Wednesday, January 10, 1877

“All men are called at age at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men late enough for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by-and-by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he sines the whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly; so is a man’s reason and his life.”

Jeremy Taylor

Today we were called to the true significance of the Ideal in life.

Frances M. Athy

Tuesday, January 11, 1877
“What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat of the day, till it declines,
And Death’s mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God’s grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

F.E.B.

Tuesday, January 16, 1877

There never yet was flower fair in vain,
Let classic poets rhyme it as they will;
The seasons toil that it may blow again,
And summer's heart doth feel its every ill;
Nor is a true soul ever born for naught;
Wherever any such hath lived and died,
There hath been something for true freedom wrought,
Some bulwark levelled on the evil side:
Toil on, then, Greatness! thou art in the right,
However narrow-souls may call thee wrong;
Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,
And so thou shalt be in the world's ere long;
For worldlings cannot, struggle as they may,
From man's great soul one great thought hide away.

James Russell Lowell.

Sarah A. Boyd
Wednesday, January 17, 1877

Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them; as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shows us some new and gloomy prospects of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear, at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mortal eye becomes adapted to its situation.

Oliver Goldsmith

Mary E. Carroll

Thursday, January 18, 1877

To-day has not been an eventful one. The weather to-day has been pleasant but the walking is miserable. This winter has been remarkable for the amount of snow which has fallen, which has made it difficult to attend school regularly. The hill this morning just before nine o’clock presented a lively appearance, Many, who have another and more difficult hill to climb namely, that on whose summit the teacher sits enthroned, were making their toilsome way thru’ the snow towards their destination.

This last week two pictures of eminent composers were hung in the Hall, Beethoven, and Wagner. Beside these several new photographs were added to the collection on the piano. Just now the rage seems to be eminent musicians, in lectures as well as pictures. It is nearing the end of the term now and examinations are the order of the day. To pass or not to pass, that is the question.

J.L.D.

Friday, January 19, 1877

This morning a lecture on Handel was given to us; also a selection from Charles Auecher, and one from Macaulay.

The blackboard in the north west corner of the Hall, shows us the coming together of the barometer and thermometer, as though a magnet were between them, drawing both to it.
At our last lesson in Geometry Miss Porter read to us from a geometry written by the father of Herbert Spencer. He claims that geometry can be taught simply by asking questions, beginning with very simple ones and leading on to more difficult ones.

The ten minutes that have before been taken for study, are now used for singing, when the school practice together.

H.A.B.

Tuesday, January 23, 1877

“The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. – Great God! I’d rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.”

[Wordsworth.]

B.A.C.

Wednesday, January 24, 1877

To-day might be called the “principle” day of the term, as our class spent all the forenoon with Mr. Russell.

In the afternoon we experienced the novelty of a study-hour, yes we had three. Mr. Russell called our attention to an article in the February number of St. Nicholas by Thomas Hughes; in this he asks “Are you hurrying up your own lives, and therefore, so far as you can, spoiling the life of your country? Well, if so, the only word I have to say to you is – patience, patience, patience!”
This is asked of the boys, but it might as fitly be asked of us, the girls of our country.

We received this word from Margaret Fuller – “The aim of education is perfection, and the road is patience.”

The wind is beginning to blow to-night and it is fast growing cold.

J.M.P.

Thursday, January 25, 1877

Today Mr. Russell is attending Graduating Exercises at Providence. During the speaking hour, Mr. Brown gave us some new ideas on poetry and prose. One of the most essential characteristics of poetry is, that is should be symbolical; in prose the sense is conveyed more in a logical manner.

Yesterday Mr. Russell announced the death of Alexander Bain, one of our most eminent educators.

As Mr. Russell spoke I thought how true these words of Longfellow are,

“Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are in complete.”

M.E.M.

Friday, January 26, 1877

Mr. Russell had returned from Providence. In his talk with us this morning, he explained the relation which a diploma should have to our future career. We should not allow a sheet of paper to stand as a mote in the eye, hiding from our sight, the times to come.

As the closing work of the term calls our teachers’ presence from the classes, the hours are generally used for study, study of the new editions.

Our class spends much of the time in hearing reports of the great educators of the world.

Hon. Judge Chapin was introduced during the lunch-hour, and by an amusing incident relating to his own experiences, showed how essential it was that a teacher should endeavor to know something of a pupil’s disposition.
Saturday, January 27, 1877

What has happened today? Much and Nothing! Nothing in the regular order of the school, and much out of that order.

The study-hours were in one respect of the new edition, as suspense kept many quiet. While often, breaking the slightly oppressive silence, there came a tapping, as of someone gently rapping, rapping at the office-door; and beginning with the first, each in her term, received advice in regard to her position in school.

Mr. Russell talked this morning about the work of today, saying that not so much depended upon it as we thought.

Later, Mr. Sprague of the Girls’ High School in Boston was introduced to us and made a few remarks.

G.H. and M.M.

Tuesday, January 30, 1877

The last day.

With some of us it is not only the last day of the term, but perhaps the last day of our school-days.

This morning we received informal talks from Mayor Pratt, Mr. Marble, and Judge Chapin.

They reminded us of what Mr. Hubbard said to us during his last visit, that the school does not exist for the teacher, but the teacher for the school.

In the afternoon Mr. White, Secretary of the State Board of Education told us about the Great Teacher [“in” crossed out] whose footsteps we should follow.

Although we shall no longer be under the direct influence of those, who, for more that two years, have been our kindest and best friends, we hope to be daily approaching the ideal life of which we have been told so often, never forgetting that “Life is a conflict over-arched by an ideal.”

We know that only by striving to realize this idea; in ourselves, can we attain to what is noblest and best in life.

E.L.B.
Tuesday, February 20, 1877

Today is the first day of a new term. We come back after a vacation of three weeks which to many of us seemed short.

We occupied our time principally with reading and conversation. The principal business done was giving us our seats and distributing books to some of the classes.

We have thirteen new scholar this term but they cannot quite fill the places of the seventeen who left us.

Three of the graduates came back to spend a little more time with us.

C.M.A.

Wednesday, February 21, 1877

It is only the second day of a new term, and yet we are all fairly at work, it having taken only one day to get the school in working order.

The programme for this term is nearly the same as it was last term. We are to have more reading than we have had before. Beside the speaking, and the lectures, which are to be only five minutes long, we are to have extemporaneous reading.

The weather is very fine and altogether we have a very pleasant prospect for the coming term.

G.J.A.

Thursday, February 22, 1877

1732-1877

“First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his countrymen.”

“I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.”

Legends dear, and familiar to every “live” American.

The “Game of the centuries” was introduced to the first class today by one of its members.

It is interesting and instructive.

The extemporaneous readings were inaugurated today.
The aim of the selection read being to set us aright in regard to the “Luce King of Beasts.”

“Sunset at 5.41” tonight.

I.F.B.

Friday, February 23, 1877

“Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath’s stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;
And, thus, alas! since God the maker drew
A mystic separation ’twixt those twain,
The life beyond us and our souls in pain,
We miss the prospect which we are called unto
By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul’s large windows pure from wrong; –
That so, as life’s appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.”

[Elizabeth Barrett Browning]

A.J.B.

Saturday, February 24, 1877

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descending the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

[Longfellow]

J.E.C.

Tuesday, February 27, 1877

Looking up suddenly, I found mine eyes
Confronted with the minters’s vast repose.
I stood before the triple northern port,
Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
Stern faces bleared with immemorial match,
Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
“Ye come and go incessant; we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past;
Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
Of faith so nobly realized as this.”

[James Russell Lowell]

Casis Map of the United States is a great help to those looking for representations of railroads. It stands in room no. 8.

J.P.C.

Wednesday, February 28, 1877

Daughter of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Emerson.

Mr. Hubbard was with us to-day, for the first time this term.

K.C.

Thursday, March 1, 1877

March has come to us very quietly, and I hope the old adage, “Come in like a lamb – go out like a lion”, will not prove true.

This morning Mr. Russell spoke to the first class about genius; among other things, he said that it was transcendent power. He also gave the following from Dr. Johnson.

“To illustrate one thing by its resemblance to another, has been always the most popular and efficacious art of instruction.”

This afternoon the school grounds presented a lively scene. Girls, boys and sleds seemed to have determined to improve what snow there was and even the bare ground was not slightened.

M.C.

Friday, March 2, 1877

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower – but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Alfred Tennyson.

There has been a great change in the weather, yesterday had the appearance of a lamb, today that of a lion.
Saturday, March 3, 1877

To day has been beautiful, and a bluebird was heard singing this morning reminding us of the nearness of spring.

The album, which appeared on the piano a few days ago, still attracts a good deal of attention.

Considerable readiness is shown by the pupils in the speaking exercise, and the entering class show a determination to do their part. The reading exercise, if not a popular exercise as yet, is recognized at least as useful. The difficulty with which the reading is heard mars the enjoyment of the listeners, as well as the reader. The announcement was made to the first class, that their term of practice would commence a week from next Monday. Several of the graduates visited us this afternoon and we were glad to welcome among them one of the last class.

L.A.F.

Tuesday, March 6, 1877

In all climates Spring is beautiful. In the South it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; – they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighbouring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature; whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in springtime! What a joy in being and moving!

Longfellow.

E.M.F.

Wednesday, March 7, 1877

“Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear ‘till he tries them; as in ascending the heights of ambition which look bright from below, every step we rise shows us some new and gloomy prospects of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear, at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy
mind still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please; still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mortal eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.”

Goldsmith

We were pained to hear of the sad death of Mary L. Parker, who was a member of our school for a year; as a testimony of our love towards her, Mr. Russell proposed sending a wreath to her friends in Leominster where she lived.

K.A.T.

Thursday, March 8, 1877

The Rainbow

My heart leaps up when I behold,
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth.

M.L.F.

Friday, March 9, 1877

Rain and wind in about equal proportions, have constituted the programme of today.
The rain came down and the wind blew up – judging from the appearance of a certain umbrella.
Longfellow would doubtless say of it –
““The day is cold, and dark, and dreary, it rains and the wind is never weary.”

A good day for reflection.

J.L.G.
Saturday, March 10, 1877

The Evening Cloud

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O’er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve, that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

John Wilson.

E.E.H.

Tuesday, March 13, 1877

To-day I have been with children, trying to teach – helping their little, intellectual feet up the “rough pathway of knowledge”, and I said to myself, ‘What a pleasant way, in which to spend one’s life’.

I tried to imagine while looking into their faces, what their ideas of life might be, if indeed, they had any, and I fancy that from whatsoever standpoint they may look at life, it will turn out a far different thing from what they expected.

We all find life an infinitely higher and holier and nobler thing than our childhood fancied.

We, here in the Normal School, have “Entered into the undiscovered land. We are exploring its ways of pleasantness, its depths, its valleys of delight,” and, if we are wise, we feel that it is very good.

M.F.H.
Wednesday, March 14, 1877

The Rhodora

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

Emerson.

A.H.

Thursday, March 15, 1877

All this week has been stormy, and for three mornings, everything has been beautifully decorated with snow.

Last night the snow fell quietly, and the first intimation we had of it, – for the clouds had risen in the evening – was the scraping of shovels on the sidewalk. We saw the sun, hidden since Monday, this morning, this is such a day, as Whitter wrote about in these words; Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below –
A universe of sky and snow!

L.N.J.
Friday, March 16, 1877

Another day of sunshine and beauty overhead, and mud and slush under-foot, but accompanied by an atmosphere clear and bracing and sufficiently cool to keep one from murmuring at the bad walking, poor sleighing and worse wheeling.

Such days as yesterday and today are glorious ones for developing a love for the beautiful, and for making ourselves, “greater than he that taketh a city”, but – they are bad for rheumatics.

Yesterday, the vases that stood on either side of Minerva were removed, and two more beautiful vases were placed there instead. I do not know why they seem more appropriate that the others did, but they certainly do to me – perhaps it’s because they are more simply severe, and have a more massive appearance which makes Minerva more imposing.

O.R.J.

Saturday, March 17, 1877

The Bluebird

Not one of our songsters is so intimately associated with the early spring as the Bluebird. Upon his arrival from his winter residence, he never fails to make known his presence by a few melodious notes uttered from some roof or fence in the field or garden. On the earliest morning in April, when we first open our windows to welcome the soft vernal gales, they bear on their wings the sweet strains of the Bluebird. These few notes are associated with all the happy scenes and incidents that attend the opening of the year.

The Bluebird’s notes are few and not greatly valued, though sweetly and plaintively modulated and never loud. The low, mellow warble of the Bluebird seems an echo to the louder voice of the Robin. All the notes of the Bluebird – his call-notes, his notes of complaint, his chirp, and his song – are equally plaintive and closely resemble one another. His song is discontinued at midsummer, but his plaintive call, consisting of a single note pensively modulated, continues every day until he leaves our fields.

Wilson Flagg.

Several books on Ornithology have been added to our library.

M.A.K.
Tuesday, March 20, 1877

O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another’s gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last – far off – at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
And with no language but a cry.

Tennyson.
A.M.M.

Wednesday, March 21, 1877

This has been another of the “dark and dreary days.” It seems as Spring as – probable sun-light and mist strive for the mastery; but to-day mist was victorious.

In the morning there was a drizzling rain, enough, when united with the melting snow to make the walking disagreeable and even dangerous where it masked the snow from icy patches. At noon the sun-light had not succeeded in piercing the fog.

In the afternoon the fog was so dense that objects at only a short distance were invisible or dimly outlined.
In singing to-day we began to practice a new piece.

K.A.M.

Thursday, March 22, 1877

Nature

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

Henry W. Longfellow

A.M.S.

Friday, March 23, 1877

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping – anon – anon!
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

William Wordsworth

H.U.Y.

Saturday, March 24, 1877

Spring

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long:
Thou dost expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell’s darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

A. Tennyson

“Wake-Robin” by J. Burroughs has been added to the library.
Tuesday, March 27, 1877

What is it that makes it so hard sometimes to determine whither we will walk? I believe that there is a subtle magnetism in Nature, which, if we unconsciously yield to it, will direct us aright. It is not indifferent to us which way we walk. There is a right way; but we are very liable from heedlessness and stupidity to take the wrong one. We would fain take that walk, never yet taken by us through this actual world, which is symbolical of the path which we love to travel in the interior and ideal world; and sometimes, no doubt, we find it difficult to choose our direction, because it does not yet exist distinctly in our idea.

H. D. Thoreau

Since the first class began their practice that days have been “dark and dreary” without, but it is to be hoped that there have been no showers within.

J.A.W.

Wednesday, March 28, 1877

I grieve not that ripe knowledge takes away
The charm that Nature to my childhood wore,
For, with that insight cometh, day by day,
A greater bliss than wonder was before;
The real doth not clip the poets wings, –
To win the secrets of the weed’s plain heart
Reveals some clue to the spiritual things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed art:
Flowers are not flowers unto the poet’s eyes,
Their beauty thrills him by an inward sense;
He knows that outward seemings are but lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence
The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous loveliness.

Lowell.

M.W.S.
Tuesday, April 3, 1877

To day the first class took part in the morning exercises of the school, after an absence of three weeks, spent in apprentice-work. We have had an opportunity to enter into the real work of teaching, and to put into practice some of the many precepts that have been given us: and also to judge for ourselves, to some extent, of the ability, or rather lack of ability, we possess for this work.

This morning Mr. Russell gave the introduction to a course of instruction on the pronunciation of words etc. These lectures will take the place of the Reading usually held at this noon hour.

The little birds, heralds of the coming spring, are making new arrivals every day. Dressed in their gayest plumage, the little busy bodies are hard at work building their nests.

“For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”

B.L.T.

Wednesday, April 4, 1877

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

Emerson.

E.F.B.

Tuesday, April 5, 1877

The Noble Nature
It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson

N.A.C.

Friday, April 6, 1877

April

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O’er the moss and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipped with vernal red,
And her kindly flower displayed
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn contentment’s power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

John Keble.

L.E.C.
Saturday, April 7, 1877

Life
Like the falling of a star;  
Or as the flights of eagles are;  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue;  
Or silver drops of morning dew;  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;  
Or bubbles which on water stood.  
Even such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in, and paid tonight.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;  
The spring entombed in autumn lies;  
The dew dries up, the star is shot;  
The flight is past – and man forgot!

Henry King

J.C.C.

Tuesday, April 10, 1877

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean, –  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hurry, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;  
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all the flattered, followed, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Byron.

E.C.

Wednesday, April 11, 1877

The Tides

I saw the long line of the vacant shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
Then heard I, more distinctly than before,
The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
And hurrying came on the defenceless land
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song
Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o’er me
They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

Henry W. Longfellow.

A.C.C.

Thursday, April 12, 1877

“There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook.”

“Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother. –
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

“Hamlet.”

N.E.A.

Friday, April 13, 1877

Gentle Spring! – in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou, – thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.
Saturday, April 21, 1877

The sun has sunk below the horizon. The wind is still, and the countless lakes that cover the meadows reflect from their mirrored surfaces an image of every cloud that floats above them. The bright eyed evening star now shines alone. The lowing of cattle is heard only at intervals from the farmyards, and the occasional sound of distant bells is borne softly in the hush of day's decline. The birds are silent in the woods, save now and then a solitary one, greeted perhaps by a lingering sunbeam reflected from a radiant cloud, will sing a few twittering notes of gladness. But nature is not silent. The notes of myriads of little piping musicians rise in a delightfully swelling chorus, from every lake and stream, now loudening with an increased multitude of voices, then dying away into a momentary silence. These sounds are the charm of an April evening; and in my early days I listened to them with more pleasure than to the sweetest strains of music, as prophetic of the reviving beauties of nature. And, now, when the first few piping notes fall upon my ear, my mind is greeted by a vision of dearly remembered joys that crowd vividly upon the memory. These tender recollections, blended with the hopes and anticipations of spring, serve with peculiar force to tranquillize the mind and render it cheerful and satisfied with the world.”

Wilson Flagg.

A.L.P.

Tuesday, April 24, 1877

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal; –
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will.
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which, we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.”

Lowell.

A.E.K.

Wednesday, April 25, 1877

That is to everything created preeminently useful which enables it rightly and fully to perform the functions appointed to it by its Creator. Therefore, that we may determine what is chiefly useful to man, it is necessary first to determine the use of man himself. Man’s use and function (and let him who will not grant me this, follow me no further; for this I purpose always to assume) is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

Whatever enables us to fulfill this function is in the pure and first sense of the word useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are in a secondary and mean sense useful; or, rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse; for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence.

John Ruskin.

The second class is still teaching. I do not know of any environment which is more pleasing to me, than to listen to the simple and innocent answers given by a school of little boys and girls.

Eliza J. Lawler
Thursday, April 26, 1877

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west-wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new; – the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;
There are no birds in last year's nest!

Longfellow.

L.M.R.

Monday, April 30, 1877 [continuation of May 1]

*Lecture on history. His remarks about the close connection between culture and goodness,
brought to mind a thought I had gathered from last-Sunday’s sermon, – vis. He who can live in
the world, amid its temptations, cares, disappointments, continual petty annoyances, and yet –
keep his sympathies from being blunted, his disposition from being soured, his lips from
murmuring, his spirit, not only from fainting but happy and peaceful, is great and noble; the one
of all on earth most to be envied, and imitated.

I.P.M.

Tuesday, May 1, 1877

The first of May! I always think of May-day in connection with the holidays of Merry Old
England: where it was the custom for the lads and lasses to rise at dawn, and go into the
woodlands to sing and gather flowers, which they wove into wreaths and garlands, and on
returning, hung upon the doors and lattice.

Imagination draws also a pretty little picture of the gay and picturesque idlers, playing at games,
or wreathing the Maypole, on the village green; the color and oddness of their dress, the
earnestness with [repeated] which they enter into their posts, both tend to make a lovely and interesting scene.

Alas! The most one can see in reality, is a general color of green under foot, and a faint suggestion of it overhead; perhaps a few flowers are discovered peering modestly, and timidly, above the ground, or hiding among their protecting leaves.

Though we have not danced around the Maypole, or engaged in any of the old time amusements, we have been most-pleasantly and profitably entertaining by the Rev. Mr. Blanchard of Worcester, who gave a short *

**Wednesday, May 16, 1877**

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Longfellow

F.L.I.

**Thursday, May 17, 1877**

May.

“Fair spring days, the farmers beginning the planting of the season’s crop.

One cannot well forego the pleasures which the culture of a garden affords. We must have a little spot upon which to bestow his affections, and own his affinities with earth and sky.
The profits in a pecuniary way may be considerable, but the pleasures are rewarding. Formerly I allowed neither hoe, spade, nor rake, not handled by myself, to approach my plants. But when one has put his garden within covers to be handled in a book, he fancies he has earned the privilege of delegating the tillage thereof into other hands, and may please himself with its superintendence. [no end quotes]

“Where our ancestors,” says Cato, “praised a good man they called him a good agriculturist and a good husbandman; he was thought to be greatly honored who was thus praised.”

A. Bronson Alcott.

Friday, May 18, 1877

On the Grasshopper and Cricket

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper’s – he takes the lead
In summer luxury, – he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket’s song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper’s among some grassy hills.

John Keats.

M.L.T.

Tuesday, May 22, 1877

As to the weather, it has been cold and stormy.

Mr. Russell gave us a talk this afternoon, giving special emphasis to the necessity for a teacher to be interested in something outside of school-teaching.
Thursday, May 24, 1877

Before the Rain.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens, –
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind, – and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

T. B. Aldrich

M.A.W.

Saturday, June 2, 1877

“We hug the earth – how rarely we mount! Methinks we might elevate ourselves a little more.
We might climb a tree at least. I found my account in climbing a tree once. It was a tall white
pine, on the top of a hill: and though I got well pitched, I was well paid for it, for I discovered
new mountains in the horizon which I had never seen before, – so much more of the earth and
the heavens. I might have walked about the foot of the tree for three-score years and ten, and yet
I certainly should never have seen them.

But, above all, I discovered around me, – it was near the end of June, – on the ends of the
topmost branches only, a few minute and delicate flowers, the fertile blossom of the white pine
looking heavenward. I carried straightway to the village the topmost spire, and showed it to
stranger jurymen who walked the streets, – for it was court week – and to farmers and
lumber-dealers and wood-choppers and hunters, and not one had ever seen the like before, but
they wondered as at a star dropped down.
Tell of ancient architects finishing their works on the tops of columns as perfectly as on the lower and more visible parts! Nature has from the first expanded the minute blossoms of the forest only toward heaven, above men’s heads and unobserved by them.”

Thoreau.

J.I.A.

Tuesday, June 5, 1877

“The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun up-gathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts
We drink its wine, the swift, mantling river
Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent.”

Longfellow.

L.E.B.

Wednesday, June 6, 1877

“Tis an evidence of how directly we are related to Nature, that we more or less sympathize with the weather and take on the color of the day. Goethe said he works easiest in a high barometer. One is like a chimney that draws well some days and won’t draw at all on others, and the secret is mainly in the condition of the atmosphere. Anything positive and decided with the weather is a good omen. A pouring rain may be more auspicious than a sleeping sunshine. When the stove draws well the fogs and fumes will leave your mind.

I find there is great virtue in the bare ground, and have been much put out at times by those white angelic days we have in winter, such as Whittier has so well described in these lines: –”

"Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow."
John Burroughs
S.A.B.

Thursday, June 7, 1877

Jupiter’s Two Wallets.

When Jupiter made man, he gave him two wallets – one for his neighbour’s faults, the other for his own. He threw them over the man’s shoulder, so that one hung in front and the other behind. The man kept the one in front for his neighbour’s faults and the one behind for his own; so that while the first was always under his nose, it took some pains to see the latter. This custom, which began thus early, is not quite unknown at the present day.

Aesop’s Fables
H.L.B.

Saturday, June 9, 1877

Life brings to each his task, and whatever art you select, algebra, painting, architecture, poems, commerce, politics, – all are attainable. ’Tis is as easy to twist iron anchors, and braid cannons, as to braid straw, to boil granite as to boil water, if you take all the steps in order.

Wherever there is failure, there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted, which Nature never pardons. The happy conditions of life may be had on the same terms. Their attraction for you is the pledge that they are within your reach. Our prayers are prophets. There must be fidelity, and there must be adhesion. How respectable the life that clings to its objects!

Emerson.
M.A.H.

Tuesday, June 12, 1877

“We behold a child. Who is it? Whose is it? What is it?

It is in the centre of fantastic light, and only a dim revealed form appears. It is God's own child, as all children are. The spirit of the Eternal, which blows everywhere, has animated it. It opens its eyes upon us, stretches out its hands to us as all children do.
Can you love it? It may be heir of a throne, – does it interest you? Or of a milking-stool, – do not despise it. It is a miracle of the All-working; it is endowed by the All-gifted.

It is curiously and wonderfully made. The inspiration of the Almighty hath given it understanding. It will look after God by how many soever names he may be called; it will seek to know; it will long to be loved; it will sin and be miserable; if it has none to care for it, it will die.”

M.E.H.

Thursday, June 14, 1877

There never yet was flower fair in vain,
Let classic poets rhyme it as they will;
The seasons toil that it may blow again,
And summer's heart doth feel its every ill;
Nor is a true soul ever born for naught;
Wherever any such hath lived and died,
There hath been something for true freedom wrought,
Some bulwark levelled on the evil side:
Toil on, then, Greatness! thou art in the right,
However narrow-souls may call thee wrong;
Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,
And so shalt be in the world's ere long;
For worldlings cannot, struggle as they may,
From man's great soul one great thought hide away.

Lowell.

K.A.M.

Friday, June 15, 1877

“We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.
From one stage of our being to the next
We pass unconscious o'er a slender bridge,
The momentary work of unseen hands,
Which crumbles down behind us; looking back,
We see the other shore, the gulf between,
And, marvelling how we won to where we stand,
Content ourselves to call the builder Chance.”

Lowell.

E.M.P.

Saturday, June 16, 1877

What is noble? – ‘tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart:
Ever prompting – ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for Man!

What is noble? – is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade? –
There is a dignity in labour
Truer than e’er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind’s improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

Charles Swain.

E.M.R.

Tuesday, June 19, 1877

Sing on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol, clears his furrowed brow.
So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light, unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies!
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys –
What wealth could never give nor take away!
Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

Robert Burns.

A.E.I.

Wednesday, June 20, 1877

Reputation.

“Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; ‘tis some thing, nothing;
‘Twas mine, ‘tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robe me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.”

Shakespeare.

A.B.S.

Thursday, June 21, 1877

Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath’s stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;
And, thus, alas! since God the maker drew
A mystic separation ’twixt those twain,
The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,
We miss the prospect which we’re called unto
By grief we’re fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul’s large windows pure from wrong,—
That so, as life’s appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation – lights of death.

Mrs. Browning

C.A.S.

Friday, June 22, 1877

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne’er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say, —
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last, —
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love’s sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

John Keble.

A.E.S.

Saturday, June 23, 1877
As the art of life is learned, it will be found that all lovely things are also necessary; the wild
flower by the wayside as well as the tended corn. The wild birds and creatures of the forest, as
well as the tended cattle. Because many does not live by bread alone. But also by the desert
manna. By every wondrous word, and unknowable work of God. Happy, in that he knew then
not, nor did his fathers know; and that round about him reaches yet into the infinite, the
amazement of his existence.

Ruskin’s Essays on Political Economy.

M.C.T.

Thursday, September 27, 1877

We are fairly started now, upon real school work, after the long summer rest. The exercises of
the school proceed as usual, and a desire to make improvement, seem to be manifest in all the
classes, causing a more faithful application of mind and will to the work.

We have had many helpful suggestions form our principal that cannot fail of being invaluable
aids to us, provided they are seized and put to practical account.

I have been thinking lately, that if we, as a third class, set ourselves resolutely about doing
something, that will be worthy of our age and capacities, we shall have gained the key to success.

H.W.A.

Friday, September 28, 1877

An effort has been made to-day, as was suggested by our principal, to have the desks places in a
less rectangular and more sociable form. We have placed them facing in all directions making
the room look very unnatural, but have not yet arranged them in any permanent position as we
have been simply trying different ones.

Yesterday, just before the close of school Prof. Eastman gave us a short lecture on Astronomy.
He spoke of the moons of the planet Mars, which have been recently discovered.

The recesses this term are mostly occupied by the scholars in ball playing which seems to be
much enjoyed.

E.B.
Saturday, September 29, 1877

This morning was cloudy, but towards noon the clouds began to move away, thus showing the blue sky; and instead of having a gloomy and wet day as I expected, the weather has been exceedingly pleasant and everything bright and cheerful.

This morning Mr. Russell gave us a few hints about writing in diaries, which I am sure will be adopted by the majority of the school.

During the few minutes devoted to the speaking exercise this morning, something was told us of Titian, the painter, music and rhythm, and also something about fossils.

This afternoon Mr. Russell suggested that we arrange the seats in the form of a semi-circle. This suits better, but still we are not quite sure that this is the best way.

The day ended with one of those delightful examinations in geography, for the third class.

M.E.B.

Sunday, September 30, 1877

The weather and our school have been on very good terms today. Nothing very stirring has occurred without or within.

The speakers this morning reminded us among other things, that life is short, that time flies, and that our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting. (!)

Everything has been very quiet and peaceful today, especially the exercise in singing. Now and then we had a slight breeze, from the region of the first soprano or alto followed by a dead calm.

M.R.G.

Wednesday, October 3, 1877

This morning the sun was hid from view by what appeared to be water laden clouds, and most of us came to school prepared to go home in the rain.

But the sun came out about noon to our disappointment, and to night at the close of school the sun is shining brightly.

Today our principal has been absent since the first hour of school.
We did not have this morning the usual speaking by the pupils, but the time was occupied by a talk from our principal.

We have tried to render his recitation hour as beneficial as possible during his absence.

M.E.H.

Thursday, October 4, 1877

To day has been a somewhat peculiar one: This morning there was a fine mist and it was thought we should have a rainy day. About noon the clouds began to scatter, and it looked somewhat like fair weather, but no blue sky was to be seen.

At the close of school there was quite a high wind, and the day closed with rain.

We had a lecture on camp-life, by a member of the fourth-class, also several selections were given by the scholars. Our want of knowledge on very simple points was shown by the questions asked by Mr. Russell, during the speaking exercise. It was suggested that if we would take more interest in this exercise, it would be one of the most instructive of the day.

The third class had their first lesson in Methods to day. They are to be studied in the place of Geography.

J.L.H.

Friday, October 5, 1877

There has been a great change in the weather since yesterday. It is quite chilly to day, the wind has blown quite hard all day, thus causing the trees to lose many of their leaves which gives some of them a bare appearance, and reminds us that the winter is fast approaching.

We did not have the usual speaking exercise this morning; but the time was employed by our principal in giving us some important suggestions, among which was one warning us to protect ourselves against the inclemency of the weather.

K.E.K.

Saturday, October 6, 1877

A bright, beautiful day!
Mr. Russell spoke this morning of the great value of character; and of the great benefit it would be, if we would all take a lively, intellectual interest in whatever subject was introduced to our mind.

A delegation from Dudley Academy, on their way home from the Teacher’s Institute, visited us this morning. They arrived just in time to hear the chromatic scale rendered, (fifty times) by the third class.

Their interest could be excelled only by their endurance.

To-night the scholars are having the usual gay time.

We are all glad to see you, Saturday Night.

E.F.K.

Wednesday, October 10, 1877

The weather is delightful today. The storm, which commenced yesterday morning has passed away, but there is an old saying, “that if it clears off in the night, it will rain the next day; and according to this we may look for more rain in the morning.”

The exercises of the school passed along in their usual order.

The third class took an examination in Geology today, which will be continued tomorrow.

K.E.I.

Thursday, October 11, 1877

The usual programme has been followed without interruption.

The speaking hour this morning was occupied with general remarks from our principal, in which he suggested that it would be, not only useful but an enjoyment to know the significance of the red and yellow lines, upon one of the corner blackboards, which correspond respectively to the play of the mercury in the thermometer and barometer. We see today a sudden descent of the yellow line from where it stood yesterday, which is in harmony with the sudden change of the atmosphere and consequent rain.

Ball playing has been continued with interest and enjoyment, and with out damage to glass or busts, until to-day, which is worthy of record.

N.L.P.
Friday, October 12, 1877

The weather is a little pleasanter to-day than it has been for several days but the clouds are now gathering as if for another storm.

We were told by one of the scholars during the speaking exercise this morning that life, experience and action, not books, are the original sources of knowledge.

We, as scholars, should bear this in mind and find other sources than books from which to obtain our knowledge.

The third class have finished geology and had this first lesson in arithmetic to-day.

H.S.P.

Thursday, October 16, 1877

Most of the scholars were surprised this morning on their way to school by a brisk shower. It did not last long, however, and the rest of the day was quite pleasant.

This week the second class go out to practice, and our class began to visit the different grades.

This afternoon we were favored with a visit from Mr. Hubbard, a member of the Board of Education. He gave us an interesting account of a Journey Across the American Continent.

M.A.R.

Saturday, October 20, 1877

It is Saturday night, and although it has been a rainy day out of doors, we have enjoyed ourselves within.

During the speaking exercise this morning, it was suggested that we should give less time to the preparation of our lectures, and be ready and willing to answer as well and promptly as possible all questions.

We were very much pleased this morning, to find that Mr. Russell appreciated our earnest desire to carry out his suggestions.

C..O..A.. [two dots after each initial]
Friday, October 26, 1877

To day has been rather unpleasant but it did not rain until this afternoon.

A Teacher’s Institute was held to-day at Westboro: twelve miles from here. Six of the teachers and sixteen of the scholars from this school were there. The exercises were all very good, but that in Geography by Miss Elvira Carver, teacher of Geography in the Westfield Normal School, was the most interesting.

M.J.T.C.

Saturday, October 27, 1877

During our speaking hour this morning Mr. Russell told us it was impossible to explain a machine so it will be well understood without exhibiting the machine. We have on exhibition to-day a kind of fruit - called Shadoch; it grows in Jamaica and has the appearance of a large pear.

We have several visitors today several of them being graduates of this school.

M.A.S.

Tuesday, October 30, 1877

It has been a lovely day. Mr. Russell has been absent all day.

This morning we had no speaking exercise, but occupied the time by study, and we had the speaking the first thing this afternoon in place of the usual singing exercise.

Some of the lectures were very interesting, in fact, all of them were.

We have had one visitor to-day.

J.M.S.

Thursday, November 1, 1877

Today has been a specimen of a beautiful Autumn day.

The lectures this morning were characterized for not being more than five minutes in length.
The fourth class have spent the time for Astronomy both today and yesterday in looking up the lives of great astronomers.

M.L.C.

Wednesday, November 7, 1877

Today it has been very pleasant.

This morning Mr. Russell gave us some good advice and I thought we should all try to follow it.

Our term before the thanksgiving recess is about two thirds gone and I hope we have spent and enjoyed it well.

A.J.Y.

Tuesday, November 13, 1877

Today has been clear and beautiful. The clouds of yesterday went away during the night. Saturday night’s snow went away before ten o’clock Sunday morning.

We were told this afternoon during the speaking exercise that we should speak with more earnestness and must feel, if we can, what we say.

N.L.S.

Friday, November 16, 1877

When we came to school this morning, it rained quite hard. But soon after nine o’clock the sun shone brightly. Mr. Russell read a poem by Longfellow, this morning, who has recently appeared in Harper’s magazine, entitled, Keramos, after which we had ten minutes recess instead of the usual five minutes recess.

M.E.C.

Friday, November 23, 1877

Only one day more and this half term will be at an end. It has passed very swiftly and I feel that I have not improved it as I might.
To day Mr. Russell took the time of one of our recitations to talk to us. His talk was not encouraging but perhaps is what we need. I think his advice as regards school is carried out in our spiritual lives would help us to bear the difficulties that we meet with here. And not only that but would make us faithful in our school work. If our hearts and lives are consecrated to God and his service we shall work faithfully in improving the opportunities He has given us and trying to fit ourselves for a higher sphere of usefulness.

L.D.

[end of 1877]