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Bridgewater State Normal School

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NORMAL OFFERING

A SCHOOL MONTHLY

June, 1897.
OFFICES:
2 A Beacon Street,
Boston.
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Chicago.

THE FISK TEACHER'S AGENCIES.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

RIDGEWATER.

THIS INSTITUTION is one of the seven State Normal Schools under the direction of the Mass. Board of Education, and is open to young men not less than seventeen years of age and young women not less than sixteen, who desire to prepare for teaching in the public schools of the State.

It has a two years' course of study, a four years' course, an intermediate course which includes the two years course and elective studies, and special course for graduates of normal schools and colleges.

TUITION IS FREE to all who intend to teach in the schools of Massachusetts. Entrance examinations for 1897, Thursday and Friday, June 24-25, Tuesday and Wednesday Sept. 7-8. Applicants must be present both days of the examination. For circulars address:

ALBERT G. BOYDEN,
PRINCIPAL.
The Normal Offering.

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Contents.

Editorials, 294
Experience with Peaches, 296
Walks About Bridgewater, 297
Simon Short's Son Samuel, 297
Last Days at Normal, 298
Mrs. Johnson's Tea, 299
John Sebastian, 300
Flora's Interpreter, 303
Exchanges, 304
Athletic, 305
Personals, 306
Ollapodrida, 306

Editorials.

We begin the last issue of the term with mingled feelings, for the management of a school paper, while it brings its cares, is yet very interesting. The task was undertaken at the beginning with various plans for its conclusion, some of which have been carried out, to some extent at least, while others for one reason or another have failed to materialize. We suppose it has been the experience of most school editors, that on looking back over the term, their paper has not seemed to be just what they had intended to make it, and we are not an exception. We realize, as we suppose others do, that the Offering is lacking in some—perhaps in many—lines, but we console ourselves with the reflection that it is one thing to see a fault, another thing to correct it, the world over.

We wish to thank those who have spent time and energy during the busy term in contributing to the literary support of the paper, for we realize that “tempus fugit” at Normal; and we would bespeak the hearty support of the school for our successor of next term.

Graduates! Don’t forget to subscribe for the Offering before you go!

In the Harper’s Monthly of Jan. 1871, is an article called “The Voice of Christmas Past.” It is in reality a series of brief touches on some of the prominent characters of Charles Dickens, with now and then a word or two in
regard to the Master from whose pen came this wondrously large and varied troupe.

I will quote a little: "Poor ragged little Jo, who cries so piteously to law and Christian Charity, "Wishermaydie if I ain't movin' on."

Chadand, indistinctly edifying on the subject of a "human boy."
The young man of the name at Guppy on whose impression "art" is forever imprinted the image of Esther, now grown to be the useful and happy "Dame Durden" of Bleakhouse.

Mrs. Pardiggle, who is effectual and extinguishing in the missionary field.

Neglected Caddy Jellyby, inky, indignant, and very pretty too—intensely vindictive toward Borriboola Gha-an, to whose individual possession of tooth-picks, flannels and tracts she feels her youth and penmanship are being sacrificed. Mrs. Jellyby, superior, serene and very far seeing indeed; magnanimously submitting to such trifling interruptions as dinners, marriages and deaths, and hardly minding it at all when hapless "Peepy" impales upon the iron railing or plunges headlong down the crazy stairs.

Turtledrop, who supports the whole family in deportment!

Miss Cornelia Blimber, the "ghoul of the dead languages," surmounts little Paul with a pyramid of books under which he goes staggering down the staircase, while the clock impertinently ticks, "How-is-my-little-friend," and Miss Blimber assures Mr. Dombey that she "thinks she could have known Cicero, and been his friend, and talked with him in his retirement at Tusculum—beautiful Tusculum—she could have died contented."

Poor little Paul who is "very old-fashioned," thinks if he could have "Glubb," to talk with him sometimes he could learn faster; but Glubb is not classical, and Paul must do without him. He is very fond of Florence, and he asks her, looking wistfully from his pillow: "I want to know what it says—the sea—Floy. What is it that it keeps on saying?"

At last the creeping waves come very near, And float their secret in his dying ear.

"Papa, remember Walter; I was very fond of him.

Good-bye Papa! good-bye, dear Floy and all!"
The childish accents falter,
And the childish gaze is dim.

So passed the loving soul of little Paul Beneath the "golden ripple on the wall."

And the grave voice of the Master said: "The old, old fashion Death! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean."

But the Master looks up suddenly and smiles, as with a deep and tender joy, then bows his face upon his folded hands. It is the "old, old fashion!" And the mystery of death! I hear a lamentation reaching far as winds can blow. The sea takes it and carries it through moaning waves from the Old World to the New. And now from his quiet room the simple walls have rolled away. The bowed head is there, but it is in the dim heart of a vast cathedral, spreading far away, with sounding aisles and belfry in the clouds.

I hear the lamentation far as winds can blow; a mighty surge that, growing near, fills all the hallowed place. The countless mourners of the dead are there; his children first, the creatures of his brain; and then the world,
the world he loved, rebuked; for whom he worked and died.

Who shall sing his praise?

Ah! who so willing, who so fit as little Nell, upon whose "light brown hair," from the stained window far above, descends the chastened glory of the sun!

I sing for him who sang for me,

O Master dear and true!

Look back from Heaven's new joy and see

How many weep for you.

I know not of the skillful art

That weaves a lofty strain;

I know in all my grateful heart,

Who grieved for childhood's pain.

Weep for him and your loss, O world!

Weep ye in prisons and in want;

With sword of truth in fearless sweep

He cut your way through pride and cant.

We understand there are those who do not like Dickens, who never read him. We are sorry for them, for we find his stories intensely interesting. "It is impossible to open a book by Charles Dickens, at random, and not find on the page a flash of humor or a sentence full of the most exquisite understanding of the human heart."

Experiences With Peaches.

When I left for High Bridge, New Jersey, in the latter part of August, my family told me that I should get all the peaches I wanted, and perhaps more, too. I replied that I could never get too many, but I did, for on the afternoon which I am going to describe I ate so much of the sweet and juicy fruit that it made me sick and I have never eaten a peach since, and never want to.

My aunt asked me if I would not like to visit a peach orchard. I assented readily, and the next afternoon we procured a carriage and drove to the house of a friend of my aunt's. Mrs. Exton supposed that I wished to visit one of her three immense peach orchards, and soon we walked to the nearest one, where men had been picking all day. There were seven thousand trees in this orchard, growing on very rocky, but ploughed ground.

As I looked up I saw some very beautifully colored peaches, near where men were picking. I inquired why they did not pick them, and Mrs. Exton asked me to pick one myself. I did so, and found to my great amazement that it was as hard as a rock. The pickers knew exactly which were ripe peaches and which were not, although an inexperienced person like myself could see no difference between those that were soft and those that only looked so.

Proceeding onward we came to a small house open on all sides. I entered and noticed immediately a queer looking instrument, which I learned was a peach sorter. It consisted of three sets of bars, the first ones about one and one-fourth inches apart, I think, the next set further apart, and the last set with a still greater distance between them. A basket of peaches was emptied into the receptacle at the top of the machine, the crank of the sorter was turned and the peaches began to roll downward onto the bars. The smallest of the peaches fell through the first set of bars into a canvas bag, from which a basket received the fruit. These peaches were called XXX, the next largest ones XX, and the next X. The few which did not go through any of the bars were called the stars.

Nearly half of the small sorting house was occupied by empty peach baskets. All the filled baskets were adorned with a few leaves, covered with canvas, marked, and set on a platform outside of the house. The baskets were taken to Clinton that night, from which
place they were sent by train to New York. After the peaches were sorted we sat down on stools and ate all the ripe fruit we wished. Sometimes we got yellow ones and at other times white, but we found the white ones much the juicer. I thought I had never enjoyed myself more than when eating those delicious peaches, and it was not for some time that I considered that I had partaken of enough.

We rode back to the house over the rough and stony soil in a very rattling wagon, and it was with difficulty that I kept my seat at all. It was quite late when we arrived at Mrs. Exton's house and we drove back directly. I said, on seeing my uncle, that I had never spent a more enjoyable afternoon and that perhaps New Jersey was a good place to live in, after all.

But, as I have said, the peaches were too much for me and I retired directly after supper, never wanting to eat or see another one.

S. E. A.

Walks About Bridgewater.

3. Are you familiar with Oak street? It is the second street beyond Broad, which comes into the right side of Main street. It leads down to the river, across the river, and up a hill on the other side. If you want a good view of the surrounding country turn to the right on the hillside. This road brings you to Broad street. Oak street has a variety of trees, and one never tires of seeing the river.

The Fair Grounds on Broad street is known as the place to study trees. The river view there is very attractive, but especially on the further side, where there is a decided curve. The Wild Geranium grows near this part.

4. Plan for several trips—there is a wide field for exploration around Carver's Pond.

Pass the ice houses, and the boats, if you can, and continue across the field to the fence near the pine grove. Follow the fence until it is met by another at right angles to it, and just beyond this on the other side a cart path begins. Of course you must get over, under, or through the fence. The path soon divides, the right hand path following the edge of the pond, and the left branching off into the woods.

Both emerge on Conant street—not at the same place; almost at the end of the right hand path, just before it ascends a steep hill, two other paths appear. The first is a branch of the one we are taking. The second is the left hand path, before mentioned. Both lead back to our starting point.

This wood is the place for Lady's Slippers, for moss and ferns. There seems to be no limit to the works of nature which make this place beautiful.

The right hand path gives a good view of the pond, but it would be more enjoyable if there were no mosquitoes. The other path has fewer mosquitoes, just as many flowers, and pleasant resting places, but no view of the pond.

F. A.

Simon Short's Son Samuel.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine successively, saw Simon's small shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's self same squeaking sign still swinging, silently specifying, "Simon Short, Smithfield, Sole Surviving Shoemaker, shoes sewed, soled superbly."

Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sallie Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons, Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Silas, Shadrack, sold sundries.

Sober Seth sold starch, sugar, spices. Simple Sam sold stirrups, saddles, screws. Sagacious
Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls. Skeptical
Saul sold silver salvers. Slack Silas sold
Sallie Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second
son Samuel saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs
somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart, Sophia
Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symp-
toms; Sam seldom stayed selling saddles.
Sam sighed sorrowfully—sought Sophia's
society, sang several serenades shyly. Simon
stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so
silly singing such senseless songs; strange
Sam should slight such splendid sales, strut-
ting spendthrift, scatter-brained simpleton.
"Softly, softly, sire," said Sallie, "Sam's smit-
ten, Sammy's spied some sweetheart."

"Smitten," snarled Simon, "stop such stuff." Simon seized Sallie's scissors, smashed Sallie's
spectacles, scattered several spools, sent Sallie's snuff-box spinning. Scowling, Simon
stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward,

Sallie sighed; summoning Sam, she spoke
sweet sympathy. "Sam," said she, "Sire
seems singularly snappy. So, sonny, stop
strolling streets, stop spending specie super-
fluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing ser-
nades, stop short. Sell saddles sensibly. See
Sophia Spriggs soon. She's sprightly, she's
staple, so solicit, sue, secure Sophia speed-
ily, Sam."

"So soon, so soon?" said Sam, standing
stock still. "So soon, surely," said Sallie
smilingly, "specialy since sire shows such
spirit." So Sam somewhat scared, samtered
slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soloquizes.

Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, Sophia Sophro-
nia Short, Samuel Short's spouse, sounds splen-
didly. Suppose she should say she shan't, she
shan't." Soon Sam spied Sophia starching
shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam, she
stopped singing, saluting Sam smilingly.

Sam stammered shockingly. "Sp-p-plendid
summer season, Sophia." "Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia. "Sip some sweet sherbet,
Sam?" "Sartin," said Sam, shaking sensibly.
Silence—seventeen seconds.

"Sire shot sixty sheldrake, Saturday," said
sixty-six seconds.

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia,
shunning such stiff silences. Sophia's sprightly
sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam
suddenly spoke sentimentally.

"Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying,
Samuel Short, Sophia Spriggs, seek some
sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Spark-
lings springs shall sing soul stirring strains,
sweet songsters solace secret sighings. Super-
angelic sylphs shall—," Sophia snickered so
Sam stopped. "Sophia," said Sam, "Sam
Short's sincere, Sam's seeking some sweet
spouse." Sophia stood silent. "Speak
speak, Sophia, such silence speculates sor-
row." "Seek sire, seek sire."

So Sam sought Sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs
said, "Sartin."

Last Days at Normal.

Although before I never took
To write in verse my pen,
I hope who read will patience have,
He'll ne'er be bored again.

But times will come when each one feels
Some tune within his heart;
So now I'll sing my humble song,
Though trifle sad the part.

What! sad when buds are bursting forth,
And soft and sweet the breeze?
Sad, when the merry birds have come;
With foliage clothed the trees?

'Tis true, all these should make hearts glad,
And do, I don't deny—
We'll take the bitter with the sweet—
The days are passing by.
Yes, Normal days are passing by,
And soon we'll leave her halls;
But happy memories, and sweet,
Will cluster round her walls.

Though sometimes hard our lot has seemed,
Our heads like blocks of wood;
Though many times we've tried and failed,
Who'd change it if he could?

For each loved spot the dearer grows,
That now has come the time
When we must go our several ways,
And sever ties that bind.

To Carver's pond, we'll say farewell
With many a fond regret;
The happy days it's given to us
We never shall forget.

The Sunday sings, the candy pulls,
The games of base ball too,
Where, in the field, our boys have shown
They really are true blue.

The rides in Martin's chariot,
With laughter we'll recall;
The jilting, jolting, jiggly rides,
With no springs sprung at all.

Oh, many many things have come
To make our life here teem
With everything, in truth, to cast
On after life its beam.

So now perhaps you'll understand,
That though 'tis better so,
'Tis hard to leave a life like this—
For what?—we do not know.

Mrs. Johnson's Tea.
Mrs. Herbert Johnson,
At Home
Tuesday, April twentieth,
Four to six. 223 Summer Ave.

Guy Lovering swore audibly on the receipt of the above card. His ideas accorded perfectly with Holmes in reference to teas. "Giggle, gabble, gobble, git."

Mr. Lovering had been so unfortunate as to write a book, which had become the fashion. Society immediately announced him to be a lion, and insisted he should roar for them. In reality he was a college student, modest and shy. His ambition at this time was to be left in peace. But the "Four Hundred" did not seem to realize it. In their eyes he was a great man, and as such he must be present at their teas.

Guy held the card at arm's length and groaned, "Oh, why won't they let me alone. Mrs. Johnson is a good soul. She has been very kind to me. I suppose I shall have to go." With that he threw the card into the fire and resumed his studies.

Four P.M. Easter Tuesday found him puzzling over a dusty Greek volume. By five he must be at Mrs. Johnson's. With an imprecation on teas in general, and Mrs. Johnson's in particular, he arose to dress for the sacrifice.

As he hurried down the avenue his mind was full of his work. Suddenly he looked up and saw a string of carriages lining the street. The occupants were hurrying from them into the dwelling, 223. Our literary lion stopped and tried to bring his wool-gathering wits home. "Ugh," he thought, "what a swell affair Mrs. Johnson must be indulging in!" Was that her house? Of course. He remembered distinctly that her number contained a three and two twos.

He dived hurriedly into the house. The corridor was darkened, and Lovering was near-sighted. He stumbled over a chair and a heap of silk. The heap arose, shook itself, and evoked into a stately maiden. Her eyes shown like a stag's in a dark green wood. Lovering was an enthusiastic hunter. "I beg your pardon," he said helplessly, gazing at her. She smiled at him and said, "Don't apologize, it is the silly fashion of having
one’s balls so dark.” Lovering hastened to the dressing room in a whirl of conflicting emotions. His one thought was to be introduced to this young lady whom he had stumbled over in the corridor. Of course, Mrs. Johnson would introduce him.

He towered easily above the people around him and gained a view of the receiving party from the hallway. Mrs. Johnson was not there. The lady who was receiving he had never seen before. Should he leave now before he was observed? Never, for standing next to the hostess was the young lady whom he had met in the corridor. She raised her eyes and moved in his direction, as he moved forward a little. He gazed about him, evidently he was among a set he had never met. He didn’t recognize one of them. At that moment he heard, “Mr. Lovering, so glad to see you. I have been longing to hear you read some of your sweet, pretty things.” He turned to behold Mrs. Blakesly. “I didn’t think of seeing you here. I wasn’t with the Grangers numbered you among their friends,” she concluded a trifle jealously.

Lovering plunged in at once. His fertile imagination stood him in good stead.

“I don’t—the fact is, Mrs. Blakesly, I was just in despair. My friend, Jones, asked me to come with him, being a mutual friend. I was to meet him here, but I can’t find him. If you will take me under your wing and proclaim me as your friend, I should be eternally obliged.”

Mrs. Blakesly led her lion forth proudly. She piloted him to the hostess, and began a long rambling story of Lovering’s greatness, their friendship, Jones’ delinquencies. All the time he felt himself an outcast, for the calm amused eyes of his ideal maiden coolly told him he was a fraud. The hostess declared herself flattered at meeting so distinguished a man, and presented him to her daughter, and at last he clasped her white fingers in his hand.

He offered to take her to the dining room for some tea. On their way, she glanced up at him and asked naively:

“By the way, who is Mr. Jones? We never heard of him.”

Some time after Lovering met Mrs. Johnson. She reproached him for not being present at her tea. He answered her that he had been in the throes of a story, which had to be done in short order—the most difficult piece of work he had ever indulged in. Mrs. Johnson was sympathetic. “Had it proved a success?” He hoped so, though, he confessed, for a time he had trembled.

“How did you end your story?” she persisted.

“It is not finished yet,” he said. “I hope to complete it in the good old way, ‘They married, and were happy ever after.’

---

**John Sebastian Bach.**

On the 21st of March, 1685, was born to Ambrosius Bach a son, whom he christened John Sebastian, and who, coming of a family famous for their musical ability, was destined to become known throughout the civilized world, not only as a great composer and musician, but as a reformer and developer of the study of technique. His father lived in the quaint town of Eisenach; but before the child had done more than master the rudiments of music, and learn to play a little on the violin, his parents died, and his eldest brother, Johann Christoph, who was the organist at Ohrdruff, adopted the little boy. He began to study at the Ohrdruff Lyceum, and went ahead in his music with such steadiness that the elder brother, who seems to
have been a stern and morose man, forbade
the child to do more than his allotted tasks,
or to purchase any music for himself, or in­
deed to indulge any of his impulses in com­
position.

In the old house at Ohrdruff, there was a
cup-board which John Sebastian passed
many times a day with longing in his heart.
Well he knew that on an upper shelf was a
rare old book of manuscript music; and it
used to seem to him that if he could possess
himself of it long enough to copy even a part
of its treasures he would feel himself happy
as a king. He dared not ask permission lest
it be refused; but finally it occurred to him
that through the lattice-work panel in the up­
per part of the door he might squeeze one of
his little hands, and pull the book, which was
bound in soft parchment, safely through.
German children at that time, as now, were
kept so strictly that little John Sebastian
rarely escaped some one's watchful eye; but
his heart was so strongly filled with this de­
sire that he found an opportunity at last, and
climbing up on the latticed part of the panel,
contrived to squeeze the precious book
through, greatly to his delight. But even
then it was hard to know how to copy the
music, since candles or light were refused him.
So he waited for moonlight nights, and on
every one worked hard in his window, finally
succeeding in copying the entire book.

The work finished, little Bach proceeded to
make practical use of it; but judge of his dis­
appointment when his brother, scolding him
violently for what he had done, took away
the copy he had so patiently and lovingly
made, and, it is said, burned it before the lad's
eyes.

Genius, however, is not to be daunted by
disappointment, nor even failure. Bach
struggled on, learning all that he was taught
and much more—in fact, drinking in on all
sides such music and information as that day
afforded; and at the age of fifteen, in the first
year of the eighteenth century, we hear of
him surprising all the townspeople of Lune­
berg by his enchanting voice in church.

In return for his leading the boy-choir he
had his schooling given him; and when holi­
days came he would walk to Hamburg, a dis­
tance of many miles, in order to hear and talk
to the famous organist Reinken. This Dutch
composer and musician took a great interest
in the boy, and gave him freely all the knowl­
dge that he himself possessed, and which
Bach absorbed greedily. Meanwhile, in the
ducal chapel at Sella, a band of French musici­
ans were engaged, and from them the young
student learned chamber and concert music,
French in character and performance, and
which no doubt strongly influenced him later
in the composition of his world-renowned
gavottes, passacailles and sarabandes.

The actual pianoforte was invented in his
day, but Bach always clung to the clavichord,
on which he said he could express himself as
he desired; and his manner of playing was re­
markable for its entire correctness, and at the
same time brilliancy, so that we may infer
that many performers of that day drew their
inspiration from him, since both in composi­
tion and execution he was undoubtedly orig­
inal.

Determined to compose pianoforte music
of a higher order than anything which had
been written, he set himself to the develop­
ment of a firmer basis of theory, and to him
we owe much of our present knowledge of
time in music. He also composed with
direct reference to, and following of, all the
rules of harmony then known, and those
which he himself worked out and developed;
so that at the present day no studies are bet­
ter for the beginner, or even advanced student, than those of John Sebastian Bach. With the gavotte, and other pieces of similar character, Bach’s name is indelibly associated. He made them not only fascinating, but wrote them in so scientific and masterly a manner that they offer endless instruction and suggestion to musicians of to-day.

In 1723 Bach was appointed cantor of the Thomas-Schule in Leipsic, and organist and director of music in the principal churches. There he remained until his death in 1750; and the organ played by him in the old Thoma-Kirche is still in use there, and seems to breathe forth suggestions of the dear master who, even when afflicted by blindness, loved to spend hours before it, improvising or producing all sorts of harmonic changes in which he delighted, and entrancing his hearers by some of his grand fugues.

One form of famous music is especially associated with the name of John Sebastian Bach. This is what we know as the Passion music.

I was staying once in a little sea-bound village just on the borders of Spain, and there I became very much interested in talking with two of the country people. One was a pretty young peasant woman of the Basque race; the other a lad, also a Basque, who spent most of his time fishing. From them I heard a great deal about the curious allegorical and religious performances which from time to time they had taken part in. These were plays given in the public squares at certain seasons.

The characters were usually chosen from the Bible; and the plot of the play, or rather its chief idea, would be some Biblical scene. From time immemorial these plays have been given and the ideas of the people were too simple to make them wish the custom altered.

No form of dramatic or musical representation is older.

In some ways the Passion music which we hear every year in America, has its origin in the same feeling which influenced the writers of those early Christian plays; and although its form varies now very much, it still keeps the original idea—that of describing in music the story of the Passion of our Lord.

Passion music seems to have had its origin in the fourth century, when St. George Nazianzen first prepared it in real form. None of this music is preserved, but we know that it was widely sung in the early church.

A great many different ideas followed these first ones, down to the time of the Reformation. Finally the idea of a more perfect form of Passion music worked its way on to about 1728, when Sebastian Bach conceived the idea of writing a complete Passion oratorio.

His plan was to give the exact words of the Gospel as far as possible, with good choruses, some recitations, and four-part chorals. The great musician succeeded almost beyond his own expectations. It is impossible to describe the tremendous and sublime effect of this great work. It is written for two orchestras and two choirs; it seems to contain every variety of musical expression, and the whole thing breathes such a purely devotional spirit that it is like the prayer of some strong Christian heart. Bach was at this time organist of the old church of St. Thomas, in Leipsic, as well as cantor of the school; and so he had every opportunity of bringing out his work in perfection. It was produced for the first time in 1729.

Later, the interest in this marvelous music seemed to flag. For a century it lay untouched, until Felix Mendelssohn, then about eighteen, with his chosen companion Edward Devrient, an artist whose voice was exquisite
and whose knowledge of music was quite equal
to that of Felix’s, one day suggested their try­
ing the Passion music at his house with some
friends who used to meet there to practise vocal
music. So they began on it; and their enthusias­
mus grew as they learned page after page.

The idea occurred to Devrient to produce
the music in public—which he did, not without
very much opposition. The performance was
in every way successful; all Berlin went wild
over this revival of an interest in Bach.

Truly, as Devrient says, we owe thanks to
that year 1829, in which the “light of Bach’s
greatest music” was given to us.—Lucy C.
Lillie in “The Story of Music and Musicians.”

“Flora’s Interpreter.”

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares
Each blossom that blooms in the garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears;
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

Anemone—Anticipation.

Beside a fading bank of snow
A lovely Anemone blew,
Unfolding to the sun’s bright glow
Its leaves of heaven’s serenest hue.
’Tis spring, I cried; pale winter’s fled;
The earliest wreath of flowers is blown;
The blossoms, withered long and dead,
Will soon proclaim their tyrant flown.

Cowslip—Winning Grace.

Smiled like a knot of Cowslips on the cliff.

Heliotrope—Devotion.

Still the loved object the fond leaves pursue;
Still move their root the morning sun to view;
And in the Heliotrope the Nymph is true.

Wild Honeysuckle—Inconstancy.

Inconstant Honeysuckle, wherefore rove,
With gadding stem about my bower?

Houstonia (American Daisy)—Content.

Sweet flower thou telllest how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf—as low
And humble as thy stem, will surely know
The joy that peace imparts.

Ambrosia—Love returned.

To farthest shores the Ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Kingcup (Butter-cup or Crow-cup)—
I wish I were rich:
Bright flowing King cups promise future wealth
And fairies, now no doubt unseen,
In silent revels sup;
With dew drop bumpers toast their queen
From Crow flower’s golden cup.

Golden Rod—Encouragement.

The Golden Rod, that blossoms in the wild,
Whispers a tale of Hope to Fancy’s child.

Forget-me-not—True love.

And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, ‘Forget-me not.’

Myrtle—Love is absent.

The Myrtle on thy breast or brow
Would lively hope and love avow.

Harebell—Grief.

The Harebell—as if with grief depressed,
Bowing her fragrance.

Sweet Pea—Departure.

Here are Sweet Peas on tip-toe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o’er delicate white,
And taper fingers, catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

Lupine—Dejection, Sorrow.

The Lupine here, as evening shadows rise,
Low droop their sorrowing leaves,
And close their humid eyes.

Lady’s Slipper (Cypripedium)—Capricious Beauty

The Cypripedium with her changeful hues,
As if she were doubtful which array to choose.
Dandelion—Coquetry.
Thine full many a pleasing bloom
Of blossoms lost to all perfume.
Thine the Dandelion flowers,
Glist with dew, like suns with showers.
—John Clare

Cardinal’s Flower (Lobelia)—Distinction.
Lobelia attired like a queen in her pride.
—Mrs. Sigourney

Hyacinth—Constancy.
The Hyacinth’s for constancy,
With its unchanging blue.
—Burns

A Song of Clover.
I wonder what the Clover thinks;—
Intimate friend of Bob-o-link’s,
Lover of daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with butter-cups at night;
Keeper of inn for travelling bees,
Selling to them wine drags and lees,
Left by the royal humming-birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words;
Fellow with all the lowest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the dew drops one by one;
Prophet of good-luck mystery,
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of nature’s magic zone,
One of three, and three in one;
Emblem of comfort, in the speech
Which poor men’s babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadside, sweet by the rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on the hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half of its sweet cannot be said;
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest perhaps, at last, in death!
O, who knows what the clover thinks?
None! unless perhaps the Bob-o-links.

Exchanges.
Curiously worded advertisements, which are unintentionally funny are very common in the English papers. A London periodical recently offered a prize for the best collection of such announcements. Here is the result, in part:

“Annual sale now going on. Don’t go else where to be cheated—come in here.”
“Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.”
“Wanted a room for two gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet wide.”
“Wanted by a respectable girl, her passage to New York, will to take care of children and a good sailor.”
For sale—a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.”
“Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies’ out of their own skin.”
“A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference.”
“Bull for sale, will eat anything, very fond of children.”
“Wanted an organist and a boy to blow the same.”
“Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.”
“Lost near Highgate Archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with bent ribs and a bone handle.”
“To be disposed of, a small phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head-piece as good as new.”

A Chemical Romance.
Said Atom to Molly Cule,
“Will you wed with me?”
And Molly Cule did quick retort,
“There’s no affinity.”
Beneath electric light plant’s shade,
Poor Atom hoped he’d meet her;
But she eloped with a rascal base—
Her name is now Saltpetre.

In Vassar they call gum an elective, because one needn’t take it unless she chews.
Sure cure for toothache:— Fill the diseased tooth with water and sit on the stove until it boils.
Dude—“What is that you are putting on the ground, my good man?”
The good man—“Fertilizer.”
Dude—“For gracious sake!”
The good man—“No, for the land’s sake.”

Two new exchanges have been received this month. Each of them differs somewhat from most of our other papers.

“The Still Small Voice” is a weekly paper, published in the interests of the High school at West Aurora, N. Y. It is devoted largely to school notes.

“The Chauncy Hall Abstract” as its name indicates, comes from the Chauncy Hall School of Boston. The eleven pages of the April issue are filled with rhyme. If this is always the case The Abstract ought to be the means of developing some of our future poets.

An extract from an article in the Normal News, entitled “A Literary Ramble” is as follows.

In front of E. P. Roe’s residence was “Miss Lou” who is quite “An Original Belle” chatting with “A Knight of XIXth Century,” who was apparently giving his attention to “Opening a Chestnut Burr.” I am always interested in “A Young Girl’s Wooing” so again I glanced at her, so young and fair, so “Near to Nature’s Heart”; I noticed her “Face Illumined” with a bewitching smile, but she soon changed “From Jest to Ernest” at the words he was speaking and I felt sure that for her this was “A Day of Fate.” I did not wish to act the part of “The Spy” so I resumed my walk.

The Normalia for April has an interesting article about “Life at Cambridge,” especially at Radcliffe College.

What is so raw as a day in June?
In the Greek class—“What is the present of eiche?” “Jockey!”

Athletics.

Baseball is again the principal topic to be treated in this department. Since our last issue the ball team has played three games, winning one, which solely from the merits of the playing was the most interesting game of the season. The game I refer to was that played at Newton Highlands, which resulted in our favor 5 and 3. The teams were evenly matched so far as could be judged, both pitchers doing excellent work, striking out the same number of men; but Normal got four more hits than their opponents. Each side is credited with two errors; but they were not very costly in either case. Several of our boys used poor judgment in striking at balls too high for anybody to reach unless he was as tall as the men Lincoln asked for to manage the “Swamp Angel.” The only unpleasant thing about the game was the refusal of the home team to accept a decision of the umpire, and they took their men off the field. It looked as if they were not anxious to play, as the bases were full none out and the umpire gave the fourth man his base on balls thus forcing a man home.

In the Tufts College game we were badly beaten, largely on account of the errors of our boys.

The Alumni game resulted in a victory for the Alumni 10 to 7. Most of the credit belongs to Reynolds, whose pitching, fielding and batting was first-class.

Tennis is receiving a good share of attention. There is some talk of a tournament. Don’t forget to pay your tennis assessments.

Miss B—“Where can I find the mucilage, J?”
J—“Look in Perrin’s Drill Book, all the stickers are there.”
NORMAL OFFERING.

Personals.

Sixth Annual Reunion.

The Annual Reunion of Section B, Class of '90 of the Bridgewater State Normal School, was held at the Parker House, Boston, on May 29, 1897. After the usual business meeting, a social reception was held, at which and also at the dinner, which was one of Whipple's best, many reminiscences of old school-days were recalled. The reunion was a most successful one in every respect, all the members but one being present, and a most gratifying class spirit being manifested.

Miss Amelia C. Ford, is teaching in Revere.

Alumni Day, June 5th, although cloudy and rather wet, attracted quite a number of former members of the school to Bridgewater. Among those present were Miss Crawford, Miss Garfield, Miss Doten, Mr. Morrill, Mr. Burr, Mr. Burke, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Gaffney, Mr. Tabetts, Mr. Smart and Mr. Nickerson.

Ollapodrida.

Lady Visitor-(at office of eminent physician)

"I have called, doctor, to ask if there is any cure for sleep walking. I have had the habit for years and lately it has become worse."

Dr. Highprice—"It can be cured madame. Take this prescription and have it filled at Colde, Steele & Co's."

"Colde, Steele & Co? Why that is not a drug store, it is a hardware store."

"Yes madame. The prescription calls for a paper of tacks. Dose: Two tablespoonfuls scattered over the floor before retiring."—New York Weekly.

The decoration of the reception room in Tillinghast Hall is a matter of interest to the juniors as well as to the seniors, since many of them will occupy the rooms in that hall before they leave. The young ladies who were the first occupants of Tillinghast have purchased two pictures, Michael Angelo's Cumean Sibyl and Bellini's Madonna and child, as a beginning of the decorations. A third portrait of the Children of Charles I by Van Dyck has been added to the collection by the faculty of the school. All are carbon pictures framed in antique oak. Descriptions of them have been written and placed upon the center table. There are also on the table two very pretty center-pieces, the gift of one of the present occupants of the hall. For the week beginning May 2nd, the room presented a very pretty appearance. Rugs, tables, plants and other ornaments had been loaned to make the room as inviting as possible and show what a possibility there is of a pleasant homelike parlor. If all who come to live in Tillinghast will interest themselves in the decorations it will take but a short time to make it what it was on May 2nd.

An appropriation has passed the legislature for laying hard wood floors in the north and east wings of Normal Hall. Also for tinting the walls of the rooms in the school building and in Tillinghast hall.

Sunday morning services have been held in the Assembly Hall for those of the students who wished to attend.

The other name for Bacchus is Cupid.

F. P. D.

Again 'tis graduation day!
The black-gowned Senior now holds sway
In exaltation.
The things wise men have said before,
His own ideas—some three or four—
Combine to form that awful bore
Called oration.

"Hullo old man! what are you trying to do."

Old man—"(member of Section B, by the way) "Trying to figure out how I can divide my five hours of Study per day into six periods of an hour and a half each.

A hammock seems a fishing-net,
A pretty good all-rounder;
The fish that one expects to get—
A perch and then a flounder.

"Mamma," said Willie after he had come from school, "I saw a poor little boy on my way home who had never heard of ice-cream."

"That was too bad," said Willie's mother.

"What did you say to him?"

"I said," replied Willie earnestly, that I had almost forgotten it myself."
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