood the test of time. From generation to generation it has taken new forms and inspired new poetries. The very latest of the centuries has contributed perhaps the best version of all. And there is no reason why the lineage should ever stop. Its crowning characteristic is its adaptability. The Arthurian legend, if not from the very first, yet from the first moment when it assumed verincular form, lent itself to that double meaning, which though it is open to abuse, and has at times been terribly abused, is after all the salvation of things literary. Every age and nation, adopting the first and outer meaning, can suit the second and inner to its own taste and need.

PAUL E. HINKAMP, ’06.

THE SENIOR'S PROSPICE.

Oh, the yearning and the longing
When our college days are o'er,
And well meet as school—and classmates
Nevermore, at nevermore!

When the last word has been spoken,
And we've sung our parting song;
When the last ties have been broken,
That have held our spirits long,—

Then in spirit-language only
Can our hearts have intercourse;
And with wistful thoughts and lonely,

(Like a streamlet from its source,
In the caverns of the mountains,
In its home of hidden lakes,
Onward warbles from its fountains,
And into the sunlight breaks.)

We will each one separate pathways
Travel o'er with steadfast tread,
Till the twilight-star shall tremble
In vague glory overhead.

Like the Northern Star eternal,
In the heavens holds its sway,
Symbol of the universal
Love that guides men on their way,

So on all of us shines friendship,
Friendship close that binds us still
With its soul-voiced, mystic radiance.
Like the light on rock and hill,

Enamoring, radiating

(From its source so pure and bright,—
Only Fancy's ear can gather
Music from those beams of light.

Now the real seems but symbolic:
Shadow length and breadth attains;
Soul is king and flesh is servant;
People pass, but love remains.

Hope and Faith are words of comfort,
Comfort wheresoe'er we rove;
And our hearts are all united
Is the Brotherhood of Love.
sure, and it will not do to scrutinize it too closely in many
regards, as, for instance, the fact that all the consecutive
occurrences are told as taking place during the life of one
man, King Arthur. But even this is a moderate license for
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THE BUST CONTEST.

What about the bust contest? This contest is something new, and therefore it is rather strange that we hear no more about it. There is very little enthusiasm, or if there is, it is below the surface. Is it lack of courage to tackle something new, or some failure contracted in autumn time, or an undue amount of class-room work that prevents the aspiring young orator from going into raptures about it? Whatever the cause may be, there should be more enthusiasm. Think of a patriotic address without enthusiasm! Why, enthusiasm is the very soul of patriotism. As students we should show our appreciation of the gift of the Washington bust by making the bust contest the most rousing in the history of Hope College oratory. Therefore go to work "D" and Senior and everybody in between these two extremes. It is for you a duty, and should be a pleasure.

"IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"

"IF A MAN DIE. SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?" was the theme of the lecture delivered by Mr. Geo. Wendling, the first speaker in this season's lecture course. It has become customary to call each lecture the best of the course; but comparisons are odious and usually superfluous. Although we are in the habit of smiling at some of Dr. Kollen's over-enthusiastic statements, yet he was right when he said that his single lecture was worth the price of the whole course. It was a masterful piece of work in every respect. Its rhetoric was faultless, its logic strong and convincing; its oratorical qualities simple but effective, and its thought exalted. But perhaps better than all his arguments, better than all his rhetoric and eloquence, the strong personal convictions of the man, permeating as they did his every thought and word and gesture, convinced his audience that "if a man dies, he shall live again."
ATHLETICS.

The advantages of our new gymnasium are so greatly appreciated that athletes at present might be expressed in the one word—basket ball. The gymnasium apparatus has not yet arrived and all have turned to basket ball for their exercise. To care for the large numbers who wish to play, a league consisting of eight teams has been formed. There are four games each week and already keen rivalry has developed. There is something good in store for the winners.

The regular five have started practice in anticipation of a hard schedule. Among those whom we will play this winter are M. A. C., Ferris Institute, Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A., Olivet, Ann Arbor Y. M. C. A., Kalamazoo and the Crescent Five from Evanston, Ill. The last named team will this season make a trip to Buffalo, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and Honolulu.

EXCHANGES.

"The Ideal College Girl" in the Hillsdale Collegian is happy in its description of the different types of girls we daily meet. She who "bones," the frivolous, the friendly, the good student and enthusiastic athlete, the girl of dignity and refinement are all described in a pleasant way.

The Historical Department of College Chips treats certain phases of history that are worthy of perusal. The author of "English Colonial Government" had his subject well in hand.

The Helios of Grand Rapids High School has its usual number of snappy, bright articles.

We heartily welcome all our old and new exchanges.

JOTTINGS.

It is reported that at a class meeting at which a point of class spirit was brought up Jean Vis said, "We must together sticken; we Freshmen must hang together side by side each."

SOME EXCELLENT CHANCES
TO STUDENTS AND OTHERS MENTIONING THIS "AD."

| One Set—Library of Universal Knowledge, 15 volumes, cloth, Standard, only. | $5.00 |
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A new pedestrian club has been formed with John Van Dyke as president, and Jas. Veneklassen as treasurer. The first trip was made to Fennville.

Van Single: “Jim, will you show me how to run those baths; I never took a bath before.”

Mae—“It’s a solemn thing to be married.”

Estelle—“Yes, but it’s a great deal more solemn not to be.”

Jimmie V. wishes to inform the public that he had a girl when he was eight. There’s nothing like beginning early.

Renskers is said to have been the only passenger on Monday morning on the special car that is run for the Zeeland students.

Following is an extract from a poem read a few weeks ago in one of the young ladies’ societies—O tempora! O mores!

“Prof. E. D. smiles in the Greek room;
Father Zeus! why such ado?
Ida L’s come back to college—
What’s the use of feeling blue?”

Miss Schu-ke, picking up the cat. “Oh, I must have something to hug!”

Prof. Mast: “What animal is satisfied with least nourishment?”

Bright Senior: “The moth; it eats holes.”

“We want coffee!”

P. Pleume informs Prof. Kuisenga that he goes to Grand Rapids to hear him preach. Of course, Pete never spent Sundays there before.

H. Illohan, The College Shoemaker, Graduate in the Boot and Shoe Art, E. 8th St.
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We would call your special attention to our vast assortment of Nobby Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves, etc., for Thanksgiving and the holidays. We have made extra efforts to show a large and select assortment of these goods for the holidays. We also show a fine line of Reefer Scarfs in white, black and grey.

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This is the man
Who brings the meat,
That's good to eat;
That makes the brain
That stands the strain
Of college joy and pain.

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to enjoy themselves over a social glass of ice cream
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Burn the midnight oil, but use our student chimneys! There
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THE STUDENT TAILOR SHOP
136 E. Eighth Street.
Cleaning and Repairing neatly and quickly done.
Trousers and Overalls for sale. Call and see us.

City Meat Market
All kinds of Meat, Poultry
Fish and Vegetables. Delivery in City.
Wm. Van der Veer, Prop.
Phone 43.
152 E. Eighth Street.

"Keep your feet warm and your head cool", is good advice. Our SHOES will keep your feet sound and warm while the prices won’t make your head hot.

J. E. Benjamin, 67 E 8th Street.