The Normal Review.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday, June 28th.

THE new catalogue will be ready about June 25.

ANNUAL contest on Wednesday evening, June 27.

ALUMNI Reunion, Wednesday afternoon, June 27.

SUPTS. SPINDLER and Herrington will hold examinations at the Normal, Tuesday, June 26.

THE two lectures by Hon. R. G. Horr, May 30 and 31, in the Normal Chapel, were exceedingly good. The audiences were both of fair size.

EVERY member of the school should subscribe *now* for the NORMAL REVIEW in order to keep posted on Normal affairs after they leave school.

THE total enrollment of students this year will reach the unprecedented number of 640, an increase of more than 100 over last year's attendance.

REV. DR. A. H. NORCROSS, president of the Pittsburgh Female College, will preach the Baccalaureate sermon at the Normal, Sunday evening, June 24.

THE four English classics selected for study by the senoir class this year are "Hamlet," "Roger De Coverley," "Courtship of Miles Standish" and "Deserted Village."

THE County Teachers' Institute in this part of the State will be held earlier in the season, as a rule, than hitherto. We have not yet learned of any that are to be held in holiday week.

NO INVESTMENT will pay a teacher better than a Normal course. The young person who enters any profession without a special training for it, makes a mistake that he will regret when it is too late to correct it.

WILL our readers kindly show THE REVIEW to their friends, and advise them to subscribe.

MISSES ANNA M. POWELL, Priscilla Darsie, Bernette McDonough, Anna C. Ruple, Elladore Stockdale and Messrs. W. D. Cunningham and J. B. Hallam, all of class of '87, are in the Special Methods class.

A LARGE number of former students and graduates will attend the commencement exercises this year. The rooms in the Dormitories are all occupied by students, but there will be ample accommodations in town, and all will be made welcome.

THE special class in methods numbers nearly thirty. Excellent work is being done. Miss Patridge develops her subjects in a practical and interesting way. The work of Dr. Brooks during the first week of the course was strong and stimulating.

THE California Normal is rapidly increasing its attendance, improving its facilities; and adding to its popularity as a great school for the education and training of teachers. Large numbers and careful management enable the school to offer the best advantages at a minimum cost.

THERE is a growing demand for Normal trained teachers. Young teachers should heed the signs of the times. Why teach at low wages, and for short terms, when better preparation would open to you desirable positions, and place you in the line of advancement?

THE students at the Normal this term enjoy a rare privilege in having for the long period of five weeks, without extra cost, Miss Patridge's instruction. Her work is not showy, but sensible. It deals with principles, not with mere devices. It will grow in importance in the minds of students as their observation and experience widens.

MR. GRANT M. DANLEY, of the present Senior class, and Miss Ethel E. Ward, class of '87, were married May 31, at the residence of the bride, California, Pa. After the ceremony the couple left for the home of the groom, near Good Intent, Pa. We extend our congratulations and wish them much happiness in journeying through life.

THE examination of the senior and junior classes by the State Committee begins June 12. The committee consists of one of the Deputy State Superintendents, Prof. L. H. Durling, of Indiana Normal, Supt. Geo. A. Spindler, of Washington County, Supt. J. M. Berkey, of Somerset County, and principal Theo. B. Noss.

ON Thursday morning, June 28, the commencement exercises will be held. The graduating class numbers twenty-nine. Both ladies and gentlemen will present original addresses. These will be followed by the conferring of diplomas, by the Principal. The closing exercises of the week will be those of the Class, on Thursday afternoon. They will consist of the President's address, the class oration, poem, history, prophecy, etc.

THE Annual contest will be one of great interest this year. The contestants have been chosen with great care and they are preparing themselves fully for the hour of trial. The contestants in reading are Miss Sadie Lilleg (Philo,) Miss Maggie Shepler (Clio); in recitation, Miss Ella Neemes (Philo,) Miss Ada Jenkins (Clio); in essay, Miss Lizzie Jamison (Philo,) Miss Sallie Van Voorhis (Clio); in oration, Mr. Wooda Carr (Philo,) Mr. George Darsie (Clio); in debate, Mr. Oscar O. Anderson (Philo); Mr. E. J. Stebick, (Clio.) The question for debate will be "Should there be an International Copyright Law?" Mr. A. affirms, Mr. S. denies.

The Drop of Water.

[*Inquisition—Goa*, 1560.]

They have chained me in the central hall,
And are letting drops of water fall
On my forehead so close to the granite wall—
Drop——drop!

They were cold at first, but now they are warm,
And I feel a prick like the prick of a thorn,
Which comes with the fall of each drop so warm—
Drop——drop!

A circle I feel beginning to form,
A circle of fire round each drop so warm,
A circle that throbs to the prick of the thorn—
Drop——drop!

The circle is growing between my eyes,
Each drop that falls increases its size,
And a flame of fire upward flies,
At each
Drop——drop!

It's growing larger, my God! the pain
Of this awful, damnable, circular flame,
Cutting its way through my throbbing brain—
Drop——drop!

It's growing larger, dilating my brain,
Before it's circular, throbbing flame,
Till I feel like a universe of pain—
Drop——drop!

Suns of fire are falling fast—
Drop—Drop!
On to my brain. O God! can this last?
Drop——drop!

The stars of the universe all beat time,
As each raging sun of heat and flame
Falls with a measured throb on my brain—
Drop——drop!

Time has grown as large as my brain—
Drop——drop?
Ten million years of agonized pain
Lie between the fall of each sun of flame—
Drop——drop!

Something is coming!—
Drop——drop!
Something is going to happen!—
Drop——!

Something has snapped!
The falling suns cease!
O God! can it be that you've sent me release?
Is this death, this feeling of exquisite peace?

It is death.

—*Harry Stacpoole in Belgravia.*

Thoughts on Education.

PROF. J. B. L. SOULE.

The success of the teacher depends very much on having and holding his pupils in full sympathy with himself. A teacher who has the confidence and love of his pupils has almost unbounded power over them. This condition can in most cases be gained. Kindness almost invariably wins return. Very few young hearts are so hardened as not to be easily melted by this magic solvent. I think teachers not unfrequently mistake in not showing sufficient respect for their pupils—not kindness only, but respect. The idea of a natural hostility presumed to exist between the governor and the governed, gendering suspicion and lack of trust toward the pupil, is generally a cruel injustice, and always a poor policy. Nothing will more effectually inspire self respect and the spirit of manliness in the young than the consciousness of commanding the confidence and respect of their superiors. There springs up at once a commerce of esteem, guarded by that most jealous of sentinels—a sense of honor. The great success and long continued services of a few head-masters of schools in England and America, and the reverned love with which their names are always cherished in the memory of their numerous pupils, are doubtless to be attributed mainly to their wisdom in this particular.

And with what measure shall we mete the amount of good thus accomplished?

An honest but unhappy mistake is sometimes made by teachers in supposing that their position requires in their deportment a very large supply of dignity—not from vanity — but from a supposed necessity of the case. Now true dignity is inborn and never offends, but is always pleasing to others. But assumed dignity is a sham, and always sure to be out of place. True dignity bends without breaking, and is not inconsistent with uniform familiarity. But assumed dignity betrays itself as spurious, and the boy sees through it as readily as he sees through his hoop; and instead of gaining his respect it excites his ridicule, and your influence is gone. But wisely securing the respectful affection of the pupils, by the unfailing law of reciprocity you honor yourself and ennoble them.

We should not forget that though the boy may be green in the knowledge of text books he is often ripe in the knowledge of human nature, and in that science he is an analytical philosopher. On the first day of school, when teacher and pupil meet as strangers, there begins an examination of the teacher which is always more sharp and critical, and often more accurate than any previous investigation by school boards or superintendents even though they be all spectacled and wise. Give me a smart school boy for a judge of character. His scale of criticism is graduated to the thousandth part of an inch, and he seldom mistakes his measurements. His conclusions are not reached by conscious reasoning, but by a swift intuition. He watches little things; performs analysis and synthesis on every motion, every look, every tone of the teacher. He spies the inside of the fort through the crevices. He weighs and marks, and lays away for future use all those undefined and impondurable things about the man, and that make the man, which older people entirely overlook. While they are scraping the shell, he has tasted the nut. His is the sucking period of the judgment. He will absorb and digest all the juices of a character while older people are trying to carve and disjoint it with the knives and forks of technical criticism. The first day of school is of no use in the way of book study. It is the boys' day for examining the teacher, and the scrutiny is acute, thorough and final. The jury has no occasion for a night session, for every member has his mind made up before sunset, which seldom deviates from the law and testimony of common sense. If it is favorable, blessed are the teachers, for theirs is the kingdom of peace. If unfavorable, then friction.

It is not too much to say that a teacher who looks upon his business as a trade, a mere handicraft, underrates his profession and is not adequate to its duties. The educator is not an artisan. The materials of his laboratory are not blocks of wood and stone. He is no maker of fine linen, nor a cunning worker in brass. His materials are everlasting and his work indestructible. It is his to train the intellect, to influence the affections, to shape the will; and form the crude, incongruous elements of the youthful mind to construct purpose, and turn out the full-grown man. It is from this view he is to estimate the true dignity of his calling, and the true relation his work bears to the well-being of mankind.

But it is easy to theorize. Theory is always in advance of practice, and ought to be. Otherwise there would be no progress. But it is often difficult to cut a pattern according to theory for want of the proper tools. How a thing should

be, it is very generally very plain to see. But to do it—"this is labor, this is toil!" The ever present duty is to reach forward with a zeal unremitting.

So press onward, nothing shunning,
Yielding to no false control;
For it is by always running
Thou wilt ever win the goal.

The interests of education, like all other things involving human wisdom, are subject to errors in judgment and mistakes in practice.

The Free School system is the wonder of the century. It is more than a stride, it is a leap in human progress. Its inception and rapid development are among the glories of American freedom. But it is itself developing difficulties, and threatening evil. The main difficulty is that it is necessarily a system. The handling of hundreds of thousands of tender minds and hearts by a general educational plan is too wholesale and mechanical to meet the true responsibilities of so delicate a trust.

The spacious and imposing school buildings in our cities and villages are often mistaken by strangers for factories. Is there not some satire in the mistake? Look inside, and see the wheels, the levers, the screw-drivers, the wrenches, and their daily application. Look at the marking system—that weekly terror—that thumbscrew, dropped down to us from the Inquisition. Look at the patterns, all assorted and hanging on the walls, like models in a foundry shop. Look at the patient procession of mental toilers, tied together with "red tape," a youthful chain-gang driven up the hill of science.

A mind cannot be put together by casting it, a part at a time, in a common mold. Old Procrustes' iron bedstead, which we read about, was an awful thing for a man to be measured on; but look at the thousands of common school cradles, made on the same plan!

It is an encouraging sign that public attention is evidently turning to the defects of this great educational pen in which our national lambs are herded. May the wise ones speedily find a happy remedy.

In this discursive paper I have opened the door only a little way, and looked into the entry of this great subject, with a view to enforce mainly one idea—that harsh and inflexible methods of training should not be applied to tender childhood. Cicero says: "Always follow nature as a guide." No one will dispute the soundness of this advice.

When nature frames a child she doesn't even put bones into it for a long time. They are too hard. She uses cartilage.

The Pyramids.

The pyramids have three groups, and are about sixty in number. They are all within a circuit of twenty miles. I heard Prof. Proctor declare that they were astronomical observatories, or stony telescopes. This has just this much truth, viz.: that the opening is on the north side, and out of the dark tunnel in day time the polar star can be seen. Others regard the large pyramid as a standard of measurement; that the angles of its passages indicate latitude, based on the circumference of the earth, and the seasons and time. This is absolute nonsense. The angles were made for rest for those who buried the king and queen, and who visited them after burial. The truth is that the pyramids are tombs, and nothing more. There are two places for ventilation. They are now closed. After seeing these six pyramids in a group, and the other three groups in sight, you become as silent and thoughtful as the Sphinx seems to be. The immensity of the larger ones would not seem so great if they were Alps, or Atlas, or Lebanon mountains—God's handiwork. The largest one, the one we entered, is only 780 feet high and 764 feet square. It employed 100,000 men ten years to make the causeway to transport the material for building, and to build it, 360,000 men twenty years! It does not, however, compare with "Nord Cap," even, nor with the "Cathedral Dome," in the Yosemite, but the Pyramids are man's work. God works geometrically in petals of the flower, in the laminated foldings of the pearl, in the strata of the mountains, and in the evolution of the constellations; but here, this simple big square or triangle, set on its larger end, now rough with rugged stones, though once glossy and smoothed by the same manual dexterity which lifted them in their geometric order, because man made it, becomes sublime by its work and its permanency. No demigods, no giants, piled up these honors to dead royalty; but the ambition to be remembered made the kings of Egypt confiscate and press the labor of hundreds of thousands of slaves for a score or more years, and all that their mummies might be handed down for transportation among subsequent nations. How much grander is such a monument as that left by the builder of the great Brooklyn Bridge.—*Treasure Trove.*

Bismarck's Readers.

A writer in a German contemporary makes the following startling calculations *a propos* of Prince Bismarck's recent great speech in the Reichstag. The chancellor spoke for nearly two hours, and to his speech were listening Europe, America, Australia, part of Asia, and at least the British part of Africa. If the population of Europe is estimated at 330,000,000, and it is supposed that many children and illiterate persons have at all events heard allusions to the speech, it is no over estimation to say that 165,000,000 Europeans formed Bismarck's audience. In America at least a third of the population—that is to say, over 17,000,000—have read the speech, and South America has perhaps contributed 10,000,000 readers. In Japan, China and India, representing Asia, at least 65,000,000 inhabitants have read or heard of the speech. In Australia half of the population of 4,000,000, and in South Africa at least 3,000,000 are sure to have read the speech. This shows that the chancellor had an audience of no less than 264,000,000, and it may be said without fear of contradiction that never yet man on earth has had so large an audience, and one which listened with such breathless attention to his words; and even Napoleon's bulletins after the Moscow catastrophe are insignificant as compared to the effects of Bismarck's speech.

George Eliot as a Realist.

It is just now the fashion to claim that realism in the current sense is of very recent origin; but the acuter French critics have long since pointed out that it really began with Jane Austen, who died in 1817, after bringing it to a point of perfection within her sphere such as has since been attained by no writer of the English tongue, unless George Eliot be the exception. What was Miss Austen's theory of fiction we hardly know; it is, in fact, doubtful whether she could be said to write upon a theory; she simply painted pictures as perfect as Meissonier's on a bit of canvas—or, as she said, a little piece of ivory—no larger than his, and she did her work with a modesty which enhanced her fame. But in the case of George Eliot, we know by her own statements, especially in her earliest extended work, "Adam Bede," just what her theories were. Her statements of them cover all that is best in the claims of Mr. Howells, and in two ways they greatly surpass his in merit. First, she only asserts the so-called little things of life to be equal in importance to the great, and does not claim for them a superior, much less an exclusive importance; and, secondly, she is content with pointing out the great dignity and value of realistic work thus interpreted, and does not deride the other half of art, and banish Raphael and Shakespeare to the domain of "Jack, the Giant-killer." Here it is that the woman surpasses the man as much in the breadth of her theories as in the strength and delicacy of her touch. It is in the seventeeth chapter of "Adam Bede," that "in which the story pauses a little," that she defines her position, in terms which seem at the outset almost identical with those which we now hear all around us. She admits that she could have made the rector of Broxton say far more beautiful things if she were only "a clever novelist, not obliged to creep servilely after nature and fact, but able to represent things as they never were and never will be." "But," she goes on, "you must have perceived long ago that I have no such lofty vocation, and that I aspire to give no more than a faithful account of men and things as they have mirrored themselves in my mind. The mirror is doubtless defective; the outlines will sometimes be disturbed; the reflection faint or confused; but I feel as much bound to tell you, as precisely as I can, what the reflection is, as if I were in the witness box, narrating my experience on oath." And soon after she says: "So I am content to tell my simple story, without trying to make things seem better than they were; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which in spite of one's best efforts there is reason to dread. Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult. The pencil is conscious of a delightful facility in drawing a griffin—the longer the claws and the larger the wings the better; but that marvellous facility which we mistook for genius is apt to forsake us when we want to draw a real, unexaggerated lion." In what does this statement differ, thus far, from the latest gospel of realism?

When George Eliot wrote this she was living in Dresden, and in constant study, as her biography shows, of its treasures of art. See now how naturally she draws her illustrations from the world of art around her. "I turn without shrinking from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sybils, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot or eating her solitary dinner, while the noonday light, softened, perhaps, by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel and her stone jug, and all those cheap common things which are the precious necessaries of life to her." So far we have realism again; but does she for that reason, writing in Dresden, feel it her mission to deride that hallowed alcove where the supreme art of the world reflects itself in the quiet faces of those who sit gazing on the Sistine Madonna? Howells would be bound in all consistency to say, "Turn it out! that bit of tiresome romanticism, and put in its place yonder Dutch village festival, which alone is real." Not so, George Eliot. Here she diverges from her later followers, and surpasses them as much, I think, in the breadth of sympathy as in the details of execution. So far from banishing the ideal side of life, she expressly recognizes it on the very next page to that already quoted. "Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory, but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holidays in a dingy pot-house." This is all her demand. She asks that the philosphy of art shall be inclusive, as it should be; Howells asks that it shall be exclusive, as it should not be. She asks a place for the clowns and the old women as well as for the Madonna and the angel; the recent American realism thrusts out these heavenly visitants, and ridicules them after they are gone. Which is the broader view of art? And note now the difference in result that comes from this greater range of vision. George Eliot is never, indeed, tempted into the purely ideal region which she nevertheless recognizes; she never touches the deeper mysteries of life in a symbolic way, like Hawthorne, like Poe; and it is no matter if she does not, so long as she does not spurn those whose impulse leads them into that path; but she takes all that comes within the range of actual life, and in this very book paints in Dinah and in the Bede brothers such pictures of exalted unselfishness as would be introduced only as fantastic monstrosities in the novels of what Mr. Stedman has wittily called the Bar Harbor School. Nay, she is able, in this very book, to draw such characters as Mr. Irwine, the rector, and his mother—simple, commonplace, thoroughly well-bred people—such as are common enough in England, and surely not so very uncommon in America. Why should not some of our Bar Harbor novelists, who find nothing too commonplace for sketching, try their hands at last on delineatiing a

gentleman or a lady? Grant these themes to be of very subordinate interest, is it not the object of art to elevate the insignificant?—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Portraits of Napoleon the First.

When David was commissioned to paint his picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, he asked the First Consul to name a day when he would sit. "Sit!" said Bonaparte; "to what good? Do you suppose the great men of antiquity sat for their portraits?" "But I paint you for your own times, for men who have known and seen you; they expect a good likeness." "A good likeness! It is not the exactitude of the features, the little wart on the nose, that makes a likeness. What ought to be painted is the character of the physiognomy. No one inquires if the portraits of great men are alike; it is quite enough if they manifest their genius." This story shows how early the purpose was formed in Bonaparte's mind to render himself the subject of a myth, and to this end he sought to employ poets as well as painters. It was totally unnecessary; for his apparition in Italy, in 1796, was in itself quite sufficient to render him a legendary hero. A young man of austere manners, ascetic appearance, with the head and face of an ideal Cæsar, saying little but doing much, deterred by no scruple and by no obstacle, leading his dazed and fascinated army from Turin to Milan, from Milan to Verona, from Verona to Venice, he could not fail to arouse the imagination of friend and foe. Portraits more evidently mythical were not slow to appear, sometimes accompanied by enthusiastic verses. Bonaparte careering through Italy on a flying steed, with Fame blowing a trumpet and holding in readiness the palm of victory, well expresses the popular idea of the hero of Arcola. But foreign nations were not thus fascinated. To England especially he was becoming a terror and a danger. His portraiture at this time was chiefly in the hands of the caricaturists, and it is curious to notice how difficult they find the effort to make it ludicrous and ugly. Rowlandson's "First Consul," with his powdered hair, his feeble face, stiff cravat, cambric tippet, long red mantle, short frock, tri-colored scarf, and brigand hat, surmounted with a tri-colored plume, must have appeared to our grandfathers like some Twelfth-night character. But Gillray, with better art, really gave the public something like a resemblance of Bonaparte. Not much, however, could be done beyond rendering his thin features excessively gaunt and grim, and representing his height as liliputian. "Little Bouncing B," or "Little Boney," was John Bull's good-humored notion concerning the man who over the water took such gigantic proportions. The English caricaturists conceive him as an iron-hearted homicide, capable, when needful, of being most insinuating and plausible. Their portraiture has all the character of a popular myth, profoundly true in itself, but singularly coarse and brutal, handled after their own manner. In one of Gillray's designs we get Bonaparte's portrait rendered as hangdog and felonious as possible in the midst of all kinds of emblems intended to set forth the popular English notion of republican France. Around the portrait are written the words, "And God made Bonaparte and rested from His labors."—*Magazine of Art.*

The Successful Teacher.

Fortunate indeed is the teacher whose classes always pass good examinations. His ability is easily proved. Like the graduate of a university whose diploma gives him at once a standing that it would require years of patient labor for the non-graduate to attain, he has only to refer to the written or printed report of the examiners to silence every caviler or, at least, compel him to prove his objections. This is natural and, to a certain extent, just. The fact that the teacher has taken class after class successfully through his portion of the curriculum, revising and correcting the imperfect work of the teachers of lower grade, shows that he has been firm, thoughtful, prudent and industrious. Yet, the perfect teacher does this, and more. He does not confine himself strictly to what is or ought to be in the printed curriculum. His pupils acquire habits of independent thought and noble self-reliance. Not content with simple correction, they understand that their work must be well-arranged, neat, clear, concise and logical, and they learn from their teacher's example to be kind, considerate and just. The teacher realizes the advantages of parental co operation. In all his intercourse with parents he remembers that they are deeply interested in the progress of their children and that their wishes are entitled to respectful consideration. He feels that the very existence of our public schools depends upon the good will of the people, and, for the honor and advancement of that system, endeavors to make every parent an ardent friend of the public schools. If a parent's request is reasonable, he grants it at once; if absurd, he kindly explains his reasons for refusing. He reads the best educational publications and derives strength from the experience of others without losing faith in what he has tried and found to be good. He believes that his vocation is worthy all the knowledge he can acquire and of all the attention he can give to it, and his faith shines forth in his works.

How often has the writer heard applicants for the position of teacher enumerate their qualifications somewhat in this way: "I am a graduate of the High School, and I was a pupil of Miss X." Noble Miss X.! Under her care the pupils become as one family, each striving in generous rivalry to uphold the honor of the school. Under her calm and candid gaze deception and meanness disappear, and all the virtues unfold as naturally and beautifully as the petals of flowers under the genial sun. U. B.

A Teacher asked his class to write an essay on "The Results of Laziness." A certain bright youth handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper.

Life's Essence.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rosebud of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmasters the meter.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakspeare that soared but a stronger than he did unfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into statute that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—*Richard Realf.*

How to Educate and Use the Brain.

The brain is the chief or highest nerve-center, and is a double organ, having corresponding right and left halves, containing a number of centers or areas devoted to different purposes. It is a mass of soft, whitish material enclosed in the skull, through an opening in the base of which it is directly continuous with the spinal cord. The smaller part of it, lying next the cord, is known as the little brain, or cerebellum, and seems to be the seat of co-ordination, or the power of controlling complicated and compound muscular movements. When a man is slightly intoxicated, an approaching danger, such as a cab in the street, may be seen, and yet, though the man realizes that he must get out of the way and desires to do so, his muscles cannot be co-ordinated into the proper movements of walking, and the result is staggering. The large upper part of the brain is the cerebrum, and consists of masses of gray matter joined together by nerve fibers or white matter. The gray matter is in a series of parts termed ganglia, connected below with the spinal cord and above with the highest ganglion of all, the sheet of gray substance on the surface of the brain. This is a layer of some thickness arranged in undulations, or convolutions, which greatly increase the extent of surface. It is not quantity of brain, but quantity and quality of gray matter, which is useful; and the scale of intelligence in animals corresponds with the complexity of the convolutions. The brain is the ruler of each man's little universe. It is the seat of consciousness and will, of memory, thought, and intellect, of emotion and sensation. With the brain cells we see, hear, taste, smell, feel, think, and will; and disease of them may make us blind or deaf, dull and apathetic, or irritable and fierce, forgetful or anxious, morose or foolishly fanciful. Madness is a bodily ailment; and, affecting this highest organ, is pre-eminently disease, un-health, in-sanity. It is with these nerve cells, then, that we appreciate impressions from without; it is in them that the nervous force is stored; and it is from them that the nervous energy is discharged. Our duty to them is threefold: we must feed them, train them, and rest them. It would be well if we paid more attention to the physical causes of laziness, stupidity, headaches, and feelings of illness generally, if it led the sufferers to review their conduct in the matter of food and fresh air, drinks and dress, cleanliness and exercise. The brain can be trained just like the hand. This is the great subject of education. An empty head is an evil head; an untrained brain is a mischievous brain. The brain must be used all round, and perhaps the greatest danger of school education at present is that the memory is cultivated principally or almost alone. It is not walking encyclopædias that do good in the world, but skilled brains, able to think and not merely to remember. No teaching is likely to be of much permanent value which does not exercise other faculties of the mind, the reflection and judging powers, the power of giving undivided attention, and the power of taking pains. Interest in the work is essential to true progress, and the most enduring knowledge is that which we teach ourselves. Imagination should be stimulated by wholesome and stirring stories and all the wealth of poetry; and the will should be educated by forcing ourselves to do our duties promptly even when disagreeable, as they so often are. Habits are largely the result of training; the same part of the brain is used over and over again; the nervous energy travels the same set of fibers from the same center time after time, until ultimately it passes without any control and almost unconsciously. The painful efforts of learning an art in the end give an unnoticed mastery over it. Here is the danger of self-indulgence in any vice.

There is almost no limit to what you can teach yourself, if you try long enough. Time must always be given to the brain, and on this condition patient perseverance will carry a student to almost any goal. Hurrying the little brains of children is to force a false pace except with the obliviously lazy; but the bugbear of overpressure need not be feared so long as the principles controlling the health of the body generally are observed. Overpressure often means underfeeding. Sleep is the rest of the brain, its great rest. A variation in work, a change of subject, is another kind of rest, the best rest often for the higher or intellectual centers; and an immense amount of mental labor can safely be undertaken, if sufficient variety can be secured. But in the end the brain demands sleep, and this is especially the case when the lower or more animal centers have been much used, as in children at play. Habit has a great deal to do with insuring a good night's rest, the habit of going to bed at a regular hour. Hard mental work up to the moment of retiring may cause the loss of a night's rest, and it is a good plan to indulge in a little relaxation before bedtime, like a piece of light literature, a game, or some music. Trivial things may win slumber, such as lowering the pillow or turning its cold side; but artificial means of distracting thought have nearly invariably proved totally useless. Children require more sleep than grown peo-

ple. A healthy baby for the first two months or so spends most of its time asleep. After that a baby should have at least two hours of sleep in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon; and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of four or five years a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner; and it should be put to bed at six or seven in the evening, and left undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours. Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours, and to the twentieth year nine hours. After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though as a general rule at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep, if the brain is to develop to its full extent; and the more nervous, excitable, or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get, if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature stand-still, or its life be cut short at an early age. The period of full maturity with its maximum of mental activity is the period of minimum demand for sleep; but old age reverts to the habit of childhood, and passes much of its time in slumber.—*The Chautauquan for May.*

Style.

If a writer does not bring a new thought, he must at least bring a new quality—he must give a fresh new flavor to the old thoughts. Style or quality will keep a man's work alive, whose thought is essentially commonplace, as is the case with Addison; and Arnold justly observes of the poet Gray that his gift of style doubles his force, and "raises him to a rank beyond what his natural richness and power seem to warrant." There is the great repository of language upon which all men draw, the common inheritance of all scholars and cultivated men. To use this well is not enough; one must make it his own. Unless one can succeed in imparting to it his own quality, the stamp of his own personality, he will not be counted among the masters of style. There is the correct, conventional, respectable and scholarly use of language of the mass of writers, and there is the fresh, stimulating, quickening use of it of the man of genius. How apt and racy and telling is often the language of unlettered persons; the born writer carries this same gift into a higher sphere. * * The great mass of the writing and sermonizing of any age is mechanical; it is the result of the machinery of culture and of books and the schools, put into successful operation. But now and then a man appears whose writing is vital; his page may be homely, but it is alive; it is full of personal magnetism. The writer does not merely give us what he thinks or knows; he gives us himself. There is nothing secondary or artificial between himself and his reader. It is books of this kind that mankind do not willingly let die. Some minds are like an open fire; how direct and instant our communication with them; how they interest us; there are no curtains or disguises; we see and feel the vital play of their thought; we are face to face with their spirits. Indeed all good literature, whether poetry or prose, is the open fire; there is directness, reality, charm; we get something at first-hand that warms and stimulates. There is the real fire in Dr. Johnson's conversation as given by Boswell, but rarely in his essays. In conversation the real man spoke; in the essays, the formal writer, like a judge in his wig and gown. The huge mechanical or architectural style is often valuable for its results, as in Gibbon. Ruskin derides Gibbon's style; but what would be the value of "The Decline and Fall" written in the wayward, personal and capricious style of Ruskin?—three parts Ruskin to one of Rome. Gibbon's work is like a solid piece of masonary, every block cut foursquare and to fit its place, and no crevice or imperfect joint anywhere.

In Arnold's books we touch the mind of the author as closely as in Ruskin, while at the same time we feel the force of the reason and common sense. Arnold has probably written the clearest and most vital English of any contemporary British author. I think Arnold's style is more compact and penetrating than Newman's; it is not so much an outward and extraneous affair, but more a personal matter. Newman's is more stately, marches along in more sonorous periods, but is less vital and real. The style of some of our philosophical writers is, to say the least, cumbrous and long-jointed. The style of Spencer suggests some huge apparatus. There is nothing personal or special in it; it is not Spencer himself—not the deftness of his hand, the clearness of his eye, the quickness of his touch, but some artificial appendage. It is like a patent reaper or planter, in which the man is lost sight of. But why should not a mechanical philosopny like his be set forth in a mechanical style? The style of that excellent philosophical historian Lecky is commonplace—has nothing fresh or individual about it; in fact, does not rise to the dignity of style at all. We value his thought, his conclusion; more valuable histories than his have probably not been produced during this half of the century; but the quality of his mind is not that which seeks to embalm itself in fresh literary forms. If this were not so, probably he would not be the lucid and impartial historian he is. A similar remark might be made of our historian Motley, whose style is a very ordinary vehicle, scarcely more characteristic than that of the newspaper editorial, however valuable be the results which it conveys. When the work of Lecky and Motley shall have been better done by some future historian, their books will be forgotten, because the savor of true literature is not there. Not so with such a writer as Carlyle. His histories have quality, and the flavor of his genius will keep them alive, however much his conclusions may be revised and advanced.

When a girl is little she has a doll baby; when she grows up she has a dolman.

Clionian Review.

MOTTO—PEDETENTIM ET GRADATIM. GEORGE PARKER, Editor.

MR. G. C. COLEBANK, class of '82, is now in Nebraska.

MISS ELVA M. HERTZOG, class of '84, belongs to Special class.

PROF. W. S. BRYAN, class of '81, is taking the Special Method course.

MISS CLARA B. WORCESTER, class of '85, is a Special Methods student.

HARRY M. CHALFANT, class of '86, is now a student at Allegheny College.

MR. I. W. BERRYMAN, class of '83, is a student at Waynesburg College.

MR. JOHN JENNINGS, an old Clio, is working at the steel mill in Braddock.

MR. C. M. SMITH, class of '86, will visit the Normal during examination week.

THE Normal String Band discourses some choice music at our society meetings.

MR. H. B. MCKEAN, a former student and Clio, is at present clerking in Pittsburgh.

MR. A. LEE ROTHWELL and Miss Lizzie Morgan, class of '86, are members of Special class.

MR. G. W. SNODGRASS, '86, an ardent Clio, is teaching a select school at Claysville, Pa.

E. E. MCGILL, class of '86, is teaching a Normal term at Clarktown, Washington county.

CLIO Hall is well filled every Friday evening. The interest in society matters is well sustained.

MR. V. C. RADER, class of '87, is in town and is making the streets resound with his voice and laughter.

DR. G. M. VAN DYKE, '78, who graduated at Jefferson Medical College this spring, has located at West Newton, Pa.

AT its last meeting the society elected Mr. Crow to deliver the valedictory address at the close of the present term, and Miss Cassie Darsie to deliver the salutatory at opening of the next term.

MISS MARIE HALL, '80, is in Pittsburgh this summer taking a course in shorthand at Curry Institute.

MISS RUFF is giving instruction in methods of teaching literature objectively to children of the lower grades.

THE Seniors take this opportunity of publicly extending their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Danley.

MR. CHARLES GARWOOD and sister Edith, formerly students and Clios, paid a visit to the Normal on May 30.

MR. HARRY H. FISHER, a member of class of '85 of Indiana Normal, is a member of Special Methods class.

THE Seniors have completed botany, and are at present busily engaged in pressing and mounting specimens.

CLIO society is in a very prosperous condition. The hall is crowded every night, and the performances are splendid.

MR. CHAS. KEFOVER, class of '84, is studying law under Judge Ewing, of Uniontown, Pa. The REVIEW wishes him success.

MISS LUCY HERTZOG, assistant teacher in the Model school, has been compelled to give up her work on account of sickness.

MISS MAGGIE GOSNELL, formerly a member of Clio, is at present teaching school in Luzerne township, Fayette county, Pa.

THE Special Method class devotes one period daily to the discussion of different subjects relating to teaching and governing schools.

THE lecture given by Dr. Brooks Saturday evening, May, 19, on the "Value of the Ideal," was one of the finest and best of the season.

THE work in Special Methods is progressing very nicely. All members of the class show an interest in the work that foretells a future earnestness in the work of teaching.

MR. FRED SHRONTZ, class of '82, has been attending school at Bethany, W. Va., during the past year.

PROF. SMITH is giving the Special class lessons on plants, which will be of great value in teaching the children the elements of botany.

MR. DARSIE, as president of the society, makes a good and efficient officer, and the society is prospering under his firm and skillful management.

THE good results of the careful training given by Prof. Byron W. King to the members of the society are very apparent in their performances.

DR. BROOKS was much liked by all who heard him, and many were the notes taken from his lectures to be used in the work of teaching the youthful mind the road to fame and fortune.

CLIO was never more prosperous than at present. The new members manifest quite an interest in the work, and many of them are winning laurels for themselves by their performances.

THE committee appointed some time ago to revise the Catalogue of the Society, has completed its work, and the new catalogue will soon be published and a copy given to each member of the society.

THE contestants selected to represent Clio at the approaching contest are: Reading, Miss Shepler; Declamation, Miss Ada Jenkins; Essay, Miss Van Voorhis: Oration, Mr. Darsie; Debate, Mr. Stebick.

MISS PATRIDGE is a favorite with the whole school. She has now commenced the work of the third week. Subject for the week is geography, and all the class is highly interested in her new mode of presenting it.

THE present officers of the society are: President, Mr. Darsie; Vice-President, Miss Edith Fritchman; Secretary, Miss Shepler; Attorney, Mr. Orange; Treasurer, Mr. Brashear; Critic, Mr. McGinnis; Chorister, Mr. Strickler.

Philomathean Galaxy.

MOTTO---NON PALMA SINE PULVERE. *ANNIE M. VANCE, Editor.*

THE Seniors are reading their fourth classic, "The Deserted Village."

SEVERAL of our students took the teachers' examination at Elizabeth, June 4.

THE Juniors are putting some excellent drawings on the board in the model room.

LET there be a grand rally of former students of the Normal at commencement!

OUR numbers continue to increase. At present writing the number enrolled is 140.

MR. N. W. PHILLIPS, Philo's successful orator of '87, paid the Normal a short visit May 27.

MISS MAGGIE DICKEY, a former student, who has been sick for some time, is convalescent.

MISS BELLE RANKIN closed a successful term of school, and is now a member of the institute class.

MR. FRANK BOYD, of Tarentum, paid a pleasant visit to his sister, Miss Mollie, at the Normal May 30.

A NUMBER of students have gone to Webster, Elizabeth, and elsewhere to take teachers' examination.

BOTH dormitories have been completely filled this term, and students turned away from both for want of room.

PHILO has received the names of Dr. Edward Brooks and Miss Lelia Patridge, of Philadelphia, as honorary members.

AT the last meeting of the Philo society, it was decided to excuse the Seniors from active society work for the remainder of the term.

PHILO society recently purchased new lamps and handsome lace curtains which add much to the already attractive appearance of our hall.

THE teachers of our school believe in the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So arrangements are being made for an excursion up the river on the Saturday following examination.

THE cadet club, arrayed in brand new caps and carrying shining muskets, took part in the parade on Memorial day.

PROF. BYRON E. TOMBAUGH, '83, will travel through the west during the coming summer in order to recruit his health.

DR. NOSS is a member of the examining committee of the Edinboro State Normal School. The examination will begin June 19.

GO BEFORE and say, "Come on," followers will come in flocks. Go behind and say, "Go along," and there will be laggards enough to be driven.

A VERY interesting game of base ball was played on Decoration day by the Philo and Clio nines. The game resulted in a score of 15 to 5 in favor of Philo.

MISS MCGINNIS, '86, Miss Ruple, '87, and Miss Guffy, a junior of '86, all loyal Philo's, are with us taking the special course in methods.

THE young lady students are becoming very expert(?) in the use of the ball. A match game between the young ladies and gentlemen is expected to take place in the near future.

THE students enjoyed an intellectual feast during the stay of Dr. Brooks. We regret his early departure, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting him again in the future.

THE present officers of the society are: President, Mr. Fox; vice-President, Miss Hook; Secretary, Miss Dague; Critic, Miss Jamison; Treasurer, Miss Camp; Attorney, Mr. Colebank; Marshal, Mr. McCullough.

PROF. BRYAN, of the Normal faculty, was married Thursday, May 24, to Miss Belle Hartranft, of Brownsville. The students turned out *en masse* and gave them a rousing serenade. THE NORMAL REVIEW extends its hearty congratulations.

EX-CONGRESSMAN HORR, who lectured in the college chapel May 30 and 31, has given his name as an honorary member of the Philo Society. Philo is adding weight to her roll of honorary members.

MISS LYDIA MCCONNELL, of Elizabeth, Pa., a former Normal student, died at her home, May 25. Appropriate resolutions of respect were adopted by the Philo society of which she was a member. They are crowded out of this number of the REVIEW. Miss McConnell was much beloved by all who knew her.

THE following resolutions have been adopted on the death of Miss Anna Armstrong, a former member of our society.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God in his providence to remove from earth one of our former members, Miss Anna Armstrong, be it therefore

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting her removal from our midst, we mourn for one worthy in every way of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it hath pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who doeth all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That while we deeply sympathize with those who were bound to her by the nearest and dearest ties, we share with them the hope of a reunion where there are no partings, and where bliss ineffable forbids a tear.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the society, and published in the NORMAL REVIEW, and a copy sent to the friends of the deceased.

CLARA SINGER,
JOE MELLON,
W. F. PEAIRS, } Committee.

Write Them a Letter To-night.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel wise;
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite—
That you deemed it a pleasure when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Darwin.

The confession that Darwin makes of the gradual atrophy of his æsthetic tastes will be long quoted as one of the most remarkable facts of his life. He began with a susceptibility to music, which by his son's account he did not lose; with a liking for poetry, such that he read "The Excursion" twice, and he would not have read it except for pleasure; and he used to take Milton with him in his pocket. In art he went but a little way, it indeed he ever really had any eye for it. He was religious, as an English boy usually is; but his interest in belief regarding religious subjects died out, and what is of more consequence, the emotions which were called out by it in early life ceased to be exercised. There was a deadening, in other words, of all his nature, except so far as it was fed by his work, his family, and his friends in its intellectual and social parts. So complete was this change that it affected even his appreciation of beautiful scenery, which had evidently given him keen delight in his youth and travels. He dates this change from just after his thirtieth year, when he became absorbed in scientific pursuits as his profession. It would be too much to say that the failure of Darwin to appropriate the human elements in his university education accounts in any perceptible degree for these defects. In culture, as in science, the self-making power of the man counts heavily; and there is such inefficiency in those whose duty it is to give youth a liberal education from classical sources, there are such wrong methods and unintelligent aims in the universities, that it might easily prove to be the case that a student with the most cordial temperament toward the humanities would profit only imperfectly by his residence at seats of learning. In spite of these reservations, however, the Greek culture is the historical source of what are traditionally the higher elements in our intellectual life, and has been for most cultivated men the practical discipline of their minds. But it is to be further observed that the example of Darwin, if it should be set up as showing that Greek culture is unnecessary in modern days, goes just as directly and completely to prove that all literary education, as well by modern as by ancient authors, is superflous. It is enough to indicate to what a length the argument must be carried, if it is at all admitted. The important matter is rather the question, How much was Darwin's life injured for himself by his loss of culture, in the fact that some of those sources of intellectual delight which are reputed the most precious for civilized man were close to him?

The blank page in his charming biography is the page of spiritual life. There is nothing written there. The entire absence of an element which enters commonly into all men's lives in some degree is a circumstance as significant as it is astonishing. Never was a man more alive to what is visible and tangible or in any way matter of sensation; on the sides of his nature where an appeal could be made, never was a man more responsive; but there were parts in which he was blind and dull. Just as the boy failed to be interested in many things, the man failed, too; and he disregarded what did not interest him with the same ease at sixty as at twenty. What did interest him was the immediate present, and he dealt with it admirably, both in the intellectual and the moral world; but what was remote was as if it were not. The spiritual element in life is not remote, but it is not matter of sensation, and Darwin lived as if there were no such thing; it belongs to the region of emotion and imagination, and those perceptions which deal with the nature of man in its contrast with the material world. Poetry, art, music, the emotional influences of nature, the idealizations of moral life, are the means by which men take possession of this inner world of man; to which, for man at least, nature in all its immensity is subsidiary. Darwin's insensibility to the higher life—for so men agree to call it—was partly, if not wholly, induced by his absorption in scientific pursuits in the spirit of materialism. We praise him for his achievements, we admire his character, and we feel the full charm of his temperament; he delights us in every active manifestation of his nature. We do not now learn for the first time that a man may be good without being religious, and successful without being liberally educated, and worthy of honor without being spiritual; but a man may be all this and yet be incomplete. Great as Darwin was as a thinker, and winning as he remains as a man, those elements in which he was deficient are the noblest part of our nature. On finishing the story of his life the reflection rises involuntarily in the mind that this man, in Wordsworth's line, "hath faculties that he has never used."

President Lincoln said once that the best story he ever read in the papers of himself was this: Two Quakeresses were traveling on the railroad, and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man," "and so is Abraham a praying man," objected the second. "Yes, but the Lord will think Abraham is joking," the first replied conclusively.

The Everlasting Hills.

The earth throes which have prevailed so strangely during the last six years lend a new interest to the inquiries into the processes by which the mountain ranges have been upheaved, the great continents formed, and the vast depressions produced which are the beds of oceans and of seas. While the science of to-day regards the mountain ranges of the earth as far more ancient than men imagined even when they spoke of the "everlasting hills," that same science, strangely enough, sees in the mightiest mountain masses the signs of youth rather than of age. Compared with the worn ranges included under the geographical expression, "Scandinavian Alps," the veritable Alps are as the children of yesterday, the Himalayas and the Andes younger yet. Cotopaxi, which raises its crater mouth toward the heavens nearly 20,000 feet above the sea level, is but youthful compared with the volcanic outlets whose "basal wrecks" alone remain in the Inner Hebrides. Yet mountain ranges, though themselves comparatively young, attest in another way the vast age of our earth. The materials of which they are formed, regarded as leaves of the great terrestrial volume of nature's awful Bible, are for the most part as of yesterday. But those leaves are formed of materials belonging to ages far more remote. Their very existence attests not only vast periods of time during which the earth's denuding forces fashioned them out of older material, but speaks also of stage after stage of past existence, during which the self-same material formed part of many successive strata. The core, indeed, even of the youngest mountain ranges, belongs to the earth's primeval crust. I can not but touch on the solemnity of the lesson taught by the earth's strata with regard to time. Astronomy tells of vaster regions of space than the geologist has to deal with—nay, of spaces so vast that, compared with them, the thin shell of our world which the geologist can here and there examine seems absolutely nothing. Astronomy considers also periods of time which far surpass even the millions of years over which the geologic record extends. But astronomy has no tangible record of the vast periods of time of which the cyclic movements of the heavenly bodies give evidence. The geologist touches and handles the material produced in past ages by processes which he can watch in actual progress now. He has material evidence of the millions of years of which he speaks, whereas the astronomer, though he may be as certain practically that sun, moon, and stars have existed for even vaster periods, can give no direct evidence for the faith that is in him. But few even among those who have studied the geological record are fully aware of the vast periods of time to which it bears witness. In the first place we are apt to overlook the evidence attesting the vast age of the earth. But in even more marked degree we overlook, in the second place, the signs which show how much of the earth's record has been destroyed.

As to the former point we may well marvel, when we consider how clearly our mountains and valleys, our hills and dales, even our knolls and ravines, announce the amazing antiquity of the earth's crust, that so few seem to appreciate the lesson. Along sea shore and river shore—nay, along roads and railway cuttings—are the signs (so plain and obvious that he who runs, even at railway speed, may read) of tens and hundreds of thousands of years of past earth life. Yet for one who notices them hundreds are blind to their significance. To the student of geology alone, no doubt, it is given to read the lesson in all its details. Even he can only catch the general significance of those details. The geologist alone can say, this layer speaks of hundreds of thousands of years, that formation of millions, that series of strata of many millions of years. But no one who sees and thinks of what he sees, can fail to recognize clear evidence of hundreds of thousands of years in the earth's crust, even as disclosed to the least scientific observer. The beetling crag speaks in its weather-worn face of tens of thousands of years to the geologist, for he knows how slowly the work of denudation proceeds, and how long it must have required to carve that rugged mass into the form we see. Yet any ordinary observer who thinks a little can see that thousands of years of weather work and sea work are recorded there. Looking a little closer he sees that the rock thus worn away is formed of layers, which manifestly were themselves the products of denuding forces, for he can see in them sand and pebbles and sea shells. Recognizing the height of the cliff, and therefore the depth of the originally deposited layers, he sees that tens of thousands of years must have been required for the deposition of all that mass of rudimentary matter. Perhaps the geologist, better acquainted with the processes involved, may recognize hundreds of thousands of years as represented by that work of deposition. But the ordinary observer, even in his first general view of the cliff's structure, has enough to impress his mind with the sense of vast time intervals. Looking closer, though he may not know even the bare names of the substances he sees, he recognizes yet stronger evidence of the past progress of time; for he perceives among the masses imbedded in the layers of the cliff before him some which manifestly were broken off from shores formed of materials deposited, layer by layer, in remoter periods still. His thoughts rise from tens to hundreds of thousands of years, and he is prepared to accept the teachings of geology, that many layers of the earth's crust speak of periods to be measured by millions and even by tens of millions of years. So much is suggested by a walk along the sea shore; so much might be gathered during the progress of a railway journey. The thoughtful mind will doubtless seek for fuller information, and so be led to study the amazing story of the earth as geologists are now able to tell it. But even the most thoughtless, one would imagine, must be impressed by these more obvious teachings.

Thought and Language.

The attainment of universal knowledge has been the dream of many a scholar's life. Problems raised in earlier years find their solution as life goes on; the store of wisdom increases with each succeeding year, almost with the passing days; and yet each question answered suggests others to be confronted, and the ever-widening circle of intellectual acquirement but serves to make manifest the darkness which lies still beyond. To some it is given, however, through exceptional endowment, or by the accidents of training, to secure an intellectual horizon of a wider sweep than that granted to their fellows. Especially those who have learned to combine the intellectual treasures of their fatherland with the gleanings of another race and country; and those who, from investigation in their own special fields of study, have been led onward to the deeper problems of all knowledge, are fitted to give us glimpses of truth which can not be otherwise obtained. * * Our words are the embodiment of the intellectual history of the race. To them the philosopher is to go in his study of the mind, as the geologist goes to the strata of the rocks; or, more accurately, since they constitute the organic records of a racial history, as the biologists goes to the fossils of the past and the living species of the present to investigate the development of life. Further, when we do so study the phenomena of speech we are rewarded by notable discoveries concerning the phenomena of thought. In all languages, very distinctly in those of the Aryan family, the ultimate constituents of speech may be reduced to a very few; and these few are further dependent on a still smaller number of basal thoughts. Again, contrary to the expectations of many celebrated scholars, these ultimate elements are not particular, but, *quoad hoc*, abstract or general terms. They are such as might arise among a primitive people, developing the beginnings of a language by associating a natural expression of sound as they bend over their common labor with the acts which they perform. They are in their origin nothing more than the consciousness of personal actions, crystallized into speech by the addition of a name. The performance of these acts in concert, the repetition of them when alone, determined their prominence in the budding intellects of our half-animal forefathers; the association with them of the accompanying sounds gave the beginnings of a name; name and concept, concept and name are mutually inseparable, unthinking apart, and the first completed production of the two gave the germ of language, which was at once the germ of thought.—*New Princeton Review.*

The Copyright Question.

The copyright question still agitates the minds of sensitive people who think that brain work should be protected. Meanwhile the opportunities that our publishers enjoy for selling the works of foreign authors without cost, make the profession of literature in this country exceedingly precarious, and the few American writers who represent our national literature are robbed of the chance of deriving profit from their work in foreign lands. It is well enough for publishers to say that if we steal foreign literature, foreigners steal our literature. Such *tu quoque* arguments may satisfy publishers, but it can not satisfy authors on either side of the ocean; and, after all, it would seem that writers of books deserve at least as large a share of consideration at the hands of our law makers as do publishers of books. We are protecting all sorts of national industries, but we are leaving brain work, which, after all, is no contemptible industry, and from which its followers have a right to obtain a fair living, to take care of itself, without protection. We protect our book makers from foreign competition, but book writers, without whom book makers could not be, are left to be the helpless and hopeless victims of that same competition, both on this and the other side of the water. Let us give brain labor the same chance that is accorded manual labor. It is quite as exhausting and quite as useful.

The Problem of Pushing.

A man may push a wheelbarrow and be behind his work, but it is not so easy to push a school that way. Pushing depends upon the one who pushes, and the way the pushing is done, and the object aimed at. Pushing a mule would not be a very pleasant occupation for the pusher. Children, Darwin says, are related to their animal ancestors, and, as a result, some of them are very mulish, and the effect is the same whether we push the mulish man or the mulish beast. Many teachers have been kicked out of the school-room because they honestly and earnestly tried to push mulish children, mulish parents, and a mulish school-board. A story more than two thousand years old is told of a poor fellow who couldn't make his mule go by pushing him, so he tied a bundle of hay to the end of a stick and fastened it to the mule's back so that it was just beyond the reach of his nose. The mule went very well after this. One thing is very certain; it is that the world will not move faster than it wants to, and a study of the ways to make it want to move faster in the right direction is one of the most important problems presented to thinking minds for solution.—*The School Journal.*

Self-Made Men and Higher Education.

I remind you of this other fact, that the too-prevalent worship of the self-made man in this country, deplorable though it be, tempts the boy to despise, as his father possibly may, systematic higher education, and to try to carve out his own future without it. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a boy fails and speedily sinks to the bottom; never reaches the fame of the great self-made man who was his ideal, and is finally found on a level with men of whom thirteen do not even make a dozen. But the fact remains that it is a great temptation. College-bred men are too often quoted below par in this country. The river cannot rise higher than its source. Why should the boy think higher education necessary, or even desirable, when at

the fireside, in the press, from the pulpit or lecture rostrum, on the stump, at the bar, in fact everywhere, the fame of the self-made man is proclaimed?—*Dr. Klemm, in County School Council.*

Animal Longevity.

The elephant lives 100 years and upward; rhinoceros, 20; camel, 100; lion, 25 to 70; tiger, leopard, jaguar and hyena (in confinement), about 25; beaver, 50; deer, 20; wolf, 20; fox, 14 to 16; llama, 15; chamois, 25; monkey and baboon, 16 to 18; hare, 8; squirrel, 7; rabbit, 7; swine, 25; stag, under 50; horse, 30; ass, 30; sheep, under 10; cow, 20; ox, 30; swan, parrot and raven, 200; eagle, 100; goose, 80; hen and pigeon, 10 to 16; hawk, 30 to 40; crane, 24; blackbird, 10 to 12; peacock, 20; pelican, 40 to 50; thrush 8 to 10; wren, 2 to 3; nightingale, 15; blackcap, 15; linnet 14 to 23; goldfinch, 20 to 24; redbreast, 10 to 12; skylark, 10 to 30; titlark, 5 to 6; chaffinch, 20 to 24; starling, 10 to 12; carp, 70 to 150; pike, 30 to 40; salmon, 16; codfish, 14 to 17; eel, 10; crocodile, 100; tortoise, 100 to 200; whale (estimated), 1,000; queen bees live 4 years; drones, 4 months; worker-bees, 6 months.

The best water is that which has gone deepest in the earth, where there is the tightest pressure, atmospheric and telluric. Continued and intensified filteration has refined it; but it is here, and not in its open air exposure, before or after, that the water gets effective oxidation. The remarkable fact that water absorbs oxygen in something like a geometrical ratio to the increase of pressure, coupled with the other equally important fact that under a certain pressure and temperature organic germs cease to exist; both these conditions, protracted for the water by a long detention in the depths of the earth, secure the rarest refinement, and also vitalization of the element.—*The Sanitary Era.*

Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, at a distance of about 250,000,000 miles from the sun, there revolves some 265 little bodies whose diameters vary from 8 or 10 miles to 200. Whether they are, as Professor Young once described them, parts "of a planet spoiled in the making" or not is unknown and perhaps may never be solved. But certain it is that there are almost numberless little celestial bodies of this character, whose revolutions around the sun are performed as unerringly as those of the larger planets. They are called planetoids, from two Greek words, which mean resembling a planet or wanderer.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Malinformation is more hopeless than non-information, for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, from which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptious, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go before she can arrive at the truth than ignorance.

Rosa Bonheur, the artist, was one evening placed at dinner next to the Grand Duke Michael, cousin of the present Czar. The two got on very well, and even ate a vielliebchen together after dinner. Owing to the pressure of business the Russian visitor forgot the joke and lost the bet. On asking Mme. Bonheur what he might offer her as a forfeit, she said jestingly, "Any pretty little animal I might use as a model." For some time after the grand duke went away nothing was heard of him, and the artist had forgotton the affair; when only a few days ago the forfeit arrived in the shape of three gigantic white bears.

The wealthy and the noble, when they spend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended, if they do not stand still here, but go on to bestow some pains and cost that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little amidst everything else that is great. The house may draw visitors, but it is the possessor alone that can detain them. We cross the Alps, and after a short interval we are glad to return; we go to see Italy, not the Italians.

Henry Irving in a letter dated from Theater Royal, Manchester, thus replies to a request for his opinion on the Donnelly narrative: "Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiry, I can only say that the controversy has already seemed to me very idle; as an exercise in surmise it may be interesting, but to allege seriously that Bacon wrote Shakespere is about as reasonable as to say that Shakespere wrote Bacon, or that Queen Elizabeth wrote both. I would add that, as Emerson says, Shakespere is the only biography of Shakespere. I am dear sir,

"Henry Irving."

A scholar is one who is always learning. Unless a man realizes that he has much to learn he will not be impelled to constant efforts at gaining added knowledge; hence it is that he who would be a great scholar must be readiest to admit that there is much which he does not know. "Teach thy tongue to say, I do not know," is a Talmudic saying, which is as good for a Christian as for a Jew.—*Sunday School Times.*

Be very slow to believe that you are wiser than all others; it is a fatal but common error. Where one has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength. Napoleon could calculate the former well, but to his miscalculation of the latter he may ascribe his present degradation.

Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but a man can make a goose of himself with one.

The Heaven That is About Us.

The dim religions of the East,
  Building their misty fabrics, teach
That out of far eternities
  We come again to human speech
For penance, and to suffer more
Than earth condemned us to before
We left its sad and lovely shore.

Ah, then, how guileless were the days
  In that old life we used to live,
Is depths of tranquil happiness
  Are all the penance earth can give
In this new life, where year by year
We want no other heaven, dear,
Than heaven that is about us here!

The Endowment of Genius.

There is no work that any millionaire can possibly leave behind, no single enterprise that even a government can further, that will bear even a moment's comparison in its importance with the legacy Wordsworth, say, or Raphael has contributed to the world. It would be no extravagance to say that the measure of culture and human benefit that has flowed to mankind already from that one artist, Raphael, is beyond computation in figures or words. But the stream of influence is nowise lessened by what has been given from it, but will go on to the end of time. No one suspected when he was at work, four hundred years ago, what a force had come into the world, and no one can imagine how many others of analogous benefit might have come, but were crushed by the material impediments of practical life. With the great multitude of men who have no highly unique and special vocation life is mainly a struggle for material place and power or for the comfortable necessaries of existence. Even this is hard enough; but, when our few of finer mould are compelled to add this struggle to the one necessary to their chosen pursuit, it is no wonder so many "mute, inglorious Miltons" fall by the way. Ought there not, then, to be some method applied whereby the same care can be bestowed upon a grand man that we would bestow upon a rare treasure of some other sort? We can not secure the great man's arrival, but when he has come we can show that we know him and appreciate him, as the bees know and appreciate the one who is, of all others, most valuable to the hive. When "Dexter"—was it not?—was found drawing a clay cart, and the signs of speed in him were unmistakable, what a world of excitement there was! No harness was too fine, no stable too good for him. He had valets to attend his most delicate wants—watchers by night and by day. I do not say there was the slightest unappropriateness in this. I merely ask if the man of wonderful possibilities is not of as much account and deserving of as much care as the wonderful horse. The great man, or man of genius, will forego yachts and palaces and the muniments of wealth, though he could enjoy them. What he needs at once and mainly is that sure provision which shall give him subsistence and leave him free from worldly toil and worry, as a prerequisite to prosecuting his work. If some millionaire could see this, who is willing to further the interests of society by some moderate donation only, he could set some one struggling genius free, and not only do immense good thereby, but he could set also a brilliant example toward well doing to others of his class. A writer in the *Nation* who not long ago simply anticipated my idea in part says, in pleading for "the endowment of private research," that no one can doubt that "mental power is a great endowment. Huxley has well said that any country would find it greatly to its profit to spend a hundred thousand dollars in first finding a Faraday, and then putting him in a position in which he could do the greatest possible amount of work. A man of genius is so valuable a product that he ought to be secured at all cost; to be kept like a queen bee in a hothouse, fed upon happiness and stimulated in every way to the greatest possible activity. To expose him to the same harsh treatment which is good for the hod carrier and the bricklayer is to indulge in a reckless waste of the means of a country's greatness." Again he says, "The waste of water power at Niagara is as nothing compared with the waste of brain power which results from compelling a man of exceptional qualifications to earn his own living."

Now, it may be hard to start a Mæcenas guild of the kind I recommend, and which this writer has struck the entering wedge toward providing, but it should not be impossible. There is no objection to it that can not be urged against any other form of public benificence. If there should be a mistake made sometimes in selecting your man of genius, there are often fearful mistakes made in bestowing funds to other endowments. A considerable part of the money which goes, with the best of motives, to endow existing churches results simply in making lazy and penurious Christians in the localities so favored. It is a fact, too, with every good scheme that it may miscarry now and then. But let us not abandon a good idea because it requires delicacy and circumspection in its embodiment. For fraud seems to have the faculty of masking itself everywhere, and nowhere as successfully as where the cause is a superlatively good one. The "waste of water power at Niagara" may be deemed a somewhat striking figure, but it is none too expressive. Nothing can be too expressive to show how our superlative mind power, or power of genius, is wasted. One of the men capable of doing the finest literary work done in this country goes into a financial bedlam year after year to make his living, and does it. But he must work, too, when others sleep, to do the tasks that he was specially ordained for—tasks for which all time is far too brief. Another is using his life up by hack work at a newspaper desk, whose name, in spite of this and of ill health, is close linked with the best literature of this country. * * Suppose Shakespeare, for instance, had not happened to be thrifty. He might have died holding horses at the door of the theatre, and the world would have lost what the failure of Columbus to discover America—if he had failed—is a weak parallel to represent. * * How pathetic to remember that a great author wrote one of his most charming and classical works in headlong haste to obtain the sum necessary to defray his mother's funeral expenses! If Charles Lamb could have been saved from the direful drudgery of his long and dreary clerkship what

a measureless fund of new and additional delights he might have bequeathed to the world! * * In an age when science has brought material economies into high prominence by every device and invention must we sit down calmly and say that there is no way to prevent the most precious material in the world from appalling waste and destruction? * * What greater glory can a wealthy man desire than to have been Mæcenas when Virgil lived? What greater task can he set himself to-day than to yield up a sum insignificant to him in order that some other Virgil may make human life better for twenty or for endless centuries to come.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

School Devotions and Friday Afternoons.

1. How can I make my morning exercises interesting and instructive? I am not allowed to be too religious, and when I was allowed to read the Bible as I chose I was not always satisfied with the spirit and attention of the school.

Answer.—Some teachers can make the reading of the Bible interesting without any objection on the part of committee and parents by selecting only the "character texts" or paragraphs. We believe no teacher who will make this purpose perfectly clear to the school and officials will meet with any objection.

The reading of carefully selected poems in whole or part, calculated to improve the character and ennoble the purpose of the pupils, is sometimes admirably done. Singing is always a wise and inspiriting devotional exercise.

The introduction of good instrumental music by the pupils is sometimes a rare treat.

The memorizing of beautiful selections recited first by one or two pupils, and then by all in concert, is helpful and interesting.

Select reading by one pupil of something more at length, with a beautiful moral or effect. Vocal solo, duet, or even quartette.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

2. How can I vary the Friday afternoon exercises? I had no difficulty for a few weeks when it was a new idea, but once a week in my busy life is more than I have brains or ingenuity for.

Appoint a committee of three or five from the class to get up an exercise the first Friday in December, another committee for the third, etc., reserving every other Friday for yourself. Choose the committee with great care; have at least one boy and one girl on each. Be careful that one of the committee has special adaption to this work, or that he has home friends who will interest themselves. Have the committees appointed at least a month in advance.

Have an exercise after the general character of those furnished on one of the two weeks which the teacher reserves for herself.

Have an old-fashioned spelling-match once in two months at least.

Have a "geographical match" after the same general style of a spelling-match.

Give a lot of "queer questions" on one Friday, and have them answered the next Friday.

Young man when you put on your Derby hat to go to church, or perhaps to go to a picnic, does it ever occur to you that a poor little bunny has died, and been dyed that your hat might live? I don't believe it does. I doubt if you ever knew that your hat was made of a hare's fur. I did not know it until the other day passing a hatter's window in Park Place.

Of course if you are a progressive sort of a young American, you believe in evolution of some kind; but here is a chapter which I think will give you new food for thought.

First is the hare; poor little fellow; he is just on the point of eating his dinner, it may be; but does he get it?

Suppose you were asked whether you would be made into a hat before dinner or after, which would you choose? But he does not know in his sweet innocence. Well, let him eat his dinner and enjoy it.

Then he is killed. Just how does not matter. We won't investigate the slaughterous part of it; enough that he is killed, and his skin cut up into strips about one eighth of an inch wide. These strips go through a process something similar to being drawn through a knot hole. This takes the fur off.

Then comes a queer kind of a machine, by which a strong current of air is made to blow the fur against a wet revolving copper cone to which it sticks, matting together, as it is the nature of the fur to do, until it assumes a shape over the cone, like a short, stumpy, very old-fashioned umbrella, without any stick; then by plunging into very hot water and working with the hands as a potter works his clay, this shape is thickened and shrunk until it gets to a consistency in which it is held together, and might look on a man's head something like a respectable cabbage-leaf. I believe bunny is fond of cabbages. You know the old saying, "A man is what he eats," and this seems to be a case in which bunny almost becomes a cabbage-leaf himself.

Then the shape is dyed and pressed, and smoothed, and flattened, and curled up, and banded, and bound, and before you know it, you are wearing bunny on your head, what is left of him. Don't forget him now, for the good turn he has done you, will you? And don't desecrate poor bunny's perennial shade by wearing underneath that Derby any unseemly object. Remember there may be a good deal in a hat. Let yours contain no bricks, but brains.

If rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but, if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

THE State Teachers' Association will hold its thirty-fourth annual session at Scranton, July 3d, 4th and 5th. The National Association will meet at San Francisco, July 17–20.

THE California Normal is as cheap as the cheapest, and equal to the best. Think of a well-furnished room, spring bed, Brussels carpet, steam heating, and excellent board, all for $3.25 a week. No Normal school in the State offers as much for the price.

HOWEVER well the teacher may do his work, he will find many critics who feel called upon to make unpleasant criticisms and find fault. Let him not be discouraged. Indeed, the more successful a teacher is the greater will be the envy of his competitors and the more energetic they will be in their efforts to say unkind things of him and his work.

CALIFORNIA, Pa., State Normal School opens its fifteenth year September 3. Net cost of board and tuition, $168 a year; in the Senior year, $118. Unequaled by any like school in the State for (1) economy, (2) quality of boarding and room, (3) facilities and stimulus to learn *how to teach*. Delightful location on the picturesque Monongahela. Advantages for music. For catalogue and special information, address the Principal,

THEO. B. NOSS.

From The Elizabeth Herald: Hon. R. G. Horr, of Michigan delivered two lectures at the California Normal school this week, on "The Labor Problem" and "Genuine vs. Sham." At the Wednesday evening lecture a musical program was given by Miss Etta Mitchell and R. T. Wiley of this place, and Thursday evening Mrs. Radcliffe of Monongahela City, sang. The Normal lecture course is deserving of the liberal patronage it is receiving for bringing the very best lecture talent to our valley.

THIS number of the NORMAL REVIEW completes the third year of its existence. We again earnestly commend the REVIEW to all former students of the Normal. The aim has been to make the REVIEW indispensable to all old students of the school.

Now, we ask that you help us by subscribing, if you have not already done so, and by bringing the merits of the REVIEW to the attention of others.

From The Valley Messenger: Students of the Normal are loud in their praise of Miss Patridge's mode of teaching methods. Miss P. is one of the new members of the faculty at this school.

Judge McIlvaine, of Washington, and Rev. T. J. Leak, of Allegheny, have been selected as two of the judges for the annual contest, at the Normal, June 27.

Harry Billingsley Post 168 G. A. R., of this place attended R. G. Horr's lecture in Normal chapel Wednesday evening. They had been very courteously invited to attend by Principal Noss.

John McKee, poet-laureate of the Monongahela valley, was in town on Saturday last. He visited the Normal school and spoke to a large crowd of students in the chapel. It is unnecessary to add that Principal Noss was absent at the time. McKee is a nuisance and ought to be placed in the town "pound" whenever he comes to town.

Decoration Day at the Normal.

At an early hour the college chapel was well filled, and the exercises of the day opened with prayer, after which the address of welcome was delivered by Miss Cora Lancaster.

The orator of the day was Hon. John F. Cox, of Pittsburgh.

Music was furnished by the California Quartette in singing several pieces appropriate for the occasion, and the California Silver Cornet Band.

The Normal Diploma

Is a valid certificate for life in any county of the state. No higher grade of certificate is given. It exempts from all further examination and thus puts an end to profitless reviewing of the common branches, and enables the teacher to apply himself to the science and art of teaching. It entitles the holder to the sum of fifty dollars at graduation.

The Horr Lectures.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, large numbers gathered in the chapel on the evenings of May 30 and 31, to hear ex-Congressman Horr deliver his famous lectures on "The Labor Problem," and "Genuine *vs.* Shams."

We were expecting a great treat and were not disappointed.

The much discussed labor problem was presented in a clear, forcible manner, and was so impressed on our minds as not to be forgotten soon.

The exercises were enlivened by music by Miss Mitchell, of Elizabeth, Mrs. Radcliffe, of Monongahela, and a chorus led by Mr. Wiley, of Elizabeth.

THE annual enrollment of students in the Normal Department of the School, since its recognition has been as follows:

Year	Enrollment
1874	134
1875	255
1876	283
1877	228
1878	366
1879	344
1880	309
1881	351
1882	355
1883	339
1884	333
1885	338
1886	358
1887	330
1888	428

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