DECEMBER, 1898.

The Anchor

HOPE COLLEGE

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THE ANCHOR.

"Spera in Deo."—Ps. XLI. 5.

VOLUME XII.  DECEMBER, 1898.

NUMBER 3

Rev. Peter J. Zwemer.

No age is sure of immunity from
death. The last enemy will at-
tack every individual. It makes no
difference what position in society a
person occupies, or how peculiar his
circumstances are, no one can stay his
hand. The pious and
ungodly, the talented
and the slothful re-
ceive the same treat-
ment from him. The
King of ter-
ror pays no
more respect
to the one
than to the
other. Man-

We know not what a day may bring
forth, and we cannot calculate upon
an hour.

But there is always something af-
fected in the passing away of young
men. Their very youth adds an ele-
ment of bitterness to the cup which
their surviving relatives are made to
drink. To see such a noble flower as
Zwemer droop its head upon its stalk,
wither and die, causes great grief.
The family will miss him, the Church
will miss him. It is
not so hard
to see the
aged leave
the scene of
dearth. When
a man has
reached the
Bible limit
of three
score and
ten and then
expires, we
are not sur-
prised. We
rather ex-
pect it and
are prepared
for it, and if
they have
the
unGodly.
the
talented
and the
slothful re-
cipe.
the
King of
terror pays no
more respect
to the one
than to the
other. Man-

"Like ripe fruit
They fall into their mother's lap, or are
With ease gathered, not hastily plucked,
For death matured."

Zwemer was a young man of great
promise. He had a bright career be-
fore him. He had finished his edu-
cation and was ready to take up his life work. His talents excited theliveliest hope of success. Very early in life he had an intense desire to be of some service to his Master. That desire never left him. It became stronger and stronger as the years rolled on. And now looking over his life and studying his makeup, there was a constant preparation for this noblest and most blessed work of bringing the Gospel to the heathen. As long as I knew him, he always impressed me with his manliness, his magnanimity, his piety, his unselfishness, his consecration. His virtues were admired. His sterling worth was envied by many. Little did he care for the pleasure of this life. His mind was absorbed in higher things. Laboring true, he had no sympathy with anything that had the appearance of sham. He hated all hollow pretense and empty profession. He was generous, honest, and sincere.

The Bible was his precious book. Faithfully and prayerfully did he study it. He was ever striving to do God's will, and was very happy when he could be of some service to others. During summer vacations he would go about selling Bibles, often remaining in the humble abodes of poor people, reading and explaining truth and ever pointing them to that higher life. He experienced great joy and satisfaction in associating with such people and thus became one of God's barley leaves to feed dying souls.

At college he was an inspiration. Conscientious in his curriculum work, he never shirked duty. He applied himself to all tasks and would do his best. With painstaking effort he overcame many obstacles, and when he graduated from Hope he had risen to an enviable rank. During these years there was ample opportunity to test his missionary zeal. Had it abated any? Not at all. It took a stronger hold upon him than ever before. The spirit for missions fairly burned in him. The more he read and heard about the condition of the heathen the more enthusiastic he became. He entered the Seminary with that in mind, and when he had finished his course then, nothing could deter him from following up the work of his heart's desire. While there, he wrote me, saying that he thought it so strange that out of a class of fifteen only two were found willing to carry the banner of the cross over the blue deep to those living in the darkness of heathendom.

Arabia was his chosen field for toil, whither his brother had preceded him. His heart was in his work. His energies were directed toward and converged in one thing and that made him successful. Everything had to bend and bow for the one end he had in view. In Muscat he laid the foundation for his mission premises and work. His character made a deep impression on the Moslem minds. Within a very few months many who came in touch with him seemed to realize that their religion did not do for them what Christianity promised to do for them. As a result, the gospel in Arabia found both purchasers and readers in those who had read in this man the living epistle of God.

Perhaps no testimony of the influence of the Arabian mission can be stronger than the fact that Dr. Wyckhoff had spent two weeks in that neighborhood, treating something like three hundred patients. He said:

"One can hardly believe the tremendous impression these three young men, Revs. S. M. and P. J. Zwemer and James Cantine, have made in so short a time. It seems as though the whole of Arabia had come under their influence." In his own words, "An entrance has been made into the very heart of Islam. In faith Arabia has been preempted by the Church, and, though fanaticism scorns and ignorance misjudges, the seed is being sown, and the questions of the Kingship and Sonship of Christ are being discussed by the Moslem pilgrim on his way to Mecca." But the Arabian fever proved a fatal foe. The frequent attacks prostrated him. The climate and unsanitary conditions had a telling effect on his health. When he left for that country he was strong and robust. For six years he was at his post and proved himself a hero. But his stalwart constitution gave way and on Oct. 8th he sank into a quiet slumber and could no more be awakened. God's finger touched him and he was called to go up higher.

William Shakespeare.

A n undergraduate to write on Shakespeare! Long years of laborious study serve but to introduce; and a critical estimate of the "myriad-minded" has value only then, when it is the result of a lifetime's study. Such a criticism is based on what is found in Shakespeare. But is there not another method, open to the beginner, of forming a helpful estimate of Shakespeare? For example, some study of Shakespeare, more of criticism devoted to him, and most of all of the intensity in literature. These two methods may be expressed thus: the first, Shakespeare must be great because his characteristics are these; the second, his characteristics must be these, because Shakespeare is great. The first method is thorough; the second, in a sense, superficial. And yet may it not serve as a useful guide for future study? This essay is based on a study after the second method. A critical study of an author is an attempt to determine his literary merit. To succeed, the critic ought to have thoroughly in mind what literature is, or, at the very least, his conception of literature. I believe we are wont to conceive of literature far too meanly. In criticism we exalt manner at expense of matter, and believe our work is done, if we have pointed out the happiest instances of phraseology and imagery, the liquidness of diction and movement, or the intricacies and mazes of plot. We are content with the bur and forget the kernel. Literature is more than
form: it is thought and emotion. Form is essential but only incidental; for form, which is style in its wider acceptation, is the objective embodiment of the qualities of thought and emotion. "Literature", to quote Prof. Sherman, "is the sum of the thoughts and feelings and experiences of the race that have been recognized as valuable beyond the moment of their first utterance, and hence been treasured up for further use."

With this view of literature in general, what are we to look for especially in poetry? True poetry belongs to the highest literature, the literature of power, coming from the heart, designed for the heart. In the words of Matthew Arnold, "Poetry is the noble and profound application of ideas to life." The poet's subject must be human life; further than this, it is an application of ideas to life, not to portray actual life but to mold it to ideas. The poet must have a message: in proportion as his message is noble and profound, in proportion as it is true and universal, in proportion as it tends to uplift man and aid him in the wilderess of life to the consummation of his high destiny, just in that proportion is a poet great.

In accord with this view I have tried to select three co-prehensive marks which characterize Shakespeare as an author and give him his place in literature.

The first characteristic of Shakespeare is fidelity. You may call it truth relative, naturalness, or keeping. I said a moment ago that thought is literature, thought and emotion. That is subjective. In the objective sense we have literature only when there is an incarnation of the qualities of thought and emotion. Wheresoever we have the most helpful thought or the most ennobling emotion expressed is such language as is best adapted to express its finer shades, there we have the best, the greatest literature. I trust it will now appear what I mean by Shakespeare's fidelity. When Emerson says of Shakespeare's verse, "the secret is that the thought constructs the tune"; when Welsh says, "he had no system, no mannerism, but the true secret of blank verse—the adaptions of words and rhythms to the sense in them"; they only emphasize Shakespeare's fidelity. In criticising men speak of the delightful play of his fancy, the splendid power of his imagination, the genuineness of his emotion; they say that his characters are natural, that his plot, while not a sketch of life, is, in a sense that such a combination of circumstances has occurred or will occur, is executed in every detail as it would be did such circumstances occur; but in all this they only emphasize this idea, that the expression is always true to the color and air of the thought. Other authors approximate this fidelity: here is perfection.

Second in order is Shakespeare's universality. We hear much about the world books. Why? Because they are true for all time: in each there is a message for the soul of man. Shakespeare belongs to this class because he is himself in a sense universal. His was the greatest intellect that ever expressed itself in words; his was the fullest, compest soul we have record of. He had absorbed the true culture and wisdom of the ages before him. By true culture I mean all that concerns man's relation to the universe. Let me ask the cogent questions of Emerson: "What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of conduct, of life has he not settled? What office, or function, or district of man's work has he not remembered?" Once more let me quote Welsh: "He has grasped the diversities of rank, sex, and age. His imperial muse has swept the poles of existence—the human and superhuman . . . ."

No other ever saw the world of nature and mind from so many points of view. He is all that he imaginatively saw.

This universal mind is revealed in universal literature. It is the dictionary of Aristotle that there can be no great literature without universal types of character—"a community of character," a study of Homer and the Greek dramatists. It stands today, not because Homer and Shakespeare observed it, but because in our journey through life, shut in by the gloom of our origin, with but here and there a ript of light in the darkness that shrouds our ultimate destiny, we have not time for particular, individual characteristics, but can concern ourselves only with the universal soul of man in its doubts and hopes and fears, the same now as when first the angel barred the gates of Eden.

I am at a loss for a word to express the third characteristic of Shakespeare. Perhaps it is best expressed when I say that in him there is an application of ideas to life. His work bears on the question, "How to live?" This after all is the most important part. Were his descriptions never so true, were his types never so perfect, and lacked this, he were but tinkling brass and a clanging cymbal. A work of art must show design adapted to an end; and in proportion as the end is noble the art is noble. And what can be nobler than to teach men how to live? If we fail to notice this in Shakespeare, we lose the better part, the pearl of great price. To illustrate his teaching: we have, e. g., in Macbeth both the progress of moral poisoning, in Lear "passion unrestrained and terrible rising into colossal proportions." If one were familiar enough with Shakespeare, he might venture to sum up his message, as that of Dante, "the return of the deed upon the doer." To quote Welsh, "underlying his works and penetrating them all is the moral law."

Richard Steele.

After Two Years in India

They say it takes two years for a new missionary to learn that he knows nothing of missionary work, so if I have learnt my lesson well you may expect a brief report at the end of this my second year. But I believe I have learnt also some positive facts.
Century plant, as we call it at home. It made its appearance a few years ago, and there is no easy matter. In India, we are yet steeped in superstition and the heathen customs and their temples and many of their heathen customs and they observe the Sabbath and perform acts of worship and prayer to an Unseen Being. Is not this a great step forward? They submit to instruction in Divine things from the Word of God, and to them it is the Word of God, with no attention to Higher Criticism. They have come to Christ’s school and sooner or later will learn of him.

Speaking of the spiritual life in our village congregations, the Rev. W. H. Campbell writes as follows:

“At first—giving my own experience—one’s attention is absorbed by the outward and apparent results. The crowded chapels and the interest, one might say the enthusiasm, displayed on the occasion of a visit from the missionary, make everything appear in a most rosy light. A little later, as one goes in and out among the people, and discovers the grosser forms of sin among them, he is apt to take a different view of the situation. To go from village to village, to find in one place or two cases of gross immorality, in another more than a suspicion of theft, in a third a serious quarrel in which almost every one seems involved; to be brought face to face with foul abuse and unblushing falsehood and a mass of jealousy and envy and spite among people who call themselves Christians this is apt to rob the picture of its brightness and bring even the most sanguine and enthusiastic to a condition of mind very near akin to despair. A wider outlook and a deeper insight prove this view to be as faulty and one-sided as that which confined itself to the mere surface of life. When we realize the slowness of the Divine working and remember how, after centuries of Christian training and discipline, we are still so far from living the true Christ-life, we can rise above our disappointment and rejoice in the extent to which God has delivered his poor degraded children from the bondage of old evil habits and brought them into contact and communion with Himself.”

The attitude of the educated classes towards Christianity is largely that of the elder son in the parable. Some of them seem to be not far from the kingdom of heaven, but they will not come in and make merry with their poor despised brethren. There are two distinct classes of the educated—those who have received an English education in Mission or Government schools, and those who are learned in Sanscrit and other vernaculars and in all Hindu learning, but know little or nothing of Western science. The latter have not been influenced by Christian thought; they are opposed to Christianity, of course, but for the most part are heartily indifferent to it.

Among the English educated classes you find many disciples of Spencer or of Ingersoll—agnostics or pronounced atheists. Others are admirers of the ethical teaching of Christ and of His own noble life, while a few are his secret followers. Here and there we see individuals with conviction and courage enough to join the ranks of Christ openly. I have met and conversed with a number of the educated non-Christians. Some are students in college and some have passed (not into active life but) into government
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positions. Most of them are friendly and responsive and not adverse to being spoken to about Christ. There are interesting and hopeful cases among them. Too little is being done for this class, too little is being prayed for them.

But am I not right in thinking that the interest of the home church is greatest in the direct evangelistic work among the heathen, those countless millions who are dying daily without the gospel? It has been my privilege this year to engage in just this work and to sound the name of Christ for the first time in the ears of thousands. Pitching our tents fifteen to twenty-five miles away from home in the midst of a circle of villages, and going out in the early morning, we find no trouble in gathering an audience of from thirty to three hundred in each village, to whom we bring the message of salvation. The field has been utterly neglected hitherto. The appearance of a foreigner who talks Tamil is interesting to the people, but their lack of comprehending the truth is strikingly and painfully clear. A week or ten days in a place is sufficient for our purpose. By the help of a map and by personal inquiries we find out where the villages are and visit each of them with two or three assistants. We stay for one or two hours, which is usually as long as we can keep up their attention, altho we frequently repeat the visit after a few days. We make a great deal of selling tracts and Bible portions, from twenty to fifty daily, which I consider perhaps the best part of our work. They may then read and reflect, but they still need a Philip to expound the Word unto them.

Thus the Gospel has been preached to a thousand hundred or more, and we ask—with what result? I don't know just what the effect would have been on Mr. Spurgeon's theology or on his faith had he been called to labor here, and had he then expected souls to be converted with each sermon, as he once said one ought to expect. To my knowledge, not a soul has been converted, not a village has thrown away its idols,—altho several will probably do so soon. But there are two things that have especially sustained me in this work: first, the happy thought that I am personally fulfilling the last express command of Christ—"preach this gospel, be witnesses of me to all nations"; and second, I believe that these people are better prepared for the coming of our Lord which will be soon. For we tell them of a Jesus who has come, not only, but who will come, with power and glory to reward every man according to his works. And I believe that to those who have not formally rejected Him now, there will be an opportunity of accepting him then. Our work is to prepare them for their acceptance of Him, at His coming. "Be ye also ready," H. Huxley, '93.

Notes and Comments.

The late Charles Dana made the remark, in an address given before the students of Union College, Development and Cramping: that one of the chief objects of education is to enable a man to tell what he knows. It is certainly not so much the obtaining of knowledge, as the acquiring of facility in using that knowledge, which makes a college education so valuable.

This principle was not understood formerly. The old-fashioned pedagogues would flog a boy who did not know his lesson well by heart, while the one who could recite it glibly was sent to the head of his class, without any inquiry being made as to how much he understood of what he was saying. Original thought, far from being encouraged, was not even allowed in most cases, and a pupil who ventured to give, for instance, his own solution of a problem, or a new idea in translating a line of Homer, was fortunate if he escaped with nothing worse than a rebuff, and he ran the risk of receiving a thrashing for his pains.

So, through a mistaken idea of what was to be obtained by going through school, men were trained like parrots, and made to believe that whatever they could say smoothly and without a mistake, this they knew.

If these views seem strange to us in these more favored times, we must
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not forget that they were only the first steps, as it were, out of total darkness. They were the crude experiments along paths as yet untrodden. We must remember that if we had not had these experiences to guide us, we would not have been able to attain our present knowledge. The first thing was to decide that the people should be taught. After this discussion as to what is the best way to educate.

This is still an open question, and is being discussed at the present time from all points of view. Of course, it is agreed now that the development of the mind is the chief thing, and not how many facts the memory can be made to hold. But this question still remains, What is the best way of attaining this development? The best way is the most natural one. If we wish to make a plant grow strong and vigorous, we plant it in the best conditions possible, and leave it to do its own growing; if we were to force it we would only weaken it. This same principle holds in regard to the mind. It will naturally develop in the right conditions. But to force such a mind, to cram it with a mass of half-digested facts, is the surest way to stunt its growth and render it incapable of doing any efficient work.

Among the Societies.
EDITED BY JOHN WOODELINE, ’92.

Instead of the usual notes which have been regularly inserted in this column, we propose to make a new departure by substituting an oration or essay prepared for one of the Societies. The following is an oration delivered before the Cosmopolitan Society, Oct. 21, 1900.

LUTHER AT WORMS.

TRUTH always finds its champion. When its influence seems about to cease forever, heroes step forth to save it. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." From age to age, in every clime, among all races, it has been hated, its progress has been contested, but only ultimately to gain a greater victory by its own innate power inspiring its champion. And whether on the field of battle, whether in council halls before kings and princes, everywhere, under all conditions and circumstances, it has come forth triumphant. Thus with the mention of Luther and Worms, one of the world's great dramas presents itself. And because the reasons for its occurrence were many and great, because the occasion itself demanded the most heroic self-denial, for these reasons its influence has been almost unlimited.

Another critical moment had come in the world's history. In fact, every age has its crisis. When the Greeks thrust back the Persians, that was the crisis of the age, because it meant that mind and not matter should rule Europe. The battle of Tours was the crisis of its age, because it decided that Europe should be Christ's in preference to Mohammed's. The hour at Worms was likewise momentous. It was momentous because another climax had been reached in the struggle between truth and error; it was momentous because eternal principles were at stake; because the circumstances were oppressive; because the outcome meant the advancement or deterioration of the human race.

The sources whence sprung this event were numerous. Like the river issuing from a single fountain, but uniting with many rivulets as it ripples down the mountain side, so the causes leading to this event were many. On the one hand were the general immorality of mankind: a corrupted priesthood, the intrigues of courts; on the other, a broader view of the world than heretofore, a groping for light amid dense darkness, a great enthusiasm for knowledge. Like a flower awakening from its wintry sleep, and gradually unfolding its petals to the full blossom, so men's intellects and hearts were awakened, and opening to receive the light emanating from the dead past, made alive in the Renaissance. There was general dissatisfaction. A change of conditions must come. Truth long trampled upon must rise above the horizon. An agent through which it might act was wanting.

Thus was Luther called to be witness and defender of truth. His was the glorious task of accomplishing what Wycliff, Huss and the Waldenses had begun but could not complete. Now conditions had changed. The stream had continued to tumble down the mountain and had become an irresistible power in the valley below.

The memorable spring of 1540 has come. Everywhere the dark clouds of religious strife are rising. Luther, at the summons of the Emperor, starts on his journey for Worms. He is reminded of Huss; his friends beseech him not to go. "Were there as many devils at Worms as tiles on the roof, yet will I go." The old city looms up in the distance. He enters its wide open gates, passes up one street, down another, into the great hall; he stands before the world. A vast throng surrounds him. Europe has met. The splendor of priest-ridden Italy; the wealth and pomp of bigoted Spain; the fickleness of France; the solidarity and solemnity of Germany—all have met to behold one man oppose, yea, more than oppose, defeat his enemies legion.

The trial of the age is on. In the magnificence of its display, in the variety of class representation, in the measure of hope and fear, selfish pride and true self-denial present—it has seldom been surpassed. When and where was there ever gathered together in one assembly, such a list of royalty, of papal officials from the pharisaical Archbishop down to the licentious priest and the blind, groveling sensual monk? And when and where were there ever collected in the same assembly such heroic, fearless men as Elector Frederick and his companions, supporting the right hand and the left hand of this champion of righteousness and truth?
We are at Worms. We hear the question asked, "Are these your writings?" and the answer following, "I confess they are the works of my hand." We hear the cry, "Recant!" and we see a man draw himself up, as only fearless innocence can, and calmly say, "If they are proven from Holy Scripture to be false, I am ready." We see the man wrestling with his God. We hear the triumphant utterance, after all enticement, all threatening, all inward cursing and outward contempt has failed—"I have prayed to God, I will not recant. Here I stand, I can do no other way; God help me." 

Thus was laid the foundation of modern progress. After ages of enthralment, pressed under the heel of tyranny, overwhelmed with deadly fear by Papal bulls and Imperial edicts, the long enslaved conscience was once more set free. Here was an opportunity to cast off the shackles of spiritual bondage; now was the hour come to set the captive free. Freedom had come, every must go—or die. For this freedom the song of triumph blew with the winds, and welcome in the sea; for this, the invincible Armada was shattered. Driven hither and thither by persecution, departing from one land only to reappear in another, now apparently overcome, crushed by vice and immorality, this molder, this inspirer, this savior of the human race, was once more defended and introduced to the world to continue its mission of hope. As a result it has brought war, not peace. It brought the flagot, the rack, the Spanish inquisition on the one hand; on the other, it gave to England renown in her list of statesmen and poets; it has changed Scotland from a desert into a garden; it made brave little Holland one of the most enlightened commonwealths of the age because of it. America has attained her power and honor and progress, leaving far behind Roman Catholic countries on the same continent. Today, this principle is still struggling to save not only the individual, but nations as well. It, indeed, brought war and suffering and tears, but only to satisfy the soul ever aspiring upward and onward. Such has been the result of this immortal deed. But could it be otherwise? Could the truth emanating from God himself perish or be overcome by error? Men may hate it; they may strive to blot out its power; but all in vain, because omnipotence gave and no man taketh away. And as the days lengthen into months and months into years, and the years are swallowed up in centuries, this subtle power will go on, conquering and to conquer, till all shall hail it, and sing forth its praises.

An Undergraduate's Impressions of Dr. Kuyper.

Many of us come from Dutch homes where the old Puritan influence is strong, and from childhood have been reared in an atmosphere where the tenets of "Vader Braak en Calvin" and the old Dutch Catechism were dedicated to the noble purpose of framing our young lives into something that could withstand the liberal tendency of the age, and could give a "reason for the hope that is within us."

We have seen, perhaps, on the shelves of the family library, such books as "Evoto Dordraceno" and others of the same type, with their white and blue binding and ancient frontispiece, and sat by in silent awe when our parents took down their musty treasures and read and talked about them."Kerk Vaders." When, then, Dr. Kuyper's visit was announced, we looked ahead with pleasure to the time when we could see the man who wrote those volumes with the mottled covers, and whose learning was the sole object of our parents' admiration. A loud and rousing cheers the students received him in the chapel on October 28, while the eager look upon their faces betrayed the fact that something unusual was expected. After a few introductory remarks by the President, Dr. Kuyper began his address. Unfortunately for some, he spoke in the Dutch language, which however was an added charm to those who understood, for it is in his native tongue that Dr. Kuyper can become most eloquent. As he stood there in all his Napoleonic majesty and thundered forth his "Back to the old faith", we could not help but be borne along on the irresistible tide of his power. Americans as we are, he touched the chord of our hearts when he said in effect, "Gentlemen, divide not your sympathies between Holland and America; your country and that alone." What a pity that Dr. Kuyper is not our fellow-citizen. His patriotism is truly American. Where could we not use such a statesman, theologian, journalist and thinker as he? The American people at this stage of their growth need to be warned against the malum bene positum. It creeps in unawares, and it is just at this crucial period that we need such men as Dr. Kuyper to remove the corrupt leaven and make the lump again sweet and wholesome. As he leaves us and returns to his own country, his liberal view of America and Americans is surely widen'd, and we, too, will think more of him, and will continue to regard him as the champion of our childhood faith, who came to us and said, "Knoop de waarheid en verkoopt haar niet."
Y. M. C. A.

The V. M. C. A. has had very interesting and instructive meetings during the last month. Excellent addresses were delivered Thursday evenings, which certainly did not fail to leave a blessed influence on the students of Hope College.

Rev. De Bey delivered an address on "Hindrances," Oct. 28. The following week the regular meeting was postponed because most of the students desired to hear Dr. Knypers of the Netherlands, who was then in the city. Nov. 3, the Rev. De Jong addressed the students on "Elijah," while Rev. Van den Berg's topic on Nov. 10 was "The Atonement." Dr. Fulton spoke on "Character" Nov. 17, at which meeting nearly all the students and many friends from the city were present, filling every seat in the hall.

The Week of Prayer was observed with great zeal, beginning with a meeting on Sunday evening, which was led by Prof. Ladd. During the rest of the week the meetings were held from 11:15 till 12:00 o'clock in the forenoon. The leaders were: Mr. N. Boer, Prof. Dimment, Dr. Beardslee, Prof. Bergen, and Mr. C. Spaan. The attendance was most encouraging. We feel that those hours of prayer have done us good, and only hope that the inspiration there received may be permanent.

De Alumnae.

Rev. L. Dykstra, '75, has been compelled to give up his charge at Englewood, Illinois, on account of ill-health.

Dr. J. Otte, '83, writes that Hope Hospital at Anoap, for which he collected while in this country, has been occupied for some time and is now already over-crowded. He says that almost all opposition to the hospital has ceased, even some of the greatest enemies have become friends, and some of the community have offered money for the work.

Rev. H. V. S. Pveke, '87, of the Japan Mission, was made happy by the coming of a daughter.

Mrs. A. Pieters, '87, in addition to her other mission duties, has started and is overseeing a laundry in Nagasaki, Japan. The object is to give employment to the students during the holidays.

College Jottings.

Reminders!

How's the boy?

Strong broth.

Malam bene positum non moveo.

From the acorn grows the oak.

John Meulpolder is preaching in the vicinity of Grand Rapids. "The devotional exercises will be conducted this morning by the Rev. Mr. Meulpolder."

There'll come a time some day,
When we are far away,
There'll be no Seniors to cry at,
There'll come a time.

Prof. Boers hopes to return soon and put new life into the study of history.

Boon a lacks, Boon a lacks,
Here come hell, here come the fife.
We're the H. C. L. L.

By request of Mrs. Gilmore.

Richard De Jong, '01, has joined a secret society, judging from his frequent visits to a masoic lodge.

Keep cool, pa, you'll make the harbor alright.

Hope was well represented at Faust not long ago.

Sluter wonders whether Faust remembers Newton's third law. Be on guard for a practical demonstration, Kelcey.

Prof. Nykerk at the Age of Six.

Keep straight, Sophs, somebody is smiling.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot...." How about the buggy, ex-steward?

Not a great difference between Manse's and Nywening's bed. The one comes down every night. The other comes down once in a while.

The stand-pipe has become an eyesore to the A's.

C. A. Langworthy is at present teaching at Polo, Ill.

Students, brush your coats before going into the Greek room lest some stray long hair on your back attract attention.

Kalamazoo Cooper wants his slippers back.

A very pleasant reception was tendered to Dr. Kollen and the Hope alumni at New Brunswick by Dr. and Mrs. Gillespie not long ago.

Dr. Kollen's return from the east was hastened by the illness of his wife.

Load! Aim! Shoot at the rabbit! A broken window. Expenses for Prof. Bergen, 15 cents.

Prof. Ladd's Thanksgiving was saddened by the death of his father. Oh, well. The D's did not know the co-education rules.

Schipper recently received a true organ.

Drowsy authorities—after Hallow-"en."

Mrs. Gilmore has returned from Minnesota, where she assisted the secretary, Mrs. Horton, in pleading the cause of missions.

Arends is suffering nervous prostration due to overwork, etc.

Read the circulars on the Lecture Course.
Now in press.—Criticism on Dr. Kunzer's Dutch, by A. Klerk. Webster has the following:—

Soup—Meat and vegetables boiled in water.

Spun—Beep, Veluwe, Mansons, Wissara, Brewster, Jennie at the goal. Mocke and Wiggers in the race.

"Those abominable class-meetings.

Daven's got a violin, but he doesn't want his folks to know it.

"I am well moulded alright enough."

Prep. 27 to 6. Of course Jimmy is included under the first number.

All come down and see Van der Laan's photos.

Leestma's heart is cheered each Friday by the sight of a horse and buggy et al.

At the banquet of the Boarding Club on Thanksgiving Van der Mel made an interesting response to the toast "Fishing and other sports."

Kuizenga and Broek have been chosen by the Seniors and Juniors respectively to represent them at the local oratorical contest. The faculty will also choose one from each class. The Sophomores have, as yet, not made a selection. The contest occurs Feb. 22.

The G. B. building which was gutted by fire a few weeks ago has not yet been repaired.

England has no college papers and France no college papers, glee clubs

d fraternities. In the United States there are upwards of four hundred college papers, including eleven dailies, and as many glee clubs, and fraternities galore.

"Of course," said one old farmer to the other, "your boy is learning Latin and Greek, but is he getting anything practical?"

"Oh, yes; in the last letter he writ, he tells me he is taking lessons in fencing."

"Oh, parson, I wish I could carry my gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor.

"It might melt," was the consoling answer.

Shipwreck:—Steamer "Mary Powell" sunk; all hands lost except cook. She was loaded with pig iron and insured for $50,000.

Say, Grandma, why did they put "Peace to his ashes" on Grandpa's tombstone? I always thought he was a good man.

Last words of authors:—

"I am dying of a hundred good symptoms."—Pope.

"Don't let that awkward squad fight over my grave."—Keats.

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