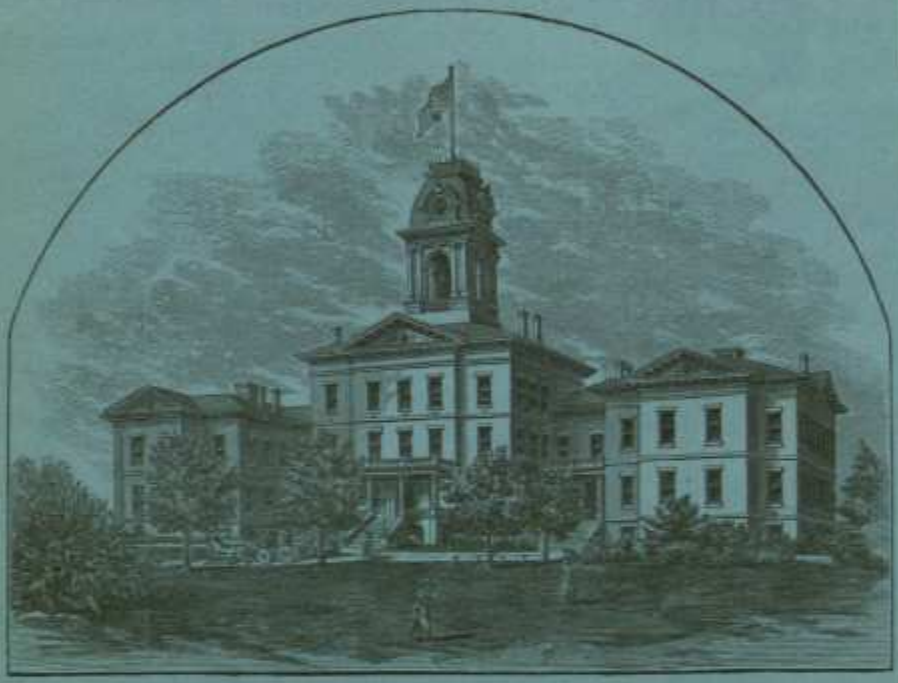
The Normal Index.

Vol. V. SAN JOSE, CAL., MARCH 25, 1890. No. 6.



Published by the Senior Classes of the State Normal School.

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VOL. V. MARCH 25. No. 6.

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SAN JOSE, - - - CALIFORNIA.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
SENIOR CLASSES OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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ON Tuesday, Feb. 24th, the Senior A classes held a meeting in room K to elect officers for the ensuing term. For a week or two previous, quiet electioneering had been carried on by friends of the candidates, so that the meeting promised to be a lively one. But, though there were several candidates, manifestly a real class feeling existed causing each member to feel he should be perfectly satisfied with the decision of the class. Hearty welcome, showing itself in applause, greeted the reading of the names of the successful ones. In electing Mr. Tebbe, President; Mr. Lee, Vice-President; Miss Senf, Secretary; Mr. McGeorge, Treasurer and Mr. Rutherford, Sergeant-at-Arms, we feel the class are to be congratulated, as are also the officers in being chosen by the class. The INDEX wishes them all success.

WE notice in the *Occident* for March 7th, the designs for a new Chemical Labratory to be erected at the Berkeley Uhiversity. At the request of the Regents, the Legislature wisely passed a bill giving the University the one per cent. tax on each one hundred dollars of taxable property in the State. The building will be a solid, handsome one, designed with especial reference to convenience and comfort. No pains will be spared to make it rank high among similar educational buildings.

ON Monday, March 17th, when the school assembled for the usual morning exercises, Prof. Childs announced the death of Hon. Thos. H. Laine, speaking in a few well-chosen words of his strong intellect and sterling moral qualities. Out of respect for him, the school was then adjourned for the day.

Mr. Laine's entire life has been that of a busy man of the world, but we knew him chiefly through his labor for our school, and this is the loss we sustain. In July, 1887, he was appointed by Gov. Bartlett a trustee of the State Normal School at San Jose; and on January 30, 1890, he was elected a member of the Executive Committee. Though his failing health and pressure of business have prevented him from giving personal attention to the work of the school, yet he has proved a most conscientious officer; his wide experience, large heart and sound judgment made him an efficient member of our Board. His power as an orator is unquestioned. The school remember him by his address during the Centennial excercises, held in the Normal Hall on the 30th of April last. His closing words, "Virtue alone outlasts the pyramids," seem well applicable to the lasting impression his own fine character has left.

AFTER the giving of the monitor's reports on Thursday, March 13th, Prof. Kleeberger announced the attendance that morning the best it had been for a year and a half. Considering the

unfavorable winter, this speaks well for the punctuality of our students. We only wish that as good a record might always be maintained.

VALLEJO, Feb. 20, 1890.

DEAR INDEX:

Soon after your arrival we are found making resolves, this has been repeated so many times that at last it has reached a determination; hence we now speak.

The surroundings and all pertaining to our Alma Mater are very dear to us, yet we look for a material benefit from our outlays; some things must be put aside if not beneficial, so we're thinking of putting you aside. Why? There! we knew you would be surprised. Just this, you have such splendid opportunities and are not improving them. You might be the "Popular Educator" of California, yet outside of some few loyal ones of the State Normal, you are not known. You are just where "how to do" is taught, and are so neglectful that you do not send it out to us.

We want none of your puffed up meddlers coming around and telling us "what to do and what not to do." We know enough of that already for all practical purposes: but we will shake hands and give a hearty welcome to the visitor that shows us "how."

Whenever we visit your home we find abstracts, skeleton language, arithmetic or geography work. These are hastily copied into our note-books, and, if possible, the whole plan of some recitations are copied also. For you are rich in originality. Then at home we feel fat for some time and our little charges relish the food; but lo! our note-book is not supplied with an endless edition; soon we are left to dig from our own not very fertile soil, impoverished, perhaps, by not being fertilized oftener.

We've seen you in your cradle, helped rock and rear you, but you've not yet grown to the strong, hardy and influential man we hoped for.

Knowing a word to the dutiful sufficient, we now bid you adieu with better hopes for the future.

In sunshine yours,

FRANK A. BUTTS.

THAT it is impossible to take Mr. Butts advice in full will be clearly seen if one simply looks at the facts. The *Popular Educator* is an Eastern paper to which contributions are sent from teachers having years of experience, and realizing just where the stumbling-blocks lie. The lessons and plans of work, in many cases, are those upon which they have experimented, are those from which the rough places have been smoothed by thoughtful care. It goes without saying that pupil teachers, full of theory and ideal lessons can not know where the weak places lie. Theory and practice in teaching, as in most other things, are widely different.

Were our Faculty to edit the *Index*, to supply the 'abstracts, skeleton language, arithmetic, or geography work' Mr. Butts speaks of, it might well rank with educational papers of the East. But while material for the educational department is supplied by pupils, it is but reasonable to conclude that this part of our paper can not be radically changed.

In the *Nov. Index* of 1889, the following notice to the Alumni appeared: "We need in our educational department, just such articles as you can write, and for the sake of your own professional advancement, ought to write." An earnest plea was added for individual methods, whether these be in kindergarten, or busy work, calisthenics, manual training, or training in memory, imagination, or conception. Does not this appeal suggest where we may obtain aid? Surely from our Alumni, we ought to be able to obtain practical help. So once more we call attention to that much slighted notice, "Contributions from the Alumni are respectfully solicited," feeling sure the Alma Mater's loyal sons and daughters will heartily respond.

As far as possible, we are more than willing to take Mr. Butts' suggestions. From time to time, we shall endeavor to publish lessons that have been given in the training department, and also abstracts of the courses of instruction as laid down and followed in the various studies.

FOR many mornings, Miss Walker's face was missed from among those of our Faculty, her absence being caused by the illness and death of her mother. We are all glad to have her again with us.

LECTURES.

On February 20th the Hall was well filled with students and their friends who had assembled to listen to a lecture on high art by Jules Mersfelder, an artist from New York City.

After requesting his audience not to expect a lengthy lecture, he related a circumstance in which a New York *World* reporter visited the leading artists of his city, asking of each a definition of art. The variety in their replies showed that even artists themselves are unable to express their conceptions of what art is. One crystallized definition was, "Art is nature idealized."

He said that painters disagree as to what art is.

One paints nature as he sees it; another idealizes nature; another paints wholly from imagination. No one of them can claim that he is the only representative of art, because all have so much in common.

The speaker requested his hearers to note the following elements, in which, in addition to genius and talent, every artist must excel; drawing, composition, harmony of color, technique and handling.

He next spoke of the two schools of art, one of which excels in execution of detail, and requires, perhaps, more labor than genius, and the other of which depicts thought and feeling, the work of true genius.

He spoke of the lack of fine artists and art critics in America, and expressed his disdain for the idea that artists can be educated nowhere but abroad.

The artist closed with the remark, "Among the latest things which are meeting with favor are etchings, and these displayed, you may examine at your leisure."

The lecturer, then, with marvelous rapidity, made several chalk and charcoal sketches on the blackboard, representing, with reasonable accuracy and with true artist feeling, New York Harbor, Moonlight in Venice, and a Snow Scene. We are grateful for this opportunity of seeing an artist work.

Prof. Allen's introduction to his lecture referred to the feelings he experienced in visiting the school, mingled pleasure and pain seeming to strive for the mastery. He felt pleasure in being permitted to talk to the school once more and to look upon so many familiar faces, but pain because he is no longer one of us.

"Twenty years ago," he said, "I should have come before you with fear; later, with a set address; but to-day I come with neither, for I know that here I shall find a lenient friendship, which will overlook all faults. I shall give you a few words to help you meet life better—words, which if they had been said to me when I was young, would have saved me much labor and disappointment. When speaking to our school, Robert Burdette once said, 'You are expecting to be something: the time to begin is now.' I will give you an algebraic equation which will help to make clear what I want to say to you. Let $(x+y+z)s$—the future that lies before each of you. Let x represent the natural or inherited ability which you all possess, and with which you began life; y may be the knowledge which is acquired; and z, the most important part, will be your habits, the subject of my address. S represents the environments which help to modify the other three. All of these aid in making your future what it is to be.

We speak of habits as something which may be put on, but they are sometimes more than second nature. They are formed by repetition, and become an impelling motive. Habits have a good effect, as they hold us to a fixed purpose. We are all fond of novelty and are moved by it; we have a desire to take up things that are new and strange. Opposed to this tendency is habit, which holds us to the old way. A piece of work becomes irksome when the novelty wears off, but by continuing it a habit is formed, and it is no longer irksome; it becomes a pleasure. It is during this period of irksomeness that young people are in danger of throwing off the best things of life. A young person begins to live a spiritual life, and the novelty making it pleasant, everything seems easy and hopeful. After a time a hard place is met with, and all becomes dark and difficult. He has not grown into the habit of leading this new life, the novelty has worn off, and because it is irksome to him, he perhaps abandons it. A student, at the beginning of a term, resolves to keep his note-books well written up. At first the novelty of his work keeps him to it, and his notes are written regularly every night. But in a short time it becomes an old story, he makes one excuse after another for not writing, until finally he gives up the practice altogether, and as a result of his labor has only a great pile of half-written note-books.

Habits of study determine acquisition. Habit gives a better manhood and womanhood. Cultivate the habit of working with a pleasant face, not with a frown, and this will smooth the rough places. We should put ourselves into the habit of doing joyfully and pleasantly whatever we have to do. We enjoy what we do well. There are some habits which at first give pleasure, and afterwards pain. Examples of this are the use of tobacco and other stimulants. In the end it is not a pleasure, but the satisfying of a want that holds us to it. It is easy to acquire bad habits, but it is just as easy to acquire good ones, and there is greater charm in getting into good habits than into selfish ways. Learn self-control in its broadest sense; make yourselves masters of yourselves, make your propensities your servants."

In closing, Prof. Allen aptly proved the truth-

fulness of his remarks by saying that he had so grown into the habit of giving the school advice, that he could not refrain from it even in a lecture.

March 13th we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Prof. Rattan. His subject, "Plants made by Man," was interestingly and wittingly treated. "You must not expect anything sensational from this title," he said. "The word 'make' is used in many significations. The cabinet-maker says that he has made the table from the lumber, and the mill-man that he has made the lumber from the tree, and they are justified in using this term, for, though no new creation was produced, yet something has been made.

You can see around you many forms of vegetable life which has been made by man. All of our apples are the outcome of a wild stock, which never produces a fruit more than an inch in diameter. Many of our garden vegetables are the result of the same process of making, and some have become so thoroughly made by man that they cannot live without his care. Wheat is of this kind. Now in this process of selection which goes on continually, man cultivated many kinds of plants which he afterwards abandoned; and these, unable to return to their original condition, remain lingering around the habitations of men, and are called weeds.

The process of cultivation, still going on, brought our vegetables and fruits up to the present standard of size and flavor. It must be born in mind, however, that as the flavor of food is improved, so is the palate of him that enjoys it. Thus a system of selection goes on; the best are kept and farther developed, while those of inferior quality are dropped and soon become extinct. It is the task of mankind to eradicate all the worthless forms of plant life that encumber our civilization. When experience has proven a weed to be worthless, let it be exterminated at once."

He illustrated this point by showing how the tar-weed, once a highly valued plant in Peru, became a weed when its uses were superseded by better plants from Europe.

In conclusion he said, "The man who lets weeds grow now is enriching the soil for the benefit of a posterity that will be wiser than he. In future ages we may confidently expect a civilization in which all forms of vegetable life will be made over and fashioned for the use of man. The world will then be a true garden in which will grow only the things that are useful, beautiful or medicinal to humanity, and mankind living therein will have the most perfect use of everything in its most perfect form."

SCIENTIFIC.

Of all the mysteries of Nature there is none more interesting or wonderful than the way in which animals and plants contribute to the formation of rock.

Put into a generator, calcium carbonate, hydrochloric acid, and water: a brisk effervescence will follow; and a colorless, scentless gas—carbonic acid, or more properly carbon dioxide—will be rapidly produced and collected. Testing this gas in various ways, it will be found that under ordinary circumstances it does not support combustion, nor is it a combustible gas; that its specific gravity is higher than that of air; that it will not support animal life; and that coming in contact with lime-water, it turns the lime-water milky; also that our breath, and the gas from a burning candle or stick affects the limewater similarly. Now as carbon dioxide is the only gas that can so change lime-water, we may naturally conclude that both animal life and burning produce carbon dioxide.

Why does it so change lime-water? Lime-water is lime, or calcium oxide, and water chemically united; and when the carbon dioxide is passed into it, the lime, which has a greater affinity for it than for the water, unites with it forming calcium carbonate, which is precipitated, being insoluble in pure water. But pass more of the gas into the milky water, and it will immediately become clear again. Why? Because, although the water and gas do not unite, they will mix; i. e. the gas is dissolved by the water, and together they have the power to readily dissolve calcium carbonate; heating this, the carbonate will again be precipitated; hence the gas is driven out of the water by heat.

And as in the laboratory, so in Nature—flowing water, holding carbon dioxide in solution, dissolves and carries away the carbonates from the ground over which it flows; and as the carbon dioxide is set free by the increase of temperature, the carbonate is deposited. But I am anticipating.

Animal life produces this gas; also burning, which, in its most limited meaning, is a uniting with oxygen. Vegetation, decaying on dry land,

is burned up by the oxygen of the air, into carbon dioxide and water, as completely and truly as if it were thrust into a great furnace; but, of course, less rapidly.

If all of these, using up the life-giving oxygen, produce carbon dioxide; how is it that the oxygen is still present, and the air is not surfeited with this gas, which does not support life? Ah! Now you are ready to see and understand the wonderful and beautiful economy of Nature. This gas, which as readily as water would choke life out of us, and which like water is a result of our exhalation, is all essential to plant life, which using the carbon, throws off the free oxygen ready for our use again.

Place a basin of water on the floor of your sleeping-room; and unless the room be well ventilated by an aperture near the ceiling, the water will be charged with carbon dioxide in the morning. Thus this gas, being soluble in water, settles into the waters of the land, or is gathered by the rain-drops on their way to the earth: and as the little trickling streams flow down the mountain side to the valleys below; and unite to form larger streams, and finally, rivers; and slowly but surely, through winding ways and straight, seek the great ocean; they gather up, and carry thence, carbonates from the land. So it was in ages past, and so it is to-day.

These carbonates, reaching the ocean, are in two ways deposited on its bed—by a chemical and by an organic process. In former ages, before the ocean was so abundantly supplied with animal life, the process was almost wholly chemical. The water, being kept by evaporation at an even amount, and constantly supplied with these substances, became over-charged, and deposited them. But the animal in the sea-water takes from it the minute particles of carbonate of calcium to form its skeleton or shell—when it dies, this organism falls to the bed of the sea; and in the course of ages, very extensive beds of sandstone are formed. Such is organic deposition.

This accounts for the fossils in limestone, which by lateral pressure; caused by the cooling and contracting of the earth's interior, and the consequent sinking to meet it of the crust causing the folding up of another place; is raised up from the ocean to form continents, mountains, ranges, and islands. The non-fossiliferous limestone may be the result of chemical deposition, or a semi-metamorphic state of the fossiliferous limestone. This state is brought about by the water percolating through it; and aided by heat, which is produced by pressure; changing it to a plastic state, which on cooling is non-fossiliferous. Marble, with its minute crystals, is a completion of this process; varying in purity of color according to the degree of change beyond that described, and the amount of carbon thrown off; hence it is metamorphic limestone.

Thinking of the journeying of these twin agents, carbon dioxide and water, born of Life, but as a means to an end; we have overlooked the details of the journey, the results of which; if less gigantic, are certainly not less grand, and are much more artistically beautiful.

Follow the little stream that flows down the mountain slope—rippling softly over the surface, then losing itself in the crevices of the rocks. As its supply lessons, its speed diminishes; and finally it but trickles through the crevices, then drips, and each succeeding drop seems more loth to let go. If it chances that this is a limestone fissure; the reluctant drops, losing the carbon dioxide by diffusion, deposit the calcium carbonate. The result of this dripping is those beautiful, rhombohedral, calcite crystals, or stalactites, that are so admired.

But, meanwhile, the water has gone on and joined others, until it is part of a great rushing torrent. At last it reaches a limestone region; and so wears its way through a fissure that, finally, as time goes on, the entire flow of water sinks out of sight. Miles beyond it may emerge again, or reach the ocean, submerged.

Hidden from the light of day, these combined agents do a marvelously great work. Would you know what? Visit, or read of, the great caves or caverns of the world; which are so large and numerous in limestone countries. There Nature, with patient insistance, has done a grand work. Great arched and vaulting ceilings, supported by fantastically covered columns, and ornamented with fairy-like stalactites, overhang floors that are covered with equally wonderful forms, called stalagmites. Add to all this a coating of sparkling crystals, and one need no longer wish for a Fairyland.

To know that one knows what he knows, and to know that one does not know what he does not know—lo! that is true wisdom.—*Confucius.*

True nobility of character consists in the voluntary formation of the best habits, the persistent culture of the right principles, and the choice of the best motives of conduct.—*Platt.*

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY.

Time.—First year of Geography work.

Object.—To teach pupils through their own observation the effects of slope of land.

Apparatus.—School yard, damp sand, slates or small boards.

Children, what happens to the ground in our school-yard when it rains?

It becomes wet.

Where does the water go that falls upon the ground?

The water soaks into the ground.

When it rains very, very hard what does the water do?

It makes puddles.

Tell me how the water reached these puddles.

It ran there from the rest of the yard.

Why did the water not remain on the other parts of the yard?

The other parts are higher and the water ran to the low places.

Show me the low places in our yard.

Tell me where the high places are.

How does the water run to the puddle?

The water runs in little streams.

Why does it stop at the puddle?

Because it can go no farther, the ground around the puddle is high.

Which part of the yard dries first?

The high part.

What makes the water that runs to the puddle muddy?

There is dirt in it.

Soil or earth are better words than dirt.

I will write the words soil and earth upon the blackboard and you may copy them carefully so that you can spell them.

Now tell me in a better way why the water is muddy?

The water is muddy because there is soil in it.

Where does the soil come from?

From the higher parts.

Where does it go?

It goes to the puddle.

What becomes of the soil when the puddle dries?

It remains at the bottom.

If every time that it rains, soil is carried from the high part to the low part what must be happening all the while?

The high part is being washed away and the low part filled up.

Where is the best soil?

In the low part.

Where would you plant a tree to have it grow nicely?

Near the low part.

Why not in the low part?

When there is a puddle in the low part it would be too wet.

We will now take our slates and make our schoolyard with this damp sand. Make it so that I can tell just where the high places are, and where there would be puddles were there water there.

Such a lesson as the above may be given by any teacher, no matter what her surroundings are, as every school-yard has its high and low spots, whether situated on hills or plains. The children are laying the foundation for future concepts of hills, mountains, rivers, lakes, valleys and of the surface of the earth in general. Study every thing in the yard, the plants, the stones, the insects, birds and earthworms, the boys and girls themselves. North America is but a school-yard of larger size.

The most important and perhaps the most interesting study to the teacher is that of child nature, and this study is pursued most successfully by one who has put into practice the maxim "Know Thyself." To attain self-knowledge is often a puzzling problem since self-analysis is difficult for quick, impetuous youth. A miss of seventeen, impressed with the importance of this study, rushes eagerly to work with the result of becoming intensely interested in herself. To be sure she discovers her prominent characteristics, but having never thoughtfully observed the same traits in another, she believes herself specially endowed and confidently tells her friends that she is "peculiar" or "different from other girls." Experience will in time tell her that to study self only is not the best way of knowing herself. The hermit probably does not understand self so thoroughly as does the active business man. It is by comparison, as well as examination, that the best results are reached.

Young teachers often form hasty opinions of the children under their care. There are depths, even in a child's nature, which need patient sounding; and when they are fathomed it should be the teacher's delight to keep the deep waters in motion that they may not become stagnant. As we look at the forming buds of a rose, we have their possibilities as much in mind as their sweetness. So the teacher that studies child nature will see the possibilities in the buds of humanity, and direct his energies in the way to bring them to a full and beautiful development.

LITERARY.

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

As night advances, its black darkness seems to deepen and intensify; suddenly, before you can realize that there is a faint glimmer of light toward the north, the brilliant star of morning bursts dazzlingly into sight. Springing from the somber bosom of night, it shines with a bright and glorious light.

With fascinated gaze you watch its course; gradually, its light begins to pale, and it fades from your sight. Where has it gone? Has it spent itself in its brilliancy? Behold! not only the star, but night too has vanished; and from the East, the light of another day comes on. The light of the beautiful star has not gone out, nor grown less; but is eclipsed by one greater and purer, before which all others fade, and darkness cannot live.

Chivalry first assumed character and form in the tenth century; but was not an invention of the times, for it can readily be traced to the early traditions of the Germanic forest races. In no age has women been freer, better loved, or more highly reverenced than among those old, warlike races. She rode at the side of her lover or husband, in times of war, inspiring him on to victory by the subtle influence of her presence. Later, the sons and daughters of the lower barons were sent to the homes of the higher, where they were trained in courtesy and valor.

After the Goths had conquered, and mingled with the Gauls, the latter, naturally, came to observe some of their customs; but it was not until the invasion of the Normans into northern France, with their ardor and heroic deeds, their love of adventure and power of endurance, their Teutonic characteristics unquenched, that chivalry blazed forth, warming and brightening that dark and dreary age. Thus it was that the institution of chivalry sprang into existence in France; and owing to its name, was long supposed to have originated there.

It is believed that it was not introduced into England until William the Conquerer went over; then the knight had to take an oath of fealty to him.

This institution was developed in the feudal manor of the baron. Here the youth of the poorer baron was educated up to the highest standard of the age, here he was trained in ethics and stoic philosophy, here he was inspired with the love for woman and for adventure. True it is in these same castle walls was found the moral and social and military side of Medieval life.

Chivalry was good; in as much as it took the place of something worse; for whatever may have been its inherent defects and vices, it is an indisputable fact that it embodied some of the noblest sentiments, and engendered many of the worthiest actions. Its object was to protect the weak and defenceless, to cultivate the spirit of courtesy toward women, to stimulate military ardor in the noblest, and to soften and improve the manners of a rough and warlike age. It made women chaste and men brave. Each strove to possess those qualities which the other approved. Above all things, women admire courage and truth; and men became courageous and truthful: men revere modesty, virtue and refinement; and women became modest, virtuous and refined. Thus, the discipline of social life was established, and the ideal of right preserved. Ideal, because they did not do right from principle; but for the regard of those about them. Chivalry, as we find it in the Middle Ages, is to morals what feudalism is to law; an outward force that controls, rather than an inward grace that restrains.

Burke enthusiastically describes chivalry as "The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise." "Never more," he adds, "shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of heart which kept alive even in servitude itself, the spirit of exalted freedom."

Every feudal lord had his retinue of knights, most of whom had been trained in his own castle, where they came when very young, and performed the most menial tasks until about sixteen years of age. Then they were trained in feats of arms, horsemanship, mounting from the ground in heavy armor, and power of endurance. When not so occupied, they waited upon the ladies of the castle. Gallantry to the fair sex, and love of the castle. Gallantry to the fair sex, and love of woman in its highest sense, were two of the characteristic features of chivalry.

Usually, at twenty-one, he was knighted. This ceremony was solemn and imposing. The qualified aspirant fasted, in solitude, for a day and a night; then was bathed, to wash the sins of the past away; clothed in a white tunic, significant of the purity of the life he must henceforth lead; a crimson vest, in token of the blood he will be called upon to shed; and a complete suit of black

armor, emblematic of death for which he must always be prepared; a belt, the symbol of chastity is girded on; spurs, denoting readiness to hasten forth at the call of duty, are buckled on his feet; and then is received the "accolade," which consists of three strokes on the shoulder with the flat of the sword, accompanied by these words:—"I make thee a knight; be valiant, courteous, and loyal."

In a time when might was right, the knight found a copious field in which he might carry into practice the letter of his vows. The weak, or unfortunate, or oppressed never called to him in vain. Now although the knight was, as a rule, brave, honorable, and loyal, he was not always just; and too often created greater evils than he righted, or made many suffer to save one. But we should not expect to find him perfect beyond our times, and should give him due credit for all that he represented beyond his own.

We all, doubtless, have pictured to ourselves the tournament, with the dignity and splendor of its contests; watched and encouraged by beautiful women, whose own brilliancy and fame, and charity make them fit jewels for so rich a setting.

What fitter theme for the poet and the bard than these deeds of chivalry and honor? What could more readily fire the imagination than the scenes enacted within those old castle walls, where "love was lord of all?" So the bards sang of noble knights and great deeds, and the poets wrote of them. Both gave to their hero of the mystic past, a more than human face and form, a character of transcendent beauty; and tracing his ancestry back to the Ancient deities, made his deeds worthy of such godlike ancestors. Thus, before the knight of the Middle Ages, was placed an ideal hero, whom he ever strove to imitate—ay, to emulate; and not only the heroes of that age, but also the prose-writer, poets, and artists of our age, have felt the stimulus and inspiration of those old romances. They clothe anew these old heroes, fill their breasts with nobler sentiments, and paint them in more brilliant hues. Much that is beautiful, noble and heroic, in our Literature, we owe to these knights, and bards, and poets of the past.

When God made man, he made him not of flesh, alone; but in that flesh a spirit laid, which ages slept, and woke, and sleeping, woke again; was lulled to sleep, and steeped in blackest darkness lay—when at the need of man it woke, and by its light made darkness seem less terrible. But God had watched its struggle, and man's need; and from the East sent forth a greater light, which warming, brightening, and lighting anew man's waking spirit, robbed it not of its own brightness; but surrounded it by a greater upon which it lives and grows, while the greater is constant, and changes not. Darkness, and sin, and doubt are dispelled at its presence, in which man's spirit, growing and expanding, humbly and gratefully does all things in the name of Him who brought it.

SUNSHINE.

The sun rode high, and the dear green earth
Was stirred in her motherly heart with mirth;
And to every blossom and dancing spray
She gave the grace of a holiday.

And oh! what laughter the silver breeze
Shook from the leaves of the poplar trees!
How the streamlet, with all her sweet blue eyes,
Smiled on the sport of the dragon-flies!

The flashing humming-bird deeply dipped
In the yellow tulip; the blithe bee sipped
From the purple, delicate cups of wine
That he found on the morning-glory vine.

The smallest fly and the least red thorn
Were fair with summer and fresh with morn,
When who should chance on the sun-lit place,
But a little girl with a sulky face?

Through all the music and merriment
She came, to trouble the world's content;
And wheresoever her feet did pass,
A shadow fell on the gleaming grass.

She leaned out over the rivulet,
And all at once it began to fret,
And wrinkled its waves to a frown like that
She carried under her broad-brimmed hat.

A carpet shaming the wealth of earls,
Softer than satin and bright with pearls
She crushed, nor heeded the spider's grief,
As he wiped his eyes on a clover leaf.

'Twas Saturday after the speech of men,
But the simple folk of meadow and glen,
Free from the calendar's restless freak,
Keep seven Sabbaths in every week.

And thus it happened that through the dells
A soft chime floated of flower-bells,
And the child at the roots of a tall, white birch
Came on the worshippers all in church.

The book was an organ, passing sweet;
On the swaying bough was the choir seat;
And the blue, blue heaven bent close to heed
The murmured words of the woodland creed.

The Reverend Buttercup leaned across
A velvet pulpit of greenest moss,
And preached a sermon, in still, small voice,
Whose text was ever, "Rejoice! rejoice!

"Behold", quoth he, "how our Father's care
Hath wrought the meadow exceeding fair;
And my jocund heart doth overrun
With fragrant summer and fervid sun.

"Behold," quoth he, "though I barely fold
In my tiny chalice a drop of gold,
How I yet reflect and, reflecting, praise
The sun on whom I have set my gaze.

"Bless God," he cried, "with a sweet perfume,
With tuneful ripple and tinted bloom,
With dance of grasses and faces bright—
Bless God, the Giver of all delight!"

So the preacher spake, and at every line
Nodded the listening columbine;
And the lady's-slipper resolved that day
To walk henceforth in the upward way.

The downy owlet forgot to blink;
The robin heard, and the bobolink,
And the wild-brier rose, who blushed to think
Of her thorny ways till her buds turned pink.

A tremulous tear, like a dewdrop, wet
The downcast eye of the violet;
And her prayer of trustful penitence
Was wafted to heaven for frankincense;

While the little lass of the pouting lip
Smoothed, with a rosy finger-tip,
From her tangled forehead the dreary frown,
And hid her face in her ringlets brown.

But she peeped from between the wind-blown locks
At the clink of the contribution box;
And when the squirrel came down the aisle,
In his acorn-cup she dropped a smile.

Then the little lass of the laughing lip
They welcomed into their fellowship;
And many a daisy and clover-stem
Kissed her foot and garment's hem.

And the story saith that forever more
On her soft brown tresses the maiden wore
A crown of sunshine this side of heaven,
And she kept her Sabbath day all the seven.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

THE WRECK OF THE VENTURA.

The good ship Ventura was wrecked at Moro Rock; but all on board succeeded in reaching the shore. Happily, the passengers and crew had not long to wait in this dreary place, for they soon spied a passing vessel northward bound. The vessel was hailed, and the shipwrecked party was, with the exception of two, taken aboard.

Tom and Jack, though something less than a hundred years old, had spent all their lives on the sea; therefore, since a chance had offered itself, they determined to see the world. They at once set out for the nearest dwelling, which proved to be a rancher's cabin. "How many leagues to the next port?" asked Jack. Being told that it was twenty miles away, and that the only way of reaching it was on horseback, the two sailors looked at each other in bewilderment, for horseback riding was a luxury which they had not counted on. Jack, who was the first to recover his senses, asked if the rancher would lend them a horse and steer them to port. Mr. Smith said he could accommodate them; but that one horse would not be sufficient, and as he guessed they were not very good *vaqueros*, they had better ride mules. At this remark, the sailors again exchanged questioning glances; then Jack, who seemed to be spokesman, said, "If it is convenient for you, Captain, I think we had better up anchor and be under sail."

Soon the mules were brought, but now came the task of mounting. Tom, who was not very favorably impressed with the mules, kindly offered to wait till Jack had mounted. Jack was too conceited to show either fear or ignorance, so he calmly led his mule up to the side of a tall picket fence, and left Tom to hold the animal while he went into the house for a stool. Placing the stool near the fence, he climbed from it upon the pickets. Then, rocking backward and forward on the fence top, as if shaken by a gale, he called to Tom to know if the mule was ready. "Aye, aye, sir, all ready," answered Tom. Down dived the sailor, and would have pitched over the mule, had not Mr. Smith, who had just left the house, been there to prevent him. Very much amused at this little side play, Mr. Smith proceeded to assist Tom to mount. The sailor firmly seated, grasped the reins and remarked that, though he had handled many ropes in his life, he did not believe that he could handle these.

After much talking and explaining they were ready to start. Suddenly Jack's mule gave a loud and prolonged bray. "Great Scotland!" exclaimed Tom, "what in the world is that?" "Why, you stupid," retorted Jack, "that was the whistle for us to start."

Off they started, but Tom's mule refused to go. "Whip him on the weather side," called Jack. The order was obeyed; but with what results we shall see. The mule, understanding the nature of the case, began to kick and rear, until the dizzy-headed sailor, who had clung to the mule's mane as tightly as did the famous John Gilpin, was thrown to the ground. Regaining his footing, he declared that he was seasick, and allowed he had better "bunk" with the Captain until a vessel "hove in sight."

A. B. K.

SOCIETY DOGES.

Y. W. C. A.

The Missionary Meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was led by Miss Washburn, who gave the following thoughts:

We shall consider missionary work in a general and practical way, rather than in a special way.

The word missionary means one who is sent out upon a mission; a Christian missionary is one whom Christ has sent out.

Surely Christ's last words were of vast importance; among them we find the following commission: "Go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every living creature; and lo I will be with you even unto the end of the world." All the work of Christians is based upon this. What authority have we for thinking that the command is to us? The promise to be with us to the end of the world. Shall we claim the promise "to the end of the world," and feel that the command does not reach so far? The Christian life is so rich, so full, that Heaven itself is but a flowering out of it. "Go preach my gospel." Preach—to speak out, to proclaim; gospel—good tidings.

The beauty of Christ's life made his words more powerful. There are many ways by which we may preach—by life as well as by words. The *promise* is hinged on our *doing* his command. Christ adapted himself to each one's understanding and circumstances.

A large part of missionary work consists in training people—in getting them ready to believe. Our reason for so many people's going astray is that they know not how to do better. There are opportunities for each of us to do missionary work; each of us has some talent, however insignificant it may seem. There is no possible chance for mistaking the phrase, "Go ye into all the world;" the grandest, most inspiring part of the mission is its breadth.

To every one of us comes the question, "What am I going to do about preaching the gospel, not here only, but in foreign lands where teachers are so much needed?" To how many of us has come the question, "Does the Lord wish me to go there, or am I to work here?" Do soldiers usually volunteer to stay at home?

It is every Christian's duty to have the question in mind, and to carefully consider whether it is his place to go, or to stay at home. In colleges there is a larger number who are ready to go to foreign lands than there has ever been before. For those of us who decide honestly and prayerfully that we are not to go, there is always something to do at home. Any one who is a Christian has a responsibility in missionary work.

ALL SORTS.

What is sharper than a window-raiser?

Pepper and salt costumes are always seasonable.

What is the keynote to good breeding? B natural.

Middle A4 is the proud possessor of an Ivory Cross.

Sacramento girls, are there Minnie M(o)ore like you?

Trees were popular for a time in the expression class.

The next tour of the world will be made in Train time.

Prof. E—— thinks of preparing a badge to be worn by *visitors*.

One young man of Middle A goes to Church to say his prayers.

Who is there that sticketh closer than a brother? A Leach.

Prof. R—"What is usury?" Pupil—"The act of using money."

The principal *bass* singers are to be found in the Senior B class.

The latest admission is that you can lick U. S.—Postage Stamps.

What is better brain food than mush, rice, or fish? Lamb's Tales.

Pupil in spelling class—"Why do they call this the awkward *squad*?"

How many boys are there in Junior A4 class? Ans. One boy [two Boyce.

The teachers who sit in the assembly hall during study hours, act by catalysis.

One of our young men is much interested in geography. He is now studying Persia.

The members of Junior B3 are obliged to sharpen all of their own lead pencils.

Good tests for nervousness—An electric shock and teaching in the Methods Class.

Divide a little pronoun with a little preposition, and *never* drink the result. (wine).

A Junior A is in the habit of quenching her thirst for knowledge by babbling Brooks.

Light is plentiful everywhere, except in the Middle A3 class, which has but a single Ray.

"I occasionally drop into poetry," said the man, when he fell into the editorial waste-basket.

Our Normal is more unfortunate than most schools, as it is visited by a Hailstone every day.

Teacher—"What does the word, credo, mean?" Pupil—"I believe it ——". Teacher—"Correct."

The flowers are in bloom, and the lawns are kept green, for a Brook runs through the grounds.

One of our Senior A's who takes Delsarte, does not like to humble himself by kneeling (to music).

Here is a bit of awakening genius: "Under a spreading blacksmith tree, the village chestnut stands."

Senior A girl with great animation—"O, I just adore mustaches." Afterthought—"at a *little* distance.

What is that which no one wishes to have, yet, when he has it would be very sorry to lose? A bald head.

Prof. R's definition of a gate: "The thing you swing on at home, with the other fellow on the other side."

Senior A class—Teacher—"What was the first name of Greeley, the explorer?" Concert Ans.—"Horace."

History classes, take notice! "It is rumored that dates can be better remembered if eaten late at night."

Why were Adam and Eve a grammatical anomoly? Because they were two relatives without an antecedent.

"Meet me on the corner to-night and do not fale," he wrote. She answered him, "There is no such word as fale."

The monitor of one of the Junior B classes is very partial to geometric figures; she prefers Cohus, however.

The members of Junior A4 were in the museum this week. Better have stayed, as it a good place for "fossils."

Pupil Teacher—"Johnny you may tell about the boy who fell overboard." Johnny—"He went to find McGinty."

Two tunes that do not harmonize—The "Lord's Prayer" in opening exercises, and "America" in the Training School.

Certain Juniors are wishing that the "Royal Rat Catchers" were on duty in the right wing of the Normal building.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" sings the poet, Lowell. Days in December are. Some of them are positively raw.

The frog he would a wooing go, and only an empty jar was left to tell the tale to the amazed student of Natural History.

In Bellamy's age of the world, there will be no sweet sixteen, but forty will be the age for which budding maidens will sigh.

It would seem that Prof. Rattan has very unruly botany classes, judging by the size of the switches he flourishes before them.

The Juniors have been trying to decide which belle of the school receives the most attention. Unanimous verdict—The electric bell.

There are sad, sad hearts wherever you roam,
There are faces that tell of care,
But the saddest lot may be found at home,
'Tis that of the careworn Senior fair,
Who has drawing and singing to teach downstair.

Teacher—"Use the word eulogy in a sentence." Junior—"I am very fond of reading Gray's 'Eulogy in a Country Church-yard.'"

Teacher—"When and by whom was America discovered?" Training school pupil—"America was discovered in 1492 by George Washington."

Teacher (to class in geography)—"If I should dig a hole through the earth, where would I come out?" Small boy—"Out of the hole."—*World.*

Isn't it about time to have another "Ramabai" meeting? The new pupils should be invited to attend, and perhaps some of them would like to join.

Teacher—"Johnny, you must have a whipping; how will you take it?" Johnny—"On the Italian system, heavy strokes up, light strokes down."

Prof.—"Where is Victoria Land?" Middler—"I do not know. I looked for it south of South America." Prof. "Did you come from there this morning?"

We would like to know if the writer of the following ever married, (we doubt it): "Two souls, with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

A pupil-teacher is very much worried about keeping order in her class, and, on hearing a classmate discussing boxing, exclaimed, "Oh! do you box them?"

During one of the recent floods, one editor telegraphed to another, "Send me full particulars of the flood." The answer came, "You will find them in Genesis."

"I wish I were a star," said a Cornell Junior, dreamily. "I wish you were a comet," she said, coolly, "for then you would come around only once in 1560 years."

Senior B to Senior A music-teacher—"Is it v-very hard to teach music down there?" Senior A (loftily)—"Oh, no! All you have to do is to tell the children to make *dough*."

Some energetic Juniors were seen practicing their singing lesson, and using the window pole for a baton. When questioned, they said it was the handiest thing they could find.

A *habit* of being able to write something funny is much desired by the reporters of All Sorts column. Any one that has this article, or that can tell where it may be obtained, please report.

Teacher—"What is the foundation of the myth that the oak tree became man?" Pupil—"Because it is so strong." Teacher—"And why did the elm become woman?" Pupil—"Because it is so slippery."

I sat me down to think profound,
This maxim wise, I drew.
It's easier far to like a girl,
Than make a girl like you.—*Ex.*

Teacher in Philosophy—"Now, suppose I should ask you to get up and talk for the next ten minutes upon some subject, how would your mind work? What would you do first?" Pupil, promptly,—"Decline.—*Ex.*

First Normalite—"What do you think the blacksmith found in our horse's foot this morning?" Second Normalite—"Why, I can't imagine. Do tell me." F. N.—"A frog." S. N.—"O, my gracious! Was it alive?"

Normal graduates wishing to teach may obtain schools by applying to the Pacific Coast Bureau of Education, 500 Post street, San Francisco, which makes a business of placing teachers. Send for circular and registration blank.

APOSTROPHE.

Psychology, where is the harm
That Juniors so fear in thy case?
What is there the mind to alarm,
In seeing itself, face to face?

At the Normal building, on each day of the week (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), between 10 and 11 o'clock A. M., Lamb's Tales will be served to the Junior A4's, in the most wholesome and attractive style, by the inimitable caterer, Miss B——.

Bright boy in Physics class, describing experiment—"In taking the test-tube out of the water, we put our finger over the mouth so that the gas could not escape." Prof.—"Please explain to whom 'our finger' belongs." Bright boy—"Oh, I mean Miss F's."

The pleasant-faced, blue-eyed gentleman of Scottish extraction who adorns a seat in Junior A row, says that when he goes to church, the poor air makes his heart flutter. We suggest that, if he would look at the preacher instead of at Miss — —, his "tum-tum" would not beat in such a manner.

An ingenious American grammarian thus conjugates the verb "buss:" "Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to number; syllabus, to kiss the hand instead of the lips; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss every one in the room; orebus, to kiss in the dark."—*Ex.*

THE GEOMETRY STUDENT.

She kneels upon the Normal grounds,
Heavenward is her glance,
She shuts her eye with her dainty hand,
Or wields a line perchance.

She talks of angles, sides and series,
Draws figures clear and neat,
She can find the height of the golden ball—
Within a hundred feet.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Frances Murray, Dec. '85, is one of San Diego's teachers.

Miss Ella Stansbury, May '88, is numbered among Napa's teachers.

Miss M. Lydia Adams, Dec. '86, is teaching at Fredricksburg, Alpine Co., Nev.

Miss E. Jean Dimon, June '89, is teaching a school of fifty pupils at Fresno Flats.

Among the the teachers of Modesto, is to be found Miss Belle McMullin, May '87.

Mr. G. M. Steele, June '89, opened school at Lompoc on the twenty-fourth of February.

Miss Clara A. Benson, Xmas. '88, closed her school in the Mt. Hamilton district in December.

Miss Sadie B. Hunn, Jan. '90, has been elected to a position in the Berkeley Grammar school.

Miss Kate M. Gartelman, May '83, has twenty-three pupils in the Collins School, Santa Clara Co.

Miss Mabel M. Leimbach May '87, is well pleased with her school in the Michigan Bar Dist., Sacramento Co.

Miss Ethel E. Woods, Jan. '90, has been engaged to teach the Carmelo School, eight miles from Monterey.

Miss Nettie J. Leonard, May '88, has been engaged to teach the Monroe school near San Miguel, Monterey Co.

Miss Eva M. Moody, May '88, has begun her fourth term as teacher in the Vineland Dist. school, near Los Gatos.

Miss Martha M. Turner, Dec. '85, taught a four months term in Reno, Nevada. Her school closed in Dec. '89.

Miss Flora E. Lacy, May '85, has been teaching since Sept. '89, in Ocean Dist., just outside the city limits of San Diego.

Miss Emmie Nichols, June '89, closed her school in Pfeiffer district, Monterey county, in Nov. She is not teaching at present.

Miss Mary B. Pamerlee, Jan. '90, is teaching the Reed District School, Marin county. The rains have interrupted her work somewhat.

Miss Frances H. Jones, Dec. '86, is laboring under difficulties in the Butte Creek district, Colusa county. Her school has been almost closed by the floods.

Mr. Franklin K. Barthel, June '89, anticipates a pleasant and profitable term of school at Lompoc, Santa Barbara county. His school opened Feb. 10th.

The Gold Hill school, Placer county, has for its teacher, Miss Bertha Hall, May '88. She writes, "My district is the oldest in this county, having been formed in 1853."

Miss Saide P. Willard, May '88, writes, "I am now in the middle of my second term in the Lafayette school of Oakland." She is teaching in the Primary Department.

Miss Lizzie A. West, Jan. '90, is teaching a school of nine pupils, near San Miguel. She writes, "The house is a rough board building, about ten feet wide by twenty feet long, with unpainted walls and no ceiling except the shingles."

The Electric light on the Eiffel tower, Paris, is reported to be visible at Orleans 69½ miles distant.

Search is being made in Mexico for the buried treasure of Montezuma, estimated to be worth $80,000,000.

The Cherokees of Indian Territory have recently dedicated a new seminary for girls which cost them $200,000 to erect.

The largest private library in Washington is that of George Bancroft, the historian. It contains 12,000 volumes.