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*Ursinus College*

Samuel Vernon Ruby  
*Ursinus College*

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PROFESSOR SAMUEL VERNON RUBY

# URSINUS COLLEGE BULLETIN

Volume XII.

MEMORIAL NUMBER, APRIL, 1896.

Number 7.

## IN MEMORIAM.

PROF. SAMUEL VERNON RUBY., ESQ., A. M., PH. D.,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, ÆSTHETICS AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

“Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above  
Unmeasured by the flight of years  
And all that life is love.”

“He was a faithful man and feared God above many.”

Again death has visited Ursinus and has taken from us one who had been connected with the College for over two decades. A memorial number of the BULLETIN is again issued in honor of one whose life was interwoven with that of our Alma Mater. Twice before have such numbers been issued, the first nearly six years ago when the lamented and honored founder and first President of the college, Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., LL. D., was called from the scenes of this earthly life, and the second three years later when that sterling man and revered friend of Dr. Bomberger, the financial founder of Ursinus College, Robert Patterson, was summoned to his rest. The issue of this number in memorial form is but a faint tribute to the memory of him who labored so faithfully and conscientiously to build up the institution and to give it high rank among the colleges of the land, our beloved and heroic Professor, Samuel Vernon Ruby.

Always early at his post of duty Prof. Ruby was on his way to the College on the morning of March twelfth, when he was called home. A deep snow had fallen and although no path had yet been made he started for his work. As he was ascending the steps leading to Bomberger Hall he fell. Loving hands soon assisted him to the door of the building where he gave his key to one of the students to open the door. Falling again he soon sank into unconsciousness and was carried into the chapel where he passed away peacefully, surrounded by members of the Faculty and the students who had gathered for morning prayers. The physical cause of death was apoplexy.

The loss sustained by our Alma Mater is very great. One who was devoted to her interests and who sacrificed himself in order to elevate the institution and those attending it, has passed away. His place is vacant, yet we can trust that He who has taken away will also raise up one to fill the place and carry on the work so nobly done by our departed professor. Trusting in Him we go forward knowing that He doeth all things well.

### FUNERAL SERVICES.

Funeral services were held in Trinity Reformed church, Collegetown, on Friday afternoon, March 13th. The choir of the church sang several selections and Miss Sara C. Hendricks, '93, sang a solo. The services were in charge of President Spangler. Dr. James I. Good, Dean of the Theological Faculty, read the ninetyeth and ninety-first Psalms, after which Rev. Prof. Peters offered prayer. Rev. H. W. Super, D. D., LL. D., ex-president of the college, preached a sermon on James iv. : 14 and Rev. J. H. Hendricks, pastor of the church, preached on Romans xi. : 33. The services were concluded with an address by Dr. Good.

The body was conveyed to Mechanicsburg, the home of our departed professor on Saturday morning, the students accompanying the body to the station. Messrs. Isenberg, S. T., '96, Scheirer, '96, Reagle, '97, Kepler, '98, Shenk, '99 and Heinley, A., acted as pall-bearers. President Spangler, and Professors Peters and Kline accompanied the family to Mechanicsburg. Further services were held in St. Paul's Reformed church of that place on Tuesday, March 17. The Rev. J. M. Runkle, pastor of the church, made an address on Mark 4 : 26, President Spangler preached a sermon on the life and character of the deceased, after which a biographical sketch and tribute was read by the Rev. Prof. M. Peters. Rev. J. W. Meminger of Lancaster and Rev. Drs. E. D. Weigle and S. N. Callender of Mechanicsburg assisted at the services. Prof. J. Shelly Weinberger, LL., D., Dean of the College, also attended this service. Interment was made at Peace church, near Shiremanstown, where his ancestors have been buried for many generations.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Prepared by Prof. M. Peters, A. M., B. D.

Almost like a flash out of a clear sky the angel of death appeared in our midst and removed from us the familiar form of our beloved co-laborer and friend, Professor Samuel Vernon Ruby. On Thursday morning, March 12, after leaving his devoted wife and niece to enter upon the duties of the day, he was suddenly stricken down while ascending the steps of Bomberger Memorial Hall. Led by sympathetic hands into the chapel, where morning devotional services were soon to be held, he there gently breathed his last. Surrounded by devoted members of the Faculty and his own faithful students his departure from these familiar scenes took place. How fitting such a transition from the sphere of earthly toil to eternal rest, from the sanctuary below to the upper sanctuary! How beautiful a passing away! Surely there is but a step between us and death. Our years are as a tale that is told. Our pilgrim journey is soon ended and life's work soon closes to be taken up and prosecuted by others.

Professor Ruby was born at Carlisle, Pa., May 22, 1832. He was fitted for college in the preparatory school at Mercersburg, and at the same place, was a student in Marshall College from September, 1849, to March, 1853, when Marshall College was transferred to Lancaster and united with Franklin College.

After a sojourn at Lancaster of eleven weeks he was graduated from Franklin and Marshall College in August, 1853. Professor Ruby and his two brothers, as well as their cousins, Prof. George Ruby, who served for years as Principal of York Academy, and the Rev. John M. Titzel, D. D., were all graduates of Franklin and Marshall, and held a high place among the college men of their day. They were superior representatives of a noble ancestry, and attained the distinction of honorable, useful and influential manhood. At Lancaster he read Law in the office of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, and completed his studies at Carlisle, where he was admitted to practice in 1858. He was immediately successful in his profession, and continued busily engaged in it until the breaking out of the great rebellion.

On the 21st of April, 1861, he enlisted as a volunteer in defence of the nation. The company whose roll bears his name became Company A, 7th regiment infantry, P. R. V. C., and in this he served as private, sergeant, 1st sergeant, 2nd lieutenant, and 1st lieutenant. He participated as commander of his company in the second battle of Bull Run, August 27, 28, 29, 1862; as 2nd lieutenant in the battles of South Mountain, September 15, 1862; Antietam, September 16, 17, 1862; first Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; and commanded the first division of his regiment, consisting of Companies A and E, in the battle of the Wilderness, Virginia, May 5, 1864. On this day his regiment was captured, and he suffered imprisonment for the space of ten months. After his return from imprisonment he was appointed, April, 1865, by the Secretary of War as 1st lieutenant in Hancock's corps of veteran volunteers, and in August of the same year was promoted to captain, and was placed in command of Company D, 3rd regiment of that corps. In April, 1866, he was honorably discharged.

Lieutenant Ruby was judge-advocate of the military district of Alexandria, Virginia, from June, 1863, to April, 1864. Also, when a captain, he was judge-advocate and assistant inspector-general at Camp Butler, Illinois, during a part of the years 1865 and 1866.

Professor Ruby was a brave and courageous soldier and officer in the army and the record of his service is one of which any soldier might justly be proud. We are filled with regret that the rich experiences of his army life with which he, especially at the close of his work, after a Commencement season, so often delighted his colleagues, were never put on record by him and are forever lost.

#### CAREER AS EDUCATOR.

Professor Ruby served one year as Principal of the Third District Grammar School, Dayton, Ohio. In August, 1868, he was appointed Professor of Ancient Languages and Belles-lettres in Palatinate College, Myerstown, Pa. He continued four years in this position. He was called to the chair of English in Ursinus College in 1872 and here his services were continued to the day of his death.

Professor Ruby was a remarkable man. He was endowed with a strong and vigorous personality. He had the power to mould and discipline those who came under

his instruction. The impress of his teaching has been left on a whole generation of students. While very often stern and severe in his rebuke of the wrongdoer, underneath it all there was a kindly heart which overlooked injuries and sought the welfare and permanent good of every student. He was a model teacher and disciplinarian, as is attested by the results of his work in the lives of his students. The discipline which he acquired while an officer in the army no doubt gave his work a directness, positiveness and commanding authority which were hardly ever questioned.

The genial side of his nature could at all times, if properly approached, be drawn out. When he had leisure he would find his greatest delight in the social side of college life. The peculiar charm of his personality which all so well remember made him always interesting. For nearly twenty years of his connection with Ursinus College he had his residence in the college dormitories, and during the greater part of that time he was the Senior Professor in charge of discipline. Many pleasant reminiscences of this part of the Professor's life and associations are recalled by his former associates and students. While greatly relieved of the burdens of discipline when he took up his family residence in town, he cherished an abiding affection for the old buildings and the boys. The familiar scene of the Professor in the centre of a group of students on the campus earnestly discussing some question is one which we can never forget and which fills our hearts with mournful yet pleasing retrospect.

His work as a teacher was of supreme importance to him and he never wearied to speak of it. His method of teaching English was wrought out by himself and was perfectly adapted to the ends at which he aimed and which he reached. By thorough and persistent drill in the elements, and by detailed illustrations of processes by means of practical exercises in literary composition, he gradually developed the principles involved and made his students familiar with processes of literary composition. It was his custom to review at brief intervals the subjects studied, and by constant reiteration of principles to lead his students step by step to the goal of all his efforts, viz., the oration. The composition of this became more of a delight than a burden. In all his work he followed only the best writers as his models.

He became master of the work in the special departments of which he had charge. The thoroughness which characterized everything he undertook was especially a marked feature of his work in English. He exacted the same thoroughness from his students and the impress of his careful training was left upon all who passed through his course in English.

Besides his work in English, his specialty, Professor Ruby taught at different periods Logic, Social Science, Æsthetics, Physiology, Geology and Botany. Of all these subjects Botany probably gave him the greatest delight and enlisted his undivided interest while engaged in it. The enthusiasm with which he prosecuted this subject in the early spring and summer put new life into the work of the students whom he sent out over field and meadow to gather new material to enrich their herbariums.

Professor Ruby was also Secretary of the Faculty for many years, and his training as a lawyer gave his minutes, the papers which he drew up, and the letters which he dictated, the exactness and finish of legal documents.

His decision of character, the firmness with which he held his convictions, his willingness to undertake any labor to promote the welfare of the institution, and his untiring industry made him a potent factor in shaping the policy and in carrying forward the work of the college. His loss is an irreparable one.

In its varied experiences, amid cloud and sunshine, Professor Ruby proved himself a staunch and devoted friend and a firm supporter of all the interests of the college. It filled him with rapturous delight to watch the larger growth and prosperity of the institution. His varied life was wrapt up in it and inwove itself into every feature of its work. He toiled and labored for its upbuilding and whatever obstacles arose to hinder or retard its progress affected him most deeply. Thus he toiled on incessantly, putting forth and devoting the best energies of his life to its welfare until the summons came to him to cease. His record at Ursinus College is that of a work nobly accomplished.

Professor Ruby wrote very beautiful poems, of which the best of his collegiate efforts was "Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow." His last poem was on "Spring, a Pennsylvania Idyl."\* He also gave a number of opening addresses before the students of the College which were afterwards published.

He was a faithful and devoted Christian and at all times his testimony both public and private was a sincere expression of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He was unwavering in his devotion to the simple doctrines and truths of the religion of Christ, and the religious training which he received under the parental roof from pious parents continued his support and strength until life's close. For a number of years he taught a Bible class composed of students in the college chapel on Sunday morning.

On the 28th of December, 1886, Professor Ruby was united in marriage with Miss Mary E. Titzel of Mechanicsburg, thus strengthening the ties that bound him to one of the prominent families of Cumberland county. As husband and friend he was devotedly attached to those who were near and dear to him. He fondly loved his home and was at all times anxiously concerned for the best interests of his family and solicitous for their highest welfare. His remains were laid to rest in the cemetery of the old Peace church, whose services he attended in his youth and where his relatives and ancestors have been buried for many generations.

The record of such a life and such good accomplished illustrates anew that the true toiler in life's work never dies. The life of our beloved friend and brother is an inspiration to all, especially to those who were his students, to toil on and to be faithful unto the end.

Beloved teacher, faithful friend! The memory of thy noble life will not be enshrined in the perishable brass and marble of earth, but in the enduring devotion of true and loyal hearts.

\* This poem is inserted entire in the last pages of this number of the BULLETIN.

## MEMORIAL ACTION ON PROFESSOR RUBY'S DEATH.

BY THE FACULTY.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Ursinus College, held March 12, 1896, the death of Professor Samuel Vernon Ruby, Esq., A. M., Ph. D., Professor of the English Language and Literature, Æsthetics and Social Science, was announced by the President, whereupon the following preamble and resolutions were adopted and ordered to be entered upon the minutes of the Faculty.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His All-wise Providence to remove from this life Professor Samuel Vernon Ruby, who was connected with Ursinus College for nearly a quarter of a century, a pre-eminent teacher of the English language and literature, distinguished for his rich and varied knowledge and experience, profound scholarship and pure taste, as well as for his sincere Christian life and patriotic devotion to his country; therefore,

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to his memory all college exercises be suspended until Monday morning, March 16.

*Resolved*, That we sincerely cherish the memory of our departed friend and colleague for his faithful and efficient services.

*Resolved*, That we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the members of his family in their sore bereavement.

*Resolved*, That we appoint a committee to accompany his remains to his home in Mechanicsburg, and to represent the college on the day of his burial.

*Resolved*, That on the day of the funeral obsequies the President of the college be requested to deliver an obituary address, and that a sketch of his life be read by a member of the Faculty.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the press.

J. S. WEINBERGER,  
M. PETERS,  
W. A. KLINE,  
Committee.

BY THE STUDENT BODY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst Samuel Vernon Ruby, Esq., A. M., Ph. D., Professor of the English Language and Literature; and

WHEREAS, By his persistent energy and untiring zeal he has distinguished himself as a teacher and endeared himself to us; therefore,

*Resolved*, That while we deeply mourn his death and feel his irreparable loss as a teacher and friend, we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father.

*Resolved*, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and pray that he who has promised to be the father of the fatherless and the husband of the widow may afford them gracious consolation.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and that they be published in the Ursinus College BULLETIN.

W. A. KLINE, S. T., '96,  
G. W. ZIMMERMAN, '96,  
M. N. WEHLER, '97,  
W. M. RIFE, '98,  
E. T. RHODES, '99,  
J. E. STONE, A.

Ursinus College, Collegetown, Pa., March 13, 1896.

BY THE CLASS OF '96.

WHEREAS, Prof. Samuel Vernon Ruby, Esq., A. B., A. M., Ph. D., our kind and beloved adviser, our conscientious and competent teacher, our sincere friend, has been called to receive his heavenly reward; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Senior class, who have received at his hands a liberal education in the English classics, do hereby express our grief and sorrow at the loss sustained by his sudden death, while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

*Resolved*, That our heartfelt sympathy be extended to his bereaved wife and to his dutiful niece, our esteemed classmate; and that we commend them unto the One who can soothe all sorrow.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and that they be published in the Ursinus College BULLETIN and the *Providence Independent*.

EDWARD M. SCHEIRER,  
GEO. W. ZIMMERMAN,  
CHAS. S. RAHN,  
HORACE O. WILLIAMS,  
A. N. STUBBLEBINE,  
A. C. THOMPSON,  
GEO. F. LONGACRE,  
EDWIN J. LAROS,

Class.

Ursinus College, March 13, 1896.

BY THE SCHAFF LITERARY SOCIETY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst Prof. Samuel Vernon Ruby, Esq., A. M., Ph. D., who has ever been an advocate of all that pertained to literary training and who was ever ready to assist that which was just and right, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the Schaff Literary Society, do hereby express our grief at having been deprived of such a friend.

*Resolved*, That our heartfelt sympathy be extended to the members of his bereaved family and that we commend them to Him who can soothe all sorrow.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and that they be entered on the minutes of the Society.

H. O. WILLIAMS, '96,  
 J. O. REAGLE, '97,  
 STANLEY CASSELBERRY, '98,  
 GEO. E. KOPENHAVER, '99,  
 CHAS. S. DEPPEN, A.,  
 Committee.

Ursinus College, March 20, 1896.

### PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

BY J. SHELLY WEINBERGER, LL. D.

Prof. Samuel Vernon Ruby, A. M., Ph. D., gave himself as a holocaust to the cause of Christian education in Ursinus College. Eminently successful literary achievements have crowned his life. He was a true teacher giving light to others only to consume himself. No sacrifice, no self-denial was too great for him. He lived to see his ideal of the College realized. He passed through the stages of its life in the struggle for honorable recognition among the American colleges. Through his agency many successful strides were made. In the upholding of the department of English lay his chief success. He taught accurately, systematically, conscientiously, and kindled firesides which will be kept burning never to be extinguished. He was a man of fervent piety and he made the greatest efforts to mould the character of the young after the highest Christian models. His stately form, his lofty bearing, his genial smile, and his heartfelt greetings prove pleasant memories to all who were associated with him.

BY REV. W. I. STEWART, PASTOR OF CHRIST REFORMED CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

It gives me great pleasure to pay a tribute to Prof. Samuel Vernon Ruby whom I, as his pastor at Mechanicsburg, Pa., knew for six years. During the summer months when he was enjoying a needed rest from college duties, I often met him in the hospitable homes of his friends. Faithfulness in the performance of his obligations was characteristic of him. It was not limited to his country in war and in peace, and to his fellow-men. Many men are faithful to country and fellow-men, who fail to meet their obligations to Christ and to his church.

Prof. Ruby did not belong to this class of men. He recognized his duty to God and to his church, and sought to perform it. He did this not only at the college where, no doubt, duty to the institution required it, but also at home where he laid aside professional work in order to gain strength for the coming year.

However exacting the duties of the year, or the cares of a professor incident to Commencement week, on the Sunday after his return to his home he appeared in the sanctuary with his friends, and in reverent attitude worshiped God.

As he began his vacation by ascending the hill of the Lord, and by standing in his holy place, so he continued and ended it. He went back to his professional duties at the college with God's blessing through his church resting upon him.

Many a person with less need of rest than he, would regard vacation as the time to be less faithful in participating in the public means of grace. But he had no such conception of faithfulness to God and to his church.

And so those who live after him can rise up and say that he having served his God with faithfulness was not in the hour of his greatest need without the support of his Savior.

BY REV. I. CALVIN FISHER, '89, LEBANON, PA.

Prof. Ruby was a man of power in his chosen sphere. Being a man of commanding presence, he would already be an inspiration to the student. By reason of his strong intellect and his resolute determination he became master of his subject. By his quiet and unassuming manner and his ever-cautious spirit, it was largely the student under his care that would be receiving fresh zeal and inspiration from his master mind. He had a perfect abhorrence of self-glory.

The field of literature has lost one of its strongest devotees. The student has lost one of his best and most proficient instructors. No matter how careless, indifferent and shiftless the student may have been when he entered Dr. Ruby's class room, he left it a better and wiser man.

The college with which he was so closely identified for the past twenty-four years has lost one of its most eminent professors. In the earlier days of the institution when the clouds of adversity were rising thick and fast, and when the very life of the institution was threatened, it took a Bomberger, a Super, a Ruby and a Weinberger to stand firm and true, and from among these there was none more dauntless and self-denying than the worthy subject of this sketch.

The country has lost one of its most devoted patriots. Prof. Ruby was a typical American. He believed that "righteousness exalteth a nation and that sin is a reproach to any people." His Americanism could never be questioned and was such that no student of his could leave the college halls without having learned of a better type of citizenship and having imbibed a higher ideal of patriotism.

Prof. Ruby was a man of rare abilities as a writer. His addresses and lectures delivered before the students of the college were prepared with the utmost care. They all manifest that they are but the evolution of a strong mind. His lectures on the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero reveal the most scrutinizing research.

No one can do justice in so brief a space to the life and character of so eminent a man, but we feel it a rare opportunity to write about one who has been so signal a blessing to one who shall ever cherish with fondest remembrance the untold benefit he received from Dr. Samuel Vernon Ruby.

BY PROF. GRANVILLE H. MEIXELL, M. A., '90, OF MIDLAND COLLEGE, KANSAS.

With the possible exception of Dr. Bomberger, no man ever connected with Ursinus College left a deeper impression upon the character and traditions of the institution, or exerted a more powerful influence upon the lives and characters of the individual than did Professor Ruby.

No one who ever sat under Professor Ruby's instruction will deny that he was a great teacher. Few teachers have been more thorough and more exacting than he was. What his instruction may have lacked in extension, it more than made up in intention and the student as a rule was the gainer from his characteristic pedagogic attitude and method. He always went to the heart of things, analyzed the subject thoroughly, repeated the main thoughts again and again, until the student could not help but have a fair grasp of the subject in spite of his own mental obtuseness and perversity. And such intensive, thorough, analytic, disciplinary instruction the undergraduate student especially needs to give him the training necessary to enable him to do efficient and successful work in his post-graduate career, whether that be cast into higher academic, professional, or industrial lines.

But much of Professor Ruby's best work for Ursinus was accomplished outside the classroom. For almost two decades he lived in contact with "the boys" in the dormitories, ate his meals with them, and exerted a powerful moulding and restraining influence upon their daily habits and lives. He always aimed at something higher and broader in collegiate training than mere book learning. The student's personal habits, methods of work, physical health, social culture, and spiritual well-being, were all subjects of his constant care and attention. Very few of the students, I feel certain, ever fully appreciated how much they were the objects of his daily concern in these respects, and how he really cared for them with a father's solicitude and consideration; nor have many of us ever, even in our hearts, I fear, rendered him the gratitude that was his just due.

And thus in the classroom and outside of it, faithfully, patiently, heroically, for over twenty years of devoted service, he gave freely the best of his life, his thoughts, his affections, to the institution that had become dearer to him than all things else in this world; and he left with it in the work he accomplished, the influence he diffused, and the tradition he implanted, a legacy the value and blessing of which the coming years will never cease to multiply. For the college he wrought better than he knew; for the students he wrought better than they knew.

BY REV. WM. R. H. DEATRICH, PASTOR REFORMED CHURCH AT NEWPORT, PERRY CO., PA.

No poor words of mine can paint the intense darkness and inner pain that overshadowed my soul on the morning when I received the sad intelligence of the death of my warm personal friend, Prof. Samuel Vernon Ruby. Our relations were of the most intimate kind. For eight years I had been his pastor, and enjoyed his sweetest confidence and friendship. This friendship continued unabated during all his life. My intercourse with him, in this relation, gave to me an excellent opportunity

to study and know my friend. I was with him in sunshine and in shadow, and I always found him to be the same meek and lowly man. I recall an instance, when he stood under the cypress and the willow weeping at the open grave of his mother, and turning to me he said:—"It is almost more than I can bear, but God is long-suffering and kind—He never doeth anything wrong—His grace is sufficient for me—I will not murmur."

Prof. Ruby was a constellation of Christian graces.—The ground-floor of his exalted Christian character consisted in a simple faith in Jesus Christ as the Savior of men. This child-like faith shaped and sustained him in all the varied walks of life. For him to live was Christ; to die was gain. Firm and unyielding as was his character as a Christian gentleman and scholar, he was no bigot. Bigotry was not in any of his thoughts. He was always open to conviction. For him *righteousness* was supreme—once convinced he stood as firm as a "munition of rocks." He was brave and heroic in his spirit—not a rover, or a shifter, playing hot or cold with duty, but he was an earnest man, who, having found the truth in Christ, planted himself upon it immovably. He was quiet and yet strong. His strength lay in his sincerity. He was no time-server either in church or in state. He had nothing but disdain for the pretender and the hypocrite—they would rouse the lion in him, and he would flare against them with an energy that was startling to his friends. He could not tolerate a *sham* either in the class-room or out of it in the daily walk of life.

Prof. Ruby was a Christian gentleman without guile. He was too pure and good to dissemble. In his manly soul, moulded by God's grace and spirit, reposed all the factors of a true and trusted friend. Full and running over was a tender sympathy for all men in the struggles and conflicts of life, especially the poor. He was the poor man's friend, and to his bosom many a man fled for protection in time of need. He was the warm-hearted, sympathetic friend of the student in all his troubles. This accounts largely for his marvelous success as a teacher, and has won for him a host of admiring friends. It was the Alpha and the Omega of his life as a teacher to enkindle within the bosom of his students a sincere love of truth and of virtue, and of goodness.

Prof. Ruby was cultured and refined in his manners. All his personal habits were in accord with his character as a gentleman of letters. He was careful in his conversation, and it was always instructive to listen to him. There were times when his conversation assumed an eloquent and captivating form, challenging the most careless listeners. His manner was simple and dignified. There were no efforts at display. This he avoided by seeking the quiet of home. He has shown this *trait*, in a marked degree, in his three-fold character of the learned citizen, the brave soldier, and the bright Christian. He would rather take Shakespeare and retire into some quiet nook than take a central place in any outward display of his superior gifts.

But my friend has finished his earthly human history, and has gone up the golden stairs to the many-mansioned home beyond the stars. Although dead, he yet speaketh to us in the class-room, and out of it. He has an inspiration to give us out of

the wealth of his sainted life—our hope is brighter, and our faith is stronger, that he lived in Christ, and died in Christ. Now that he is in glory, above principalities and powers, a new, fresh impulse streams pasts the clouds and takes captive our thoughts and desires, lifting us up into a more exalted and better manhood. A sweet voice comes to us from the Realm of Glory, through the yielding air, calling us into a more active service in the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. May it be our supreme aim in life to lay up treasures in Heaven—to labor to attain those elements of character that make for us an enduring monument of good, which no time can destroy. Nothing can be of more real value to ourselves, or be of greater benefit to us, than the power of God's grace, which moulded and matured our sainted brother for his heavenly reward. It has been said that the finest fruit the earth holds up to its Creator is a finished gentleman in Christ—such ripe fruit Christ seeks and hungers for in our life, and such fruit He picked from Bomberger Hall, when He summoned to the heavenly home our friend and brother.

BY DR. E. M. HYDE OF LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

Never before in the history of man have so many earnest men devoted themselves to the study of the moral forces which dominate the nation. But the observer of human progress, as he scans the terrible records of crime which appear each day in our public prints, is saddened by the thought that this may be an indication of degeneracy. Like the jarring note in a great orchestra whose music strikes upon our ears, these unseemly deeds shock and appal, and the lover of his country who realizes that it can be great only as it is pure and noble is almost tempted to despair. Yet, as we look below the surface and observe what forces most avail to mould the future, we shall see that it is not the blatant infidel, whose coarse assaults are taken by weak minds in the stead of real arguments, nor is it the self-seeking politician, who impresses himself upon the coming men of America, but it is the quiet, unobtrusive teacher who can do most, along with the clergy, to stem the tide of evil and leave behind him something enduring. Our colleges are pouring out thousands of trained thinkers who are to take the helm and guide the ship of state, or to fill the chairs in school and college, or to occupy pulpits whence hearts are to be touched and men guided to the place of safety.

But many teachers never exert the influence just mentioned. Either their ambition is directed merely towards individual acquisitions with less thought of the needs of their pupils, or ease or pleasure prevent them from bringing into action the full power of their office. The educational world can number many great scholars; but it points only to a select few who understood how to give the bread of knowledge to the hungry and to infuse that enthusiasm which is productive of the highest efforts and the most successful career.

It is now nine years since I was privileged first to enjoy the acquaintance of Professor Ruby and I have valued it most highly ever since. There is something about real worth which wins at once and holds our affection as the years roll on. It is true that we may be attracted for a while by that which is merely brilliant; but time

will rust the false gold, while the pure metal shines all the brighter as the storms come and destroy the shams about us. During the time that I was actively associated with him I was struck with his high ideal of his profession. To him it was no mere means of support, nor even a field of distinction, but it was a mission given him from on high for the good of his fellow-men. His life was as truly consecrated to the service of the Master as though he had been sent as a missionary to the heart of China. This was accompanied by no selfishness, but was a complete surrender of his best powers to the need of his students. How patiently he considered the problem of training in all the elements which make a master of English those who were to go into ministry. Those idioms which dialectic peculiarities in our state have imported into the language were carefully classified and the errors explained with infinite patience, and no one sought his advice in vain. To many a student this practical drill has seemed almost excessive, but in after years he has appreciated with tender gratitude not only its intense value to himself, but the toil it cost his faithful teacher.

Another point about Dr. Ruby's work was the high plane upon which it was done. No half-way study, no surface performance satisfied him. His own preparation was careful and his opinions were clear-cut and based upon what he regarded to be the highest authorities. When we consider how many subjects have been covered by his patient labors during the years of his service at Ursinus, we can see how much effort was devoted to their acquisition. Notwithstanding all this, the weight of duties was never reduced, but the pressure was rather increased, if it appeared to him that there was need of another hour for drill or instruction.

But far beyond the intellectual stimulus proceeding from our lamented friend was the value of his example of sturdy fulfilment of duty, often performed in pain and suffering. If he demanded much from others, he was ever ready to put the same into practice which he advocated for others.

Noble as Professor Ruby was as a teacher and scholar, still more does he win our admiration and love through the depth of his spiritual nature and the consistency of his life. He did not view his students as material for mental development alone, but as men who needed, first of all, to learn the transcendent importance of their souls, and therefore he endeavored to instil high religious ideals, not only in the Bible Class which was so helpful to many, but at all times both by precept and practice. He weighed the difficulties which beset men and was never disposed to be unduly severe where mercy might win the wayward.

There always seemed to be a large mixture in his nature of that heroic spirit which has enabled the great of all time to sacrifice themselves for what was holy, and which has crowned the martyrs of the faith. In this age of indifference and self-indulgence it is good to know one whose gaze was fixed beyond the veil which dims our mental sight, "seeing Him who is invisible." It vivifies our purposes, purifies our aims, and calls us to tread the path that leads whither he has gone. So now when we think of this quiet, earnest, noble life upon whose beauty we scarce thought enough while he was among us, a light shines upon us like the wondrous glow upon the Alpine summits which flashes over the snowy peaks after the orb of

day has sunk below the distant horizon and transfigures with its splendor the far-off mountains. Each rugged cliff and massive cone is revealed and beautified by the rosy gleam. So memory will recall for us the teacher who has been so prominent on the horizon of our thoughts, never to be forgotten. Although his life's sun has set upon earth, it has risen where effort finds its reward and weary toil its blessed rest, where the pure in heart shall rest forever.

#### SKETCH OF SERMON BY EX-PRESIDENT SUPER.

On a bright summer morning we look into the clear skies above. Not a speck is to be seen. After a while the bright rays of the sun have generated some moisture and a little cloud appears. The still brighter rays of the sun dissipate the moisture which the feebler heat has generated. The moisture has disappeared and the heavens are again spotless. This is the picture which is given us of human life by an inspired apostle. "What is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away." James 4: 14. Our human life is compared to a patch of condensed moisture which rapidly evaporates on the application of greater heat. Vapor is but a form of moisture. At first a liquid, it passes into cloud, then takes the gaseous form and becomes invisible. It is process of change of particles. Nothing new is added, nothing is taken away. The matter remains the same but new forms are exhibited. This is true of human life. We are subject to changes. When God breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life he gave to man a new form of existence out of the fulness of his own being. That existence remains. It may pass through various changes, but the life continues. As a change into the vapor does not annihilate the particles, neither does a change in our life annihilate the life. Whatever may be forms we pass through, the continuity of life is assured. We have our changes, physical, mental and spiritual. Mentally we have our moods, emotions, feelings under various conditions. We are in one mood to-day. We may be in another to-morrow. Spiritually we are sluggards and apparently dead. The sunshine of God's love may drive away the clouds and make the soul to pass into an ethereal state of brightness and happiness. Physically we are all the time passing through changes. No sooner are we born than we begin to die. But these changes are not annihilation. They are like the changes in matter. Our present condition is one of the forms of our existence. Death is but the passing into the invisible state of what is now apparent. "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." "The dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall all be changed." Thus we learn to look forward to the more glorious future which God has prepared for them that love Him.

The presentation of life under the form of vapor also teaches its brevity. "It appeareth for a little while." The longest life is short compared with eternity. The average of human life is only one half of the three score and ten which are given as the limit by the Psalmist. Short as it is it is long enough to accomplish the pur-

poses for which God has placed us in this world. We must not estimate life by the time we live, but by the good we do. A short life measured in time may be a long one measured by the results in righteousness, ripeness for eternity, virtues developed, and happiness conferred. A long life measured in time may be short when spent in neglect of opportunities, in evil done, in defiance of calls to duty. A short life is sufficient for afflictions, troubles and trials of our earthly state and enough for even the joys that are mixed and limited.

"The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer." Our lives are passing and we know not what a day may bring forth. Yesterday morning Prof. Ruby in health and strength proceeded to his usual place in the college chapel. We saw him ascend the first step and then fall. Help soon came and he was carried into the chapel. He said it was only an ordinary attack and he would soon be well, but death came in a few moments. The change came and he peacefully passed into the higher and more glorious life. We became acquainted with him some fifty years ago at college in Mercersburg. The friendship then begun has continued to the present time. We lost sight of each other for a long time, but we became associated in 1872 in Ursinus College. In all the years that are past he was esteemed and beloved in all the relations of life. As a friend he was faithful and warm in his friendship. As a teacher he was studious and labored with all his strength to do his best in his department and many are living to bear testimony to the work he accomplished. In his home he was happy in his domestic relations and made cheerful sacrifices for the benefit of those near and dear to him. As a citizen he was ready for every duty. At the call of the President he left a bright prospect at the bar and enlisted in the service of his country for the war. At the close of the war he was still at his post and remained to the end. In the same way he remained faithful to his post in the college until he was called higher by the Great Teacher and the Superior General. As a Christian man his walk and conversation shine everywhere with the best evidence of his sincerity and purity of character. None knew him but to regard and respect his consecrated life. How quickly came the summons that removed him. But he was prepared and ready for it. He did not regard death as a calamity, but a favorable change to a higher state. "Be ye ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

It behooves us to make a wise use of our time while upon the earth. We know not when that time will expire. It is a precious season for opportunities; the employment of our abilities in the service of Christ; for the promotion of every good work. Blessed is the record which a good man leaves behind him. It is a fragrant incense which remains after the fires have gone out. God be praised for the useful lives that have helped this earth.

It behooves us to make our calling and election sure. Men are watchful and prepared for contingencies in their business. There are contingencies in the spiritual life which no less demand preparation. We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things we have heard lest at any time we should let them slip. The consequences of a misspent life are too great to be neglected. The end may come too soon and suddenly to give time to correct errors. *Now* is the accepted time.

Let us make our lives beneficent. By our words and acts we may teach others lessons that will never fade from the memory or lose their impress upon the lives of our pupils. Honored is the position of the teacher. His lessons never die!

Let us make Christ the hope of glory! To live is Christ and as a result to die is gain. The eternal life is within. There may be change in condition, but with Paul we can say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." With that life in the soul we pass through the crystal gates of that city which hath foundations and whose builder and maker is God.

### SERMON BY REV. J. H. HENDRICKS.

TEXT:—"O THE DEPTH OF THE RICHES BOTH OF THE WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE OF GOD!  
HOW UNSEARCHABLE ARE HIS JUDGMENTS, AND HIS WAYS PAST FINDING OUT!"

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord," was the high commission given to the evangelical prophet Isaiah, a distinguished servant "of the most high God;" and it is certainly the sacred prerogative and Christian duty of the minister of the gospel of the blessed Christ, to speak to those who fear, serve and love God, in times of said providential visitations, the Scripture words of solid and enduring comfort. To surviving mourners from whom beloved ones have gone hence to be forever with the Lord, there is at hand, in that gospel that brings "life and immortality to light, an inexhaustible and ever flowing fountain of divine consolation, commensurate with and efficient to relieve to a large degree, what otherwise would prove an almost intolerable and crushing sense of loss and loneliness. I will not, I cannot minimize the sadness of the peculiar providence which has brought us together in God's house at this time, to hold such funeral obsequies as may be fitting to the memory of our most worthy departed brother, Prof. Samuel Vernon Ruby, Ph. D.

The terrible shock to family and friends, far and near, occasioned by the sudden demise and the fact that it occurred just a little distance from home so that the usual loving bedside ministrations of wife and relatives could not be given, in this case has its large compensations, in that he met death while on his way to honorable work, and at the place where he had spent almost a fourth of a century in unremitting, conscientious and appreciated effort, as a college professor, in doing successfully his part in the education and training intellectually and morally, hundreds of the best young ladies and gentlemen of the state. Prof. Ruby was preeminently, even to great personal sacrifice, loyal to Ursinus College, and did a great share to secure for her the prestige she enjoys among the similar institutions of higher Christian education in our land. Like a brave soldier in the field of battle, Prof. Ruby was struck down at his post with the whole harness on.

"The steps of the good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." It is by reason of a strong conviction that Almighty God graciously orders the issues of the lives of his people and that the divine methods employed to carry out his purposes are so full of mercy, knowledge, wisdom, etc., and to my mind are

here clearly manifest in time, place, and manner of Prof. Ruby's death, that we have chosen the words, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

(The analysis, the primary application, and general illustrations of the text are here omitted for want of room.)

I leave to others who have been long and closely associated with him in college work to speak more fully of our brother as an educator and college professor. I wish, however, here to give public grateful expression of my personal appreciation for what Prof. Ruby, as one of the members of the Ursinus Faculty, has done in the education of several members of my own family. By reason of the many branches in the college curriculum that the Professor taught, more so formerly than latterly, he necessarily came into contact with the students more frequently in the class-room than other professors whose branches were less numerous. Next to the office of the Gospel minister is that of the Christian teacher.

As pastor I bear willing testimony to the exemplary, strictly conscientious, deeply devotional character of the departed. He, almost always accompanied by his wife and niece, was a regular attendant upon public worship, and his helpful presence will be greatly missed. Although a master and superior teacher of the English language, he was above criticising the defective English that he may have heard from time to time in the pulpit, feeling that his errand to God's house was for devout worship and not for incisive, destructive criticism. On fit occasions he could and did speak, joining his good wife with him in the matter, very gracious and encouraging words of appreciation of sermons heard preached and of services conducted.

A highly commendable trait of our brother's Christian character, was his habit of daily prayers with his family in the sanctity of the private home circle, and of special prayer when arranging to go on a journey, thus commending himself and his, in the perils of travel, to the trusted care of Almighty God. Admonitory symptoms of fell disease attacking the vital forces of his body, presaging the rapid approach of the inevitable, known only to himself and wife, during the last six months or more led our brother to even greater diligence in prayer, watchfulness and self-examination, as means to the setting of his house in order, so that when the end would come, sooner or later, suddenly or lingeringly, through divine grace he might humbly feel:

"Life's race well run ;  
Life's work well done ;  
Life's crown well won ;  
Then comes rest."

Prof. Ruby was an eminent *patriotic* Christian citizen, both in times of peace and war. In the days of our country's imminent peril in consequence of foul treason in our national legislature, and in many of the states' legislatures, when deep and skilfully laid plans for a successful rebellion against the general government had been openly and defiantly proclaimed, Prof. Ruby's patriotic spirit was so stirred for the honor of the dear old flag, that he sacrificed the prospect of a promising professional career, and enlisted as a soldier in the Union army, to save his country from disruption, and the stars and stripes, earth's grandest symbol of law, order

and good government, from being dishonorably trailed in the dust. He fought in several memorable battles, and held at sundry times very responsible positions in the conduct of war. May the memory of the patriotic dead be sacredly cherished.

The limitations of the human knowledge, both as to the present and the future, render it absolutely impossible for man to know the preferable time, all things considered, to depart this life. Viewed from the point of human reason, it might be asked, when, where, what time of life, at what work, in what manner, could the departed have gone hence more fittingly, more tenderly touching, more honorably, more triumphantly, than as the Lord ordered? Just fresh from morning family prayer, on entrance way to College chapel for public religious devotion and daily work, there and then gently falling prostrate in the presence of his pupils and fellow-members of the Faculty, painlessly breathing out life in a few rapidly passing moments in the enjoyment of their tearful attentions, in the temple of learning within a few feet of his cherished recitation room:—"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

"How blest the righteous when he dies,  
When sinks the weary soul to rest;  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast."

Prof. Ruby was reared in and lived in the church whose leading symbol of faith teaches that "all things come not by chance, but by His (God's) fatherly hand." What amazing consolations are the Christian's portion both in life and death!

"Be content, poor heart,  
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;  
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart—  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

Our brother has passed from human sight and human conditions, "to be present forever with the Lord." The brother is not dead; in passing through death's narrow gateway, he has simply thrown off the no longer needed "vile body." Retaining his identity and personality, he now enjoys the blessed fellowship of Jesus, Moses, Elias, and the "spirits of the just men made perfect." When the martyred Stephen was about ending his existence under a shower of stones, he looked heavenward and saw Jesus at the right hand of God, and to him he committed his immortal spirit. My own mind is fully persuaded that Jesus stands ready to receive in every instance, at the so-called death of His people, their spirits, their real selves, although we do not see it for want of sufficiently enlarged vision.

"The beggar died and was carried into Abraham's bosom." Paul desired to depart that he might be with Christ, for to him to be "absent from the body was to *be present with the Lord.*"

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Death cannot cause a break in the spiritual man, for that is independent of material circumstances and conditions. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, . . . . . he that is holy, let him be holy still."

No human tongue can express and no human mind can adequately conceive the promised glories that await redeemed souls in the upper world immediately upon their departure out of their earthly bodies. Divine revelation by statement and illustration clearly teaches us that the departed godly of all ages are in personal, conscious fellowship with the Lord, and consequently are in the enjoyment of life under superior conditions and environments. The loss of the companionship and useful life of our brother is deeply felt, but we are thankful for the life he lived and for the good work he did. "The memory of the just is blessed."

### PRESIDENT SPANGLER'S SERMON.

TEXT:—"FOR HE WAS A FAITHFUL MAN, AND FEARED GOD ABOVE MANY."

There are two points of view from which the life of every good man is worthy of study. In the first place we should endeavor to learn the secret principle on which it is organized and carried to success, that our lives may be more wisely guided. In the second place an analysis of its spirit and purpose will bring us into sympathy with its achievements, so that we become in part sharers of its triumphs and thus find some compensation for our loss or comfort in our bereavement.

It is possible to analyze a life because every life is controlled consciously or unconsciously by definite principles. That to which a man gives himself continuously soon becomes his master. His pursuits become the voluntary or involuntary choices of his life. His mind will follow the lines which habit has established. However diverse his engagements or distracting his surroundings his consciousness will tend to return to the objects of his thought and desire whenever stimuli demanding immediate attention are not present.

From the very nature of his constitution there is at least one clearly defined line along which man's life organizes itself. It is that principle which constitutes the final test of all character and life, viz., man's relation to his God. Of this relation he becomes more or less fully conscious in proportion as he grasps the fact of his own rational personality and distinguishes himself from the world in which he lives and through which he realizes his being. When a man cultivates his natural intuition of God as he does his knowledge of the world and his consciousness of himself, in the light of all the truth revealed to him on the subject, he will find the fulness and strength of his life concentrating itself on his relation to his Maker. Only as his life is brought into right relations with his God will that life discover the law of its own harmonious development and of satisfactory relation and service to man. Only in the fear of God do we find the foundation of enduring character and the guiding principle of a noble life.

The recognition of a higher power brings into a man's life the highest ideals that can dominate any life. It discloses to man Him in whose image he was created. It elevates his life into the very presence of God. It opens the eye of faith that the soul can see God. It fixes the attitude of the soul in relation to the sun of righteous-

ness, so that the brightness of His rising may always irradiate and gladden the life. It makes the knowledge of God's nearness to man a living factor in the earthly life. It directs the attention to the unseen and eternal, leading us to consult the divine wishes and desires in determining our choices and providing for us a sphere in which the life may grow and expand, may organize and centralize itself, without the risk of mistake and with the certainty of increasing satisfaction.

When the fear of God reigns supreme in the heart the life will be delivered from the dominion of that alien power, the fear of man. It will transfer the source of constraint in thought and conduct from without to within the man. His ideals of life will be heaven-inspired and the world of men and things will assume their proper, subordinate position in relation to his own development. He will feel the power of a higher influence than human law, the inspiration of a nobler ambition than human rivalry and the freedom of independent manhood. The monitors and the arbiters of his life will be honor, and conscience, and God.

The fear of God in the heart will also break down the power of life's conventionalities. It will free a man from the slavery of custom and the tyranny of fashion. It will give him that supreme indifference to what men may say that makes him oblivious of their criticism and elevates him above their jealousies. He lives above the clouds of social prejudice and unsanctified personal revenge. Ah, happy is the life that is hid with Christ in God that it cannot be found by the pettiness of life, the deceit of society and the selfishness of men.

At the same time the fear of God engenders a sense of responsibility in all the relations of life. One who fears God will also be a faithful man. Fidelity is the handmaid of religion. Such a man will in the first place be faithful to his own ideals, true to his own convictions, and firm in his adherence to the right as he sees it. He will not be devoted to his own interests in a selfish way, but he will have regard for himself because he feels responsible for what he is, for what he makes of himself and for what he does. The consciousness of responsibility to God, however, includes all the relations of life, and a God-fearing man will discharge his duties to his fellows with fidelity, knowing that he shall give an account for all the deeds done in the body.

And in his dealings with men he will recognize the fact that they are men, that the divine image is to be developed and reflected in them as well as in himself. He will hold them in respect for what they ought to be, if not for what they are, and he will feel his obligation to be a helper of their joys and a sharer of their burdens. On this account also he becomes tolerant of the convictions of other men and will sympathize with their weaknesses.

The underlying principle of the text was beautifully illustrated in the life of Professor Ruby. He "was a faithful man and feared God above many." The foundation of his character and the guiding principle of his life was the fear of God.

1. See what this ruling principle wrought in him.

In the first place it gave to his life a singular intensity and earnestness of purpose. "This one thing I do" was written over every act of his life. He had no time for

scattered effort. His conception of duty was that he should do with his might whatever his hand found to do, and he would put forth his hand only to that which measured up to his ideal of truth and righteousness.

The high purposes to which he held his life elevated him above the plane of the ordinary man. The longings and gratifications which absorb most men had no effect upon him. Calculations of reward for labor, whether in the form of money or fame, present applause or future appreciation, found no place in his life. He chose the legal profession because of its higher associations and not because of its emoluments or as a means of political preferment. When he entered the educational field he sought to free his mind and his life still more fully from the low and selfish ambitions which dominate so many lives. Without regard to the recognition or reward that might be accorded to his labor he pursued his chosen career, happy in his work, satisfied with the approval of conscience and seeking only the attainment of his own highest ideals.

The fear of God in his heart clarified his convictions and made him invincible in their maintenance. Because he did not look to men for reward he would not accept from them his conceptions of right and duty. The uncertain and shifting standards of conduct that are dictated by policy he despised. With an imperiousness almost divine he would sweep aside the suggestions of time-servers and politicians. His convictions had mastered his own soul and with irresistible impetuosity he would sweep on to their legitimate conclusion.

As is to be expected in a selfish and easy-going world, so intense a life also awakened antagonisms. The men who could not discern the lofty purpose of his heart would resist the measures to which he committed himself and the means he saw necessary to their realization. The men who could not use him for base and selfish ends would turn against him with the violence of conscious inferiority, exposed evil intent and disappointed cunning. Professor Ruby did not escape persecution for righteousness's sake. His soul was often made to suffer because of the mental and moral obliquity of men, and only the integrity of his own heart and the clearness of his vision of end and means sustained him in that unswerving devotion to right and truth which made his life heroic and sublime.

His high sense of duty and responsibility sustained him in the tireless industry which characterized his life. No detail was so small as to be overlooked by him and no undertaking too great for his unflagging energy. He would labor with a sentence until it was cast in the right form. With painstaking accuracy he would transcribe his minutes. Early in the morning and late at night he would bend himself to his tasks in the schoolroom, in the office, in the study or in the fields and meadows in search of botanical specimens. He loved his work and never wearied in its pursuit, because every step carried him nearer to his goal.

2. Look at his life in the different fields of activity which he occupied.

Whence his inspiration as a soldier but from his sense of duty to his country and of responsibility to God? The fire of patriotism burned brightly in his soul. It lighted up the weary marches he endured and mitigated the privations of camp and prison life to which he was subjected. To the end of his life he found the keenest

satisfaction in living over again the experiences of army life and in rehearsing the thrilling incidents of his own career. One of the most dramatic descriptions of a battle that his more intimate friends had heard from him he gave at a Faculty dinner only a few months ago.

To see him at his best and to know him in the fulness of his life, however, it was necessary that one should be associated with him in the field in which lie his greatest achievements. He attained the height of his influence and the fulness of his power in his work as a teacher and professor. But here also the only conception he had of his work was that it must be done so as to meet the scrutiny of the omniscient eye. He was, therefore, not content with temporary results, with training for examination or exhibition. His ideal was discipline for intellectual life, which is to endure forever.

Working for that which is enduring, his soul was enamored with the higher ideals of truth and goodness and beauty. He was fond of the subjects which embody the higher truths and beauties of knowledge. He taught the longest and with the greatest enthusiasm the subjects of logic, æsthetics and literature. These subjects, on which he spent his strength in teaching others, also fed his own inner life. Hence we find his lofty spirit blossoming forth in poetry, in artistic prose and in forensic eloquence.

To the appreciation of the nobler sides of life and the higher forms of artistic expression he sought to elevate his students. When he failed to awaken in a young man a perception of that which formed the staple of his own life he turned away from him with disgust. When he discovered a responsive and susceptible soul he would bestow upon such an one unmeasured effort to perfect in him the budding, growing life of genius. By his example as well as by his teaching he sought to be an inspiration and a help to his students.

But not only his students felt the power of his life. The impress of his personality and work are indelibly stamped upon the institution with which he was connected. His work was of the high constructive order, which does not exhaust itself in dull routine, but plans and builds for the general good. He was not only jealous of the honor and reputation of his institution, but he labored indefatigably to establish and maintain such standards of excellence and methods of procedure as would unerringly lead to and uphold his highest ideals. As secretary of the Faculty, and chairman of numerous committees, as Senior Professor in the dormitories and Adviser of the Senior class, as head of the department of English and censor of every production brought before the public by the students, as the uncompromising enemy of fatuitious experimentation and the friend of every well-tryed proposition, as an inventor and investigator of better methods of procedure, in all these and numerous other ways he made his influence and his power felt in the institution in which he proved himself to be more than a single factor.

His position among his colleagues was one of the highest confidence. However sharply they might differ with him at times they relied implicitly upon the sincerity of his motives and the accuracy of his institutions. He was consulted more frequently and more freely than any other member of the Faculty. His judgment prevailed

more frequently than that of any other member, and the warmth and geniality of his nature created an atmosphere in which his colleagues loved to linger. He occupied a place of affection in their hearts and he is mourned to-day not only as a co-laborer but as a friend and brother.

Personally, I cannot allow myself to speak of the loss my life has sustained in his departure. For nearly thirty years I have lived under the shadow and inspiration of his personality. He was the last one left of the the three persons who have given form and impulse to my life, the mother of my childhood, the teacher of my youth and the hero of my public labors. How will it be possible to prosecute the tasks of life without the visible touch of their exalted presence? But they are not far from us. They are living in the immediate presence of Him whom we love and serve, and the radiance of the heavenly world envelops our lives since they have entered in.

The richest fruitage of life Professor Ruby found in his own home. Although late in establishing a home, his pure soul and artless spirit found there a very heaven on earth. It was an honor for you who survive to have shared that home with him, and you received your reward for any toil or self-sacrifice required in being the object of his tender care and affection. Your comfort to-day is that he "was a faithful man and feared God above many." The Master has given him the welcome, "Well done." Let us learn to rejoice that rest follows labor and reward self-sacrifice.

### EULOGY.

Delivered at the Anniversary of the Zwinglian Literary Society by J. P. Spatz, '07.

A grand and heroic life, spent in the interest of culture and advancement of his fellow-men, needs no eulogy. I might speak to you in highly eulogistic terms of one who was pre-eminently a man of genius; of one whose service on the political, social, or religious stage was almost indispensable.

But allow me to present a man, who though not a genius, yet was great, inasmuch as his whole life was a sweet perfume of all that is good and noble; with his soaring ambition, his lofty aspirations, and his restless energy; with a moral nature leading him pleasantly into the ways of gentleness, mercy and benevolence; with an inborn veneration for the author of his existence; a man who was not a stranger to us, one whose pulse of sympathy beat harmoniously with ours, whose heart beat with ardent devotedness for the college that shall make us as students of Ursinus, noble men and pure women.

I would add only one more garland to the wreath of immortelles already woven to the memory of him whom we beheld everywhere, blending the enthusiasm of the scholar, the daring of the soldier, the patience of the teacher, and the fortitude of the

Christian, all so beautifully portrayed in the life of our departed friend and teacher, Samuel Vernon Ruby.

We notice him taking his origin in a quiet little township, then a wilderness, now a garden. It was a peculiar age. Internal dissension was gnawing at the life-cord of the Union. But under the zealous teachings and guidance of his noble parents by precept and example, was laid the foundation of that great moral and intellectual structure which he afterward builded up so grandly and symmetrically.

After such preliminary education as was accessible at a public school, he prepared for college at Mercersburg and at an early age he was graduated with distinction from Franklin and Marshall College.

In making choice of a profession he followed his earliest inclinations and eagerly embraced the law. He immediately entered upon his legal studies in the office of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, and completed his studies at Carlisle.

Admitted to the bar, with a student's well trained mind and the knowledge of the great principles of common law, he rapidly rose in his profession. The high estimate placed upon him by his professional brethren is the best assurance of his honor as a man, and of his ability as a lawyer. Thus we find him not flashing into prominence like a meteor, illumining the heavens to the admiration of his fellow-men, then sinking into oblivion, but his was a life of thorough discipline, of rigid and careful culture, guided by those simple methodical habits imbibed in early youth, which fitted him so ably to run the race of life.

The great talents he possessed as a lawyer were, however, carried into higher fields and crowned with greater laurels than could be won at the bar.

Prompted by that patriotic spirit which inspires the heart of every loyal countryman, he heard his country's call to arms and danger, and heeded. He immediately enlisted as a private in defense of his country's right and honor. After the shortest possible preparation and the most hurried farewell to home and loved ones, the lawyer passed into the trials of a new and untried profession. By faithful regard for duty, he was successively promoted from the rank of a private to that of a captain, in which capacity he followed the fortunes of the old flag through the bloody battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg and the Battle of the Wilderness, in the last of which his regiment was captured and for ten months he suffered the hardships and privations of the rebel prison.

Honorably discharged, he might have gone home and rested in the safety and security of his own fireside, but not he. For while the sun of freedom was in eclipse and his country's flag in danger, with that ever present devotion to his nation in his breast, he was only desirous to serve his country and his God. He immediately re-enlisted and marched to the front, where he served gallantly and faithfully until the end. No seduction could allure him; no terror frighten him; to duty he was fidelity itself.

After the strife had ceased and the smoke of battle had cleared away, our hero laid aside his sword, and the honorable ambition of moulding the minds of the future takes the place of ordinary professional promptings. In his new vocation he had many natural advantages; a voice of melody, a pleasing countenance, a cultivated intelli-

gence, and a clear and easy elocution. There was in his manner in the class-room and before an audience that which is captivating. He wasted no time in exordiums, but grappled the point in controversy without delay. His ideas were never trivial nor his language inflated. He never stated a proposition which he did not justify by adequate fact and argument. He came to us full of hope, and heart, and life, giving his best talents and services to the interest of Ursinus College.

He was original, thoughtful, and profound. He had breadth and scope, resources, learning, logic, and above all a sense of justice.

His was a scientific mind, a mind quick in his observations, a mind full of the brilliant induction, and above all a vast knowledge of human nature which enabled him to inspire his pupils to nobler and more exalted efforts. He was indeed the students' friend, always willing to aid, never tired or despondent, until his teachings have so thoroughly become a part of the common way of thinking that he must be credited with having profoundly influenced human progress.

The crowning characteristic of the life of our departed friend remains to be noticed. He was a faithful and sincere Christian. Ardent and constant in his affection, he was tenderly devoted to his family. He was beloved by all who knew him, and best by those who knew him best. Good and far reaching as was his influence in the class-room, it was none the less out of it. His daily life was an exemplification of all that is true, good and beautiful. Whether in his home, in the college, in his daily dealings with men, or on the field of battle, our friend always practiced the teachings of his Master.

Prof. Ruby has passed away. He was called away while faithfully performing his duties, and surrounded by those who had learned to love him. He has passed from darkness into light. He has crossed the dreaded but kindly line which limits the mysteries of this imperfect life.

No more shall his smiling face and his outstretched hand greet us, no more shall his feet measure these halls, yet his influence will never cease, for as time rolls on like the waves of the ocean, until it reaches the shores of Eternity.

Nature, kind mother of us all, in a voice so soft that there is nothing lives 'twixt it and silence, called to the heroic but weary child of God, "the shadows of night have gathered; come to rest." Scholar, patriot, teacher, and Christian friend, for a few swiftly fleeting days, farewell.

### SPRING, A PENNSYLVANIA IDYL.

#### PRELUDE.

To picture with its throbs and throes  
 To picture as it comes and goes,  
 With mellow voice and silver ring,  
 The yearly Pennsylvania spring,  
 Is now my task. We need no more  
 Of British taste, or British lore,

Of Oxford cap, or Cambridge gown,  
 Of Britain's Thomson of renown,  
 To paint our seasons as they fly,  
 With changing scene and fitful sky.  
 Within our hearts are penciled fair,  
 The very currents of our air,  
 The thrilling of each gentle rill,  
 The light and shade on every hill,  
 The clouds that sink or rise to view,  
 Upon our mountains' ridge of blue,  
 Or sailing far in cloud-land by,  
 With beauty decorate the sky.  
 In every forest, every grove,  
 We hear some tender lay of love ;  
 And by the barn, or orchard near,  
 The simplest songs to household dear.  
 River, and wood, and valley green,  
 And all that makes the landscape scene,  
 Are ours : the bird, the brook, the flower,  
 Rain and sunshine, and April shower,  
 Have filled our hearts, until their glow  
 Gives springtide in its flush and flow.

## EARLY SPRING.

And may I now in numbers sweet,  
 E'en tell the hours so few and fleet,  
 Of early spring, when all may hear  
 The varied music of the year :  
 Now soft, now loud, until again  
 Awake in every glade and glen  
 Is echo—echo, shouting so,  
 We feel the chill of winter's snow.  
 And yet upon the self-same day,  
 We feel the warmth of smiling May,  
 And over meadows bleak and bare  
 The blue-bird warbles in the air.

E'en like a passion he has come,  
 And like a passion he will go ;  
 To-morrow's music will be dumb,  
 To-morrow's May we cannot know.

## AN APRIL DAY.

'Tis noon. The sky is mild and bland,  
 With summer scene from summer land ;  
 And sun's bright ray, and bird's rich note,  
 Through open door and window float  
 Until by three, with stately power,  
 The clock has struck this very hour.  
 And now with walled up clouds and black,  
 The storm-king comes upon the track  
 Of spring ; and casting o'er the sky,  
 Rushing and breaking as if to the sea,  
 Bowing the wood and each leafless tree,  
 Shifting and turning,  
 Whirring and going,

Spending its strength  
 In mountain  
 And dell,  
 Or in a seeming roundelay  
 Making the fields and valleys gay :  
 When rifted  
 And broken,  
 It passes  
 In silence—  
 It passes  
 In silence,  
 Beneath the mid-night moon away.

## INTERLUDE.

Little we care for April snows,  
 When soon indeed the south-wind blows,  
 And brings us rain, and what will be  
 The purple, blue hepaticæ  
 Which at the foot of great oaks peep,  
 From out a long, long winter's sleep,  
 Or from the hill-side have begun  
 To greet the great and glorious sun.  
 Oh May ! Oh June ! ye cannot bring  
 A fairer flower to all the spring,  
 Than this the first that comes to cheer  
 The coming of our vernal year !  
 And yet 'tis sad ! both bud and bloom  
 May feel somewhat of winter's gloom.  
 E'en what of warmth is here to-day,  
 May on the morrow pass away,  
 And what is drear upon the morrow,  
 May gladness from the next day borrow.  
 And so we glide thro' fitful scene,  
 From snow and cold to summer green,  
 Until, at last, some golden day  
 Will find us bound around with May.

## RETROSPECT—JANUARY.

If now we look into the face  
 Of Winter, we can see a trace,  
 As 'twere a line of pretty light,  
 That separates a night from night,  
 Upon old January's sky.  
 'Tis where those maples softly sigh,  
 Whose greenish cups, and threads of brown,  
 Have ornamented many a town,  
 And planted way.

## FEBRUARY.

And nearer still  
 We see, as 'twere, across a hill,  
 Not on a face, but on a brow,  
 As 'twere upon a maiden's now,  
 A light that seems to come and go,  
 Above the February snow.

'Tis when the moon is sipping dew,  
 A glint of spring is on the blue,  
 And in the vale, and in the dell,  
 Is heard the water's gentle swell.

## MARCH.

Aha! aha! the hunt is up,  
 'Tis Winter drains a parting cup.  
 And now we hear the winds of March  
 Sweeping the sky, as if an arch  
 In castle old,—cleansing the earth  
 About to give a new born birth,—  
 Until beneath the storm's dark wing,  
 We see the maiden face of Spring.

## INTERLUDE.

'Tis then the robin sings so loud,  
 Upon the tree-top, near the cloud,  
 As tho' he sang, "The world I tell."  
 The rain has fallen warm and well;  
 The morning rings a golden bell  
 O'er hill and valley, wood and plain,  
 And mountains echo back the strain.

## SPRING.

But farther on, and farther down,  
 There comes sweet Spring. We see her gown,  
 Enriched with many a spangled spray.  
 Her step is comely, and her way  
 Is by the brook and river side,  
 Where blooming elms in all their pride  
 Are robbing her; the fruitful Hours  
 E'en dash her feet with smiling flowers.

And where is now a league or rood  
 Of Pennsylvania field or wood,  
 That does not breathe a scented gale,  
 Or hide a sweet Arcadian vale?  
 Ah! where the folk of place or town,  
 Who do not see the trailing gown  
 Of Spring, whose fairy face to greet,  
 The children playing in the street  
 Do call her; fair and pretty, gay  
 Is she, whose tresses tell of May.

## INTERLUDE.

Within the pleasing times of youth,  
 We wander as in vales of truth,  
 And gather thoughts of every shade  
 And likeness, just as nature made  
 Each object, full and flush of life.  
 And thus the heart with beauty rife,  
 In after years, with stop and swell,  
 Will sing as does the ocean shell—  
 Unceasingly—its sounds of home,  
 Where'er the mind may choose to roam.

Then chide me not if to that world,  
 With all its banners still unfurled,  
 And all its thoughts as bright and gay  
 As if it were forever May,  
 I turn, my fancy still as free  
 As when, upon that sunlit sea,  
 I floated down the tide of time,  
 And formed and fashioned into rhyme  
 The thoughts I thought, the scenes I saw,  
 And made mild innocence the law  
 By which I went.

## THE BROOK.

And first unto the running brook,  
 I cast a quick and eager look,  
 If there, perchance, I may not find  
 A picture suited to my mind.  
 The sun has drunk the morning dew,  
 The earth has robed herself anew  
 In pleasing green, and from the bough  
 Of yonder alder, bending now,  
 Is heard the thrush's tender voice.—  
 In truth, it makes my heart rejoice,  
 I clap my hands in winsome glee,  
 And wish such song may ever be  
 Upon his tongue.—And by him there,  
 As though it bent his notes to hear,  
 Or listened to the water's trill,  
 Is seen the golden daffodil.

There's gladness in the morning air,  
 That bids away with gloomy care ;  
 There's beauty in the sun's clear beam,  
 That dances o'er the dimpling stream ;  
 There's music in the water's flow,  
 And o'er its pebbly depth below,  
 Is imaged flower, and bird, and sky,  
 And cloudlet as it passes by.

My step is onward. As I stroll  
 To view the scene from knoll to knoll,  
 I hear the yellow banded bee  
 Humming about the maple tree,  
 Feeding upon the ripened bloom.  
 The air is filled with sweet perfume,  
 And like a picture in a glass,  
 The maple stands a perfect mass  
 Of scarlet, mottled, with the green  
 Of leaf, and sunshine.

Hence the scene  
 Is varied, and its pencilings stray.  
 I hear the brook's melodious way,  
 Now by the farm, now by the mill,  
 Now by the orchard covered hill,  
 Until the slopes to valleys fly,  
 Or fading into plain and sky,  
 The landscape ends.

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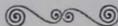
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