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THE ANCHOR.
"Aenea in Deo," Ps. xliii.
VOLUME XI.
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NUMBER 3

Reminiscences of a Year.
REV. HARRY REIDING.

A YEAR in India, only a year. A
long time to look forward to,
but short when past. That is always
true, you say. But it is never so true
as of the first year spent in a new
country. And such a country; where
the sun is always hot, where the leaves
are always green, where the cactus
and the aloe grow twenty feet high
and are found everywhere, where the
children of farmers are always naked
and dark, where there are no brooks,
but only dry river beds which are
floated once in a while.

My "impressions" of India, re-
cieved from books and from fancy,
bled me, when I first set foot on shore,
to look carefully around lest I should
trample on a cobra; and a few hours af-
after, when a grasshopper jumped
on my neck, I feared greatly that it
was a scorpion. But I did not ex-
pect that, when I had paid the coolies
more than twice what they deserved
for carrying my baggage, that they
should then surround my cab and de-
mand more pay. Then strange bo-
terous language, which we under-
stood nothing, and their threatening
attitude, made us almost wish that we
were back on the peaceful ship. But
we were soon at the home of the
American Congregational Missionaries
in Bombay. There we saw the won-
derful Mission High School, the only
one where young men and young
women are educated together.

The ride to Vellore, occupying
about thirty-five hours, was pleasant
but eventful. At Katpadi, only five
miles from our destination, our train
waited for half an hour, and there we
met the native Christian pastor of one
of our churches, Mr. Tavamani. He
was a caste-man before becoming a
Christian, and his parents are still
idolators. Our reception in Vellore
was most cordial, both Hindus and
Christians holding us welcome and
putting beautiful garlands upon our
necks. Then followed our first Sab-
bath, our first hearing of a Tamil ser-
mon, our first lesson in that strange
language, our first visit to the School,
in all places the observed of all ob-
servers, until I could hardly realize
that I was once the meaningless fac-
tor in college and seminary at Hope.

Afterwards came the weary toil of
study from day to day in Tamil. Our
progress in this is slow, especial-
ly on account of the many hours spent
in the School, and perhaps because
the thermometer would not stay be-
low 108 in the room. But I am
thankful that I was able on Septem-
ber 8th to pass my first examination
and to preach a short sermon in Tamil,
without manuscript. Just now addi-
tional work has been laid upon me in
The school, averaging four hours each day. Only one of these is spent in Bible instruction. Yet enough of the Word of God is thus given to my class to leave them without excuse. The attention which they give to this, as also to other subjects, is good. It remains for time to reveal what the results of this will be.

For nearly a year I have taught a sort of Personal Workers' Bible class every Sunday morning. The field has scarcely been attempted before, but the prospects are good. I have also commenced lectures on Sunday evenings for the educated classes. The attendance has been small but the attention good, and I hope that the latter may increase.

The work along the other lines in our mission has been blessed abundantly. In fact the year 1896 was the most successful in all the history of the mission, according to the carefully enunciated opinion of missionaries who have been forty years in the field. It is a hopeful sign that Christianity is gaining adherents very largely from the lower castes and from those of no cast, and that it is doing so much for the elevation of these depressed classes. So that when some tauntingly aver that no one of high caste has ever truly become a Christian (a fact which is far from being true), we may with confidence point to the Christians, who have been gathered from the low castes, and who have been raised intellectually, socially, and morally to an equality with their high caste neighbors.

I have come to the conclusion, and one needs to have been a year in India to see this in all its force, that the time has come for a more vigorous effort all along the line, and for still more earnest praying that God may turn the hearts of this people from darkness to light. The Lord said to Paul: 'Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace . . . for I have much people in this city.' In this city of Vellore, does the Lord not have many, some, or at least a few people: let us pray, let us work, for these that they may be converted to the Lord. The Word of God was preached in Vellore in 1773. It has been preached continuously for more than forty years. It may require but one speech, and an echo from heaven, and lo, a new outpouring of the Spirit, a new Pentecost: and three thousand souls shall be born in one day. Watchman, what of the night? Vellore, India, Oct. 5, 1896.

The New Brunswick Colony.

THERE are this year in the Seminary at New Brunswick eleven "sons of Hope," and with the adopted brother, Mr. Spaan, the colony numbers an even dozen of the so-called "Dutch boys." The thought came, as we were attending the celebration of Charter Day at Rutgers College, to hear of her welfare. To show this interest, these few lines are penned.

Another evidence of this is seen each week, when on Thursday morning "De Hope" makes its appearance in the reading room of Hertzog Hall. Not only is the paper separated into parts, but around each part is gathered a group looking over each others' shoulders eagerly scanning its columns. And then as the first of each month passes, every incoming mail is anxiously examined, with the lurking fear that The Anchor has not yet arrived.

The fact that we are the "Dutch boys" is a strong bond of union and sympathy between us. Of course, it is known to some, at least, that for a few years past, a society, "Der Amici," has existed here, for the purpose, not only of maintaining the friendships formed while at Hope, but also with the object of retaining and improving our familiarity with the language we all love so much. We need not speak of the benefits derived by its members in the past. This year, however, with our larger number of members, promises even greater results. It is a curious fact that, although surrounded by those who do not understand a word of the Holland language, yet in our conversation among ourselves, this language is used considerably more than it was in Holland.

During the past month, several eminent church leaders have addressed the seminary students. Dr. Wm. Elliot Griffis was one of the speakers on "Churchees." The other speakers were brought here by the convention of the eastern district of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance. Besides the privileges of listening to Dean Hodges of the Cambridge Seminary, Dr. Bace of Yale Divinity School, Dr. Chas. Cuthbert Hall, and others, "Der Amici" had the pleasure of welcoming our Arabian Missionary, Rev. S. M. Zwemer, who also addressed the convention. As usual Rev. Zwemer was very busy, and his dining hours were his only unoccupied time. Desiring to spend some time together with him, a supper was arranged. It is hardly necessary to say that we enjoyed the repast, and that, whatever else may have passed our lips, surely not a word that did not bear some resemblance to the Dutch. Of course all our toasts were in that tongue, and these were only cut short because the time for one of the convention meetings came too soon.

We have the opportunity here too, of seeing the methods and work of other universities and colleges. Because of this it allowed to make a suggestion? In the chapel of the seminary, we find the portraits of all the classes since 1859 excepting one or two. If we remember correctly, the class of '93 at the Junior Exhibition presented to the college the photographs of nearly all of Hope's alumni. Surely these are still in existence, but where? Is there not some class, or some few of the present under-graduates who will complete the work, so well begun by the class of '93, and take upon themselves the duty of framing and hanging these photographs in class groups in some suitable place?

There is still another thought. Surrounded as we are by men from
various colleges, we to-day feel prouder than ever of Hope, and the boys now on the campus might do worse than give more public evidence of this pride. Would that sometimes the "Rah, rah, rah Rutgers," which we hear almost continuously, might echo with a few times over Holland, so that Hope's sons might take a lesson and practice it. We could not but believe that the boys here were proud of Rutgers, when on Charter Day we heard class yell, and college yell, over and over again. And then when we receive the offer of help from their lungs in giving Hope's yell, it is rather humiliating to college pride that we must "decline with thanks." Will not some one furnish us with a yell that we can yell? We promise then that its sounds will not be unknown "on the banks of the Harriton."

Mr. Lehmen, ex-'97, is here too. Surely he is not forgotten. He is a member of the Middle Class in the Seminary, and lives with his family in one of the residences on the campus, sharing the house with Heemstra, '94.

Considering the space we have already taken the reader must surely be aware by this time that the New Brunswick colony is thoroughly alive and enjoying itself.

HAIR.

Our Flag

We gaze on the flag of our nation and feel
A troy of delight and an impulse of love,
Of love for a country which tyranny's beard
In vain tried to crush, for 'twas born from above.
The flag is the emblem which liberty gave
A nation, which ever the refuge shall be
Of him, who, oppressed, trod down like a slave.
Comes hither to live, where all men are free.
To give us this flag, to give us this nation,
The blood that flows freely from many a heart,
Which gladly has offered this dearest solution
That Freedom might never from this country depart.
Nor has it departed through the years that have left us,
The nations around us have fallen away;
And tho' of our heroes, stern Death hath bereft us,
Our flag doth still float on the breeze of today.
Thou flag of our nation, thou emblem of glory,
Forever shall wave through the annals of time;
The deeds of thy Leroee, remaining in story,
Shall show to their children their offspring sublime.

Coleridge.

Our Flag

To write the life of Coleridge is to write the "Lake School Poets." This was the school which objected to the artificiality, emotionalism, borrowed thought, and the "highly coloured verse" of Lactrentius, Pope and their contemporaries.

The nature of Coleridge when young differed from many a young man at that time. He was not musk like Wordsworth, when a schoolboy. He had no desire to participate in the mercurials of his schoolmates, but, while they were enjoying their games, Coleridge would lie on the top of the roof and gaze at the heavens. During leisure hours he would roam over the soil which others cultivated, ramble across the fields and slash off the tops of weeds. At the age of sixteen he had already plunged into the depths of metaphysics. We may rightly expect that a youth with such characteristics will some day be a great man.

When we consider the condition of the people of England, the intentions of Coleridge, we can understand why his praise have been uttered by comparatively few. The "idle poets" of unfriendly critics were heard throughout the land. The whole country, in fact, was under the ban of Jeffrey, the editor of the Edinburgh Review. The days of Shakespeare and of Milton had passed away, and no poet had yet arisen who had proved himself a worthy successor of these great men.

The poetry that was offered to the people was deficient in thought, character, and manner of expression. The theories of such poetry were now being instilled into the minds of the people, and thus the people were fed upon husks.

The intention of Coleridge was to permeate their minds with the philosophy of a Schelling and of a Kapt of Germany, which country had just been aroused from its mental slumbers when Coleridge visited it in 1808. To accomplish this purpose took no small effort, because there were conventional barriers to be broken down; the people had to be released from their narrow mindedness, and more liberal views had to be imparted. Since such was the condition of the people, we can expect that when something more substantial was offered them they would be unable to digest it, and would reject it. This condition of the people is also sufficient to account for the fact that Coleridge was viewed as a brilliant star in the firmament of literature only by the few.

Coleridge also had glaring faults among which we may mention, no singleness of purpose, lack of self-control, too profuse in his choice of words. However, his excellences far surpass his faults and deficiencies.

As a poet, he ranks far above the average. No one can read his poems without becoming imbued with its spirit. A certain pleasantness seems to pass from the words into us when we read them. We shall mention a few of his poems which especially reveal the character of the poet. The poem—"Fears in Solitude"—show the imaginative powers of this poet. Most vividly does he picture before our eyes a "green and silent spot," the hills around covered with heath, the lark "poised" in mid-air, the dell "bathed by the mist" resembling a "vernal cornfield" through whose stocks the sunshine "glimmers with a green light." This poem is claimed to be the most beautiful example of poetical painting. In the poem, Youth and Age, depth of pathos prevails. His backward look to lost youth, his description of youth contrasted with
his present appearance is striking. As:  

"This breathing House not built with hands,  
The body that does me grievous wrong,  
Over my life in glittering sands,  
How lightly then it floated along.  

Nought ever this body for wind or weather  
When youth and I lived in it together.  

Contrasted with his present appearance:
It should be that thou art gone.  
The keeper hilt not yet told.  
What strange devices hast thou put on,  
To make believe that thou art gone:  
I saw no locks in silvered ships,  
This dropping guilt, this altered size etc.  

However much he regrets it, he remains submissive and calm, and does not give up in Breotic strain. His Address to Mt. Blanc is made beautiful by poetical painting. It is in some respects similar to Fears in Solitude, but more sublime.  

When we read his Ode to France we can not help but feel as though we ourselves were carried upon the billows.  

"O Clouds that far above me float on space,  
Whose pathway marches in mortal clay control?  
Ye Ghosts! Shew that, when ye keep ye roll,  
Yield homage only to eternal law."

Coleridge has composed some of his poems in a "not quite healthy sleep," as for instance his Kubla Khan. When composing this magnificent poem, he was under the effects of opium, to the use of which he had resorted perhaps shortly after the gut had seized him. During his sleep a beautiful vision appears to him in which he beholds a "isle of pleasure."

When we read his "Pain of Sleep" we notice that the opposite feeling has seized him, the feeling of "anguish and agony."  

It is true that Coleridge displayed no marked power in the above poems, yet he is truly the poet on the super-natural, which fact is brought out clearly in Christabel and the Ancient Mariner. A desire and taste for the supernatural element had been inherited, and it was increased by reading old fashioned literature. The muse has truly captivated this "dreamy and speculative poet" while writing the Ancient Mariner. The ghostly and mysterious elements are brought so vividly before our eyes as though we ourselves see them, or as they appear to us in reading Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables. The awful situation into which the crew arrives is not-worthy,  

"I saw ye here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around.  
It craked and groveled and named and hoisted,  
Like noises in a storm."

Also his vivid description of nature,  

"The sire's true dip, the stars rack out  
At one eclipse come the dark."

In poetry of this kind, Coleridge, although he was at times eccentric, stands without a rival. Dryden referring to the above poems, says:  

"One province of the land of vision belongs to Coleridge and within that circle none durst walk but he."

When we compare Coleridge with Wordsworth, who removed the veil that had so long hid a world of discoveries, we must come to the conclusion that Wordsworth's poetical powers, which were developed step by step, were far more extensive than those of Coleridge, which were developed by a single step, maintained their eminence for a short time, and then deteriorated to the dianotic to the poetic. Yet, I do not enjoy the poetry of Wordsworth to the same degree as that of Coleridge, and agree with Taine that many of Wordsworth's pieces are "childish and silly." We maintain that Coleridge was successful as a poet, and believe with the critic that "his niche in the great gallery of English poets is secure."

This contemplative see like Wordsworth, this able critic, this "subtle-sailed psychologist," as Shelley styles him, has passed away, but his works live on. His influence is more widely spread to day than ever before. The numbers of his disciples are increasing, and the day is drawing nigh when this man, who has a just claim to literary fame and renown, will be recognized by the world. Southey's statement that it takes sometimes months, years, or even generations for a poet to become reconciled to the world is proven to be true in the case of Coleridge.  

We close by quoting the poet's epigraph, written by himself, which breathes his religious sentiment,  

"Stop, Christian! pause by:  
Step child of God,  
And read, with gentle breast,  
Beneath this sod  
A poet lies, and that which once reposed he—  
O, lift a thought in prayer for T. C."

That he who many a year with full of breath  
Found death in life, may here find life in death.  

"Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame.  
He asked, and hoped through Christ.  
Blest be the same."

Soliloquy

TODAY we write the second of the all-around-good-time, end of the year vacation, 1897. And, coming to think of it, to day is my birthday day. To-day I have reached the precocious age of ten years. And, as I think over my past, what varied experiences present themselves to my retrospective glance. Born on a holiday, put to school at the age of three, finishing my education at the age of eight, here I am now for two long years in the employ of our glorious commonwealth. How curmows the governments of the ancients were in comparison with ours! Some of them they called absolute monarchies, such as that of the country they called Russia. This must have been situated somewhere on continent A, which they called Europe, after a naughty girl whom one of their gods liked to flirt with, I believe.

And there were limited monarchies, like a country by the name of England, which, however, got into trouble by trying to make itself as unlimited as possible.

And then, they thought they had such a glorious republic, made up of forty-five different countries, each with an opinion of its own. I think, this was somewhere on continent B, which they called by the name of some rough old fellow, who used to cross the sea on the water some 2500 years ago.

And then they called continent C Asia, and continent D Africa, and continent E Australia. What beastly names! Thank heaven, that I was not born among those barbarians!

And think of the different languages, that were spoken at that time, some three hundred, I believe. Let me see, did I not read the other day, that, about two hundred years ago, there lived a man, who wished to introduce a universal language? And he was cried down as a fool and an idiot, and no one wished to adopt his system. Of course, it was not like the one we have now, but it was
at least, a mighty improvement on what they then had.
I have also heard, how everybody then lived by himself with his wife and children; and how the people were spread over the whole earth, instead of all living together in one large mansion on continent B. And every one of his business on never so small a scale right near his own individual little den.

Now I get up on continent B at the same time as all the rest of humanity. We all get our breakfast direct from the factory. The food is done up in hermetically sealed gluten packages, and is entirely tasteless and odorless, as all good food should be. Then I arrive at continent A, by means of the pneumatic dispatch system in about two minutes, run off on the automatic writing machine the requisite number of warrants, and within an hour, go back again.

But I intend to strike for a shorter day. Think of spending sixty minutes in succession in drudgery. That was not so bad in those barbarian times, when people lived to be eighty years old. But I cannot reasonably expect to inflict my presence upon my fellow-being longer than fifteen years.

I am glad, I was born at this time of the year, just at the beginning of a season of good times and holidays. How the ancients would stare, if they could see our system of reckoning time. If I remember rightly, they divided their year into twelve months. And what names they had for them! There was the first one, which, I believe, they named after an old fellow with a double face. And they had one, which they called March, after their champion fencing-master. But worst of all, they called the ninth month September, i.e. the seventh, and so on down to the twelfth which they called the tenth, December. And some months had thirty days, others had thirty-one, and one poor Tom-all alone had only twenty-eight; and sometimes they put twenty nine into that one, in order that he would not hot kick, I suppose. What excellent calculations! Now by our system we have ten months in a year, each month has thirty five days, and at the end of the year we have fifteen days of vacation.

I almost forgot, that it was vacation today. I think I shall take a trip to planet V, to-day: Mars the ancients called it I think.

That was not a very pleasant trip I made to the South Pole on one of the electric airships last vacation. Involuntarily my thoughts return to the little family I found there. An old man and his daughter were living together in a little house, some two or three miles from the factory. Unquestionably, they found it large enough for their wants, but then, think of the idea, that in our enlightened fortieth century two people were, and most likely are still living together in the old savage way. And the clothes they wore! Barbarous! A large piece of cloth of two or three thicknesses, tied around her waist and hanging down to her heels. Think of the vast number of bacteria lodging in all that clothing. I am glad our women have adopted the latest style of bifurcated garments.

They pressed me to eat with them, but, instead of getting hygienic food from the factory, they actually prepared their own victuals. I never knew till then, that there yet was such a set of aborigines on earth. To think of how many microbes I must have swallowed that day is enough to make cold chills run down my back.

And then our air ship broke down, and could not be repaired till the next morning. So they invited me to stay over night at their house. They showed me a bed, but upon seeing what it was I stood horror-struck. Instead of one of the latest hygienic mattresses they had a large sack, full of goose feathers. I would as soon have been buried alive, as to have risked my health by crawling into such a hotbed of bacteria: so I stayed up all night, and did not sleep a wink. I almost danced for joy, when I could go away again early the next morning.

I don't believe I could have lived in that style for a month. But still that old man claimed to have reached the stupendous age of fifty years; and his daughter said she was twenty, and she looked as rosy as a summer evening sky.

But I shall have to prepare, if I wish to reach planet V, before breakfast. The pneumatic delivery tube must be about ready to start.

"Billy."

Notes and Comments.

It is an oft repeated remark, but one which cannot be too often urged, that it is important, even necessary, for everyone who is to be anything in the world to read and reflect upon the newspapers and magazines. Especially does this apply to the college student. If one who expects to better the conditions of life can hope to accomplish anything, he must be thoroughly acquainted with conditions as they are, and what better way of accomplishing this than by reading current periodical literature? In this day above all others, there is little excuse for the ignorance and carelessness of the present which is so common in many quarters.

It cannot be that the events of current history are not of sufficient importance for the student's consideration, for a careful reader can see movements of the widest nature constantly in progress, and from these he can study the character and activities of man as well as from the records of the past.

A Winter Entertain ment.

The routine work of the winter months is fast approaching. The second term of the school year is especially devoted to diligent study, and it is natural that it be so. While the snow is falling thick and fast, and the wind is howling around the corners, a cozy room with a glowing fire invites the merry student to toil on patiently. Though such circumstances may be conducive to diligent study, nevertheless, the brain, buzzing with theories, problems, and the marshalling of the ancients' hosts, quite naturally appreciates a change of scenery. A variety affords both rest and pleasure. Now, there formerly existed a custom that one of the college classes prepare and render a literary and musical program for the entertainment of the public, and especially of the students;
and it is in these columns that we would ask why the present year’s class should not re-establish this custom.

To our minds, there is no reason why it should not. Not only for the entertainment of the audience would we urge this, but for the reflex influence on the speakers as well. We shall soon have some of the best orators of the day, and how could we better show their good influence on us, than by applying the enthusiasm gained from them?

The noble art of oratory has for a number of years steadily grown into prominence in the schools and college all over the West. Brilliant orators have always been few in number, but there are hopeful signs which foretell a change of that condition. This revived interest in public speaking permeates our centres of education to a greater extent than that our history has ever witnessed heretofore. Says Prof. Thomas C. Trueblood, “Future generations will look upon this period as the renaissance of oratory.” We shall briefly speak of two reasons, which insure the success of this revival and which encourage the American student to more intense application in the study of eloquence.

The people are taking a more active interest in the affairs of government, and education is having the desired effect upon them. The utility of any proposed measure must be determined by the thinking, deliberating public. There are question before the public to day that are momentous and as far reaching as any that ever engaged the minds of liberty-loving citizens. These are crying for solution. Because of this, the art of public speaking is an effective means by which the common good can be promoted.

The authorities of educational institutions are in sympathy with the movement. Class orations are required as a part of the regular work. Societies for the cultivation of the forensic powers of the student, and contests between these societies, are encouraged. District and state contest leaguers also aid in making the incentive to individual effort of first importance. To further strengthen this united effort inter-state contests are carried on with marked success. The idea originated with a finance committee in Knox College, Illinois, in 1875. The schools of oratory are also doing a valuable work for the promotion of this revival.

Do hobbies have any place in a student’s life, or should it be his aim to treat all the subjects of his study with equal consideration, giving special attention to none more than another? We are not now speaking of things outside the study life, as athletics or society work, everyone admits the value of these and others like them, but of the daily work for the classroom. There is nearly always some study in which we are interested more than in the others. If we allow this study care and time proportioned rather to our liking to it than to its relative importance, do we wrong the others? We think not. On the contrary, we think that every student ought to be especially interested in some branch of the knowledge he is studying; in other words, that he ought to have a hobby.

In old English, a “hobby” is “a horse anyone takes pleasure, from the easiness of its pace, in riding on.” Is not this a good description of what our hobbies of study should be?—something in that direction which is most agreeable to us. We are often told that what we like least we need most, and this is certainly true in one respect, in that we are likely to slight what is unpleasant. This is always out of place. All the work given us should be done and done well; if not done well, as well undone. But if we grade better in some branches than in the average of our work, doing it of our own free will, because we like it, and keep on doing it and liking it, this we call having a hobby, and this we think is beneficial.

One word more. Let us not “ride our hobbies to death.” While a little of something may be good for us, it does not follow that too large a dose is helpful, or that it may not be extremely hurtful. Let us be good in everything, but specially good in something.

Among the students of Hope there has for a long time been felt a need for more practice of the The Story. story form of discourse.

Some seem to labor under the impression that it is beneath them to write such composition. The prevailing idea apparently is that this work properly belongs to the students of the lower classes, for it is noticeable that scarcely any of the collegians strive to develop that talent. And an enviable talent it certainly is. The writing of short stories should be practiced; for it is indeed no small compliment to have said that one can relate a story well. This is also an important means for the development of the imagination. How we admire the imaginative touches of an author while recounting the simplest parts of his story. How it enlivens the interest and makes reading a pleasure. The story is the only means by which the pleasantries and pranks of college days can be preserved. Numerous and varied are the incidents of school life which might be written up. By re-reading such accounts one can learn in what recreations and exploits the students are engaged. It would be appreciated by our readers if more articles of this character appeared in The Anchor. Fellow students, let it be so.

The announcement, that the scientific works of Spencer, Darwin, Tyn dall, etc., recently added to our library, were for the exclusive use of the upper classmen, caused considerable unjust comment and dissatisfaction. We call it unjust, because, those who
indulged in this sort of criticism did not seem to recognize the good intention of the librarian. Though these works are very useful and instructive, and are an essentiality to a complete library, yet their aegiotic tendency and influence cannot be denied, and as such, they are not safe to be read by a not yet fully developed mind. Let one, who does not believe this, learn about the pernicious influence wrought by some of these works in non-Christian lands. The wary or ignorant reader can easily be led astray. The lower classmen are not, of course, entirely devoid of reasoning and good judgment; no, several of them could safely indulge in such reading, but the line must be drawn somewhere and for the sake of their brethren, let such exercise this self-sacrifice. Better to lose all this knowledge, than to endanger the life of one soul! Futhermore, let those who are eligible, not undermined the good intentions of the librarian, by letting the ineligible draw books on their name. This would be dishonest.

De Alumini 

Since our last issue, Rev. J. J. Van Zanten, '80 of Muskegon, Mich. has declined the call which he recently received from the East Williamson, N. Y. congregation.

Rev. M. Kolyn, '77 of Orange City, Iowa, has declined the call received from the First Reformed church of Grand Haven, Mich.

G. Kooiker, '97 and Henry Jonker, '97 recently attended the Inter-Seminary Alliance held at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Encouraging reports come from California regarding the health of Rev. John L. De Jong, '93, lately pastor of the Reformed Church of Orange City, Iowa.

Rev. E. Smith, '75 of Fife Lake, Mich., was in the city recently:

Rev. A. Stegeman, '80 of New Holland has been called as pastor by the Reformed Church at East Williamson, N. Y.

Hon. G. J. Diekema, '81 of this city was elected President of the Michigan State Sunday School Association, recently held at Port Huron.

Among the Societies 

For a long time the Cosmopolitans have felt the need of more home-like and comfortable quarters. Although the bare floor and undecorated walls have never, in any way, impaired the interest of the programs, yet we feel that still better meetings will be had in the future. Our floor is now beautifully carpeted, and on the front wall the stars and stripes of our native land spread in ample folds.

We have this month, in our debates, discussed some of the leading questions which to-day demand solution, and the programs throughout have been interesting and instructive. A bright future is before us. What shall it be? Ours is the opportunity. Let us grasp it.

V. W. C. A.

On Oct. 28th Dr. Winter of the Seminary addressed the meeting on "The Decrees of God," explaining very forcibly the doctrine of predetermination and election. Nov. 4th, being the monthly mission meeting, Rev. Dubbink of this city made an earnest plea for "Why Send the Gospel to the Heathen.?" The following week Prof. Biggs of the Seminary treated the subject, "The Creation of man," while on Nov. 18th Rev. J. P. Winter of South Bend, Ind., in an interesting way discussed the different theories which are held concerning creation.

The week of prayer for colleges was observed, and productive of much good. A number of students have expressed a desire to enlist as soldiers of the cross, and the student body feels strengthened for better consecrated work. May this week of prayer prove to be not simply a tidal wave, but rather a strong, mighty current continuing throughout this college year.

Fraternals

Although the world has not heard from us of late, we are not dead as some would have us, neither are we dying as some perhaps think, but we have been doing our work in a quite manner.

Our meetings have been well attended. All the programs have been carried out with a Fraternal spirit. We are indebted to the program committee for our excellent meetings. For they have furnished us with varied programs, making the meetings intensely interesting for all.

The patriotic meetings were of such a nature as to instill in the hearts of the members a truer love for their native land, and more reverence for the old soldiers who offered their service and their lives for the nation's honor.

The membership is steadily increasing both in number and quality, some new members are continually uniting with us in our work. Though the meetings of our society are not supposed to be public, still we are always glad to welcome any of the students, or those who may be interested in us, to our meetings.

The Ulfilas Club

Another month of successful work has been added to the records of our club. The programs rendered during this time have been especially good. The debates were very interesting and instructive which certainly must be ascribed to those participating in the same. The orations showed careful preparation, and when the Dutch language is used properly, and both syntax and construction are accurately regarded, as was the case in the above named productions, one cannot but feel a love for the sweet-flowing Holland language. "Het Weekblad" supplied the necessary wit and humor, so that the whole program has been an honor to the club.

The Ulfilas rejoices that her graduates are continuing the work in the Seminary, and that "Patria" is thriving and flourishing. This certainly indicates that the Ulfilas has not existed in name alone but that it has been, and still is, a great factor in the Western branch of our church.
ments added to our membership proves to be a valuable addition to this section. The interest shown in the work has continued to increase. At present, the society is in a flourishing condition and looks forward with many bright prospects.

At the first meeting of this section, the following officers were elected: President, J. Y. Broek; Vice President, W. Wagemaker; Secretary, H. K. Boer; Treasurer, B. J. Kleinhesslein; Sergeant at arms, J. Genat; Marshal, C. Van der Mel; Member of Executive Committee, W. Wagemaker.

At the beginning of the term, the time of meeting was changed from Wednesday to Friday evening.

The Alpha Section of the Melophone Society, at the beginning of this school year, elected the following officers: President, Henry J. Steketee; Vice President, Fred C. Warnshuis; Secretary, Henry DePree; Treasurer, Wm. H. Giebel, Marshal, Edward Stanton; Sergeant at arms, John Van Zoemeran.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have been deprived of some of our strongest members, the society is still striving to attain that excellence which has always existed in her ranks.

Short, but interesting and profitable meetings are the rule.

The Tyranny of Bad Habits.

A bad habit is a constant tyrant. It is a dictator that demands obedience of his subject by virtue of his own precedent. No tyrant can have more complete control of his subjects than a habit has control of the actions of an individual. The one rules by effecting the acquisitive surrender of the political rights of his subjects, the other by effecting the acquisitive surrender of the optional rights of its subject. The one's dominion is a combination of human individuals, the other's, a combination of actions. Let us note the almost incredible power of the liquor habit. A man starts as a moderate drinker. His home, his wife, his children—can he bear the thought of ever being the cause of their misfortune? These are the objects of his pride, his hope, his most cherished expectations. Look again three years hence. Whose is that dilapidated, cheerless hotel? Whose that despairing woman? To whom belong those ragged children? Ah, they were once the happy possession of a happy husband and father, who is now the miserable, cruel drunkard. A tyrant can never more fatally affect his subject than a bad habit, him that acquires it.

The Manner of Lying.

There are a thousand ways of telling a lie. The Devil does not care which one you use. He will make his poison tasteful to every palate. Truth is a straight line between two points, a lie is an irregular line between the same. Falsehood has as many ways in which it may appear as we have ways in which to express our thoughts to our fellow-beings. It will with equal readiness be employed by our deeds, words and thoughts. What else was it but telling a lie in deed, when Charles I. of England signed the Petition of Rights without intending to keep it? What else must we call it but telling a lie in thought, word, and deed, when that same king taxed his people for "shipmoney" which he intended to use only for his own selfish purposes? The manner of expression does not alter the inherent nature of falsehood. Its source is the heart, and all the different ways of expression are but the different channels through which its malignant venom are discharged.

The World's Largest School.

The largest school in the world is one mainly supported by Baron Rothschild in one of the worst slums of London. There are in it 3,500 children, coming from the families of the poorest foreign Jews, and there are a hundred teachers. It is well known that this is Lord Rothschild's pet institution, and were it not for his munificent support, the school would be unable to meet its vast expenditure. It is owing to his generosity that free

breakfasts are given every morning to all children who wish to take them, no questions being asked. Again, he presents every boy with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots, and every girl with a dress and a pair of boots in the month of April, near the Jewish passover. An idea of the poverty of the children may be had from the fact that not more than two per cent decline to avail themselves of this charity. A second pair of boots is offered in the month of October to every child whose boots are not likely to last during the approaching winter. It is scarcely necessary to state that few do not get them. A very popular feature in the school is the savings bank department instituted by the President. In order to encourage habits of thrift, he allows an interest of ten per cent per annum on all savings. The teachers are also permitted to avail themselves of the benefits of this bank.—Selected.

College Jottings

Carnival:
Crackerjacks!!
Freshmen!!!
Chestnuts!!!
"Fools will rush in where angels won't be seen"—Millinery store.
Ferwerda, '07, not long ago introduced himself at a New Brunswick social as the "Singing Evangelist."
Banning always complains of a lame knee on Monday mornings.
Huenemann and Van Wechel were under the weather for a few days.
Misses Anna Rooks and Minnie Van Slooten attended chapel exercises on Tuesday Oct. 29th. Both are
Lecture night explained why Mr. Sendans was absent from meals on Tuesday, Oct. 24th. Wonder, what he did with the two tickets.

Though Handelink did not succeed in his scheme to get a reduction on his clothing, we at some future time, however, hope to see his room adorned with valuable articles of furniture.

Dr. Poppen and Rev. J. P. Winter were chapel visitors on Nov 19th. Mr. Mottly commends himself on the high speed he attained with Mackie's "cheese cutter."

We hope to see Harry's objections to Wentworth's formulas, in print, in the near future.

Jim trusts that the steward's connection with the 'A class are only temporary.

John Du Pree, now, entertains his friends with a graphophone, purchased recently. The most amusing feature is an exact reproduction of the college yell.

A. T. Brook was seen acting suspiciously around Van Der Sluis' store a few days ago. Whose birthday? Ver Borg is acting as coach for the city junior football team.

Richard De Young's visits, on 88 Thirteenth St., have attracted the attention of many; he says, that he visits Saylor, but—

Koster's wash tub, for sale cheap—weather too cold for a bath.

The Sentinel struck a knot in our worthy Vice President while trying to eradicate an allusion to our new science library, which appeared in one of its columns.

Telman—"Pass the sugar, please, for my sarcastic cherries."

The successful work of the Gymnasium, this year, is worthy of our attention. Classes have been organized and a new punching bag has been purchased. "Gymnasium Rules" are strictly enforced and exercise is made convenient for all.

Rev. Mr. Stapleman, of Kalamazoo, Michigan lectured chapel exercises on Oct. 3rd.

Listen, ye students, and I shall tell
Of the Campus life and the L. L. L.
The Campus had a carpet new
The L. L. L. was invited in.
The Campus had a meeting grand,
The L. L. L. was properly adorned.
Some were making quite a float,
A warning came: "Campus, lay low!"
The Campus sends two sturdy men,
To ward intruders from their den.
The men went forth without avail
The L. L. L. at ones, burned pile.
The Campus saw when all is done;
And the L. L. L. give home alone.

The Anchor will be sent to any new subscriber for one year on receipt of 30 cents. This offer holds good for 30 days.

On Nov. 20th Dr. Kollen returned home from his trip East. He reports that the complete library of the late Dr. Graves will soon be ours.

Several of the students went to their homes during Thanksgiving vacation, for the purpose of settling matters with the turkey.

A Dutch society, named "Patria," has been organized in the Seminary. The aim of the members is the same as that of the Uffias, but in addition, a philosophical study of the Holland language is undertaken. The present officers are as follows: President Jno. De Jonge; Vice President, T. Rozendaal; Secretary, J. Brummel; Treasurer, Wm. Kotas.

Mr. Hessenius was called home on account of the sudden death of his sister-in-law.

In a chapel talk on Nov. 24th, Pres. Kollen emphasized the duty of being really thankful and of showing it by a life of service.

They say it's so. I won't deny it. But, true it is that on the slow, mysterious books for information. One how to build on good foundation, Not just a homely edifice.

But, too, a home of perfect bliss,
A Junior Isaac weekly draws,
According to Librarian Laws.
His name is Isaac H., but say,
I must not give his name away.

Fear that lady like She may
Have something sweet to me to say.
O would, I never thought of it
To dig for me so deep a pit.
In order just in rhyme to say.
What happens every single day
That she just takes a like to him.
And he—of course, allows her whim.
Before I close I would suggest—
Of course it's nothing but a jest—
That since his name is Isaac now,
Recollect we should call his—Vroman?"

It has become customary for L. L. L. to carefully peruse our local column before The Anchor is published, to ascertain whether or not he is the victim of a joke. He evidently considers that since the rose has lost its essence for him, his day for newspaper notoriety can no longer be properly seasoned.

They say that John Verwey actually received some votes for elder in a church election here recently, and in the afternoon indulged in a "Kingly" sport. Another subject for a faculty meeting.

Biology died hard at the hands of the juniors, and the evolution theory still remains improved. Still they say the juniors class includes one who hints at the missing link.

Van der Mol suffered for a few days from an annoying swelling over the right eye. Dr. Godfrey summarily disposed of the protruder.

Jacob Van Ess and Dangermond now tread the lonely Zeeland road together.

Nyewening posed as the "Polar Bear" in Muskegon on Thanksgiving Day.

The recent civil service appointments again demonstrated the fact that but a taste of Hope College education can stand a man in good stead in emergencies. Paul R. Coster, Jacob Geerlings, William E. Van der Hart and Frank E. Doesburg, four of the men appointed, have at some time or other attended our institution. Congratulations, gentlemen.

Thanksgiving Day was fittingly observed at the Boarding Club. Programs relieved etc., attention and distress caused by a superfluity of turkey et al., and the good-natured cooks did everything in their power to make it pleasant for the homeless and wandering students.

With deep regret the students heard of the death of John Spitsbergen, who died on Nov. 23rd of typhoid fever. The Anchor and the student body extend their sympathies to the bereaved family.

A number of students and some of the professors attended the funeral of John Spitsbergen, which took place on Wednesday Nov. 24th, at Zeeland.
The Anchor.

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