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FACULTY OF UR SINUS COLLEGE
1888-’89
ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

The crowded church, on Christmas eve,
Hears youthful singers, glad and gay.
The bright-faced choir their gifts receive,
And then, light-hearted, go their way.

But, at the benediction's close,
One head a little longer bent;
A prayer from one full heart arose,
An added message heavenward sent.

A fair young girl in thankfulness
For joys of life and love and youth
Had prayed for one in loneliness,
A woman, desolate, in truth.

The woman, desolate and old,
With feeble limbs still feeble growing
Hears echoes in the streets, so cold;
She hears the singers homeward going.

She loves them all, those youthful voices;
She prays that ere their youth depart
They, too, may know how Heaven rejoices,
And cheers the happy, chastened heart.

Those happy hearts of Christmas eve,
With prayerful thought, each other blessing,
Shall still new strength and grace receive,
Though each a poor, weak heart confessing.

MIRVAY WEINBERGER.—'84.

Reckonings at the Turning-Point.

1888—1889.

In secular and especially in commercial affairs it is usually thought an item of some interest, and of more importance, in passing from an expiring to an in-spiring year, to ascertain as accurately as possible, how “accounts” stand, and with how much if any “credit” the fresh start will be made.

Should there not be felt at least an equal measure of interest by those engaged in the higher pursuits of an academic life, in carefully reviewing their bygone twelve months’ toils, by sunlight and that of their lamps at night (!), and learning how much has been laid up in mental, instead of metal, safes, as
psychical stock or cash in hand with which to begin the New Year’s work? Such transition reckonings seem to suggest themselves as very natural. They are also quite rational and may be profitable.

How shall the task be conducted? Well, suppose the more pleasant view be taken, and a fair “credit” be assumed as the basis of the reckoning.

First of all then, though the hours and days of 1888 be gone beyond recovery, all is not lost. The personal, inner experiences of the year survive. Their impressions, very notably in some instances, have been too deep to be easily effaced. And if the occasion of them has been duly marked as they were made, they have been a wholesome discipline for mind and heart, teaching moral lessons worth far more than they cost. By such lessons that kind of wisdom is gained which is more precious than rubies, and “the merchandize of which is better than silver.” Rightly appreciated and improved, these experiences may be among the best legacies of the past. They may have revealed a weakness of character which requires self-fortification. They may warn against indulging vain self-conceit. They may teach the necessity of husbanding time by the minute,—as the old practical philosopher of our early national history saved pennies to secure dollars,—and of close and earnest application in order to make educational opportunities yield desirable results. They may admonish not to rush among “the lime-pits of Sodom” if falling into some ditch would be escaped.—Set down these experiences of the year closing as so much “credit” to be carried over to the favorable account of the one pressing so hard upon its heels.

But this is not all that may be saved from the collapse of 1888. Unless there has been reckless remissness in the prosecution of assigned scholastic duties, the faculties of the mind, affections of the heart and proper functions of the will have gained by the training enjoyed and the work done. Increased power of thought and ability in application to study and in self-control have been acquired. Such advantages cannot be over-estimated. With them for a new start more pleasure will be taken in the work still to be done, and greater success will attend its execution. It may be in itself more heavy and difficult, but the skill acquired in handling the tools will make it personally lighter, and the benefits foreseen in doing the work will well cheer and by cheering invigorate the workman as he presses on.—Put this down at its real value, and 1888 will be found to have bequeathed another large sum to the “credit” column of 1889.

Take one more item supplied by the reckoning in the case. Difficulties surmounted, conflicts ending in victory, fears put to shame by issues more favorable or at least less formidable than was anticipated—all inspire more hope and courage for the future. Such difficulties, conflicts, fears will have far less power to appal should they spring up again. Having already prevailed over them will make it easier to meet them manfully and triumphantly again. So this legacy of 1888, with all the best assurances included in it, may be fairly set down to the “credit” side of 1889.

Summing all up, and adding other items which readily suggest themselves, there is assuredly enough capital supplied by the past to make the future bright
to all who view it in the sunshine of "the Light of the world," and greatly to illumine "the shadows, clouds and darkness" shrouding it for those who walk and work only in the dim rays of their begrimed and smoky reason.

WELCOME, 1889

CHRISTMAS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

IT WOULD be a delicate and complicated question to decide what clime offered to our minds the most alluring and congenial and ideal frame into which to place the picture of Christmas.

Would you choose some Norway village, with a background of snow-capped pine forest; or a plantation scene in our own South of the genial, prodigal ante-bellum regime, where the ebony hue of the festive darkies more than neutralized the cold tints of the slushy, shallow snow-fall without, with the charming accessories of banjo and crackling back log? Or, if you had once been through it all, could you refuse to prefer the all-pervading and all-consuming revelry of a Christmas season in a German city where universal joy and good-will is the loyal business of the day, with its Weihnachtsmarkt, more irresistibly dazzling and glorious than the bazar of a fairy city, and its huge Christmas tree, under whose present-laden boughs all grow young and happy and benevolent again?

Or perhaps the image of a Christmas in an English country house, such as Dickens and Irving describe, would arise to claim the prize for the most perfect good cheer and exhaustive enjoyment. However such a question might be decided there is certainly an association, in the Saxon mind at least, between Christmas and cold frosty weather. A hard-frozen ground, a clear, bright night, "an eager and a nipping air," and a good thick carpet of crisp, white snow, these are the desiderata to combine in forming the typical Christmas weather. Such a Christmas night I remember our having in '75, at Ursinus, except that the air was remarkably mild on our walk up to the church at the Trappe.

This accustomed idea of what Christmas weather should be like is so ingrained in us that we find it hard to reconcile ourselves to the change from it to the soft balminess of our California, semi-tropic Yule-tide air. We can easily endure it throughout the rest of the winter, but when the holidays come we instinctively look for snow and ice, for bleakness and cold, instead of which we are persistently confronted with the suavest and sweetest sunshine, the mildest breezes and the singing of the mocking-bird and the meadow-lark.

Where I am sitting on my piazza writing at the present moment, the sun is almost too hot for comfort and I move into the shade a trifle, yet not entirely,
for the air in the shade has the faintest suggestion of genuine wintry chilliness. Before me stretch great fields of sprouting grain, for we have had some early rains this year, enabling the farmers to get their seed in betimes; beyond, the green vineyards appear, extending over many hundred acres, for this is the home of the raisin grape, that is the luscious muscat which you may buy during the holidays at home for thirty cents a pound, fresh from—the saw-dust, while here during the entire fall you might have gorged yourselves with them at the rate of two cents a pound or less. Not very far away an orange-grove in bloom shows its thick, dark green foliage.

“Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorange glüht.”

Yes, and beside the golden fruit the rich waxen blossoms gleam and send far away their musky perfume. They are our snow flakes, and other snow have we none, unless there happen to be some on the tops of the Cuyamaca or San Bern­ardino Mountains, from forty to a hundred miles away. This often happens after a particularly frosty night.

This totally unconventional and untraditional character of the climate about Christmas time forms, perhaps, the chief reason why we don’t make so much of the holiday publicly here. Nature seems to laugh at the notion, and lure us out to a picnic instead; and since the Mexican, with his old-time Fiestas, is gradually sinking out of sight, we are left without any general type or model.

And yet however strange this may seem to Eastern minds, it is certainly true that our Christmas weather and surroundings resemble those of the original Christmas night. It is a fact, that California is a near reproduction of Palestine, in all natural features. It must have been in a sky and air like this that the angel choir hovered, when they sang their “Gloria in Excelsis” over the startled shepherds. So we are not cheated out of our good Christmas reminiscences entirely.

But it occurs to me that we may mentally and religiously harmonize the two climatic pictures into a blessed whole that shall be not only an aesthetic solution, but a solemn Christly inspiration and life-duty. Why should not the wintry severity and inclemency with you represent the cold, unfriendly world, and the warmth and glow and mildness of our sky illustrate the Gospel of love and joy and unstinting, unceasing helpfulness from above? All the goodness of this climate comes from the sun, from above. Thus all the philanthropic, saving element in the world must come from the Son of Righteousness, who arose from Bethlehem’s manger, with healing under His wings. Thus let it be our task to spread the Heavenly climate of universal peace and joy and love until the coldness of selfish enjoyment on the one hand and the bleakness of hopeless suffering on the other shall disappear, and the angels sing their “Peace on earth, Good Will among Men” over a regenerated, Christly world.

With this preacher-like application, and a “Merry Christmas and Happy New Year” to all the readers of the Bulletin, I close.

H. I. Stern.—’77.

El Cajon, San Diego County, California.
NE night, when day was laid to rest,
And weary mortals, glad, had closed their eyes in sleep,
And only now the heaving breast
Betokened life's repose in gentle slumber deep,
Methought a vision seemed to stand
Before my soul's enrapt, ecstatic, wondering gaze;
A form majestic from the land
Where all is haloed bright with those supernal rays,
Whose brilliance dazzles mortal ken,
Illuming with their pure, effulgent, searching truth
The hidden mysteries, which, till then,
Nor human rage, nor painful toil, nor mercy's ruth
Could fathom, 'neath the rolling sea,
Instinct with life's incessant seething ebb and flow,
Which ever dims the sense for thee,
When thou wouldst pierce where yonder mazy ripples go.
Before the radiance of his face,
The look of wondrous power within those starry orbs,
His mien of heavenly grace,
An awe and rev'rence every baser thought absorbs.
A longing now inspires my soul
A boon to seek from yon bright visitant of earth;
To urge him further back unroll
The record of the world and man's amazing birth.
But voice deserts me as I strive
To frame my bold petition; not a word is heard,
So, like the silent ghosts, who live
Near Stygian streams depicted by the Mantuan bard,
My eager heart with mute despair
In one supreme and burning gaze its pleadings pour,
To bid him now his treasures share
Before his glorious features fade and all is o'er.
Responsive to my plea he wafts
A voice, like softest diapason stealing down
An aisle upborne on fretted shafts
Within a grand cathedral pile of rare renown:
A voice so strange and weirdly sweet,
That many an echo starts unbid within my breast,
As when a master hand doth meet
The viol's slender strings he skillfully hath pressed.
"Ah mortal! wouldst thou fain enquire
The source of man's exalted powers and matchless wit?
And seek to hear the Heavenly lyre
Unfold, in strains inspired, the tale as yet unwrit?
With soul intent my message sing,
And paint in weakling words the mighty deed divine,
Ere I returning greet my King,
Whose bidding is the law to sway my heart and thine."
He paused, and like the radiant sun
Which quickly rises from the orient verge, 'mid bright
And golden clouds, the victory won,
Illuming all the earth with heaven's resplendent light.

A scene appearing flashes now
Before my wrapt attention, chaining with amaze
To rivet sense, nor yet allow
A thought of aught beside in that celestial blaze.

Beneath a sky whose azure blue,
Like Truth herself, deep-reaches to the Throne of God,
The landscape stretches to my view
In all-surpassing loveliness, by human foot untrod.
The palm uplifts its lofty head,
The graceful fern gigantic curves its airy frond,
And all the forms of beauty spread
Their leafy shapes on hill and dell, by stream and pond.

Bi by bird on light and airy wing
Displays its colors ruby-like with emerald foil.
The haunts of feathered nature ring
With carols in the hurry of their joyful toil.

And see! a temple high and vast,
Where lordly trunks their pillars raise in conscious might,
And proudly tower, where, at last,
The limbs enlacing meet in dim and misty height.

No skill of man in grandest march
Could vie in grace of tracing chaste, or column fair:
Or rear in Gothic shrine an arch
So noble, so inspiring, as the one uplifted there.

No tesselated pavement shows
Its varied hues inwrought with such attractive art,
As where the floral carpet glows
In matchless beauty, like a rainbow's counterpart.

Behold! adown the vista far,
In apparition bright, lo! angel forms appear,
Like mist which veil Apollo's car:
The radiant escort guard the Sacred Presence near.

Before the glory of that light
The sun in blackest darkness sinks o'erwhelmed and pale,
Nor mortal glance, nor eagle's sight
Could gaze an instant, nor created ken avail.

In silent awe I prostrate fall
And listen as the choirs harmonious hymn their praise,
And cherubs sing, recounting all
Their Maker's high achievements in melodious lays.

Amid their song I seemed to hear
That voice of stilly power which Elijah thrilled
Upon the heights of Horeb drear,
Proclaiming to th' Archangel band, with wonder filled,
His purpose of the birth of man,
With all his pure perfections, godlike image grand
And powers varied in their span,
And reaching proudly far thro' sky and sea and land.
Profound the silence falling then,
    That stills the symphony which onward sweetly sped
In waves of sound, nor now again
Awakes, as seraphs wait their Sov'reign's mandate dread.

"O Gabriel, prince of angel hosts,
    The messenger of love divine, prophetic one,
Thro' all the wide celestial coasts
    Beholding many a work by heaven's Chief begun,
I bid thee frankly tell
    The noblest gift creating I may now bestow
To mould a prince and king as well,
    Subduing bird and beast, in conquest e'er to go."

"At Thy command, most mighty Lord!
    My thoughts arise spontaneous as the vapor light
From flowery mead and verdant sward,
    Before the orb of day in power beaming bright.
Behold the man Thy might hath made,
    With form majestic joined with firm, elastic grace,
Thy work, in every line arrayed
    With beauty as Thy favored all-surpassing race.
That frame with cunning strength supplied
    Requires a gift most rare, the keystone to complete,
To bind in one, its powers wide;
    An inspiration rich, to crown its royal seat.
The bounteous earth, the sky, the sea
    In life perennial blossom, manifold and great.
No shape ethereal, wild and free
    Nor mighty creature fails to fully consummate
The plan ordained of Heaven's will,
    But shadow forth in wondrous ways the Life Supreme.
Like echoes dim from scarp and hill,
    Which ever come o'er mountain, dell and bubbling stream,
They rise above the marge of earth
    And aimless thro' their instinct-guided pathway roam,
Nor reck of conscious joy or mirth,
    Their life a darkling light, o'er fens by breezes blown.
Unwept, unnoticed, now they fade,—
    Their bones by brothers torn, by sun and shower bleached.
The charms we saw in all displayed
    Are gone, like autumn's hues by icy fingers reached.
Inspire a mind of higher mould
    To animate his every action, every deed;
To bud and constantly unfold
    Some radiant flower of thought, with eager, wistful greed
To win a nobler, richer prize,
    Ascending still from plain to lofty foreland green,
And thence where grander heights arise
    And highest mountain crests give forth their silver sheen.
That soul on swiftest eagle wing
    Shall mount by planet's orb, along the Milky Way,
And vie with angel bands who sing
    In yonder golden shrines of Heaven's supernal day.
The lightning dread shall be his slave,
The elements submissive be his steeds to draw
His chariot over land and wave,—
Their mighty force conforming to his master's law.
Perchance the pure, illumined heart
Will glow with lovely brilliancy now like spirits high
And thro' the world its radiance dart
Till Thou, Great Sov'reign, call him to Thy presence nigh."

"Alas, sweet Spirit, holy one,
From every thought of fell disdain and evil free,
Who hears My word and it is done,
With tender love in all thy works obeying Me,
The mighty boon I now confer
For man in grief will fain aver
His life's a struggle sore, an anguished toil in vain.
Those powers vast with wondrous scope
Emark his soul upon a deep, unknown and dim.
Could he but fix his highest hope
Where Heaven's love a certain beacon offers him,
The tranquil course would waft him safe
O'er sunny main and shimmering seas in perfect peace;
No tempest tossed and weary waif,
But joyful in a tropic zone of gladsome case.
But no, his daring thought will build
Its puny citadel to thwart the skies above.
His Eden lost, with pride sur-filled,
Deserting innocence and hateful, spurning love,
From out the shores of light he goes
To grope in forests dim with spectres haunted, dark,
Where little thro' the sight he knows
By phosphor-tree decayed or glow-worm's feeble spark.
Oh depths of man's degraded state,
Who falls with heart corrupt like many a noble oak!
But power divine controls his fate;
No force of ill may dare eternal aims revoke.
The dust of human fray intense
Will cut the diamond facet, till with flashing ray
The gem so dull and rough and dense
Returns in glory bright the radiance of the day.
The Great Refiner comes and sits
Beside the crucible of earthly trial sore,
Where fiery blast ne'er intermits
To fuse the silver veins from out the precious ore.
The chaff departs and not a trace
The surface mars, and now reflected beauteous rise
The features of that heavenly face
From treasure meet to fill the coffers of the skies."

The voice prophetic ceased its lay
And, as the tones of praise seraphic onward go,
The scene has vanished fast away.
And still the music-echoes linger soft and low;
Like fragrance from a far off isle,
By breezes wafted to the traveler as he stands
Upon his ship and views awhile
The distant coasts of some unknown, mysterious lands.
Or like a faintly flashing train
On Heaven's star-lit dome, remaining for a time
When meteor blaze-lit dome, remaining for a time
Thus sank from sight the dream by fancy raised sublime,
Beneath the waters of Lethean sleep,
Which heeds no passing bark by airy canvas sped,
But sluggish flows in current deep
To silent realms profound where rest the voiceless dead.

E. M. HYDE.

Edinburgh, Scotland, at Yule-tide.

"Wake, O Earth! and chase the sadness
From thy gloomy brow away;
Don thy snowly robe of gladness,
Honor this His natal day."

The happiest season of all the year should be Christmas, coming to men with the gifts of eternal life.

In Scotland the Reformation had done such thorough work as to put very much out of sight the observance of special days, seasons and festivals in the church. But one may still observe the festive character of the season in the surroundings. The city seems to be rejuvenated with new life. Charity once more flows in generous streams of goodness to bless the poor and unfortunate. There is the recognition of the great historic fact in the churches, in song and in the preached word, and in the outflow of offerings to relieve the destitute. Edinburgh has noble charities and no appeal is made in vain for their support.

The Royal Infirmary is one of the best known in the city. Its influence is far-reaching, touching the hearthstones through all the realm with its munificent provisions. This is an institution in which every home in the kingdom is interested, either directly or indirectly. Not merely a hospital and a home but with it the best medical attendance and nursing are given free of charge to all the sick and afflicted. The large buildings of the Infirmary, scientifically constructed for the ends which they subserve, in full view of the Meadows and separated from the Medical School by an avenue only, form one of the most prominent sights on an evening. The large, well-lighted rooms cast a gleam across the surrounding darkness that seems but a reflection of the more cheering lights within.

Another institution is Dr. Guthrie's Ragged Industrial School. The name and memory of the founder are intimately associated with this work, and no man
could wish for a nobler monument than to have called forth influences that will bless the generations yet unborn. Boys and girls who would otherwise be exposed to almost certain ruin, are here trained to noble manhood and womanhood. These obedient little lads, in their daily exercises at tailoring or bootmaking, or in their recitation rooms, are the picture of contentment and happiness. Every day at noon they march and drill to the airs of their pipers.

These two charitable institutions well illustrate the spirit of God’s gift to man and the blessings which follow the spread of Christianity. Wherever the stream of Christ’s religion has flowed, beneficence and charity in their most attractive forms have sprung forth.

The climate even at this time of the year in Scotland is mild and the effect of the surrounding hills is a pleasing one. One may see Arthur’s Seat quite near and in the distance the Pentland hills and the Lammermoors covered with the snows and frost of winter, while all the rich plain below is green. It was on one of these holidays that I visited Rosslyn Castle and Chapel, about seven miles distant from Edinburgh, situated on the high and picturesque banks of the North Esk, a small stream that finds its way through varied scenery to the Firth of Forth.

The chapel was still rich with the festooning of the Christmas festival. The kind and obliging sexton will point out to you the various objects in the interesting little place, and at last will show you the Apprentice Pillar and relate the tragic history connected with it. The masterworkman, unable to complete the fine carving upon it, is said to have gone to Rome for instruction. Upon his return the apprentice had completed his work. The master became enraged and struck him dead. Hence the name of the pillar. The ivied walls and crumbling ruins of the castle all impress vividly lessons of their own.

Continuing our way by the path along the banks of the Esk, we came to Hawthornden, a place that has interest, apart from its own happy position upon the banks of the stream, from the fact that Ben Jonson used to be a welcome visitor here. On one occasion his host is said to have received him in these words,—

"Welcome, Welcome, royal Ben!"

to which Jonson gave the facetious reply—

"Thankee, thankee, Hawthornden."

In many places the custom of decorating the houses and churches with the holly and mistletoe during the festive season still prevails. The traditions in vogue concerning these may have come down from the ancient Druids by whom the oak and the mistletoe were held in special veneration.

The world is thus laid under contribution to do homage to the coming of the King. From the Great Gift it has learned to offer of its gifts. What a rich lesson each Christmas season teaches! How deep the well-spring of salvation! We shall never have a better Master to instruct us than the only-begotten Son of the Father.

M. Peters. — ’74.
A DOWN the hamlet's street one Autumn day,
While winds whirled whithered leaves
in wanton play,
A strolling Gypsy family chanced to roam,
And with them rolled along their shifting home.
A way-worn woman with a babe at breast.
A time-stained man, listless and life-oppressed.
Their humble cur,—faithful in weal and woe.
The house on wheels the only home they know.

For us, life flows and ebbs, years wax and wane.
We too are world-waifs, drifting o'er life's main.
Leaves in the tempest; flecks of wave-tossed foam,
Earth is for us an ever-shifting home.

Yet oft, when footsore, weary, tired to tears,
We murmur 'gainst these evanescent years;
Children of change; creatures of time's caprice,
We wonder if our roaming e'er shall cease,—

There come, like crystal streams to thirst-parched game,
Hard-pressed by hound, or driven by prairie-flame,
Glimpses of home-lights from the mansions blest,
Where all our wand'ring ended, we may rest.

J. H. B.—'77.
THE TRANSITION.

EVERY moment is a crisis. The consummations of the present, while writing this short sentence, would fill volumes with history. Some statistician has recently compiled a column of events which transpire in the United States during each minute, day and night. He says: “In each minute the United States collects six hundred and thirty-nine dollars and spends four hundred and sixty-one. The interest on the public debt is ninety-six dollars per minute, equal to the amount of silver mined in the same time. The telephone is used five hundred and eighty-five times, and the telegraph one hundred and thirty-six times; four thousand eight hundred and thirty bushels of wheat have come to bin, six hundred pounds of wool have been grown, nine hundred and twenty-five pounds of tobacco raised, two hundred and sixty-one tons of coal have been mined, twelve tons of pig iron and three tons of steel rails have been made, fifteen kegs of nails have been turned out, the mint has coined one hundred and twenty-one dollars, thirty-six bushels of grain have been turned into one hundred and forty-nine gallons of spirits, twenty-four barrels of beer have gone down twelve thousand and ninety-six throats, six thousand six hundred and seventy-three cigars and two thousand two hundred and eighty-two cigarettes have gone up in smoke, forty-two acres of the public domain have been sold or given away,” and so forth. These are a few of the things which testify to the mighty transitions of a moment.

Years are moments in aggregate. It is impossible to note the results of each moment in particular. Like grains of sand they are too microscopic. But who can fail to note a passing year in its transition, any less than the towering peak that crosses the vista in our car window? Only the irrational. The days of our years are but “three score and ten,” and the crisis of a year is too momentous to pass without reflection. Realizing its importance above many, “Father Knipe” (as he was familiarly known to Ursinus) would not retire on the thirty-first of December until the clock struck twelve. He loved to spend the transition from the old to the new year in watching and prayer. The discipline of the M. E. Church requires her ministers to hold such services with their congregations. These things are not mentioned in order to suggest a method or prescribe a rite, but that an event of such devout interest to others may attract our attention and awaken our consideration.

The passing of a year leaves its impression on none more deeply than on the earnest student, younger or older. To the plodding manual laborer time is a burden and as a hireling he “earnestly desireth the shadow.” The indolent, whether in luxury or in rags, are “made to possess months of vanity” whilst seeking to kill time. The frivolous devotees of pleasure “Ring out the old, ring in the new,” without the reflections of a Tennyson. But to those in search of wealth, “time
is money," and to the student it is more than money; it is his life, his opportunity to get wisdom, "which is above rubies."

The years of a student are like the steps of a pyramid. The higher he advances the shorter they become and the wider grows his horizon. As he passes upward another perch he cannot sing, as in number two hundred and twenty of the college hymn book,

"Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge thy way,"
because those "footprints on the sands of time" are the store-houses of all his precious accumulations, and the records of all his transitions. Hence taking leave of the old is of rather more importance to him in the present than laying hold of the new.

Awakened by these reflections let us as students briefly review our lessons.

"Know Thyself" is the first. What we know in this direction we have learned from the past by experience, the "best of teachers." We become self-acquainted by relatively placing our whence in juxtaposition with our hitherto at every prominent turn in the way, and particularly in the aggregate. It is but a short step for many of us to January First, 1888. We mark but little change in body, soul or spirit. It is a longer step to 1878, and many of our fathers overlook it as complacently as we do the last year, discerning even fewer distinctions. We find our years to be very much like Spurgeon's twin sons, whom he had photographed at every anniversary of their birth. There is but little difference or change to be seen in any two or three consecutive years. But a comparison of the second year and the twentieth, or the fifteenth and the twenty-fifth, shows a wonderful transition to have taken place.

So we, by a longer retrospect, may discern our present relation to our former selves. Looking back over our footprints we see where we stumbled over difficulties which now, though we meet them every day, are no longer obstacles to us. What we once mistook for mountains are now mole-hills; and what we thought refreshing oases have since turned out mirages. Hence we look forward to an ideal self. Hence we look backward, and, gathering the past into an aggregate, are enabled to see our real self, with all its imperfections to amend and amendments already accomplished. And should this annual review present to us a page interlined and blotted with corrections, as an amateur printer's proof-sheet, the errors of the past may serve as stepping stones for the present as we go onward and upward into the future. Here endeth the first lesson.

Know Others is the second, presented at every transition. This also is taught by experience and is almost as hard to acquire as self-knowledge. In reviewing our footprints we often see double tracks. Tracks that kept step in unison with ours, as arm in arm we trod the sands of time or mutually climbed the rugged stair. Alas! we mistook a Jonathan for an Ahithophel and a Judas for a John. We have been making blunders ever since, and will until "we shall know as we are known."

But how shall we correct them unless by constant consideration and frequent recollection? New Year's day is particularly a social day. It is celebrated by
calling upon friends and acquaintances. Where can we find the Jonathans we wronged because of Ahithophel, that we may make reparation for the culpable neglects and slights which the clearer lights of a higher atmosphere reveal? Where are the play-mates, room-mates, class-mates, life-mates, heart-mates once so interwoven with our interests that we thought them inseparable? Where? In reply there comes another “where?” We think for the moment of one in India, of others in Heaven, and of scores of others at work all over our land; for we have not lost interest in each other simply because the canopy that covers us has become larger. Each anniversary of the year and of Alma Mater calls for recollection. Old catalogues are reviewed, old letters re-read, old friendships renewed, old emotions revived, and we learn to think oftener and better of each other as “distance lends enchantment to the view.” Here endeth the second lesson.

Know God is the third and last. A look to “the rock whence we were hewn” reveals to us “many a pit from which we were digged” ere we gained our present standpoint. Every day and every hour, as well as every year, calls for watchfulness, “lest being led away with the error of the wicked we fall from our own steadfastness.” How much we know of Him! “The Heavens declare His glory and the Firmament showeth His Handiwork.” “The Spirit beareth witness with our spirits that we are His” and “giveth us the spirit of adoption by which we cry Abba, Father.”

On the other hand, how little do we know Him! How much we have yet to learn, that we “may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge!” “Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord.” Let us follow on. “For now we know in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.” Since “now we see through a glass darkly,” let us “trust in the Lord with all our heart, lean not unto our own understanding, in all our ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct our paths” for the future.

For the present, “Do thy duty that lies nearest thee.” A. R. T.—’79.

Bridgewater, Virginia.

“Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.”

In the morning they passed, with limbs lithe and strong,
Toward a land to their young hopes so beautiful seeming;
A flowery region of sunlight and song;
A fair earthly Beulah; a land of one’s dreaming.
Ere the set of the sun a few of that throng
Will return from the journey, all wrinkled and hoary;
Who have wandered sad strangers afar and for long,
And bespeak but the sorrow of life’s rugged story.

W. B.—’87.
A bright bird poised for a moment on a resting place is a pretty study, but what a picture of freedom and delight is the same bird in motion. In the swiftness and ease of flight, in this winged liberty, is the constant inspiration of joyous flight.

A large tree stands majestic with a wide spread of branches. A strong breeze sets the myriad leaves in whispering motion, and daintily dancing or subdued and sighing, the music, restful and soothing, invites to the sheltering shade.

A winter landscape may be beautiful, though cold and lifeless, but the beauty of the other seasons is gone. For nature, no longer warm with life and motion, rests under a chill cover of frost and snow.

To any one who enjoys the beauties of out-door life, a very pleasant mode of recreation is found in bicycle riding over smooth country roads. The exhilarating motion, the inspiration of fresh air and exercise stimulate the senses to keener perception.

A novice when experimenting with a bicycle will be strongly impressed with the fact that the machine is pre-eminently adapted to be in motion. It almost refuses to stand still; but when mounted it carries the rider with the greatest ease. It is so light, so graceful, so perfectly made, that it will mount hills, coast down-grade, and spin along for miles with but slight assistance from the rider. The exercise, calling into action nearly every muscle, but without any strain or unnatural positions, without requiring an abnormal development of any set of muscles, is wonderfully conducive to health and good spirits.

The invention and perfection of different styles of safety machines have placed the enjoyment within the reach of all. The timid and feeble can now become riders of wheels as well as the athlete. The moderate expense of a machine, makes it possible for a person to own one to whom horses or a horse and carriage are unattainable luxuries.

"As happy as a boy with a new bicycle" is supposed to be a striking simile representing the very acme of bliss. The average boy, a specimen of extreme restlessness as exhibited in a human being, has certainly received enough newspaper comment. In all his waking hours, capable of being ever in motion, boy and bicycle are most congenial companions. Instead of a safety machine he may decide on a high wheel, and in his first attempt to poise himself on it, he will experiment patiently and indefatigably for hours in most dangerous positions regardless of fears, laughter or taunts of observers. Becoming in a short time a steady and daring rider, flying along the streets at a rate which compels admiration, he is a fully-equipped, spirited and brave master of his steel horse, and as worthy of being celebrated in verse as a winged Mercury or a swift-footed Achilles.

Wheelmen, by their records of bicycle tours, are continually adding interesting volumes of travel and adventure to the lists of current literature.
To a languid and spiritless convalescent, cycling is a boon indeed. The steel horse, so obedient to every whim of the rider, will be gentle and slow in motion, or swift and rapid in an instant, at the urgency of the occasion.

The invalid, no longer a sickly houseplant, is transformed into a vigorous and blooming rose. Cycling produces such a wholesome state of mind and body that it strongly inclines to a most cheerful observance of the old prescription,

"Great temperance, open air,
Easy labor, little care."

The perfect independence of action is a stimulant that infuses new life, nerve and vim. The rider, with the wind in favor, is filled with exultant joy, as though riding on the wings of the wind. If riding against the wind, energy and will-power are aroused in opposition, and color and vivacity are the result.

In the crisp morning air, on a bright sunny afternoon, in the dreamy twilight or in the beautiful moonlight, when gently guiding the machine in rapid motion, watching the mirrored lights and shadows upon quiet streams, with vistas of field, forest and far-away hills, ever diversified landscapes appear. The observant will catch many glimpses of the homely humor and pathos of everyday life while riding along the streets.

As this new world is seen, new thoughts and feelings arise; the former listlessness is gone.

Give cycling a fair trial, and becoming a participant you will yield to the charm of the new and healthful pleasure, and be captivated by the poetry of motion as inherent in the bicycle.

As there is a prospect of a number of wheelmen being added to the list at Ursinus, we would congratulate those who have such a pleasant outlook for the coming season.

M. W.—'84.

**SKATERS' SONG.**

WITH sleigh-bells a-chiming across the white snow,
Our skates keep a-timing as onward we go.
With hearts that are light as the soul of a dream,
With hopes that are bright as the moon's silvery beam;
On, skaters, on! Our time fleets fast;
Merrily, cheerily, on! while it last.

Now gliding and singing with spirits as gay
As sleigh-bells' sweet ringing o'er Thee, snow-bound May!
Now swaying and straying far down to the Mill,
Then up again, up again, skirting the Hill;
On, skaters, on! Our youth fleets fast;
Merrily, cheerily, on! while it last.

Dear faces are missing from 'mongst the glad throng,
Dear voices are wanting to swell the old song.
With the river they've drifted away to the sea,
They are slumbering peacefully down by the lea.
On, skaters, on! Our time fleets fast;
Merrily, cheerily, on! while it last.

WALTER BOMBERGER.
Reformation Day.

First. The Reformed Church observes the third Sunday in January as Reformation Day. That date was selected because it is the nearest to the birthday of Ulric Zwingli, the man who was first among the Reformers to protest in public against the errors and abuses of the Roman church.

Second. The birth of Christianity is celebrated on the anniversary of the birth of Christ, at Christmas. It is fitting that its second birth, its deliverance from the superstitions and corruptions of a depraved church, should be commemorated soon thereafter in the cycle of Church festivals, during the month of January.

Third. Devotion to the principles on which our branch of the Reformation was based should incite us to an observance of the day set apart by the Reformed church to keep fresh and green in the affections of her people the memory of her heroes, and to quicken in their hearts the life of the gospel which these worthies again brought to light.

Fourth. The chief features of the Festival of the Reformation should be an appropriate sermon by the pastor and liberal offerings by the people to the Theological Schools of the church which are pledged and devoted to Reformation doctrines and principles.

Friends Like Flowers.

How happy live the joyous flowers That neither toil nor spin; They grace our lawns and shady bowers, And cheer our homes within.

Their gaudy robes and fragrant breath Make gloomy places gay; Till bleak, cold winter shrouds the earth, Then soon they pass away.

Some friends, like flowers, change constantly. In spring of life they come, And bud and bloom, in mirth and glee; When winter comes they're gone.

Should this be said of the friends we won In our college days? No, never! The friends we won in those days soon gone, Should be friends, true friends, forever.

C. E. W.

News About College.

A Church Received.

Trinity Christian Church, of Collegeville, organized nearly half a century ago by aggressive Mennonites, who would not endure the yoke of custom and habit which their fathers and brethren sought to impose upon them, has been received into full fellowship and connection with the Reformed Church in the United States. A petition was presented to the Classis of Philadelphia by the Pastor, Consistory and Congregation, praying that they might be received into our communion, and the transfer was made at a special meeting of Classis held in Phoenixville, Pa., on Tuesday, December 11th, 1888. The pastor of the church is the Rev. J. H. Hendricks, A. M., a director of the College since June, 1887. He was also one of the teachers in Freeland Seminary, the
predecessor of Ursinus College, has been in the pastorate more than a quarter of a century, and is an earnest, evangelical preacher. The congregation numbers over 200 members, and embraces within it some of the leading citizens of the community.

We welcome pastor Hendricks and Trinity Christian Church to a closer relation to the College and a warmer fellowship with the brethren of the Reformed faith.

AN UR SINUS PROFESSOR HONO R E D.

Prof. Edmund Morris Hyde, who has had charge for some time of the department of Latin in the college, has been honored with a call to a similar chair in Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., the position being the one lately vacated by Prof. Henry Clark Johnson, whose accession to the principalship of the High School of Philadelphia, has been widely published. The selection of one of our professors for the place is a high compliment to the quality of the timber of which the Faculty of Ursinus is composed. Although his stay with us did not quite cover two years, the College community had learned to know Professor Hyde as a cultured gentleman and a scholar of varied attainments. He was devoted to the work committed to his care and often spoke in terms of highest praise of the excellence of the college.

When the opportunity came for him to secure larger pecuniary reward for the literary work he is capable of performing, no one could say, "Abide with us." The College accepts the compliment that is offered in the selection, and follows Professor Hyde with pleasant recollections of his presence among us.

The Executive Committee of the College takes pleasure also in announcing in this connection that very satisfactory arrangements have already been completed to carry forward the work which Professor Hyde relinquishes. Provision has been made for Latin, for French and for the Library, so that the instruction of the College need not suffer in the least through his departure.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Besides the grateful appreciation that is due to the alumni and members of the college who have given most valuable aid in the preparation of this Holiday number of the Bulletin, we desire to express our thanks to Messrs. Chandler and Scheetz, Mr. A. K. P. Trask, Mr. E. S. Dunshee and Messrs. Rothengatter & Dillon, all photographers of Philadelphia, who kindly permitted the use of the original negatives of pictures in their possession in the making up of the engraving of the Faculty which appears as a frontispiece. We would also gladly acknowledge the painstaking care and good taste of the Bulletin's printers, Messrs. A. H. Sickler & Co., also of Philadelphia, with Mr. Charles Paulus as manager, who are responsible to a great extent for the special artistic merit which our pages this month display. The illustration on page 65 is a reduced form of a picture taken (with our compliments to the firm) from the Magazine of Art, published by Cassell & Co., of New York.

All items of news and contributions from the stated correspondents, which for the present are crowded out of our columns will be inserted in due form in our next issue, at which time the usual departments will be regularly resumed. Meanwhile we ask the patience of those who may look for matter in this number which does not appear.

The Winter Term of the College begins on Monday, January 7, 1889. Let this fact be carefully noted by all students, old and new. The prospects for the term are said to be highly satisfactory.
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New York, July 10, 1888.

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