

The Normal Index.

Vol. II.

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WITH this issue of the INDEX, we retire from the editorial chair. As we step down and out, it is not with entire satisfaction that we view our record on the paper, for we are painfully aware of many faults not yet eradicated and many improvements not yet introduced. However this may be, we have striven to do our duty. If our success were measured by the extent of interest we took in the work, we should have nothing to complain of; as it is, we are left to console ourselves with the thought that our successors will make the desired changes. In its present flourishing condition, we bespeak for the INDEX a life of long duration; but whether it be a life well spent is something for the editors to determine. We would have them take the cause to heart, and make the most and best out of the little journal.

DURING the last quarter of a century, the important question with colleges has been how to provide students with sufficient physical exercise. As a result of this inquiry, most colleges have adopted means for furnishing this important branch of education, and now there is no end to

gymnasiums, field sports, "Field" days, and athletic associations. But the Normal with all her boasted educational advantages is extremely deficient in the matter of physical training. Following is a communication bearing on the same subject.

"Almost every necessity of the Normal in the way of libraries, apparatus, etc., is attended to with commendable promptness; yet there is one—a most important one too—that has always been lacking, and that is, a suitable gymnasium. It may seem rather presumptuous to expect the Trustees to make any further outlay of money, but, aside from its financial view, there is another way of considering the question. Without a good healthful body, it is next to impossible to have a strong, active mind, for the latter is directly dependent on the body for its inspiration. Hence, if the body is in an abnormal state, the mind is less vigorous and the senses less acute. Now, by means of a gymnasium, the sluggish blood of the student may be vitalized, the appetite sharpened, the muscles developed, and the body generally put into a condition most conducive to labor. Thus we see that if the Normal students had some convenient way of taking exercise, the time thus devoted would be fully compensated by the fact that the school work would grow decidedly better. The Legislature has appropriated a thousand dollars a year to be invested in books which are to afford the students more intellectual food. Why not invest a similar amount in a gymnasium, so that the mind may be put into a better condition to receive the food? All the best schools in this country have not only a gymnasium but also an efficient instructor, who sees that exercise is taken in a way most beneficial to each particular student. Then why should the Normal not follow the footsteps of these leading institutions, and have a thorough muscular training as well as a rigid intellectual one?"

During the summer vacation, all the business communications to the INDEX should be addressed to Geo. A. Tebbe, Yankee Hill, Butte county, Cal.

AFTER three years hard, and often weary struggling, the present Senior A class has reached the top round of the Normal ladder, and it steps out on the broad platform of life, where it sees the foot of another ladder, which reaches up, up, far beyond the vision. "At the top of each height there is repose," and it pauses to look back, to look around, and then to look ahead before beginning the long stern climb of the ladder of real life. As it looks back to the first morning of its Normal life, what a beneficent smile comes over its features. How vast the old Assembly Hall looked, how stern the professors, how strange and new everything seemed! But soon all this wore off and the hard work began. As the way goals of the Junior and the Middle years were passed, many not able to maintain the struggle dropped out, and new ones came in to fill their places. The last goal is now passed and it is with a pleasure akin to sadness that they perform their last duties as Normal students. Their work is done; and with the completion of their labor, there comes a feeling of gladness at its accomplishment. But when work has become a part of our life for years, our habits partake of its nature; all our thoughts engross themselves in it; its completion leaves us without a part of ourselves unable at first to comprehend that it is done. Then we have to arouse ourselves, form new habits, throw away the crowding memories of our old happy school-days, buckle on the armor of the new life with its responsibilities and cares, and go forth with a firm heart "to new life and new light awakening."

A POEM

LUTE L. WALLACE.

Balder the Good! Balder the Fair!
The god of Spring and radiant light!
O'er-spreading all with beauty rare,
And crowning all with colors bright.
The god adored by all on earth,
He bringeth with him joy and mirth.
With richest gifts from Heaven descends
This god of light by love controlled.
Then to his palace he ascends,
With blessings from the thankful world.
Pure innocence, and joy, and love,
Come with him from his home above.
Over the earth like a golden beam,
The god of light shines forth apace;
His dazzling locks like diamonds gleam,
As he joyfully glides in his merry race;
And over the hills in cloud land born,
His coming doth announce the morn.
This prince of light, this Balder fair,
Above all things doth reign supreme,
While from his palace rich and rare,
The cuddly lights, they ever gleam.

When kind he smiles upon the earth,
Straightway beginneth joyous mirth.
The flowers, waked from dreams so sweet,
Are turning to the friend they love;
Dew-glistening joyfully they greet,
This hero from the world above,
And as he moves with quickened pace,
Each floweret softly turns its face.
Still on he moves with tread as soft
As snowflakes on the ocean's breast;
Now craggy mountains far aloft,
Are in their brightest livery dressed.
And down the dale in richest hue,
The Spring, she comes with trophies new.
Full gladly they a promise give,
To shield fair Balder from all harm,
The stones, the earth, and all that live
In brook or lake yield to the charm.
But peril lurking ever near,
Some evil makes them always fear.
Far up above the flower-strewn glades,
A little shrub, so young and so frail,
Grows where the sunshine never fades,
Till night comes softly down the dale.
No oath it takes to shield our King,
What evil could this weakling bring?
But Lo! a direful god of fire,
This quickly to the mountain side,
And, in his deep revengeful ire,
Finds where these little plants his hide.
A twig he plucks our c'm' delays,
But hastens where our Balder stays.
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
He sends it hurtling at our King.
'Twas but a twig of mistletoe,
Yet dire confusion did it bring.
For midst the lilies in the dell,
Lifeless the dear loved Balder fell.
With loving hands and heads bowed low,
They bear him to the restless sea,
And gently o'er the waves they row
To Ringhorn, floating mournfully.
Then on a bed of softest flowers,
He sleeps in sweet Elysian bowers.
Balder is dead, Balder the Fair,
For him all things are weeping still;
The sobbing whisper of the air,
And murmuring ripple of the rill,
Tell of a sorrow deep and real,
Which dear friends for their lost ones feel.
All nature doth its dress so gay;
And in its robes of darkest hue,
It sadly weeps at close of day,
With teardrops of the pearly dew,
Each floweret fades and hangs its head,
Still weeping for that hero dead.
But Balder soon shall come again,
More beautiful than e'er before;
Then flowers gay shall deck the train,
Of happy children as of yore.
And joy shall live in every heart,
For Pain and Death shall lose their smart,

CIRCLES.

EDITH JOHNSON.

There are no straight lines in animate nature. Plants, animals, all transformable things, move in circles. From the form of a drop of dew to the motion of heavenly bodies, from the waves of the sea to the seven-colored bow, Nature speaks in the dialect of curves. It is the story of the arrangement of leaves on the stem, of petals about the pistil. The very elements around us illustrate the way which Nature has of working in one ceaseless round. Burning wood gives out carbonic acid gas, the food of the tree. A leaf falls and decays, becomes a part of the soil, is taken up as nourishment, appears again as leaf. Rain, sinking into the earth, forms a spring, which bubbles from a crevice in a rock. The water makes a path for itself down a hill, ripples over a rocky bed, steals with muffled feet through a dark forest, receives other streams until it becomes a river, and flows on until it joins the ocean. On the "winding stair of the sunbeam," the vapor climbs again to the sky, is wafted over the land as clouds, only to fall again as rain. Ages ago, as now, sea animals took the material of their shells and their bones from the water. When the animals had no further use for these shells and skeletons, they turned them over to the mineral kingdom to be made into rocks. There comes an upheaval, "Earth is young, and keeping holiday," and these rocks are ocean beds no longer, but mountain ranges, looking too staple to be associated with the word "change." Yet they become soil, and this soil is washed again to the ocean, reaching its starting place in a cycle of years so vast that we make no attempt to estimate it.

Neither the finer architecture nor the finer sculpture recognizes the straight line. The measuring rod of the artist is the curve of beauty. It repeats itself in bronze and marble, until they seem instinct with life. It writes itself upon vaulted roof, and arch, and dome.

The globules of life, coursing through the veins, know but one path. They acknowledge but one form as they build up the strong bones and cover them with flexible muscles.

We have seen how matter travels in circles; the same is true of force. Every energy is convertible into every other energy, it is constantly changing its mode of manifestation, now answering to the name of electricity, now sensible to the eye as light, again revealing itself to the touch as heat, building up a crystal, binding together the atoms of the globe, painting the sunset cloud, elevating

a continent. Only the smallest are of this ever-changing circle can we study at one time. But we know that it is unbroken, that somewhere, somehow, it must reappear with the same curve, and that Eternal Wisdom is at the center always.

One is very forcibly reminded of this geometrical figure when studying history. Twenty-five hundred years ago, the Palatine Hill, by the side of the Tiber, became the center of a small circle. The radii lengthened until they extended from the Caspian Sea on the one side, to the Straits of Gibraltar on the other. Within this circle were one hundred and fifty millions of people, unbounded wealth, the highest civil law, the most perfect military tactics. But lesser circles, almost too small to be regarded at first, begin to overlap this great one. Lust of conquest, disdain of labor, inhuman gladiatorial combats, the death of high sentiment, leave dark traces on Rome's fair name. Teutonic power hems her in on every side, until her glory is a thing of the past, until she stands

"The Niece of nations!"

Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe."

As the years go on, the little Saxon heptarchy grows into a nation upon which the sun never sets. From Plymouth Rock, our own country's circles have widened, until with pride we see her as she is to-day. In imagination, we see what she may become, if she avoid the acts which have made the past of other nations ignoble.

With what awe do we contemplate the vast circle of the universe! Did you ever think how comparatively small is this world, which we sometimes look upon as everything? Why, if we were upon Neptune, the outermost planet of our own system, we should not know that there was an earth, and yet our system is one of the smallest in space, our sun but a twinkling star compared with any of the millions of other suns. The eye, aided by the telescope, describes a circle the radius of which is three millions of years, as light travels, and who shall presume to calculate what is beyond? This boundless circle means system about system, each embracing all lesser ones, suns revolving about suns, each orb—nay, each atom—circling to the "music of law." It means a pattern with neither beginning nor end, one which is "A living arithmetic in its development, a realized geometry in its repose."

A circle requires two conditions, a center and a radius. When a person is given his place in the world of matter, the world of action, the world of thought, he has the first condition, and with ideas, motives, and aspirations as radii, he draws the circles of which his life is made up, each composed

of an infinite number of acts, as the geometrical circle is composed of an infinite number of points. Whenever sin is trampled under foot, whenever intellect triumphs over ignorance, whenever a deed is done nobler than that of yesterday, the radius is lengthened. Alas for him who has not learned that around every circle still a larger one can be drawn! More pity for him, who, drawing grand circles allows them to strike the hard wall of sloth, sin, or selfishness, be turned upon themselves and the harmony destroyed. We live most vitally in the circle we are at present drawing, and whether that circle be large or small depends upon all that we have drawn before. The life of the tree is in the cambium layer, next to the bark, but all of the heart-wood stands for support. Every season is harvest for him who sows beside all waters.

"To him that hath,
All things on earth their tribute bring;
From him that hath not, earth takes back,
And leaves him beggared, though a king."

One day the hand will grow too weary to finish the last circle. What matter! The smallest are determines the curve. The One who shall pass final judgment upon our work makes no mistakes. A cathedral in Europe has an exquisitely painted dome, but there is one spot, and only one, upon the floor beneath, where the beholder must stand if he would comprehend the design of the artist. God stands as upon the one spot under the dome of our lives, see motives and circumstances and results. He will draw the circle of his goodness around our incompleteness, "around our restlessness, His rest."

Is this to be the story of the future life, too? Are we to go on drawing circles of beauty and wisdom and goodness, somewhere in the infinite universe forever? I reverently trust that it is to be so, but I am not sure.

"I only know
That the moon forever more
Draws the tides, and, swift or slow,
Bound, or barred, or flowing free,
Every river finds its sea."

SIGHT AND INSIGHT.

OLIVER M. KNOX.

You remember that peculiar fancy of Plato's of a man who had developed into maturity in some dark distance and was brought suddenly into the upper air to see the sun rise. He stands in rapt astonishment before that marvelous display which we witness or might witness every day.

Through the senses all knowledge comes to us.

Like reporters, they gather what they may here and there and present it to the mind. Now in the quality of mind that receives these reports lies the prime distinction between the educated and the ignorant, between man and the lower animals. You never find a dog or a bear standing transfixed by the billowy rise and fall of a field of ripening grain, or by the awful majesty of the frowning crags on yonder mountains. Notice the delicate sense of hearing which a deer possesses, yet the divine harmonies of Beethoven, or Mozart are to it mere jangles of sound. The eagle's eye is far keener than man's, but a painting to an eagle is only a confused mass of color. The report is no less truly made in the one case than in the other; but that which lies behind the senses to receive, arrange, and interpret, is different, and so having eyes, they see not, and having ears, they hear not.

To be truly educated, we must have not sight only, but insight. In the training of the one faculty, sight, how long and tedious the process! The infant first distinguishes that which we call light, and lies blinking and staring at the few rays that enter the room. Its surroundings, its mother's face are but as a confused mass of color. Then the little stranger vainly reaching out with its tiny hands finds that objects have distance and size. He gradually accustoms himself to his surroundings, and, at length, the man stands gazing far into space following the march of the planets as they swing and away in their ceaseless sweep.

Compare the heavens as they must have appeared to the shepherds on Judea's plains with the vast universe into which we look; but modern astronomy is simply a triumph of intellectual insight. The human mind embodied in the few scholars who scan the heavens with eager eyes has spaced the distance between those sparkling points of light, has weighed their mass, has measured mountains upon yonder moon, has followed the track of the comets, reckoned the leagues they rush into the bleak, black ether, and not satisfied with all this, has built a vast immeasurable arch within which our system is but a flicker—yes, even lifted itself with one mighty effort out upon the roof of this starlighted cathedral of ours and caught the faraway gleam of other spires in the vast city of God.

Now, by a careful study of apparently insignificant facts, have we arrived at this grand result. When a man learns to observe closely and to concentrate his mind upon what he sees, he has traveled more than half the distance between ignorance and science. "What is ever seen is never seen," says the old proverb. Beneath our feet, round about us, and above are myriads on myriads of

wonders for us to see, to examine, and to fathom. Picture after picture, glory after glory, passes before our eyes, yet we see them not. Every stick, every pebble, every plant, even every cloud in the heavens points us in a hundred different ways. We may go from any one of them into the laws of light and heat, into the forces of gravitation and electricity, into the fundamental mystery of chemistry—the mystery of atomic sympathies.

A tiny pebble lying quietly beneath the clear waters of a mountain brook is very insignificant, but do you understand the pebble? Take it in your hand: surely you should understand so small a piece of stone. What is that you call its weight? You say it is the pull of the earth upon it as it lies in your hand. But why does the earth pull? You have come now to the great mystery of the force of gravitation. The pebble is solid, you can scarcely scratch it. The force of cohesion you answer. But if I crush it into powder, why can you not unite it again? Why will not all the pressure you can bring to bear upon those particles bind them once more in that firm union? Answer me that, and you have solved the mystery of the universe. Let us break it. Within we find a sparkling crystal. Here, you say, is the force of crystallization. But why and how were all the particles arranged in that shining order? Melt it, raise it to a still higher temperature, and you have no longer a pebble, but two or three gases filling many times the space of the little stone. What knotted those gases together? Why can you not catch them and, by some mighty force, clinch them into my pebble once more? The same gases are found in many other substances, why did this particular proportion give this result? I notice scratches upon it that glaciers have caused, fire-stains that tell of mighty volcanic eruptions, water-lines that speak of seas which once rose and fell over the land. It is a soft white in color with lines of gray, black, and green mingled through it. Why is it not some other color? What makes its surface absorb some rays and reflect others? I see you cannot explain the vast mysteries locked in this little mass of sparkling powder. The vast "sermon" in this common "stone" is yet to be comprehended by the greatest mind that ever existed.

Now the difference between a scientific and an ignorant man is not that the one has gazed upon regions away from the sight of the other, but that the one has seen simply the facts, the other, the vast truth for which these facts stand. A geologist can see no farther into a stone wall than can any other man, but that which he does see means more to him.

The poets, as every other, must first of all see, see not only the thing itself, but discover the very heart of it, the inner harmony that will thrill our souls with its exquisite pain. When his being is full of the passion of melody and his very tones become musical, then we can give him the right to sing. It is a man's depth of insight into the beautiful, the melodious that makes him a poet.

With studious patient intellect, we may discover order in all the facts of nature; with still deeper insight, we may see the beauty which glorifies all things; and now, deeper than all, is the insight which detects not only order, not only beauty, but also the symbolism, the spiritual truth for which all these facts stand. This thought has never been more clearly expressed than by Starr King, our essayist and preacher, who once said: "The senses simply stare at Nature; the mind looks and finds law; the taste combines and enjoys art; the soul reads and gains the permeating wisdom."

THE WITS OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ANN

NEELIE VAN HEUSEN.

The reign of Queen Anne has been called the "Augustan Age" of England, for, although short, it was one of the most successful recorded in the annals of that country. The religious wars on the continent were less fierce, the military glory of France was waning before that of England, the foreign possessions of Great Britain were rapidly increasing, and literature was rising to new life and vigor. Some of the celebrated men who assisted in bringing about literary awakening were "haughty" Jonathan Swift, "gentle" Joseph Addison, "gay" "Dick" Steele, "fastidious" Alexander Pope, "pensive" John Gay, and "witty" Dr. Arbuthnot. These, with a few others, constituted what were known as the "wits of the time of Queen Anne," so called because one of the chief elements in the writings of all was wit or humor, in some cases sharp and biting, in others, kind and gentle. The chief places of resort for these bright sons were the coffee-houses, at that time very numerous and popular in and about London. Here they met to discuss political questions and the great events of the day, or to charm one another with their brilliant and wonderful conversation.

Let each, for a few moments, imagine himself living in the year 1710, and one of a party of American travelers wending their way along the street of London, gazing curiously to right and to left until their eyes are attracted by the sign "Coffee House" letters of gold on a background of

red. The house which bears it is a substantial building of stone, three stories and a half high, with a curious little window peeping from under the gabled roof, and an immense brick chimney at the back. Next to the street are large glass windows through which one can see into a spacious room. Daring back and forth are waiters, carrying cups of steaming coffee, who disappear through mysterious doorways and issue again empty handed. Attracted by the aroma, and curious to know where so many of the fragrant beverages disappear, our friends decide to find out for themselves. Entering, they are accosted by an attendant in snowy cap and apron, who in stentorian tones demands, "A penny, if you please sirs." Having paid the desired pittance, they are ushered through one of those mysterious doors into another large room. At regular intervals around this room, are arranged small tables, much after the fashion of our modern restaurants, and seated at each are five or six guests, either leisurely sipping their coffee or busily engaged in animated conversation. Having joined an English acquaintance at one of the tables, our American friends begin to study the types of character displayed before them, for at three coffee-houses, all classes of English are represented, even to the nobility.

The first to attract their attention is a tall man, strong and well built. His complexion is dark, heavy black eye-brows shade a pair of piercing blue eyes. The rest of his features are strongly marked, and wear an expression of stern, haughty contempt, as if he hated the world and hated himself for being in it. "Who is that gentleman?" eagerly inquired the Americans. "That," replies the Englishman, "is Swift, one of the celebrated wits of our time." He seems to be watching a trio of persons seated to his left. How different is their appearance. The central figure is a large fine-looking man of perhaps thirty-eight or nine years. He wears the powdered wig of the day, and there is something about his face so gentle and winning as to make one love and respect him at first sight. He has the air of quiet dignity and repose that denotes the true gentleman. "That is Addison," answers the Englishman, in reply to a second inquiry, "another popular wit." The two seated by his side are Steel and Pope, members of the same famous circle. In appearance they are unlike as can well be imagined. The one is large and corpulent, with a visage that "wrinkled care de-rides," and looks as if he had never known a trouble in the world; the other a little crooked figure about four feet high, his face wearing the drawn expression peculiar to deformed people, but partly

counteracted by a "famous glowing" eye, the poet's eye.

The two others who complete the group, designated as Gay and Dr. Arbutnot, also wits, are engaged in a conversation, which, from the expression on their faces, and the gay laugh that breaks occasionally from their lips, must be exceedingly entertaining. The men are both good looking. One has the best natured face imaginable and seems "of manners gentle, of affections mild;" the other is older and wiser looking, as if he had a closer acquaintance with the world and with men.

Now that we know something of the appearance of these men, we may be interested to learn upon what is based their title as "wits."

Swift, at this time, had written his "Tale of the Tub." Its biting satire, originality, varied and spicy wit, and clear simple style, had now for him the title of "the greatest wit and most original genius of his day." Preceding this, "The Battle of the Books," written to support his patron, Sir William Temple, in his defense of ancient writers, had, says Shaw, foreshadowed those tremendous powers of sarcasm and vituperation, which in later years made him so formidable a pamphleteer.

Addison had been brought into notice by the "Campaign," a poem celebrating the victory of Marlborough at Blenheim, and had added to his reputation by his "Travelers in Italy," his graceful and pleasing opera, "Rosamond," and his comedy of "The Drummer." He was now associated with Steele in the publication of the "Tatler," and had so charmed the people with his graceful and sprightly humor, his earnest morality, and his gentle satire, which struck but never wounded, and which appreciated the ludicrous in things but never attacked the weak nor treated lightly sacred things, as to win a place beside, if not above Swift, Steele, the schoolfellow and friend of Addison, had become known as the originator of the "Tatler," and, although not equal to Addison, was yet appreciated for his pleasant, easy, and lively style. The good done by these two men in reforming the manners and morals of their own time can hardly be understood in our age of enlightenment and comparative morality. President Bascom call their work a "social evangel."

Pope, then but a young man of twenty-two, and an ardent admirer of Addison, had as yet given nothing to the world except his "Pastorals." But the succeeding year, 1711, appeared his famous "Essay on Criticism," which fixed his reputation. In this he collected all established principles of criticisms, and presented them in the form of neat-

ly arranged and musical couplets. Following close upon this came the "Rape of the Lock," a mock-poem, the best of its kind, pronounced by Addison "a delicious little thing."

Gay, of the same age as Pope, had not, up to this time, written anything, but during the next year he produced a poem on "Rural Sports," dedicated to the deformed poet, who rewarded him with a life-long friendship. Shortly after this appeared his "Shepherd's Week," a parody on the pastorals of Ambrose Phillip. So full of humor and life was this that it won for him a place among the "wits."

Dr. John Arbuthnot, the court physician, was as learned as he was witty. He was the chief contributor to the "Miscellanies," written in later times by Swift, Pope, Gay and himself. He is best known by his "History of John Bull," a satire on the military tactics of Marlborough. It is always good-natured and possesses none of the bitterness too frequently seen in Swift.

"But," it is asked, "what gave the peculiarly humorous character to the writings and conversation of this time, a condition which had not occurred before, nor has been known since?" Probably there were several causes combined. The exiled nobility had spent the years of the English Commonwealth, at the court of Louis XIV., under whom France reached the height of her military and literary glory. Having acquired a taste for French brilliancy and refinement, Charles II., when restored to the English throne, modeled his court after that of France. French manners were introduced, and French wit was especially sought after. This gaiety was however, largely superficial and confined to the court. Under the Stuart's rule, the heart of the people was not light enough to revel in play of wit or humor. But with William came better times, the pressure was lifted, the nation could trust its sovereign. So with Queen Anne, life was no longer too serious to admit of a play of fun and fancy. And with the French influence still remaining and "good Queen Anne" on the throne, England became the "Merrie England," of which her sons love to sing. And in expressing what they shared with the people and the time Steele, Addison, Pope, Arbuthnot, and others won the title of the "Wits of the Time of Queen Anne."

Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Coleridge*.

A vigorous mind is as necessarily accompanied with violent passions as a great fire with great heat.—*Edmund Burke*.

WATER.

ANNIE PENNTOOKE.

In the beginning, our earth was, doubtless, a glowing star; but as time wore on, it cooled from this condition, until some of the gases of which it was comprised so united as to form water; but it then existed as vapor. A time arrived, we may suppose, when the heat was insufficient to support the water in this form, and when God said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters and let it divide the waters from the waters;" then we understand that the vapor above became as clouds, and that below as the broad expanse of ocean.

To-day, from some bold cliff, we view the mighty ocean. The "ten thousand fleets" which have swept over it have left no trace upon its surface; and Time, before whose onward progress no man can stand has failed to lessen the vigor or might of its surging waves. Continents encumb to it and sink; vast domains rise from its bosom; the old world falls into a sleep of centuries in the quiet of the deep, while another comes into the sunlight as a new-born offspring of sea and sky. What more powerful worker has Nature than water, throwing defiance in the face of man, God's own image, and shaping the earth, God's footstool, year after year, century after century, caring naught for the leveller Time, but rather, with pride and majesty, following him in his course, making history, regulating fate, and obeying only the bidding of the Almighty?

The mist pervading our upper atmosphere like a sheltering roof, and neutralizing the fatal miasmas of the surface of the earth, is but a visitor from the sea. The fog, enveloping us like a blanket in its damp folds, cleansing and purifying atmospheres tainted with the poison of natural and artificial exhaustions, is but a gift of the ocean. The clouds, sometimes in masses of grandeur, sometimes in streaks and lines of beauty, are but gleams of the good heart of stern old father Neptune.

Thus Nature works—ever kind and bountiful in her operations. Nothing is wasted. From the sea to the air; from the air to the earth, from the earth to the sea, note the progression. The summer sun filled the air with moisture. Its day's work done, it sinks in the west, and thus brings on the night. A grateful coolness now comes over the scorched plant and leaf, and the warmer air touching them, deposits its condensed moisture, 'til from every blade of grass and from every leaflet, hang the pearly drops of dew. Again,

from the sea, comes the wind, laden with moisture; it meets another from the north seeking the warmth of the tropics. The lowered temperature has lessened the ability of the southern current to hold its treasured moisture, and a shower descends upon the earth. Not as a torrent, but with heavenly gentleness it does the Master's work, purifying the air we breathe by dissolving and carrying away unwholesome vapors, and giving us nourishment by feeding the plants upon which we live. Ever has the rain, falling thus equally on the just and unjust, been blessed by the heart of man. And when it comes as snow, is there anything more symbolic of perfection and purity? Truly wonderful is the work of nature during the descent of every snow-shower! The invisible molecules of water, under the influence of cold, arrange their attractive and repellant poles to form the most beautiful of stellar shapes, each six-rayed. To the eye, these starry blossoms appear to be infinitely various, yet there is no deviation from the type. Silently they fall—these feathery flakes—covering the earth with a pure unspotted mantle. What can be more impressive than the snowy mountains of the North, between whose ridges flow great rivers of ice? Let us ascend a slope leading to one of these glaciers. At its lower extremity, it is clear blue, and transparent. As we ascend, it becomes less compact, assuming more the appearance of snow; 'til in the higher regions, the snow is as light and shifting as the sands of the desert, proving to us that these great glaciers are fed by the mountain snow.

But what is this element so all-powerful and beautiful, so varied in form and appearance, so universal and omnipresent? Take two simple gases, both devoid of color, taste, and smell. The one, oxygen, is the life, representing power and sovereignty. The other, hydrogen, the lightest of all known substances, and a symbol of gentleness. Take two parts of the latter, and one of the former, apply the flame, and flash—a drop of water remains, the result of the union of power with gentleness.

Water is the source of all natural beauty. It follows no clearly defined plan; but, silently and unseen, works with fancies all its own for the wonder and adoration of man. The gentle rain, percolating through the earth, disintegrates the hardest rocks. Some of the smaller streams furrow their way along 'til they meet in rivelets. Rivelets form torrents, which tear away to chasms, cutting out ravines and deep sea canyons. Other waters, trickling through the rocks, and gathering carbonic acid gas from the air and soil, are enabled, in passing through limestone beds, to dis-

solve out the limestone, and thus like sculptors, they carve for themselves caverns of all shapes and sizes. At a subsequent period, these waters are robbed of some of their carbonic acid gas. Now no longer to bear their burden of carbonate of lime, they slowly deposit it; and thus are formed, in these same caverns, our beautiful stalactites and stalagmites. In a similar way, water has formed our various rock crystals. Let us peep into an underground chamber that has been ornamented by the slow filtering of the water through its roof. The walls sparkle like diamonds. From the roof hang crystals of varying length and size, some of which, uniting, form pillars, alters, and other variegated and whimsical forms out of which fancy might make a thousand creations at pleasure.

We have thus seen how Nature's system works in order and beauty. There is no jar. The progression is perfect. To man, water has ever been a benefactor, furthering his progress in the world. A time was when this earth was in a rocky condition, when on it neither plant nor animal existed. Since then, rocks have been converted into soil, fitted to support plant life, which in turn supports the animal. And this has all been brought about by the action of water. At length, man learned to use the water-power. He changes it to steam, and as the invisible vapor is harnessed to do the Creator's bidding, so the invisible steam is harnessed to do man's bidding. It works mighty engines, doing the labor of hundreds of men. It carries man over the land and through the seas, and bears his burdens. By the pressure of his finger merely, he can command a gigantic power.

Ah, what a blessing lies in this sparkling drop of water, the gift of Heaven, the evidence of God's love, the symbol of man's immortality!

ALL SORTS.

Was it awfully cold, Fred?

The backle is still there.

The Low Seniors are absorbing poetry by the foot.

The robins of Robin's Rascal have gone north for the summer.

WANTED—A Normal boarder that can talk about something besides the Normal.

Sea-gazing will be in the curriculum next term. Oh, to be a Senior boy again!

The students hail the coming vacation with great joy. The past term has been a seven one for all.

One of the Senior mistakes, which has been the admiration of every young lady in the school, is missing. It is supposed that it didn't reach the Hite of his ambition.

A martyr unsung—an old maid.

The plug craze has struck a few Janitors.

The most fashionable stunt with the boys—a mustache.

Mr. Gray openly declares his love for the science of Botany—in tulip season.

One of "those Normal girls" says she has caught the "dread" little Fox in the land.

A young man of Middle B has been seen quite often of late near the little gray church by the Lane.

Lessons given in marching designed to be executed before visitors in the halls by the members of Middle A.

The class in Household Science have learned that a sure cure for snake-bite is snake preventative.

Mrs. T. A. King, nee Beattie Woodward, May, '83, called on us recently. Her home is at New Hope, where she taught for several terms with marked success.

One of Junior A's charming young ladies, who has become much interested in Commission, was heard to murmur that Smythes were at a premium.

What's the difference between a Normal boy and a cherry tree at this time of the year? None in the world, if no dog is in sight.

Mrs. W. Gillespie, nee Fannie West, May, '83, pays us a visit occasionally. San Jose is now her home. We are always glad to welcome former students of the school.

It seemed as if very few of Prof. E's chorus singers were to receive a "reward" the other evening when he sent the classes to their seats and asked the monitors to give a report. Those that had "endured" came out of the hall with smiling faces.

It is said that the Senior A's resemble members of Congress because they want a pass. We hope that all members of Congress may be as successful as the members of the May class of '87 in securing their passes.

Common queries of the boys: "Where is the best and safest cherry orchard?" "Are you going to get that with an H or a C?" Ana:—"I ain't going to get that at all." "Have you a book agency for vacation?"

The class pins of the May Class, '87, have received considerable praise for their beauty and artistic workmanship. They were made by Frank E. Smith, 98 South First Street, San Jose.

Assembly Hall of the State Normal School was crowded to its utmost capacity last evening, the occasion being a musical and literary entertainment, under the auspices of the Y. M. N. D. and Nortonian Societies. Those who attended were amply repaid by the excellence of the programme, the management of which was highly creditable to the Societies. The following programme was carried out: Instrumental duet, Miss Snook and Mr. Reed; recitation, Mr. Albert; vocal quartette, Messrs. Hardy, Haghei, Rich, and Welch; recitation, Miss Thurmacher; instrumental duet, Messrs. Tebbe and Reed; harmonica solo, Mr. Arboogast; recitation, Miss Burgess; vocal trio, Misses Herbert, Hyde, and Calhoun; recitation, Miss Glendenning; vocal duet, Messrs. Tebbe and Wilson. The selections were well rendered and called forth loud applause. The affair netted the societies a handsome sum, which is to be devoted toward paying for a piano purchased for the use of the Societies.—*Mercury*.

The Senior A's and the Preps go out together this Spring—the one at the front door and the other at the back.

Anybody who will prescribe a tonic that will arouse the class reporters to conscientious, energetic work will be considered a benefactor of mankind.

It is rumored that the N. S. is thinking seriously of buying a part of Mexico as the present territory isn't broad enough to hold Mr. B. since he has heard the news.

Miss Jennie Snook was presented a valuable copy of Shakespeare by the school in recognition of her past services as our pianist.

The name of the author of the essay entitled "Crimination," published in the April INDEX, is not Frazier, as was therein printed, but Frazer.

Miss Susie Gilman, one of our old graduates, and her sister, formerly a student of the State University, stopped in San Jose for a few days while on their way to their home at Glen Alpine. Both have been teaching in Fresno, and they speak of that growing city in the most glowing terms.

Miss Fannie Matson in connection with her school work has made an invention and sent in an application for a patent. Most of her classmates are anxiously waiting for the reply, as she is willing to give an agency to all those who fail to procure schools for the coming term.

On the 20th inst., the following officers of the Y. M. N. D. Society were elected to hold office next term: President, Joe Graham; Vice-President, Geo. A. Tebbe; Recording Secretary, Byron Carpenter; Corresponding Secretary, Hans Miller; Treasurer, James Petray; Sergeant at Arms, A. Shumate; Asst. Sergeant, F. M. Lane.

Just as the sun was rising above the horizon, Monday, May 2nd, a jolly party of Juniors with their friends started out for Alum Rock. While on the way they were entertained by excellent music, both instrumental and vocal. The day was pleasantly spent in gazing at the falls and other wonders, in dancing, and in disposing of the many good things brought along for lunch.

When the sun peeped over Mt. Hamilton on Saturday, May 14, he was greeted with a damper in the shape of a dense fog; but gathering up his warm rays, he soon dispersed the gray veil that hid us from his view, and when, at eight-thirty, two carriages of Senior B's and their friends left town, he beamed down upon them with his most cheerful smile. Bowling rapidly along the hard country roads, San Jose was soon left in the distance, while the fields and orchards lying on every side, showed our Mother Earth in her most becoming garb of waving green grass and green-leaved trees.

Passing through the little village of Saratoga, at about eleven o'clock, the pleasure-seekers reached Lung Bridge, some two miles beyond Congress Springs. Descending the hill from the road, they entered the sylvan retreat beneath Lung Bridge. After unpacking the good things including a box of luscious oranges, the party strolled around. Hardly at the foot of a steep bank, ran a little brook, clear as crystal, swiftly dashing along over boulder and pebble. Overhead was a green canopy of leafy branches, through which patches of the deep blue sky were visible. Soon a fire was started, and with Mr. Lane as its superintendent, the delicious coffee was soon prepared. Gathering around the delicious repast, seasoned with that best of sauces, downright hunger, the picnickers dispatched the viands with such a gusto that little in-

convenience as six big boys to one small cup of coffee were forgotten. When Prof. Child's had eaten his own lunch and another for the absent Prof. Randall, little parties set out to explore the glen and climb the hills. One thing quite noticeable was the exceeding paleness of the young ladies, the paleness sometimes being almost an eighth of an inch deep. But it was all explained when we found out it was a protection from *Melissococcus Toxicatus*.

After spending the afternoon in walking, talking, eating oranges, gathering of flowers and ferns, and rhapsodizing nature, the satisfied and happy merry-makers set out for home, where they arrived just as old Sol was sinking behind the mountain top.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Julia Daubenbie, Dec., '84, is teaching in Santa Cruz.

Miss Kate M. Johnson, May, '83, is still teaching at Elk Creek, Colusa county.

Miss Ocie E. Ashley, May, '86, has been teaching in Milpitas since graduation.

Miss Nellie A. Wyckoff, Xmas, '85, has charge of the Pfeiffer's District School, Monterey county.

Miss Ida M. Jones, May, '85, has been teaching at Laurel, Santa Cruz county.

Albion S. Meilly, May, '84, has a summer school in Mountain Springs District, Butte county.

Miss Maggie E. Carr, May, '85, will continue in her school at Beatrice until the 23rd of June.

Miss Edith E. Ayer, May, '85, has been teaching for two years in Milpitas.

Miss Daisy C. Schutte, May, '85, was obliged to give up her school on account of her health and is now in Honolulu.

Miss Bessie E. Gibbons, May, '85, has been teaching the Mountain District school, Monterey county.

Miss Mary Kennedy, May, '84, has been teaching in Yolo county.

Miss Cora A. Blaine, May, '83, is teaching a special course in drawing in the city.

Miss Helen M. Haskell, May, '85, is now teaching in Los Angeles county. Her address is La Canada.

Miss Emilie Amer, May, '78, has been teaching for the last five years in the Napa City schools.

F. L. Canch, May, '86, has closed his school at Carpentin, and expects to visit the Normal this month.

Miss Nellie Kinton, May, '83, has charge of the Glorid District school in Monterey county.

Miss Frances S. Com, Xmas, '85, is teaching in the Pyramid Department of the North San Juan schools, Nevada county.

Miss Isabella Conn, May, '82, has closed her school at Garfield, Fresno county, for the summer.

H. R. Bailey, May, '85, is engaged in the dairy business at Tomales, Marin county.

Miss Kate F. Howard, May, '86, has been teaching since graduation in Contra Costa county.

Mary L. Jones, May, '83, is teaching in Stanislaus county.

G. E. Arnold, May, '86, has not been teaching and is at his home in Milpitas.

A. M. Gray, May, '86, is principal of the school at Evergreen, Santa Clara county.

Miss Laura E. Bide, May, '85, is teaching in the Longfellow Primary, San Francisco.

Miss Lizzie M. Clark, May, '83, is still teaching in Lone, Amador county.

Miss Amy Whitmore, May, '83, has been teaching four years and is now in New Almaden.

Mrs. Frances E. Freeman, *nee* Frances O'Brien, May, '78, is teaching in the Empire Street School, San Jose.

Miss Lucie A. Rogers, May, '82, is teaching the school at Cambria.

Miss Kate C. Wambold, May, '85, has had the school at San Simon, San Luis Obispo county, ever since graduating.

Miss Nannie L. Calhoun, May, '85, is at Windsor, Sonoma county, where she has been teaching for two years.

Geo. F. Duncan, Dec., '83, is teaching at Norwalk, Los Angeles county.

Miss Ella G. Miles, May, '84, has the same school at King's River, Fresno county.

Miss Susie Gallimore, Dec., '86, has charge of the Millikin District school, Santa Clara county.

Miss Joey Denton, May, '86, is teaching the Second Grade of the Fourth Ward in this city.

Miss Maggie E. Robertson, Dec., '84, is teaching in Warm Springs District, Monterey county.

Miss Lizzie A. McKenzie, May, '86, is at Columbia, Tuolumne county.

Miss Margaret Richmond, May, '85, has a school only eight miles from her home, Ferndale, Humboldt county.

J. F. Ogden, Dec., '85, has been teaching five miles from Yuba City and expects to have the same school next term.

Miss Jessie Irving, May, '85, is teaching in the Oakland schools.

Hugh Bankhead, May, '86, has been engaged to teach in Tehama county next term.

Miss Ida P. Miller, May, '83, has been teaching four years since graduation, and is now at Tres Pinos.

Miss Abbie S. Martin, May, '84, is teaching her fourth term in Lincoln school, Santa Clara county.

Miss Christiana H. Brown, June, '82, is teaching the Eden Plain school, Contra Costa county.

Miss Bessie Mayne, Dec., '82, is principal of the school at Crescent City. Active preparations are being made to build a new school-house for the coming term.

Miss Ida C. Nichols, May, '85, is teaching her second term in the Spring Hill school near her home at Freestone, Sonoma county.

Miss Marion A. Rouse, May, '83, will close her school at Alma, June 1st. With a party of Normal graduates, including Misses Anna Murphy, Ida Jones, and Clara Montgomery, she expects to visit the Yosemite during the vacation.

Miss Maggie Kottinger, May, '85, is teaching in a private family in this city.

Miss Mollie F. Trimble, May, '79, is teaching in Orchard school in this city.

Miss Fannie Hall, May, '86, has been teaching since graduation near Santa Ana, Los Angeles county.

Miss Mattie Trimble, Dec., '84, is teaching in the school at Milpitas.

Miss Nellie Wickham, May, '85, is teaching at present on Mt. St. Helena.

Miss Carrie M. Gardner, Dec., '84, has taught for the past two years as assistant principal in Chico.

Miss Lillie J. Miller, May, '85, has charge of the school in New Almaden.

G. E. Larkey, May, '83, is teaching in Newhall, Los Angeles county.

Miss Mary E. Browning, Xmas, '85, has not been teaching this Spring, owing to severe illness.

Miss Floribel C. Brown, May, '80, is still teaching in Alameda county.

Miss Mary I. Brown, '77, who has been teaching in Los Angeles, will soon be at her home in Centerville, Alameda county.

Miss Anna L. Murphy, May, '80, is teaching near Brentwood, Contra Costa county.

Miss Julia Owen, May, '85, is teaching in the Mission school, San Luis Obispo.

Miss Anna E. Black, Dec., '83, is teaching in Gilroy. She expects to close her school soon and take a smaller one.

Miss Cora K. Wyckoff, May, '85, is still in the East Main Seminary, Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Lillie Duncan, Dec., '84, has been teaching since August in the New River District, Los Angeles county.

J. B. Atchison, Dec., '85, has not been teaching since graduation.

J. G. Beatty, May, '83, has closed his school in Yuba county after teaching nine months in the year.

Miss Selma Burston, May, '78, has been in the Reno schools for the past two years.

Mrs. E. S. Penney, *nee* Addie S. Bennett, Dec., '84, has given up teaching and is at her home in Tulare.

Miss Julia A. Donovan, May, '85, closed her school in Live Oak District, in March, and is now teaching a summer school in Baltic District, Eldorado county.

J. M. Holmes, May, '86, who has been teaching the Kingston school, Fresno county, since October 4, closed school on May 20, after an eight month's term.

Miss Florence M. Hayes, May, '86, is at her home, Burney Valley, Shasta county. She expects to teach the same school that she had last year.

N. S. Trowbridge, May, '86, and Mrs. Trowbridge, *nee* Kate Clayton, '87, are living in Tybo, Nye county, Nevada. Mr. Trowbridge is manager of the Nye Mining Company.

Miss Ella I. Sanders, Xmas, '83, has Miss Jennie McCarthy's former position at Petrolia, Humboldt county. Miss McCarthy is teaching at Ferndale.

Miss Nellie Stirling, May, '84, is teaching the First Grade of the Salinas City schools.

Thompson Hollingsworth, Dec., '84, has not been engaged in the work of teaching since graduating, but expects to teach the coming term.

Miss Julia Manchester, May, '86, closed her school in the Pioneer District, Merced county, last month, after a successful term of eight months.

Miss Frances H. Jones, Dec., '86, has not been teaching in the Public Schools, but has a very interesting private class at her home in Colusa.

Miss Lena Barkly, May, '86, has closed her school in Chico, Butte county. The high esteem in which she is held by her trustees and patrons testifies to her worth and ability.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The graduating exercises of the State Normal School were held in the Normal Hall yesterday morning. The class numbers sixty-six members, and is the thirty-second one that has passed out from the halls of the school and entered upon the duties and responsibilities developing upon them from their position in life. The tritorium was very prettily decorated for the occasion, the walls being covered with tapestry which formed a pleasing background to the white dresses and smiling faces of the graduates. A harp of white roses was noticed in a conspicuous place, while a floral horseshoe, star, and Maltese cross enhanced the effect.

The motto of the class, "Deeds, not Words," in realistic letters, was displayed on a background of white trimmed with gold. To the left of this was placed the motto of the Christmas class, "Learn to Do by Doing," on satin and velvet.

Prof. Allen presided, and announced first a chorus, "The God of Israel," by the Normal choir, after which Prof. A. H. Randall invoked the Divine blessing on the exercises and the school.

W. E. Tebbel then delivered an oration on "Physical Science in Schools," in which he said: "The prime source of all knowledge is desire. The desire to know and to search after knowledge and truth is never roused in the student in the public schools. Observation is the basis of all knowledge. By simple experiments teach the student the hidden causes of things and they go home delighted with the facts their watchful spirits had revealed." The gentleman made a number of experiments with rough apparatus, showing the principles of electricity.

"The Wits of the Time of Queen Anne" was the title of Miss Neelie Van Heusen's essay. "The reign of Queen Anne was the Augustan reign of England, because it was the most successful. Swift, Steele, Addison, Gay, Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot were called the wits of this reign because their writings partook of a witty character." The essay was well written, and her description of the different personages and their writings was very apt and pointed.

A song and chorus, "Come to the Mountains," followed, and as their voices filled the whole room, it showed the admirable training of Prof. Elwood. The song was very sweet and well sustained, while the chorus was admirable.

Miss Annie E. Pennycook then read an essay entitled "Water." She referred to the origin of the earth, its cooling and consequent covering by water. "Water is the element of all powerful and useful," she said; "the source of all nat-

ural beauty. Silently and unseen it works constantly for the benefit of man."

Charles F. Bousha next delivered an oration on the "Influence of Music," in which, after referring to the early use of music in Greece, he entered into a comparison of the different instruments. The gentleman's opinion was that "all persons while being charmed with the living cadences of the guitar will find the most pleasure in the violin, as it approaches nearest the human voice." He thought that most persons were endowed with the power to sing as they are to talk.

"Come to Me, Gentle Dreams," was next sung, entirely by female voices. The piece was particularly suited to the young ladies, and it is doubtful if any dream could have been more gentle or pleasing than was the song.

A poem, "Baldert the Good, a Norse Legend," was then read by Miss Leta L. Wallace. Baldert the Good was the Prince of Light, who unhappily was slain by a twig of mistletoe hurled by his enemy. The earth has been in mourning ever since, but he will come again and joy will live in every heart. The poem evinced considerable poetic talent.

David A. Wilson, followed in an essay on "Dwarfs and Giants," in which he compared the relative strength of man and the lower animals. He showed the only way in which a correct comparison could be made, but concluded that in matters of strength it was well nigh impossible.

A chorus, "Hail, Fairy Queens," was then given by the choir.

"Night and Insight" was the title of the essay by Miss Olive M. Knox. She mentioned how necessary it is to have insight as well as sight, and in comparison spoke of the marvellous sense of hearing in a deer and of vision in an eagle, but the one is inseparable in the harmonies of Beethoven and the other to the true beauties of colors. "To be truly educated one must not only have sight but insight. Picture after picture passes before our eyes, but we see them not." Even the lesson taught by a pebble in a mountain brook constitutes "one vast sermon yet to be comprehended by the greatest man of the world."

An echo song followed after the announcement had been made for the day. As the sweet notes of the singers died away a perfect echo repeated them in faint and weird tones. It was most admirably performed, and applause was given despite the protests of Professor Allen.

The Hon. Ira G. Hoyt was then introduced and made an eloquent address.

After Mr. Hoyt had ceased speaking the class sang their class song, composed by Miss Florence Guppy. Prof. Allen then in a few neat and applicable words presented them with their diplomas as the class filed out of the room.—*San Jose Mercury*.

CLASS EXERCISES.

In the afternoon the class, in accordance with an annual custom, gave a series of exercises. First on the programme was music by the band, after which W. E. Tebbe, President of the class, addressed the audience, and in a few words explained the object of the exercises.

"In behalf of the graduating class," he said, "I welcome you to our recalcitratory exercises. They are largely intended as a bit of recreation to ourselves, which will give to our friendship an enduring vitality. It is not to be expected that we shall all work in the field of professional life. If we receive honors let it be the outcome of our own work, and if

we fail let it never be said that we were inconsistent to ourselves or our training."

A medley followed by different members of the class. The words set to lively tunes were descriptive of humorous experiences, which had occurred at different times in the recitations.

First came a rousing chorus, "Hurrah for the Normal," by the class.

Miss Ella Learned, in "Jokes in Drawing," sang of the first day spent in the drawing room.

"Turned by a Crank," by Miss Fannie Hite, was a description of a day spent in the Philosophy Class and the person who turned a dynamo.

The "Course in Reading" followed by the class. They spoke of the large number of books their instructor had considered good for them to read.

"We'd Better Adjuourn Till Next Term" was the refrain of the song by Nellie Rickard, Minnie Finch, D. Wilson and W. H. Parker. This conclusion was the result of the troublesome times they had at one meeting of the class they were now thankful they did not carry out.

"Be Precise," a command which the class has had frequently occasion to hear, formed the burden of Miss Eva Bennett's song, "Precision."

"Trials of the Training School," a dialogue in song by Miss Sophia Litchfield and W. H. Parker, was both full of fun.

"N. C. Z. Y.," which followed was well rendered by Carrie Avery. The enigmatic title was something the public could not decipher, but it was probably found in words of the refrain.

"The Senior Plugs," by the "Girls," attracted universal applause from its pointed application to the "Boys."

The band then played a tune, after which the instrumental quartet "El Trazatore" was well rendered by Misses Jennie Snook, Ella Learned, Nellie Van Heusen, and Anna Pennycook.

Miss Nellie Rickard in her recitation, "How Ruby Played," displayed a good voice possessing strength and variety. The piece is a very humorous one and elicited frequent applause.

A double quartet, "Spring Song," was then sung by Misses Carrie Avery, Susie Brown, Cecilia Daniels, and Olive Knox and Messrs. D. Wilson, C. Bousha, W. Tebbe and W. H. Parker.

Miss Susie Brown who then sang a solo, "Farewell," had a very sweet voice. Following her the class sang to a familiar tune words which their members had composed.—*San Jose Mercury*.

THE ALUMNI LITERARY EXERCISES.

The cherry voice of our genial President, Prof. Childs, welcomed us back to Normal Halls Thursday evening. How we wish you all could have been there to enjoy the excellent programme.

Miss Estabrook read "Israel" in her own quiet, impressive way. Miss Carrie Foster McLellan sang for us, and you who have heard her know what a treat we had. She gave us "Soguai" by China, and then Rubenstein's "Ave" followed by "Thine Eyes so Blue," as an encore. There were volume and sweetness combined, but best of all the singer made us forget herself, and think only of the beautiful melody.

The programme had been prepared by the Alumni Read-

ing Circle, and the address which was given by Rev. C. W. Hill, had been written with special reference to their work, and was entitled "The Genesis of Civilization." We give a synopsis of the address:

This is a theme which bears us back to the annals of history and places us on the shores of a sea across which no one has made a successful voyage. We can only gather some of the pebbles, or a few of the sea shells from the shore, or catch the sounds which are borne over its waste of waters. How far is the distance across this sea neither science nor revelation has made known. The margin of the Bible tells us of the creation 5861 years ago, and this chronology is of value to us. Science puts the beginning so far away we are appalled by it. The figures are piled up until they are oppressive to us. Recently scientists have said there must be a re-adjustment of figures. They place the creation of man this side the drift, very early in the morning of the glacial period, 6,000 or 10,000 years ago. The unity of the human race is another point upon which science and revelation are coming to agree. The linguistic stem points to it. Science re-echoes Paul's words, "He hath made of one blood all nations of men." They substantially agree as to place. Winchell says the races have always moved from the Asiatic line westward and eastward. Scripture locates this spot somewhere upon the Tigris and Euphrates. Chaldaea has justly been called the cradle of the human race. Here government had its origin. Here before written history was, nations rose to power and died again. Up to the second dynasty there is only fabulous tradition. Here we shall find facts of principle as well as of history. The aspect of the valley suggested in the Chaldeans an agricultural life. The soil tempted permanency of residence, and clay and reeds were the only material at hand for building. Their houses were very simple, until they began to erect temples for religion. But it was in discovering the laws of science that the Chaldeans surpassed others. They were brought face to face with the stars, and discovered the relations of the sun and moon, the divisions of time, and the signs of the zodiac. All studied the stars, and from their beautiful astrology, idolatry has entered into the poetry of all lands. Their system of writing is remarkable for the simplicity of its two types. No nation has left more imperishable monuments. Neither fire nor water can destroy them. And they are brought to the light when so much needed by us to solve the problems of antiquity. About 49 when the miner was digging in California, the historian was digging in the mounds of Chaldaea. The spade proved mightier than the sword. The mounds have been found to possess most valuable relics of antiquity. Empires of past ages have been brought out from the dead. They were clearly connected with the chosen people, and now we have two books before us for comparison. This settles the accuracy of the origin of Nineveh and Babylon, and shows that the latter is anterior. The descriptions accord. In the disinterred records we read their own boastful story of their cruelty. Every description made by the sacred pen has found its corroboration in the inscriptions. It can not be that one is copied from the other. The legend of creation has a striking similarity to the Mosaic story. The account of the deluge has twenty-three points in common with that of the Bible. These resemblances so affirm the old declaration that God in diverse ways has made himself known to us. His book is not the only one. There are great truths outside the Bible. Underneath all heathen religions there are elements of truth. Otherwise Buddhism, Brahmanism and other religions could not have held sway as they have. The human mind is a valley

underlain with some knowledge of God which like a fountain springs up into life. Enosh walked with God in Chaldaea before there was any revelation. Noah preached and Abraham was called. Their revelations were the alpha of the book. This is a great and glorious field for thought. We are grateful that this corroboration comes from science, the willful child which sometimes refuses to walk hand in hand with religion.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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I. I. WILLIAMS,
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ON account of our vacation at the middle of the term, our school will not close until June 16th. As that will not be for sometime, we cannot give the usual information concerning the graduating class. However, we know it will be the largest class ever yet graduated from the Los Angeles Normal School, there being 28 in the class, provided all pass the coming examinations.

Like the last class, the present Senior A, has but two young men, who are nearly lost in the crowd of young ladies. Perhaps it is because they have grown thin and ethereal from the continual sharpening of pencils, to which they have been subjected in their three years' course. With their usual self-esteem they might suggest that what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality. The most of the remainder of the class consists of Marys, Carries, Ellas, and Emmas. The class song for the coming graduating class has been written by Miss Franc Hawks, one of its members. The following is a list of the names of the Senior A class: Caroline A. Bergman, Hattie H. Bowles, Luella A. Bryan, Margaret S. Clark, Kate E. Desmond, Emma Granet, Ola Hoff, Emma Hall, Franc Hawks, Ralph W. Jepson, Mollie Lightner, Mary A. Macdonald, Mary S. Moody, Ella J. Montgomery, Ella Morgan, Lizzie B. Oliver, Josephine Pallet, Mary N. Penman, Mary H. Rennie, Alice Reeves, Emily B. Reynolds, Amy Way, Jennie A. Whitcombe, Carrie A. Walton, Oona Wolfe, Minnie Walker, Ira I. Williams, John E. Wright.

WE have now come to the close of our term, but before laying aside our duties in connection with the INDEX, we wish to beg your pardon if this department of the paper has not come up to your expectations, while it has been under our direction. If it has not, we assure you it was not for a lack

of interest on our part, but because of our inexperience, and our lack of time for anything but the regular school-work.

To the members of the classes, we offer our thanks for their assistance, to the new editors our heart support and best wishes; and to the *NORMAL INDEX*, a long life of ever increasing prosperity.

AMBITION.

Taken in the general sense of the word, ambition is an eager desire for preferment, superiority, or power.

Whether it is a good or bad thing is determined by the use it is put to: hence it is not wise to let it carry us too far. It is well enough to be ambitious, but to have our minds centered on one object, and to think of nothing else in order to excel, will not benefit us in the least.

But, on the other hand, if we have no ambition, and allow things to take their own course, we shall never succeed, for it takes work to accomplish anything no matter what it is; and to work steadily and faithfully, we must needs be ambitious.

Ambition, like everything else, has its good and its bad effects. Considering first the good effects, it gives us an aim in life, and leads us to higher and nobler thoughts. Without an aim in life, who and what would we be? Simply plodding, careless people, caring only for enough to eat and drink, as did the aborigines of North America, never advancing a step in civilization. Therein lies the great difference between civilized and uncivilized races. A civilized person undertaking an object never rests until he has made it perfect, or as nearly so as possible, even though it may more than satisfy his purpose. Being ambitious, we are also led to higher and nobler thoughts, which we would not have if we thought of nothing but our physical comfort.

As to bad effects, they are many, if ambition is carried to an excess and becomes the master passion in our nature. In the first place, we are never satisfied with what we have but are always wishing for that which we have not. It also encourages selfishness if we allow our minds to be fixed on one thing and we think of nothing or nobody else but that. In politics, the ambitious motives of some men cause them to use evil means to gain superiority and power. Sometimes one person's ambition may cause trouble throughout a whole nation.

In the case of Napoleon, he sacrificed everything, even his wife, to gratify his ambition for power. By carrying on war with all Europe, he caused hundreds, even thousands of wives and mothers

to mourn; and in the end, what did it benefit him? He died an outcast and an exile, mourned by none. Julius Cæsar's ambitions to be the ruler of the Roman Empire, lost his life without gaining his uppermost idea, and so will it be with all who give up to their ambition.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

FRANCIS DARR.

The person described as the schoolmaster in that beautiful and much read poem, "The Deserted Village," was Mr Thomas Byrnes, the first instructor of Goldsmith, the author.

Though Mr. Byrnes was an old soldier, and had faced the cannon many times, yet he was influential in shaping and training the thoughts and ideas of the young student who was destined to acquire the greatest fame as a writer.

The schoolmaster was severe and stern to outward view, but nevertheless he was kind and gentle to his pupils, and was beloved by them all. The boy that played truant, and he that idled his time away, had occasion to stand in great awe of the master, for with such pupils he was severe in punishment and cross in manner. When a frown shaded his face all were hushed and trembling, for each knew something unpleasant was about to happen. And yet his sternness was for the benefit of his pupils. He was anxious that they should learn much, and his severeness was often caused by his great love for knowledge, and his determination that the student should profit by his instructions. He was usually kind and agreeable, and many were the jokes he propounded, having sometimes kept his pupils laughing for hours by relating some amusing incident or story he had heard.

In the estimation of the village people, he was held next in rank to the minister. His learning must have been the wonder and admiration of the whole village, for each person tried to excel his neighbor in extolling the master. One would say of him, "Tis certain that he can write, cipher and read;" another would add, "In foretelling coming events and in measuring lands, he cannot be equaled." In argument he always excelled, for though the opponent won the argument, he could argue still. He never owned himself defeated. The words he used were of such length and depth of meaning that the village people stood and gazed in wonder when he spoke, and few thought themselves equal to him in conversation. He was continually replenishing his store of knowledge, "and

still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew."

"But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where once he triumphed is forgot."

The old schoolmaster lived in the memory of Goldsmith, but was forgotten by all the villagers, who had so admired and honored him. This shows how soon after death one is forgotten, even though he may have been greatly loved and respected while living.

PARTING WORDS.

LIZZIE OLIVER.

Thoughts of parting fill with sadness
Happy scenes in days of yore,
And the times we've spent in gladness
Gathering truths from wisdom's store.

Lives like ours will soon be scattered
As the leaves on ocean's foam;
May our part be linked by memory
With strong fetters where we roam.

Soon we sever our connection
With our schoolmates kind and true,
For our motto is—Move onward,
We have each our work to do.

Farewell, teachers, we shall miss you,
Precious seed you've sown in love,
Precious grain the Reaper'll give you,
When the sheaves are garnered home.

Farewell, schoolmates, we have fondly
Mingled for these few years past,
But these ties will soon be broken,
Though in heart we still hold fast.

SCHOOL ITEMS.

The Junior A girls have organized a society which is reported to be a secret society, but, as we seldom hear anything about it, we conclude that such cannot be the case.

Senior A's view, with a calm sense of satisfaction, the grave look of responsibility to be seen upon the countenance of the Senior B's since they entered the training department. Alas! we all come to it.

The members of the astronomy class have gazed at the heavens so much that many of them are becoming very stiff-necked.

Last week, Miss Jennie Arnold, of Junior A class, was married by the Rev. Mr. Chichester, to Mr. Fred Salisbury of this place. The happy couple have gone to San Francisco on their wed-

ding tour. Miss Arnold is missed by her classmates, all of whom wish her much joy.

The classes should not forget the necessity of electing their editors for the next term, before the close of this term, in order that there shall be no interruption and delay in publishing the first number of the INDEX, next term.

The unusual aptness of the Senior A's has been accounted for by one of our Professors, who says that a class is always smarter just before graduating than at any other time. We don't know why this should be, but suppose it is for the same reason that it is always darkest before dawn.

Interested in the welfare of a couple of the young ladies who have been teaching since their graduation, we accosted them the other day with the unusual question, "How do you like teach—," but were stopped in our sentence by one young lady asking the other if she had a chestnut-bell with her. We failed to comprehend her question and its object, so immediately changed the subject.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Freeman, of the May class of '85, has closed her school, at La Puente.

Mr. Foster, of the May class of '86, is stopping in town.

Miss Martha Pallet, of the last class, has closed her school in Norwalk District.

Miss Josephine Ellis, is expected home from her school in Ventura county.

Miss Lizzie Rees, of the Xmas class of '86, is at home learning the more satisfactory art of cooking.

Mr. Fred Taylor is practicing bookkeeping during the vacation of his school, at Temple, Arizona Territory.

THE L. O. L. SOCIETY.

The L. O. L. Society met at the usual time last Friday evening, and after an address by the retiring President, R. W. Jepson, the new officers were installed, Mr. Pendleton acting as the new president, and Miss Carothers as the new secretary. After the installation of officers, an interesting literary program was rendered.

Although the society is not large, it is quite lively and gives good work for its members. As usual, the L. O. L. Society will give a meeting in honor of the graduating class, but we were unable to get the program for that meeting.

ADVICE.

The Sun in all his brightness,
Has sunk in the Golden West,
And by it, we know another day,
For us, has gone to rest.

Have we made good use of the minutes
As they have flown beyond, to-day?
Have we made our record better
By an action, word, or lay?

At times we have been discouraged;
We would sink with the falling tide,
Were it not for something better,
We hope, on the other side.

With this happy thought before us,
We should ever be cheerful and gay,
And not let the fetters of sorrow
Bind us for a single day.

Our lives are but short, at longest;
If we all our efforts enroll,
We will only accomplish "our trifles"
For we, too, reach the goal.

Ah, friend! our lives are precious,
Let us all our time improve
That we may receive a rich reward,
When we meet in the land above.

KIND WORDS.

"Kind words never die." As heaven-sent rain falls upon the earth, and there, though hidden, nourishes nature's flowers that afterward turn their beautiful faces to the sky from whence came the rain; so kind words spoken, though seemingly useless, may go to nourish a more beautiful nature that would otherwise die. And as the rain-fall lays the dust, so the kind word vanquishes evil.

As the sunlight and dew are to flowers, as the song of the bird to its mate, or salt to human life, so kind words are to human souls. Do not spare them. They can do no harm; they can do good, and they will. Perhaps a kind word may be the rapport that saves a soul from falling into the chasm of sin. If it only brings sunshine to a brow clouded by care, it is no mean blessing. A life that receives no kind words is like a plant deprived of light and moisture. Its germs of strength and beauty, lacking this stimulus, can never develop according to the law of its being.

Be not niggardly of kind words. They may seem to fall like seeds into the sea, it is true. To you, they may seem entirely wasted, but not so. He who numbers the hairs of our heads keeps record of all we do, and counts all we do for humanity's sake as done for him.

"Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?"

How oft they fall as manna fell

On some nigh fainting heart."—*Selected.*

LAND.

O land, sweet land! New World! My world!
No mortal knows what seas I sail
With hope and faith which never fail,
With heart and will which never quail,
Till on thy shore my sails are fuled,
O land, sweet land! New World! My world!

O land, sweet land! New World! My world!
I cross again, again, again,
The magic seas. Each time I reign
Crowned conqueror. Each time remain
New shores on which my sails are fuled,
A sweeter land! A newer world!

O world, new world! Sweet land, my land!
I come to day, as first I came.
The sea is swift, the sky is flame.
My low song sings thy nameless name.
Lovers who love, ye understand!
O sweetest world! O sweetest land!

H. H.

"The best judges of Pleasure are the best judges of Virtue."

"Man devoid of religion is like a horse without a bridle."

Who will not mercy unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
—*Spencer.*

You will never convince a man of ordinary sense by overbearing his understanding.—*Samuel Maunders.*

Virtue maketh men on the earth famous, in their graves illustrious, in the heavens immortal.—*Chilo.*

The way to wealth is as plain as the road to market; it depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; it is not his that has it but his that enjoys it.—*Franklin.*

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
—*Tennyson.*

I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth; I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them.—*Hastings.*

"We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go about in search of your wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy."
—*Colton.*

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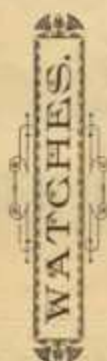
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