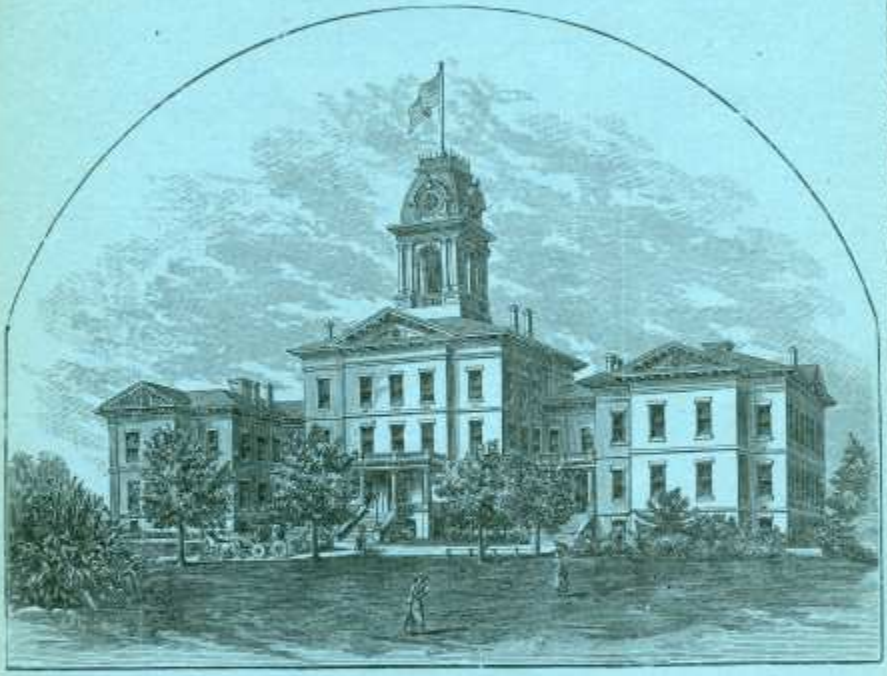
The Normal Index.

Vol. III. SAN JOSE, CAL., JANUARY, 1888. No. 5.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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VOL III ANUARY, 1888. No. 5.

The * Normal * Index.

SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

SENIOR CLASSES OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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WITH this issue of the INDEX, the present editorial board bid adieu to the joys and sorrows of the sanctum. And, though at times the work has seemed almost more than we could do, it is with a feeling of reluctance that we relinquish our duty of conducting the school paper. No one is more conscious than are we ourselves that many mistakes have been made, and that many things have been imperfectly done. Notwithstanding all this, the kindness, forbearance and help extended to us by our numerous readers and contributors has made the work a source of much pleasure and profit to ourselves, and, we trust, of entertainment and interest to our patrons. And if our worthy successors have the same sympathy and encouragement shown to them that has been given to us, they will have no reason to complain.

We wish to thank our many contributors for the excellent articles that we have been allowed to print, and we hope that their pens may still continue to advance the interests of the Normal INDEX.

We bid you all farewell, and close by wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE value of a library in connection with school work can hardly be overestimated. The general information and culture that can be gained only from reading, is often of much more importance than is all the knowledge gained in the class-room. Indeed, the work of the school is not so much for the facts memorized, as it is to prepare the way for us to secure a broad, generl education for ourselves. It has been said that the difference between an educated and an uneducated man is that the former knows where and how to seek for anything he may wish to know. No one can hope to learn all there is to be learned; but if we have a well trained mind and have been taught how to study a subject for ourselves, we shall not feel that we have suffered a great loss if we do not know everything. This general work cannot be done in a satisfactory manner unless the pupils have access to, and know how to use, a large and carefully selected library.

For this reason, the rapid growth of our library and the use made of it by the pupils, is one of the most encouraging features of the work here at the Normal. The recent additions, which we will publish in full, number over five hundred volumes, besides duplicates of some that were much used. One need only to visit the library any evening after school to be convinced that it occupies no unimportant part in our course of study. The use made of the library plainly shows that in the study of history, the sciences, and literature, the pupils do not memorize the facts as given by one author; but instead, they read and study the subject as presented by all the different authorities and, then draw conclusions and form their own opinion. In composition and rhetoric the use that can and should be made of the library is almost unlimited. Continued drill is not enough; we need something more. If we would become musicians we listen to the best music; if we would become artists we study the works of the masters; and if we would become skillful writers we must become familiar with the masterpieces. And it is certainly encouraging to note that the demand is not for the light-

er class of literature, but almost entirely for those that are considered standard works.

This, together with the care and attention bestowed upon it by the different members of the Faculty, makes us feel safe in saying that the only danger threatening the library is that the room will soon be too small to accommodate all those who wish to avail themselves of its privileges.

OUR work here is ended, and another class is ready to leave the protecting care of their Alma Mater and go forth to meet the stern realities of life. The work has been long and weary; but as we look back upon the time spent here, we remember only the many happy hours, and it is with a feeling of regret and almost of sorrow that we bid farewell to the familiar scenes and the faces of those whom we have learned to love and honor, and go forth to try our fortunes in a broader sphere of action. We are ending our work here, yet beginning our future work. Thus it is throughout our life: we are ever ending yet always beginning, and when at last our work of life is ended, may it be only the beginning of Life Everlasting.

POETS AND POETRY IN AMERICA.

As an expression of progress and the inner spirit of national life, poetry is of inestimable value. American poetry, no exception to the general rule, reveals the deep loyalty of the American people, and marks their rapid advancement and high degree of culture. Young as our country is, and brief as her literary career has been, yet her books to-day, are read the world over, and her poetry takes rank with the best.

The history of American poetry may be divided into three periods: (1) The colonial; (2) That from the close of the Revolution to about 1830; (3) The last half century.

Colonial poetry was necessarily meagre. Talent, where it existed, lay, for the most part, hidden in the breasts of noble souls whose thoughts were bent wholly upon their duty to the nation in her need. There was little time and little incentive to write. Life then was not a life of leisurely refinement, nor was there in its surroundings that likely to cause the soul to well up and overflow in melodious verse. In the broad, untried land, there were no peculiar associations, no mythology, no ivy-covered ruins, pointing with suggestive hands to a shadowy past. Our first books were religious compilations, little poetry worthy the name being produced, until the commencement of the national period, in 1775. From then until 1830, there were many versifiers, and poetry improved, although there were still many difficulties in the way. Puritanism, Quakerism, and the Dutch manners and language in New York, were unfavorable to its progress. Of the early writers, Sprague, Allston, Mrs. Sigourney, Dana and Maria Brooke, ranked the highest.

Of the third and latest period, Bryant, who was first in the order of time, was also the first classical American poet. He was a true poet of nature, and has been called "the translator of the silent language of nature to the world." Familiar with the great masters of literature, his style is exquisitely pure and graceful, and his thoughts beautiful and elevating, appealing to the deeper and finer instincts of our natures. They uplift, purify, and encourage; and they do more. They reconcile the mind to that which it had been painful to contemplate. Who upon reading "Thanatopsis" has not felt his fears materially diminish? Such influences, potent though unobtrusive, are of vast moral benefit, and much is to be hoped for in their effect on national feelings and manners.

Following closely upon Bryant came Whittier, the most home-bred of all the poets, and the best fitted to portray American home scenes. His writings faithfully characterize the domestic life of New England. A few extracts from his masterpiece, "Snow-Bound," will suffice to reveal the indescribable charm of his writings—their simple, graphic pictures, tender touches of fancy, and vivid play of imagination. Listen, as he describes

> "The shrieking of the mindless wind,
> The moaning tree-tops, swaying blind,
> And on the glass the unmeaning beat
> Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet."

Can we too, not hear these self-same sounds, and with clearest mental vision see all he saw?

> "The white drift piles the window frame,
> And thro' the glass the clothes-line post
> Looks in like tall and sheeted ghost."

And as the wood-fire is built and lighted, do we not, with him, seem to

> "Watch the first red blaze appear,
> Hear the sharp crackle, catch the gleam
> On white-washed wall and sagging beam."

One reads and longs to read again the simple lines—the touching song of scenes lying so near his heart. His spirit is full of tenderness, beauty and trust, and his words appeal strongly to the hearts of the people. But not only is he the poet of humanity; he is the poet of freedom as well. The defiant and spirited tone of his poetry during anti-slavery discussions exerted great influence, and during the civil war, his voice went forth clear as a trumpet call, to encourage and strengthen the

friends of the nation. His songs have been among the favorites of the American people, and it is unlikely they will ever cease to find echo in the American heart.

In striking contrast to the warm, heartfelt strains of Whittier's verse are those of Emerson, cold, philosophical, and idealizing. By some, Emerson is denied the title of poet, because of the many defects of his versification. At times his verses have the true melody and rythm, while at others there is complete disregard of metrical or grammatical laws. And often the line of thought is difficult to follow, the pictures being suggested rather than painted. In "Maydreams" this is particularly true. Much of Emerson's prose is poetry, and it may be wondered at that he takes upon himself the yoke of verse at all. But there are two advantages gained: Poetry permits a degree of self-revelation not permisible in prose; and the writers gems of thought—his pithy phrases, are compressed into the simplest and most compact shape. Emerson's poetry is usually cold and intellectual, lacking human warmth and vitality. But yet it is full of philosophizing and spiritual truth, and ever, in its airy flights, looks through Nature to God—beyond the universe to its Maker.

Longfellow, differing from Emerson, does not deal with abstractions. His thoughts are not profound. The poet does not attempt a flight into the spirit world, but deals with the beautiful in common and simple things. He has a tender love for home and country. His writings are marked by beauty, lucidity, and love of the romantic. They are richly set with imagery, and sparkle with historical allusion. By his translations, Longfellow has opened the way for a new field in literature. He has set before the people the treasures of the Middle Ages—their countless possessions of the historical and traditional—thus widening and enriching the resources of American writers, and contributing to the refinement of the people. In original work, his chief strength lies in narrative; Evangeline, with its grave, simple style, being perhaps, his best effort.

Poe and Holmes both wrote more in prose than in verse, yet each has been an important contributor to the latter. Poe's genius, while powerful, was peculiar. The "Raven," the piece that popularized him, is characterized by morbid melancholy and wierd imagination; while through every line of that simple and touchingly beautiful ballad, "Annabel Lee," there breathes the evidence of a tender and gentle nature. Who could miss the hidden meaning in this, its loveliest verse:

"A wind blew out of a cloud chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that *her high-born kinsman* came
And bore her away from me."

The allusion to the kinsman of his idolized young wife, whose sudden demise had almost snapped the threads of his own frail life. Could anything be more pure and sacred?

In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Holmes has given us his best versification. In the tender, dreamy strains of his "Chambered Nautilus" he has curiously and with matchless harmony, inwrought much of a purely scientific nature. His rare power of combining touching pathos with genial humor, has no better illustration than his "Last Leaf;" even while reading it tears and smiles commingle.

Lowell, the most cultured of American poets, is an essayist, critic, lecturer, poet, satirist, diplomat—in fact a man, as some one has put it, "of the world, of letters, and affairs, the representative of American literature." He possesses all of the distinguishing qualities of a true poet. At first, throwing himself into the cause of the Abolitionists, with his fiery, satiric poems he did much for the cause, and gained a place among the greatest of political satirists. Later, his descriptive poetry ranked him the first of his kind in America. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is his best known production. It would be beautiful for its legend alone—the legend of the Holy Grail; but it abounds in rare glimpses and touches of nature, and its finest feature is seen in that description of the seasons. Who is it that is not perfectly familiar with those exquisite lines beginning:

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and Walt Whitman are three poets belonging to the class called democratic, and stand as three distinct types. Each represents some particular feature of American life. Bret Hart, with his "Songs of the Camp" portrays the life of the western digger. Joaquin Miller's verse deals with the roving, adventurous life of the border. His writings are glowing and passionate. His "Songs of the Sierras" and "With Walker in Nicaragua" are his best known and most characteristic works; they contain striking descriptions, and display considerable dramatic power.

Whitman, the poet of the laborer, is a writer difficult to estimate. Fresh and vigorous, he is yet wild and unkempt, and has aroused opposition as well as enthusiasm. In protesting against conventionalities of form and language, he has perhaps done good service. His chief charms lie in the broad sympathy he has for his fellows, in his portraitures of true comradeship, and in his breezy descriptions.

Of the multitude of lesser poets, worthy selection might be made, but time and space forbid.

A word in regard to the future of American poetry, and we shall have done. It is, of course, impossible to conjecture as to what the future will bring forth, but every patriotic breast has its fond hopes. As a nation lives alone in its literature, we want a typical national literature to hand down to posterity. Let us not servilely imitate the literature of any other country, but strive to make our own an echo of the serious, worthy feelings underlying the outer brusqueness and selfishness of the American character. Let it continue to improve, growing more elevated and ennobling, and we shall live forever in the hearts of those to come after us, as a nation pure and noble in sentiment, earnest in purpose, and divine in its aspirations.

AMELIA O. MCKAY.

THE ADVANTAGES OF IGNORANCE.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," has long been one of our most popular proverbs, and it passes from mouth to mouth with the authority of an oracle. But the support given to the dogma is usually of a passive kind. The doctrine is stated but not defended; while, on the other hand, our journals teem with arguements in favor of the public schools, and are filled with articles that set forth in glowing colors the advantages of an education.

Education is liable to imbue one with prejudices concerning the education of others. A man who has spent years in gaining an education is very apt to look down upon his ignorant neighbors, and one can easily see that this would not be just because they are often richer and more influential than is the wise man. A man having any such feeling of superiority should be rigidly exclusive from politics for the simple reason that they might succeed in bringing about some reform that would not be acceptable to the ignorant but wealthy voter.

We see, in actual practice, that this idea is admirably carried out. Thousands of uneducated men are placed as superiors over those who are cultured and refined. The green boy or girl who knows but little about reading and arithmetic, nothing about how to teach them and less about the children he is to teach, is given the preference over the trained teacher who thoroughly understands what he is to teach, how he is to teach it, and the child he is to teach it to. At the polls, a similar superiority of the ignorant man is daily manifest. The intelligent, progressive, wide-awake statesman is defeated by the loud-mouthed stump-speaker who knows nothing of jurisprudence, less of political economy, and only enough of finance to be able to draw and spend his salary with commendable regularity. The broadly educated, highly cultured theologian is surpassed in popular esteem by the flashy and brilliant speaker who uses flowery language and brimstone rhetoric, and who tears up human feelings by the roots, as a gardener pulls up sprouting seeds for growing the wrong way. In medicine, the quack has five times the patronage of a well informed physician. Sick people are fond of a liberal treatment, and like to be thought worse off than they really are. You have a slight cold and the good doctor charges five dollars for curing you. But the brilliant empiric calls it congestion of the lungs, diphtheria, or pneumonia, visits you twice as often, charges you three times as much, and you feel you have received a great deal more for your money than in the first instance. Thus we see the superiority of ignorance is clearly demonstrated.

The old saying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" affords another arguement in favor of the fools. To be sure the natural history of the angel species has been but imperfectly studied; yet here again our ignorance helps us. Theoretically, we should all like to be angels, but practically we prefer to remain where we are. Education makes men cautious and calculating. Careful of precedents and afraid of mistakes. Many a time the brilliant audacity of a daring ignoramus has achieved success where ordinary skill and pluck would have made an ignominious failure. Lord Timothy Dexter, that most inspired of idiots, sent a cargo of warming pans to the West Indies. The natives took the bottoms for sugar-scoops and the perforated tops for strainers, and Dexter gained a fortune out of his ridiculous venture. Zachary Taylor, whipped by a Mexican army, was too bad a soldier to be conscious of defeat and kept on fighting. His adversaries, astonished at his perseverance, thought he must have hidden reserves and incautiously ran away. Thus, Taylor won the battle, as contemporaries say, "by sheer pluck and awkwardness."

The advantages of ignorance may be further illustrated by a reference to the disadvantages of omniscience. Suppose one of us could see everything, past, present and future, how uncomfortable he would be. Looking back into remote antiquity, it is possible that he might behold his ancestral ape engaged in some undignified performance. Turning with disgust from the past, he would find in the present many things as humiliating. Misunderstandings, bickerings, hatred and slander unknown to ordinary mortals would stand revealed before him. And in the coming time, he

would see the black clouds and hear the muttering thunder of approaching trouble and misfortune which threaten to burst upon him at any moment. Not all the pleasures of the present could compensate for the anticipated pain of the future. To know everything would be to learn nothing, to have no hopes and no desire. After the first excitement, one would harden into a mere automaton, with conscienceness worthless and volition a farce.

There are two sides to every question. Like the god, Janus, all things are double faced. Knowledge is not unalloyed good, neither is ignorance unadulterated evil. If all ignorance were abolished, how many teachers would starve for want of occupation? Were all fools to become sensible, what would knaves do for a living? The ignoramus, so long as he is ignorant of his ignorance, is confident and self-satisfied. The educated man sees how slender his attainments really are and discontentedly strives for deeper knowledge. Let us be impartial, whether we praise, blame or satirize, and exclaim; Blessed be stupidity, for it shall not be conscious of its own deficiency.

MAGGIE O'DONNELL.

HOLMES, THE PREACHER.

Usually, it is the man of one idea who succeeds; but America has furnished two notable exceptions to this rule. In both cases the heroes were laboring for humanity. As a master of many trades, Peter Cooper, with his speculative brain and large heart, manipulated his rare skill in whatever branch of industry enabled him to carry forward his plans for the public good. And, so well did he plan, that, at the close of his life a princely endowment was bestowed upon that noble institution dedicated to the poor of his land. In like manner, Oliver Wendell Holmes, with his diversity of talents, furnishes an example of unparalleled success in professional, social and literary life. What other son of Harvard on whose head the snows and frosts of eight and seventy winters rest, can look back upon a life so varied in its achievements?

The essays that have been presented from day to day, have made us familiar with different phases of Holmes' life and work. Both as physician and poet, he is widely known. And, because his most serious efforts have been directed toward the perfection of the science of medicine, the title of doctor has been bestowed upon him. Yet, he has filled another distinctive office. A doctor he is, in a double sense of the word, for, do we not recognize a physician of the soul in the sentiments expressed in many of his essays and poems? How beautiful are these of comfort to the poor!

"Six days at drudgery's heavy wheel she stands,
The seventh sweet morning lulls her weary hands;
Yes, child of suffering, thou mayest well be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath, loves the poor."

It was long the cherished ambition of Rev. Abiel Holmes that his son should enter the ministry, and it was a bitter disappointment to him, when Oliver announced his intention of becoming a physician; and deep was the sorrow the father knew upon realizing his son's sympathy with the Unitarian movement. It was through the medium of the college journal that Mr. Holmes became aware of his son's religious views. Those graceless satires, printed in the Collegian, were the outgrowth of the rigid discipline, austere dogmas, and Calvinistic creed, of his Puritan ancestry. One can imagine how depressing would be the effect of the old-time, dreary New England Sabbath upon the buoyant nature of the merry, fun-loving boy. The memory of the restraint that characterized the Sabbath of his youth, is voiced in the following lines:

"Hush! 'tis the Sabbath's silence stricken morn;
No feet must wander through the tasselled corn,
No merry children laugh around the door,
No idle playthings strew the sanded floor;
The law of Moses lays its awful ban
On all that stir."

We are not surprised that Holmes, with his philosophic mind could not embrace a religion made uninviting by the harshness of its teachings and the severity of its restrictions. And, had he sought pleasure in reckless living, as did the sons of good old Doctor Morgan, of Belfast, the fact would have excited little wonder, as genial, social qualities were elements in his nature that paved the way to temptation. But we think the older Holmes, though a clergyman of the old school, was inclined to wink at innocent fun, and even tempered justice with mercy. The following lines justify this conclusion:

"Not those the lips for laughter to beguile,
Yet round their corners lurks an embryo smile,
The same on other lips my childhood knew
That scarce the Sabbath's mastery could subdue."

Were no records preserved of the life and labors of the Rev. Mr. Holmes, the deeds of his noble son have been a fitting eulogy. And, though no ordination service authorized Holmes to be a messenger of heaven unto the people, his sermons in verse are read by thousands of parishioners, and the influence radiating therefrom, is far more potent than from any pulpit in the land.

Holmes'r religious views are very liberal. He says, "I am happy to find great pleasure in the

midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept their creeds or not." The Sunday service is to him a delight, and he loves to see people coming together for prayer and song and good counsel from a kind, wise pastor. Clerical costumes and ceremonious forms are distasteful to him; and he admires those sermons, "that diffuse a light of celestial joy over the countenance, and abound in pleasant images and gentle words, rather than doleful pictures and sharp sayings that rankle in the bosom." "The worshiper," he says, "should enter the house of God with cheerful reverent spirit." And as a remedy for the restlessness that characterizes large audiences, he suggests congregational singing.

Christianity, Holmes styles, the flag under which the world is sailing, and not the rudder that steers its course. He scorns the thought of God's having created man to add new glories to his Maker's name, and in "Rhymed Lessons" says,

"Is it for this the immortal Artist moans
These conscious, throbbing organized machines?
Dark is the soul whose sullen creed can bind
In chains like these the all embracing mind.

The God of love, who gives the breath that warms
All living dust in all its varied forms,
Asks not the tribute of a world like this
To fill the measure of his perfect bliss
Though winged with life through all the radiant shores,
Creation flowed with inexhausted stores
Cherub and seraph had not yet enjoyed;
For this he called them from the quickening void!
Nor this alone; a larger gift was thine,
A mightier purpose swelled his vast design;
Thought, conscience, will—to make them all thine own,
He rent a pillar from the eternal throne!"

Turn with me, now, from this sublime poem, to that idyl of charity and tenderness, entitled "The Voiceless:"

"Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts sad story,
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!"

Beautiful and touching, too, is his tribute to "Avis:"

"Her task is done; no voice divine
Has crowned her deeds with saintly fame,
No eye can see the aureole shine
That rings her brow with heavenly flame.

Yet what has holy page more sweet,
Or what had woman's love more fair
When Mary clasped her Savior's feet
With flowing eyes and streaming hair?

Meek child of sorrow, walk unknown,
The Angel of that earthly throng,
And let thine image live alone
To hallow this untuneful song!"

All of Holmes' poems are enjoyable; but his graver works excel the bright, witty pieces because, when most serious, he is most imaginative; it is in his more sober thoughts that we perceive the full power of his imagination. Imaginative, because thoroughly interested in ably presenting the results of his experience and thoughtful study.

Thackeray's reverential mood, which was so beautiful, is matched by the feeling which Holmes exhibits in his thoughts upon the "Living Temple:"

"O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly form."

This poem and the "Chambered Nautilus," are certainly his finest pieces. From the opening to the closing lines the author seems to be in an exalted frame of mind. As the Heaven's are above the earth, so are the thoughts of the poets higher than our thoughts. And, as I read, it seemed to me that Holmes must have been far upon the heights, when he wrote these noble poems. I trust we are all grateful for the glorious creations of his genius. To him, the stranded shell was an inspiration. The many sealed chambers being symbolic of the successive conditions of the soul, as it gradually grows, step by step, more and more in harmony with the divine mind; and the frail, crumbling tenement was to him suggestive of the earthly home of the soul. These lines, so often read and quoted, certainly will never be forgotten:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Set each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

It is gratifying to know that Holmes, as a writer, is not failing; time and experience having strengthened and developed his powers. The extremely youthful bearing of the man, is a wonder to every one. The Rev. H. R. Haweis once said to him, "You will never grow old, the vigor and freshness of your soul will keep you young forever. Aye, young with a second childhood, through which I suppose, we all must pass, till we get washed clean, as I hope we shall be, when we wake up by and by."

Had Holmes decided to enter the ministry, every

personal qualification desirable was his to dedicate to the service of God, as his wonderful power as a lecturer attests. "That singularly sympathetic and vibrating voice, rising into passionate declamation and dying away into a pathetic whisper," would have been a mighty weapon in the contest against the power of darkness.

But to our mind he has exerted an influence more general, more helpful, and more enduring, than would have been possible had he chosen less wisely.

CORNELIA RICHARDS.

MIRAGES OF THE BRAIN.

[FOR THE INDEX]

A writer in Contribution Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*, this month tells of a little woman subject to fits of insanity who, when really off her mental balance, alludes to her rational days when she is crazy. The writer goes on to moralize and speculate on our whole attitude toward mental soundness. May not we be as deluded oft times as this unsettled neighbor?

His cogitations make me think of some strange freaks that this mental aberration has played upon the owner or the owned. A friend of mine—a man of acute intellect and imagination—has been very ill. The poor tired brain was a prey to horrors that De Quincy might have depicted. Goblins and demons, and inexorable, pressing men haunted him in his delirium. To all outward appearance, he had been perfectly rational for two weeks; had conversed with his old brilliancy and depth of thought on any subject and yet, the mists of sickness had not all disappeared. Every night he had to take a dose of vile medicine. No one noticed any thing unusual when he gulped down his portion; but he has told us since that regularly every night during that fortnight when medicine time came it seemed to him that he was on a pivot. Southern California swung through space till it lay by Wisconsin. Regularly this mechanical journey was taken and regularly the hyperbole was retraced. Finally on one occasion, he caught himself reasoning most philosophically. "Now I ought to stop taking that medicine, it is getting inconvenient to move so far every night," when at once the absurdity of the whole situation dawned upon him, as a dream discloses its hollow fabric to one awakening.

You will say it was the rioting of the last bacteria among the brain cells or the whirling of morphine molecules in the nerve tissues that deceived the weakened senses. Yes: we can account for this, but are we ever safe from invaders of this citadel? How many an insane freak may be masquerading as a legitimate idea in our minds to-day. How many of our fancies are of the stuff that dreams are made of; and this calls up a little experience of my own somewhat in this line.

When a child, my bedroom window opened on a vista of western sky. My early bed time sent me to my pillow while yet the sun's glow lingered and the silhouette of pines stood in soft outlines on the mountain tops against the sky. How many sentences I spelt on that sky-swung chart as I lay musing, before sleep or darkness erased it all.

Now when I lie sleepless with brain alert and throbbing, and I try to compose myself for sleep, will you believe involuntarily and unfailingly that fair scene rises before me. As a slide in memory's camera that sweeep of sky and pine clad hill is stamped every fantastic curve and line against the mellow blue-gold sky is again projected before me, and if I keep the vision a moment it shuts the intrusive world away from me and child-hoods balmy slumber comes.

It is not long since I became conscious of the mechanical reverting process of this picture. Perhaps a hundred other abstract actions have in my brain such concrete accompaniment; but I can not detect the association. I know that is a common occurence for some outward manifestation, some sound or sight to conjure up a ghost of the dead past. A brambly Castillian rose—the first rain drops of the year bring me a message that they bring in kind to no one else. We all have these little memories without which we would not know ourselves in Heaven; but is this reflex action so common a mental property? Does a recurrent physical action have in every mind its own back ground of association?

A. C. M.

A very successful Institute was held in Auburn, Placer Co., Oct. 25-29. Among the graduates sixty seven teachers in attendance were ten recent of the State Normal School, besides several other former students. The graduates were distinguished by the pretty class-pins which nearly all wore, and which acted as magnets to attract their wearers. During the early part of the Institute a very pleasant reunion of Normal-ites took place, the time being passed in social converse, in singing ("Auld Lang Syne" and "Page 31" noticeable among the selections), and in reminiscences of our dear Alma Mater, after which Miss McElwee, in lieu of our genial Professor K. took us on a geological excursion in search of soda. An abundant and excellent article it was, as we

can all testify; for remembering our kind professor's thoughtful advice, some of us, at least, were careful to take *more than one specimen*, and test each thoroughly. The following were present on this pleasant occasion; Misses Kate McElwee, Annie Dowling, Dec., '84; Jessie Irwing, May T. Newebaumer, May '85; Lillian A. Cross, Dec., '85; Annie Buckly, May '86; Carrie Somers, Mabel McKay, Dec., '86; Cora Somers, Amelia G. Mckay, May '87; Lottie E. Sanders.

ONE OF THEM.

"ENDING, YET BEGINNING. '87."

Yesterday the Class of '87 graduated and received their diplomas. Yesterday sixty young ladies and gentlemen, bright with expectation and buoyant with hope, laid down the labors of the schoolroom to step forth in the arena of actual life and to combat the stern realities that await the student at the conclusion of his or her collegiate labors. The occasion was one long to be remembered.

The exercises were to begin at 2 o'clock, but long before that hour hundreds were wending their way to the vast hall in the school building and filling up the seats in order to be present and observe the graduating exercises. Parents were there with approving smiles for their children, and friends to witness the last acts in the collegiate life of their friends.

The immense stage was handsomely decorated with holly, ivy and palm leaves. On the walls at the rear of the stage were three handsome banners. The central one was of bottle-green velvet with the motto of the class in letters of golden silk, "Ending, Yet Beginning, Dec. '87." To the right of this banner was another of white and gold bearing the legend in rustic letters, "Deeds, Not Words, May, '87," the motto of the class of May. To the left was another banner of old gold silk and purple velvet, bearing in golden letters the inscription "Learn to Do by Doing. Xmas '86.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the graduating class headed by Bertram A. Herrington marched upon the stage to the swelling notes of the grand march, and took seats. Prof. Allen arose and called the attention of the audience to the change made in the usual form of the programme. He said the change, suggested and inaugurated, would, he hoped, meet the approbation of those present, it being in accordance with the wishes of the students. "Glory be to God on High" was then sung by the choir, which occupied an elevated platform at the opposite end of the hall. The beautiful anthem, set to the music of the immortal Mozart, was excellently rendered after which Rev. H. C. Minton led in prayer. He prayed that the class might go out and take up the duties of life in a manner most worthy of God's love. That the school house in the valley or on the mountain might be benefitted by those who are about to go out, and that God might train their hearts for duty and for right. He prayed that the Principal and the professors might be still more enthused by this one act of completion and that it might serve as an incentive to greater and more glorious work. The prayer was followed by the "Song of the Triton."

Prof. Allen then introduced

REV. HORATIO STEBBINS,

The distinguished gentleman then read from manuscript an eloquent address entitled, "The Two Grand Divisions of Human Nature—Man and Woman." He said:

"What better could I do at a great academic festival, like this, than to call your attention to the grand divisions of human nature—man and woman?

These great divisions of society, not of class but of human nature, date away back beyond the Greek and Roman mythology to the Adam and Eve of the Scripture. The maker of this world could not put up a material world without a divine necessity. It is a divine necessity in the very order of its existence. It is unique. It is characteristic. The difference between Peter Prim and Pierre Laplace is not as great as the difference between man and woman. The difference between Mollie McGuire and St. Theras is not as striking. Man is not one-half of human nature and woman the other half.

* * * * * * *

"The distinction has been a vexed question and one that has puzzled generations before, but it can best be settled by womanly tact and manly toleration. To say that the one sex is of more importance in this world and its civilization, is a misconception of the subject as I am now considering it. We say that five times six are thirty, but he would be a shallow and foolish student who would contend that six was a more necessary factor of thirty than five is.

"Men may have endowments not possessed by the women, and women may possess virtues peculiar to their sex alone, yet neither is the greater. Women excel men in the passive virtues, but that does not make them superior to men. I am reminded of the deacon at the payer meeting who arose and delivered a lengthy discourse, confining his remarks entirely to the brethren of the congregation. When he had finished another brother arose and objected to the discourse because the speaker made no allusion to the sisters. The deacon defended his position on the grounds that when he spoke of brethren he was aware of the fact that the brethren *embraced* the sisters.

"It appears that in the discussion of this question it is generally assumed that men hold their separate political distinction by virtue of undue tyranny and usurpation. The Women's Convention takes the position generally that women are the subjects of masculine tyranny; such, however, is not the case. Woman has no better friend than man, and man no better friend than woman. One of the best answers to the foolish proposition that either is the superior of the other is found in the remark of one of the female characters in one of George Eliot's novels. "I am not denying that women are foolish; said she; "I know they are foolish; but God Almighty made them so to match the men."

"The moral and mental laws teach us as human beings and not as men and women. Nature may make the grand divisions but human nature is grander than the division. Some claim that women have a right to follow every political and industrial vocation. I do not pretend to deny the right but I think these occupations from a refined, social and esthetic standpoint are unfit for women. Men have not combined to prevent them from following these occupations, however, any more than the women have combined to prevent the men from assuming the duties of the household. * * *

"The question arises—what has disturbed this natural adjustment and brought in this spirit of social discontent? It is because family life does not keep pace with social life, the large number of single individuals and the occupation of the lucrative offices by the men. The preoccupation has come in the order of nature and not by violence or oppression.

* * * * * * *

"In the savage state the conditions of men and women are more nearly alike. As long as there exists in the human heart a love for the fireside, for the tenderness o' women, for the sanctification of home, the distinction will be drawn. In the proportion that human life becomes refined, human occupations diverge. The line of division may sometimes, however, be too rigidly drawn.

"I can see no reason why women should not enter the medical profession, or the clergy, or the dry goods store, or similar professions, but to me it seems as much out of place to see a women in a foundry or a stage driver's box as it does to see a large able-bodied man selling silks and ribbons. The principal remains that the different sexes have different callings. Man will be expected to carry on commerce and manufactures, to control politics and fight the battles of his country, while the maintenance of the home will fall to woman as long as the home circle is sacred and refined. Armies and navies will never be conducted and equipped by woman. Neither will men keep house while women plow or go to war.

* * * * * * *

This grand division of human nature enters in the question of wages. It is a fact that in a capacity where women can perform the labors of the man, if she will work for less wages she will get the situation, but if she asks the same wages as is paid the man, the man will get the situation. I can hardly account for this unless it is because the employer can approach his male employe with more freedom.

"Another thing. About the time the young lady has acquired knowledge of the work expected of her she will probably accept an offer of marriage. When she marries she is of no further use to her employer. Her marriage destroys her usefulness in that direction generally. On the other hand it increases the usefulness of the man. It commends him to his employer.

"I say this distinction has entered into the labor question. It has already modified the wages of men, and I verily believe that men have more to fear of the women than of the Chinese. Moral growth of society is the only remedy for this special social wrong.

"This question evolves itself into the question of universal suffrage. Women are becoming urgent in this demand, and will not be turned aside. All principles, however, have practical limitations. Take Democracy for instance. We are all democrats, but where will we draw the dividing line if we adopt universal suffrage? There are boys and girls in this country 10 and 12 years old that are better qualified to vote than two-fifths of the voters. What principle of minority sets the boundary at twenty-one years? * * *

"I don't think that it ever occurred to the constitutional fathers that women wanted to vote. It probably would have appeared too unnatural to them to even be considered. I am satisfied, however, that whenever the matrons of this land desire this right it will be acceded to them almost unanimously.

* * * * *

"Of these grand divisions of nature each is supreme in its own sphere. It is to man we are indebted for the inventive genius of the present civilization. Woman has given us no Hamlet, no Faust, no Paradise Lost, no Capitoline Venus or Apollo Belvidere, no Resurrection or Crucifixion, but she has given us a home of sunshine and pleasure and has strewn our pathway with roses of love."

At the conclusion of Rev. Mr. Stebbins' address, the choir rendered a choice selection from *Hernani* entitled "Crowned with the Tempest." Prof. Allen then introduced Hon. T. H. Laine to the class with the remark that the people needed no introduction to the distinguished gentleman while there was many in the class who did. The entire class arose and acknowledged the introduction with a neat bow.

HON. T. H. LAINE'S ADDRESS.

"It has been said: 'There is no act in human life but what is of importance.' If that be true, and there is no reason why it should be doubted, of what vast importance are this day's exercises. It is to you, young ladies and young gentlemen, the dawn of a new birth, you are born with a new life. The long and arduous struggle you have had is but a preparation of duties and labors yet to come.

"In signing your diplomas yesterday, it occurred to me that the day will speedily come when these diplomas will be considered altogether meaningless. It is a custom that has been handed down from the olden times. We old gray-haired men can look back to our boyhood, remembering how we prided ourselves in the fact that we were about to secure a diploma. I thought of this. I remembered how our faces lighted with joy, our hearts swelled with gladness, and then I remembered how expectantly and hopefully you have worked and studied to secure this piece of parchment, and a second sober thought has brought me to believe that this multiplication of diplomas is to be approved of.

"It is your patent of nobility; more to be esteemed by you than was the King's patent when bestowed upon a valiant knight in the age of chivalry. It is your passport showing that you issue from the dominion of knowledge.

"I have sometimes thought—and it is a common thought—why educate school teachers when painters and doctors and lawyers and all other professions are left to struggle and labor for themselves?

The answer is because we entrust to them what we intrust to no one else—the minds, the intellects, the very lives and futures of our children—our jewels.

"With you I listened to the very able and logical discourse on the power of woman. I tell you, young ladies, you have more power than the casting of a vote would give you. You, by your teachings will control more than one vote if you are true to your duties in instructing our boys in those noble arts which warm and refine the human heart. At home, the mother surrounded by trials and tribulations, may to some extent be deterred from these sacred duties; but you, in the schoolroom, will stand crowned with authority.

"I am reminded that the Normal School is a modern institution. It is a product of our higher civilization. They did not have them in Greece when Greece was the center of arts and letters. But now at Athens on the hill where waved the branches of the grove in which Plato drank in the philosophy of Socrates, an American has established one of these Normal School.

"Prussia, I believe, claims the honor of having the oldest Normal School in the world. It is over one hundred years old. See what Prussia accomplished! Her hardy and passive people overcame the very genius of war. Her victorious armies overran and conquered every province of Gaul. Her schools are more powerful than her needle guns.

"In old times it was the custom to educate soldiers, and to this end money was appropriated and schools established. We have them here in the United States. We have at West Point perhaps the finest military school in the world. It was formerly considered that the strength of a nation was in its armies and its ships of war. Experience has, however, proved a different proposition. The strength of a nation is not wooden walls, but walls of flesh and blood. Her strength is in her intelligence.

It is the State that gives you these diplomas—a higher and holier patent than was given to any King, Queen or Emperor. It does not, however, confine you to the life of a teacher in a school-room. I am glad for the sake of my country, that it also shows that you are prepared to perform even higher and more exalted duties. I hope that every young lady of this class will be a matron of this land, and every man a father.

"You must learn to obey before you expect to command. The best rulers the world has ever had—the most powerful, the most humane—learned to obey commands before they attempted to give them. Some went into the army and by merit alone won positions at the heads of their commands. Others were forced to sea, and there learned from the gruff old sea-captains the virtue of obedience. The nation that has not taught its rulers to obey as well as command has melted away—lost its position on the map of the world.

"I am proud to address a class like this. It is an honor to our State. Our State is young yet, not much over thirty-one, but here, to-day, stands a class of sixty young ladies and gentlemen. We are proud of you and of your work, and see that no disgrace falls to the institution from which you have to-day graduated." [Applause.]

"All Among the Barley" was then sung by the choir, after which the Professor came forward and said: "It now becomes my duty to perform the last act, in my official capacity, that I am expected to perform for you, and it is with pleasure that I fulfill this duty. You will please step forward as your names are called, and receive your diplomas."

The class fell in line, marched past the Professor, who handed to each one his or her coveted diploma. Whenever one of the young men received his diploma—there being but eight, of the sixty graduates, young men—the audience would applaud heartily. When the long line had filed past the Professor, he announced that the exercises were over, and the audience dispersed.—*San Jose Mercury.*

CLASS EXERCISES.

The Graduates Conduct an Evening Entertainment.

The Assembly Hall was again crowded in the evening to witness the exercises of the Christmas Class of 1887. The exercises were commenced by an address of the president, Rose Marie Clark, of Sacramento, in the nature of a farewell by the graduates to the remaining pupils. As we look at the past, she said, we shall see only that which is pleasant, time softening the annoying into the ridiculous. There is a lesson in an ancient myth wherein Jupiter gives rich jewels to several persons who are to return him the same, cut and polished after many years, and such to receive a due reward. But some on their way grovel in the earth to gather gold from the dust and lose their priceless jewel; others are careless in regard to its custody; and it appears to grows dark and valueless. The jewels the graduates have received is a true ambition, an aspiration for true greatness. May it not be reported hereafter that this jewel, placed in our custody through the training we received here, has grown dark through our unfaithfulness. The members of this class have left behind them a life of preparation, our places in the school having already been filled, to enter on the life of experience. Yet all feel strengthened for life's battle by the guidance received and the worthy example set before us. To-day our paths diverge; we are standing on the threshold of active life; yet each 22d of December, will bring to us pleasant memories of this farewell occasion.

After music by the orchestra, a "Scene in the Witch's Hut" was presented on the platform in which the "witch" over the cauldron, in a discordant voice, contrasted the new with the old method of education and the necessity of adding the culture of the heart to that of the mind. The "witch" was impersonated by Miss Keel, of Santa Cruz, and the other participants were Misses Deal, Snell and Mullen.

Faust's "Chant d' Amor" was then played by the orchestra. Then came "Junior Butterfly Chase," in which several young ladies attired in picnic style and wearing sun-shades appeared with butterfly nets. This was supposed to represent the Junior year, in which pupils catch butterflies in connection with their study in zoology. Their appearance was quite attractive.

After the usual interlude, "The Drawing Board Brigade" came on the stage with drawing boards and books. This was based on the fact that during the middle year of the course drawing is a prominent study.

In "The Past, Present and Future," the graduates represented in succession the process of tuition, the Past emblematized by school-books which they dropped; the Present was typified by a graduate looking at a diploma and the Future was indicated by one in the attitude of a teacher. Miss Lillie E. Church, of San Jose, represented the Past, Miss Williams, of San Jose, the Present and Miss Angell the Future.

"The Visit of Æneas to the Regions of Pluto" was a tableau vivant, which occasioned the remark from one of the audience, in undertone, that the Plutonic regions must be more attractive than generally supposed.

"In A Wail for the Training School" Misses Galinger, of Arcata, Steane, of Pleasanton, and and Phelps, of Yolo, and Mr. W. M. Mason, of San Jose, figuring as pupils in simple costume, attracted much applause by their expressive gestures and were strongly encored. They re-appeared in another scene in connection with the teachers, the latter reciting their grievances in a "wailing" song.

During the exercises on the stage, when there

was singing, Miss Lila A. Forsythe, of San Francisco (a member of the middle class), played the the piano accompaniments, and when the "Drawing Board Brigade" was on the stage the accompaniment was played by Miss Jennie A. Ostrom, a graduate from Oleta.

After the exercises had concluded there were warm felicitations and adieus, and the graduates had a meeting all to themselves, presumably in the nature of a farewell reception.

The *Times* is much indepted to President Allen, Trustee Lowe, and W. M. Mason, a graduate, for the accommodating spirit manifested in every way in connection with all the recent proceedings at the Normal.—*San Jose Times.*

ALL SORTS.

Have you noticed Mr. M's "pomp?"

We would like to know who "Powerful" is.

Shumate's favorite song.—"Oh! Carry me back to Old Missouri."

The Senior B's have much to their sorrow, taken leave of the laboratory.

The "developing room" is one of the attractions of amateur photography.

Advice to Senior A girls:—Be sure that you are on the right side of the piano before you attempt to open it.

Why are there so few young men in Junior B2. Ans.—Because one of the young ladies How(e)ls.

Why are a certain few so reticent with regard to their experiences during the recent holidays? "Murder will out."

Some of the attempts of the boys of Senior B2 to "court the Poetical Muse" have been truly amusing.

The exclamation of the Junior B reporters, when they see the editor coming in,—"Oh, that dreadful INDEX!"

The subject of "Houses and Furniture" seems to be a favorite one with the young ladies of the Household Science Class.

Mr. G. of Senior B2 has lately manifested a great interest in the "National Divorce Legislation." This looks suspicious.

A Junior B monitor was recently getting the addressees of his class, when he came to the Baby, who gave his as County Jail. Quite the proper one, wasn't it?

The Middle A's will do well to begin to ponder the question: "What shall we do when we are cast away upon Prof. Kleeberger's desert island."

Have you seen a stray "Muse" anywhere on your block? If you have please communicate the information of the Senior B2's and receive reward.

The Middle A class was fortunate in securing the service of Miss Haddie Baggett as one of the assistant editors for next term. Miss Baggett has taken much interest in the INDEX, and she will doubtless prove a valuable member of the editorial staff.

A couple of Junior B girls would like to know the name of the young lady who was walking with Mr. T. of Middle A Hollow E'en. Her voice was quite peculiar.

"Oh, what would you do if the men were transported?" sang one of the young men of Senior B2. "Nicely, thank you. Everything would be much better, answered one of the girls. "Especially for the men", murmured the Professor.

Mr. Horace G. Bacon favored his many friends with a visit a short time ago. Mr. Bacon graduated with Xmas Class of '85, and has since been the successful principal of one of the schools of Contra Costa county.

The Senior B's have lately been industriously at work photographing. At all hours of the day, groups of the class may be seen gracefully posing before the camera, which, be it said to the advantage of the class, has not yet been broken.

A young man of Senior B2 appeared in Assembly Hall the other morning accompanied by a distant relative of the canine species. The stranger was cordially welcomed, and much interest taken in him to the infinite pleasure of the Senior B.

It is pleasing to note the enthusiasm manifested at the last meeting of the Senior Literary and Scientific Association. Though differing in many respects from other societies, its aims are highly commendable, and it bids fair to become an important feature of the Normal.

A Junior B reporter was heard to exclaim, "Only one more INDEX. No one knows how happy we are that it is the last." Why? I can readily answer, it is because we are discouraged. The more we contribute to the paper, the more they want. I suppose you have all read the dressing down the Junior B's received in the last issue, then do you wonder at our not contributing? Never mind, my class-mates will not always be Junior B's. And as this is our last report as Low Junior, we will close, wishing to all readers of the INDEX a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ALUMNI NOTES.

W. O. Blodgett, May, '85, is teaching the Grammar department in the town of Millville, Shasta county.

Lewis Goble, May, '85, has closed his school at Petrolia. He will teach in the same school next term.

Miss Fannie M. Hite, May, '87, has been teaching at Emmet, San Benito county.

Mildred Hanson, Dec., '84, is teaching in the Mission District, San Luis Obispo county.

Miss Mary E. Norton, Xmas, '81, has taught three years in San Rafael District, Marin county.

Miss Belle Gleason has just finished her second term in the Castro Valley school, Alameda county.

Miss Dora Thrush, Dec., '85, is teaching in Lone Star District, Fresno county.

Miss Carrie Brauer, May, '86, has an enrollment of one hundred in her school, which is the Primary department in the Anaheim schools.

Miss Norma Freyschlag, May, '84, is teaching in Tehachapi District, Kern county. She has organized a reading circle there among the young people, and all get a great deal of good from it.

Miss Lizzie A Parker, May, '85, has taught in the Prescott school, Oakland, ever since she was graduated.

Anna M. Rasmussen, Dec., '86, is teaching at Eagleville, Modoc county.

Miss Fannie L. Maston, May, '87, has not taught as yet, but expects to be in the field soon.

Miss Lura Scudamore, May, '87, has been teaching at Lakeport, Lake county.

Miss E. Louisa Metcalf, May, '83, is teaching at Rafic. She is gaining ground there all the time.

Miss Mamie J. Bass, May, '86, has just finished her third term in the Rosendale District, Alameda county.

Miss Fannie L. McKean, Dec., '85, has been a successful teacher in her school at Daggett, San Bernardino county.

Miss Maggie E. Robertson, Dec., '84, has been teaching in Warm Springs District. She has taught two years since she was graduated.

Miss Kate F. Howard, May, '86, is to have a vacation for a few weeks. She has been teaching in the Lime Quarry District, Contra Costa county.

Miss Carrie Beckwith, May, '85, will return to school at Table Bluff in March.

Miss Helen F. Hodge, May, '86, has closed her school for the holidays. She has been teaching at Hueneme, Ventura county.

Miss Nellie A. Wyckoff, Dec., '85, is teaching in the Pfeiffer school, Monterey county.

Miss Julia Danbenbis, Dec., '84, is still teaching in the Branciforte school, Santa Cruz county.

Miss Annie Murphy, May, '86, has been teaching in Sand Mound District, but expects to teach in a school nearer home next term.

Miss Mary E. Browning, Xmas, '85, is the successor to Miss Stella Bagnelle, May, '85, in the Raymond District, Fresno county.

Myra A. Parks, May, '86, has been fulfilling the office of County Superintendent of Lassen county.

Miss Isabel Grammet, May, '86, is teaching in Oregon City, Butte county. She reports that the Normal methods have been of great value to her.

Petra Johnson, Dec., '83, will close school on the twenty-third for the Winter vacation. There are two hundred pupils enrolled in the Half Moon Bay school.

Mrs. W. H. Peake, *nee* Gardner, Dec., '84, very modestly informed us that her attention is now turned to farming.

Miss Hattie Cory, May, '86, taught two terms in Contra Costa county, but is now attending Mills' Seminary.

Miss Lute L. Wallace, May, '87, is teaching at Adamsville District. Miss Mary Jones and Miss Petra Johnson were her predecessors, and they were very successful teachers.

R. D. Williams, Dec., '86, has taught the past term in Tassajara school, Contra Costa county. He expects to pay the Normal a visit soon.

Helen C. Mackenzie, May, '87, is teaching in the Middletown District, San Diego county. She says that the schools are increasing rapidly in that county.

Miss Nellie Breyfogle, Xmas, '86, has been teaching in the Primary department of the Madera school. Scarlet fever has been raging there so that school had to be suspended for three weeks.

Miss Henrietta E. Kingsdon, Dec., '84, expects to enter the Cooper Medical College in San Francisco. She also hopes to take the post-graduate course in our school.

Miss Alice M. Lassier, May, '87, does not intend to teach for a while as her parents wish her at home. She thinks she will have a chance to put her Household Science into practice.

THE LIBRARY.

The following books have been added to our library, beside a number of duplicates of those already in the library:

WORKS ON LANGUAGE.

Handbook of Synonyms and Prepositions, (Campbell.)
Synonyms Discriminated, (Whately.)
Rambles Among Words, (Swinton.)
Short Stories from the Dictionary, (Gilman.)
Rhetoric and Composition, (D. J. Hill.)
Words—Their Use and Abuse, (Matthew.)
Words, Facts and Phrases, (Edwards.)

LITERATURE.

Essential Studies in English and American Literature, (Baldwin.)
Introduction to English Literature, (Baldwin.) 2 vols.
English Literature, (Richardson.)
Three Centuries of English Poetry, (Masson.)
Essentials of English, (Welsh.)
English Masterpiece Course, (Welsh.)
A Century of American Literature, (Beers.)
Books and Reading, (Porter.)
English Literature, (Day.)
The English Novel, (Lniers.)
Half Hours with Best American Authors, (Morris.) 4 vols.
Works of Shakespeare, (Alden Eition.) 12 vols.
Milton's Areopagitica.

HISTORICAL.

Montcalm and Wolf, (Parkman.)
Story of the Nations, (different authors.) 15 vols.
Bancroft's History—U. S. Revised Edition, 6 vols.
Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution. 2 vols.
Knight's Popular History of England.
Constitutional History of the U. S., (Von Holst.) 5 vols.
Young Folks' Heroes of History, (different authors.) 6 vols.

to be continued.

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ZEKIEL'S COURTSHIP.

I want to know how it happened,
And what was done and said,
And how he looked when he said it;
I'll be bound his face was red,
Well, wait 'till I get my knittin'
And draw my chair up nigher,
(Powerful cold to-day when one's away from the fire.)
So you want to know what was said
When Zekiel asked for me?
There's nothing much to tell,
Just like any courtin' might be.
We had been going together
For quite a little spell,
And I had a notion
That Zeke liked me pretty well.
And I had a likin' for Zekiel
For I knew he was brave and true,
If he wasn't as slick as Ike Sanders,
He didn't smoke or chew.
Well, it was on one summer's evenin',
I'd just got through with tea,
And was puttin' away the dishes—
Just as busy as I could be—
When I heard a step on the porch,
And some one's knock at the door,
I knew right then it was Zekiel,
For I'd heard that knock before.
Sure enough it was Zekiel
All in his Sunday's best,
And he shone like a new brass button
From his boots to his fresh-ironed vest.
He smiled, and said: "Good evenin',
Miss Polly, how dew ye dew?
I thought I'd come over this evenin'
And sit an hour or two.
How's all the folks? Pa and Ma gone?
Never mind my hat; I'll make myself to home."
I told him Ma was over to Deacon Grays.
The old lady was mighty poorly
And couldn't last many days;
And Pa had gone over to Grimses
To see about a cow—
I was looking for him any minute,
He might be coming home now.
I remember on that morning
We had a quilt put in the frame;
You know that green and white one
With the double Irish chain.
Well, Zekiel picked his chair up
And come and sat by me,
And lookin' awful plessin'
"Yow're quiltin' agen," said he.
I told him I'd just began it,
But it wasn't my prettiest one;
Then I showed him the Star of Texas,
And the Settin' Sun.
Then we talked of the little chickens,
And first one thing and another,
And while we were busy talkin'
Our chairs got nigher together.
Then Zeke got kinder sick like,
And on my chair began to lean,
Sayin' awful soft like:
"Poll, I think you are mean."
Then I got kinder spunky
And pulled my chair away,
Just as though I didn't know
What he was going to say;
But Zeke hitched his up nigher
And put his arm plump round my waist,
Sayin', "Pol, your lips are pretty—
I believe I'll take a taste."
I says to him, "Zeke Snodgrass,
I'd hide my face in shame,"
But he didn't seem to mind it,
Just hugged on, all the same.
He said, "There's no use talkin', Pol,
I'll hug as long as life
If you don't say that you love me,
And that you'll be my wife."
So I had to tell him "yes,"
Just to make him let me go,
But I had a notion to give him
Just a good point-blank "no."
But I have never regretted my answer,
And am sure I never can,
For no woman ever had
A kinder or nobler man.

X.

PORTIA'S WIT.

In our very introduction to the charming Portia, we are first attracted, then almost fascinated by her girlish humor. How natural yet how daintily, she discourses of her various suitors showing by her remarks with what keen wit she has penetrated the most retired of their nature. How well she displays her power to read human character. She was very observing, and evidently arranged all facts gained this way so that she might use them when necessary.

Her thoughtfulness is one of her chief attributes. We see this throughout our acquaintance with her. Her wisdom and keeness is almost beyond compare in a woman, yet it detracts nothing from her sweet womanliness. Our love for Portia is here strengthened by our admiration for these sterling qualities.

One could never be suspicious that behind her great wisdom might lie some sinister designs, for it is all shown in a gentle, upright way which only enhances our respect for her. Neither is she assuming, but rather modest because of her great talents.

With what wisdom she conducted the trial. We almost hold our breath with awe as her plan of action unfolds. Even though a woman, one feels perfectly easy as to the termination of the trial. Although Antonia's case seemed at first hopeless, in a short time, we rest securely in the pretty lawyer's ability.

As to her knowledge, one can hardly dream of a young girl being possessed of so much and such a kind. It must have been due to her early training by an accomplished father, and the associatons of her youth. We read of her friendship with the learned Bellario, and this might account for her legal attainments. Her whole conduct during the trial is worthy of the wisest Judge, and keenest lawyer one could discover in our highest tribunals.

Throughout, we are in turn charmed, fascinated, and delighted; our admiration, esteem, and love gained by the beautiful, intelligent Portia. So by her loving ways, her beauty, and her wit, we are tempted to say with Bassanio, "We should hold

day with the Antipodes, if Portia would walk in absence of the sun." L. B. M.

THE STORY OF A BOTTLE.

A piece of broken glass once noticed a boy gazing very intently at it, and while the glass was wondering what the boy was thinking about, he suddenly said, "I wonder if that glass has a story connected with it." Upon hearing this the glass brightened up and said in sharp ringing tones, which quite surprised the boy, "Yes, I have a story, and would you like to hear it?" The boy said he should like very much to hear it, so the glass proceeded to tell him its story.

"I remember a long time ago I lay at the upper end of a beautiful valley close to some large mountains, I was then only a small quantity of sand, and, as I lay there absorbing the rays of the sun, I wondered if I should ever travel. I thought of but one way I could travel, and that was, that if a stream of water should come trickling down the mountains, it would carry me further down the valley. I was delighted with the thought, and little dreamed that I should travel as soon as I did, and the manner in which I did. This was the way it happened. One morning about ten o'clock, a couple of men came up the valley in a cart, which was drawn by one horse, and stopped close by me. This was something new to me, and I watched to see what they would do. Imagine my surprise when I saw each of them take a shovel from the cart, and proceed to shovel sand into it. I wondered if they would take me, but I did not wonder long, for one of the men took me on his shovel, and threw me into the cart. In a few moments they drove away and then I realized that I was traveling, but I wondered where they would stop and what they would do with me. We did not travel long, till we came to a place which I soon found to be a glass factory. The cart load of sand was dumped into a kind of tank, and soon a man came in and shoveled me, together with the rest of the sand, into a great basin, which was over a furnace. I soon began to get very warm, and although I had thought the rays of the sun to be the greatest heat possible, I had to acknowledge that of the furnace to be greater. After a while I became aware that I had changed form, and was now a clear pasty mass. I was now taken from the basin and poured into a mould. When I was taken out of the mould, I was a bottle. I was now put into a box with a number of other bottles, and shipped to a man, who poured something into me that smelled very disagreeable and made me quite sick. He then put a cork into my mouth and put me in the cellar on a shelf.

One day, a long time after that, an old miner came into the cellar, and asked the man for a bottle of good brandy. The man took me down from the shelf and gave me to the miner. The miner paid fifty cents for me, put me into his pocket, and started for his camp in the mountains. When we had gone a long distance, he took the cork from my mouth and began drinking the brandy, I wondered if he had been sand once, and if my contents made him as sick as it did me. I think it did for he acted very strangely, and when he had drank all the brandy, he threw me on that large rock and I was broken into many pieces. I have lain here ever since, and I have often thought of that brandy, and how sick it made me. Now you have heard my story and in conclusion I will say to you, if ever you are tempted to drink brandy, think of the bottle, and remember that brandy will make you sick too."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Belle McFadden, Xmas, '86, is teaching at Lancaster, Antelope Valley.

Miss Lulu Williams, May, '85, is teaching at Old Los Nietos, Los Angeles county.

Florence Ellis, May, '85, is teaching at Little Lake, Los Angeles county.

Miss Ella Montgomery, May, '86, is teaching at Norwalk, Los Angeles county.

Miss Lucy Grant, is teaching at Pico, Los Angeles county.

Miss Mollie Lightner is teaching at Ranchito, Los Angeles county.

Miss Alice Gray, May, '85, is teaching in the Morris Vineyard school in this city.

Miss Frances Crowley, Xmas, '86, is teaching at Puente, Los Angeles county.

Miss Cora King, Xmas, '85, is teaching in San Bernardino county.

Mr. Wm. Gower, May, '85, is teaching at San Fernando, Los Angeles county.

Miss Ada Dryden is teaching at Ballona, Los Angeles county.

Miss Josie Dryden, is teaching at Tajhant.

Miss Mary Baker, Xmas, '86, is teaching at Elsinore, San Diego county.

Mr. Joseph Conner, May, '86, is teaching at Wilmington, Los Angeles county.

Miss Louise Williamson, Xmas '85, is teaching in La Dow District, L. A. county.

Mr. Richard Haydock, Xmas, '85, is teaching at Hueneme, Ventura county.

Miss Carrie Atchison, Xmas, '85, is teaching at Cold Water, Los Angeles county.

Mr. William McIlmoil, '86, is teaching at Murrietta, San Diego county.

Miss Lucy McIlmoil, May, '86, is teaching at Laguna Beach.