The School of Life.

R. WILLIS FAIR

'Tis the task of all in the life below,
The lessons of life to learn;
And sometimes the page before us show
A bitter lesson of pain or woe,
From which we would gladly turn.

In the school of life, youth and silver grey
Are but hurriers every one;
And as time, all robbers, turns the page,
Now sinks a youth, new toils engage;
Tears and tasks that we may not shun.

While life's morning hours glide swiftly along,
The glad lessons of childhood come—
Of a father's guidance, so wise and strong,
Of a mother's love beamed in prayer and song,
And the joys of the dear old home.

We shall learn as the years are multiplied,
And the world is before us spread,
That truth may be found on the venerable side,
The wrong be triumphed, the right declared,
And justice from judgment led.

We shall learn that earth's joy may turn to shame,
That the world may prove false and cold,
That riches are prized before wisdom and name,
That honor is lost in the mad thirst for fame,
And friendship is tarried for gold.

But though evil abound, yet the good is more,
If the page be studied aright,
And when we have reached the invisible shore,
The right will appear where we saw wrong before;
What is darkness will then be light.
THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

We must learn though the lesson be hard and long,
To wrongfully suffer alike;
To silently bear some injustice and wrong,
To lighten our burden of care with a song.
And brighten life's woes with a smile.

We must learn to trust all to the Future to God,
While the dark veil of sense interposes;
To walk, by the help of His guidance and rod,
In the way he has shown to that blessed abode
Where the Saviour early reigns.

Then let us, each one, in the school below,
Learn the lessons of faith and love;
Let us learn to trust Where we cannot know,
'Till, aided meet by the merits of Christ, we go
To the great 'high school' above.
Waste Regions.

ELIZA HOWITT BROOKS.

This beautiful world is not entirely beautiful. Nothing here and there, even the best, are to be found without--not even in a desert, but desertia is a word that can be used to describe barren, unproductive areas where everything is dead. Waste regions are the most desolate and gloomy places on earth. Almost every region seems to have been reclaimed, at least to some extent. Waste regions are not those emptying the reclamer's hand as they yield enjoyment to both senses and mind.

In this as in many other respects, the mental world but repeats the natural world. In the mind of any individual there are to be found wasted regions--areas left undeveloped due to limitations of circumstance, or by neglect; but the latter cause may be for the better. The youthful mind, perhaps, does not understand the limitations of the mind in any direction; for the mind past youth--the mind that has realized somewhat of success and failure--looks upon a mental prospect not all under cultivation. We look upon that corner of our mental possessions not yet perfected as so much space for cultivation, so should we regard a region yet unused in the mental world. And as material possessions are improved partly for the sake of being a tangible thing, but more particularly for the increased pleasure in the possession, so knowledge in mind, and its value and market value is not to be neglected, but enjoyment and mental activity are the chief criteria of mental improvement.

Hence the areas yet undeveloped are but so much possible pleasure and profit, so much yet to be accomplished. More to learn, and age comes on with rapid strides. Accumulation of years is not the surest way of growing old, as the accumulation of money is not the surest way of growing rich. Who has not seen men, wealthy in dollars, and yet probably poor in all that constitutes true wealth? Who has not seen men older in years who were younger in all that constitutes youth? Youth being but the growing period. And how many old are those who have given over learning much but the common experiences thrust upon them. School was quitted when but part of our mental world was filled; to bear its share of sufferings. The knowledge acquired was meant to lead the way to other acquisiions. College was but the high-water mark of self-improvement. But who has recorded their fulfilment? What fields of science were to be enriched by our
MUSHROOMS.

-effort; what sea-bits of landscape were to have formed part of one man's world, what by-paths of by-roads were to have been opened up into highways of learning. If all this is not yet done, then there lies within each a possible harvest from regions now barren.

Why make the effort necessary to render rural scenery productive? Firstly for the consequent enjoyment. No corridor was ever put forth, but was directly spread in the power gained. Deep enjoyment is the measure of the effort put forth, some one has said that, "A whole is only the embryo of a system," This is the clearly true if by "system" in man's power to enjoy. To be oblivious is to know and to feel, and to know earth's wonders, and feel its beauty is truly to be a world's favored.

Nor lose the mind upon the opened page of sentiment alone, but to seize the region lying bare in the mind may bear a crop of rich enjoyment. Learn as far as an eye can reach, of a boundless world above, and when you turn, to behold the bright glory external. Arguments in the tedious study that was necessary in hour pages of bare, and useless, and hopeful. Each have consumed in enjoyment those ever by every ray that shines from distant star. Each road plotted out in intellect because we are in the contemplations.

One passion thought to earth's page of rocks, and what the result? In whatsoever moments the thinking mind may lose interest in the appearance of granite, marble, town, granite. But perseverence wore the stones with power to enjoy. He goes forth to the field, and not at the purely crystalline glassing in his pain, no thought of the moral effect necessary to keep its barbarism crossed his mind. The true learning of labor is respect—he enjoys. The book-memory workst a new language in the willing mind; the lovely color stone awakes a kindly vision interest; the long of old awhile a philosophic story written ages ago. And another mental wave is thus made to yield a rich fruition, with other prospect.

To know the true beauty of that page of German lore, cannot tongue and dulled memory must be taught to answer in some foreign tones. And line the world of beauty that opens up to view. This "Story of the Bell," "The Wald," these "Words of Earth," bring to eager, glowing sense all the richness Schiller means they should. But effort preceded, enjoyment followed; a waste region was utilized in the intellect, a harvest gathered in the sensibilities.

All roads have not the running, nor all minds the creative power necessary to produce the beautiful, but all minds are capable of enjoying it—and in the same extent however, for somewhat depends upon cultivation. It is possible for one to have some delight in contemplating a prospect than another has in his possession; but we possess only as much as we understand. The man of reality, may pay many dollars for an object of rare beauty, but unless he have the sensibility to really enjoy it, is he looking out over an age and story in his own room. Every line that object greet his eye. Ability to enjoy the best is a region to be cultivated: ability to materialize possession is quite another thing. What satisfies him is the normal presence of the landscape
which the artist transfers to canvas. In short he possesses it all, who in contemplative mood, can appreciate the beauty of lines and forms, the symmetry of curves and angles, the harmony of light and shade. The master peer, the noble head, song of birds, and flowing stream, each belong only to those made alive to understand the best the world affords.

"Rotation in cops" applies equally to all the mental faculties as to vernacular ones. It is to possible to produce morality in both by too often using the same kind of words a like result is just as certain in the mental world. Atrophy of mind was possible in

is atrophy of a physical part. 

The idea of example genius is the man who gets and gives the most enjoyment. To have mind develop in all there is to be trained. The more we know about everything the better, but once it is almost impossible to know all of any one subject. This is better to substitute the mind by seeing harmless wages; that is, read similarly books on history, geology, chemistry, physics, science. Ruskin says, "The rest stimulating power of knowledge is in the amount of its first reception when it fills the mind with wonder and joy." Hence this true it is equally understood why we keep not long to one study. Rotation in mental cope becomes a necessity in order to avoid stimulate the mind to procure the boundless reader. And the more fluid the line of business a man follows the greater the necessity for avoiding the endless thing.

The harder work a man inquires as the more craving for science in the evening. The teacher does all day with real life in the schoolroom, the more important the demand for induction in leisure moments. Ultimate fertility is the result of too slowly following one line of thought.

The art of mind - before culture has plunged it, before knowledge has enriched it, before one great taught has rooted it - is virgin ground. It may be worked over to fertility, or it may be made variously productive. So subject's ease not to learn what, or it may be pleased on with that which will yield life's richest harvest - an animated mind.
William Harvey
and the Circulation of the Blood.

ALBERT E. MALBY.

THROUGH the massive windows of an old house in the quaint little town of Folkstone, England, the twilight glimmered down, one April evening. 1628, and rested on the face of a new-born child. A prophecy was there; for that child was William Harvey, whose name shone brightest in the roll of English physicians, in the discovery of the circulation of the blood, as the founder of the modern science of physiology.

If we would form a just estimate of the value of the discovery which Harvey made, we must consider the previous state of knowledge upon the subject. Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, was the first to treat separately wise and have the practice of medicine upon true scientific philosophy; but the reason with which the people regarded the bodies of the dead perplexed the practice of dissection, and on his knowledge of the veins and arteries were vitiated and confused.

Aristotle taught that in man the blood was elaborated from the food by the liver, thence carried to the heart, and then went throughout the body. Some of his successors thought that the veins carried the blood to the members, while the arteries were filled with a viscid kind of air or spirit. The arteries were touched to the heart; and, since the larger vessels were found empty after death, the consensus was reached that the heart was the centre of life—the thrumming-place of the soul. None of this oilidea still lingered in our language in the terms courage, volatility, and other of similar import. Circum, in a short sketch of physiology, speaks of the blood as conveyed by the veins through the body; but he refers to the air, inhaled by the lungs, as conveyed through the arteries.

The later anatomists studied the veins, but the use of these vessels was a subject of vague and especial speculation. They claimed that the large veins consisted of four parts and proceeded from the head to the various parts of the body. Not until the time of Galen was it known that the arteries are not, as their name implies, mere air-passage, but that they contain blood. Galen's knowledge, however, was vitiated by the erroneous physiology of his time, and he seems to have retained much of the errors of the earlier theory.

But the dawn of a brighter day was at hand. Treating the first of an illustrious line of teachers who raised the anatomical reputation of Italy to the greatest degree of emi-
THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

never observed that every great error was daily taught and learned under the leaden mantle of Galenian authority. Rougetin and Culleniers, Palpebro and Arras, Vario-

nius, Svertonis, Crepitudis, and Fabriotes, by their discoveries and labors, paved the way for that great physiological discovery, which, obscuringly conjectured or partially taught by few all, was reserved to William Harvey fully and satisfactorily to demonstra-

Tolking his degree at Cambridge, Harvey went to Italy, where he located the most renowned medical school of his time. Studying under the anatomists Fabri-

ciones, he learned of the existence of valves in the veins of the extremities; and, by a series of experiments, he understood to ascertain their use. The energy displayed by this young man of twenty-two was remarkable. Collecting all the available infor-

mation, and motivating all that others knew about the subject, he sat himself at work, and began with infinite patience that long series of experiments which made his name immortal.

Following the method by which this great man arrived at his almost finalise solution of a very difficult physiological problem is worthy of our careful attention and study. He, in truth, had learned "to read nature in the language of experiment." In his creation, he first points out the indications and effects of the Galenian theory. He then calls attention to the natural method by which man must learn anatomy; not from the toil of philosophers, but from the labors of Nature herself. Indeed, his whole work on the circulation is a model of accurate observation, patient investigation, ingenious experimentation, and logical deduction. Finally, he gives his conclusion: "The blood in vessels is urged forward in a circuit and is conveyed in a circuit; and each is the action or function of the heart where it is driven by its pulsations. Indeed, the vari-

ations of the blood of the heart is the only cause of this circulation of the blood."

Following-upon, in imagination we may see the manner so far as the word in the heart. He ties a vein with ligature; it fills with blood on the side nearest the heart. He puts his fingers upon it, to feel its strong pulsations. He takes the glancing breast, and at its stroke the great jet habits forth. Ah! during life, the arteries are filled with blood and not with air; filled with living blood, streaming and beating against the remaining ligature! He sees the arteries divide, and sub-divide, and redivide again. Muscles, you may not lift the heart here and see the muscular contractions cut your mind conscious in-

tensively the million narrowing bridges! The branches again and again into larger and yet larger issues, and these are veins. On low and the heart the purple current flows, while numerous little valves prevent its reflux to the arteries. On, and onward, past the ligature, until through one large vein his blood enters the right auricle of the pul-

sarily of India, the heart. It flows against the three-cupped valves and as the earths are bowed, it enters the pulmonary vein. A vein, the heart's own veins, and the purple liquid sweeps through the perivascular multilayered valves to reach the pulmonary lungs. The branches divide and sub-divide, and sub-divide again. A mystery of
THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

...perfusion, yet so as by fire! God is the alone High Priest! His only means here...

Bank in ever-increasing volume, back to its sacred temple the stream now clearly flows, but it enters the left side of the heart. Through arteries and capillaries, pass his coursed and semi-large valves, it pass into the sewer's reach of life. And now through arteriole trunks it passes directly to the limbs. The chain is complete; and the circulation of the blood, demonstrated by experiment, becomes an acknowledged fact.

Master, your work is done!

Hope for such a discovery his age was not. Continuous in a degree, it looked with delight upon all innovations. Opposed by the ruling physiologist of the continent, Harvey was obliged to establish more fully the truth of his discovery. Popular prejudice was almost too strong for him; but still he advanced with patient trust. His practice decreased, his friends deserted him, but truth went with him, and so he lived to see his discovery acknowledged, and a marble statue commemorating them erected to his honor. Lived to see all honor paid, as Descartes says, "to that English physician to whom belongs the honor of having first shown that the course of the blood in the body is nothing less than a perpetual movement in a circle."

But the physiologist's life-work was ended. He had reached his eightieth year; and, because of failing health, he had refused the many honors tendered him. And so, on one beautiful day in June,—the sky all tinted by the setting sun, the sphere of the great metropolis shining with burnished gold,—his body, which had revealed its own heart's secrets, fell in sleep.

March 16, 1888.
Our Alma Mater.

By REV. IRVING P. McCurdy, D. D.

Class of 1870.

Pastor of the Northeastern Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

PROEM.

A "Normal Journal"—I'm told—
With none from Alma Mater's fold.
Will come to friends, both new and old—
Her strength and beauty to unfold.

I greet this coming magazine;
And trust that she may reign a Queen
In this great literary world,
And keep the fold of Truth unfurled.

May this winged messenger be sent
To many friends, to represent
Teachers, professors, graduates,
All Normalies, in Eighty-eight,

And may this welcome messenger
Of Truth from Alma Mater die
Us all to processe greeted.
In that dear School we love the best.

I'm school to take (from dreams of ease?)
This great session's burdened side,
And write a piece for Normal to
About some subject at least the sum.
I'll try—and yet I hesitate!
When I became a graduate
Of Normal School twelve years ago,
I knew much more than now, you know.
OUR Alma mater.

Although in some strange way the Pukes
Upon the roll of graduates
Have honored me as being first,
This time the roll should be reversed.

I knew not what I should release,
Nor how to write, in prose or verse—
I’m told: “McCurdy, that’s all both;
Send on your piece as did McCord.”

McCurdy’s transmigrate!
Again, I fraudly hesitate;
That mighty sun has brightly shined!
I’m but a little star, you’ll find.

But since you’ve put me to the test,
A little star, I’ll shine my best;
Before I reach my zenith
You’ll wish you hadn’t made me shine.

We strange we find to few belong
The Musea for a Normal song;
And, in the smooth poetic verse,
Our times at Normal Behind release.

I’m told such work I’d better quit,
For “Poetic sentence, son, is flimsy.”
Who cares for that poetic rule.
As now we write of Normal School?

My cheerfufl thoughts my fancy fill,
And words run from my quill,
And be grouped in easy stanzas,
And let our Normal bell keep time.

II.

“ALOLD LANG SYNE.”

“Should and acquaintance be forgot?”
And Alma Mater have no thought?
No, “here’s a hand,” dear friend of mine
For happy “days of auld lang syne.”

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OUR ALMA MATER.

'Tis well to have each Normalite—
Hearst again the old delight.
'Of Normal days, when life was new
And sparkled as the morning dew.

Recall once more these joyous days,
Still bright in memory's golden rays.
When all the world was fair and new,
And Normal friends were always true.

Recall our Philadelphia,
Her rival the B'waygenet;
They both were great societies,
And we were like Demosthenes.

What grand occasions there last birth?
They could not be surpassed on earth—
We had great courage to strive,
And we were mighty in debate.

We heard sweet music in the air,
Raws things of beauty everywhere;
We had great courage and great power—
Except at recitation hour.

Of saving life we only dreamed,
And everything was what it seemed—
Those blessed Normal times are over;
Ah yes! they're gone forever.

Of Normal life we might rehearse
Fit themes for high poetic verse,
If vocal made by fairy's spell,
The dear old times we loved so well.

We'd sing, in sweet, melodious key,
The memories of those golden days—
They do so good as gentle showers
Invigorate for leaves and flowers.

"We'll take a cup o' kindness yet;
Those dear old times we'll not forget,
Then let us have a 's hard o' thine,"
For happy "days of old" sing yire.
OUR ALMA MATER.

III.

ALMA MATER.

We hail our Normal School with praise;—
A grateful song we'll try to raise;
The hearty song in joy and glee
Of Alma Mater now shall be.

We greet Professors and Trustees—
To our success they've been the keys—
Their normal work so nobly done
Brings forth the praise of every one.

We greet our Teachers, those who wrought
A score feature in our growth;
Their faithful work has borne the test
Because it was the very best.

Those women and those men of might,
They taught us well the truth and right;
They taught us how through life to go—
To them our gratitude we owe,

And graduates of former days,
Of whom the world now sings their praise,
We greet them all, for now we write
To Normalites with old delight.

Since Alma Mater had her birth,
Some thirteen years have passed on earth;
We'll not forget that happy day—
'Twas in the Spring, the month of May.

We're thankful for the era done;
We're thankful for the coming sun;
May coming years by power inspire
Supreme the oil and brighter shine.

May Heaven's benediction be
On both Professor and Trustee,
To work for God and do the right,
And keep our Normal pure and bright.

As faithful workers sow the truth
In minds and hearts of hopeful youth;
And when you reap, you'll find a yield
Of fruitful lives the harvest-field.
IV.

NORMALITIES.

We meet our school-mates now and then,
And grasp true Friendship's hand again—
What changes time and chances have wrought
Since we at Normal School were taught!

Although we Normalites are told
We talk and act as if we're old;
The only things that keep our youth,
We're sure, are Normalities and truth.

Although we say we're girls and boys,
We're told we love the world's applause;
That in our work with tongue and pen
We've had success—we must be men.

Those Normalities have great degree;
For there's a learned "Ph. D."
And there's another with "M. D."
And there's a lad—a great "B. D."

While some as "brief appendix wear
An O'Shaun'ser's buckless mare—"
An Holmes would say—"they've won the prize,
And grand they look in people's eyes."

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OUR ALMA MATER

And there are Preachers—men of God—
They walk the road the Master trod,
Some speak with mighty eloquence
Of Heaven, God, and Providence.

And there are Lawyers—judges too—
Without these men what would we do?
The fields of Right they keep unfurled
For sinners in a wrangling world.

And there are Doctors, and each one
A sacred place to heal our ills:
The Great Physician this way trod
To lead the people back to God.

And there are Teachers—sound their praise
They lead in Wisdom's pleasant ways—
And some profound Professors are—
For truth they shine a Morning Star.

And there are Statesmen—mighty men!
Before their names there's a "H O S—"
They've heard the people's urgent call—
Are found in Legislative Hills.

And there are Authors—written books?
You couldn't tell it by their looks—
And from their pens great poems flow—
Such men are born, not made, you know.

These Normalites have great success,
For such our God has sent to bring;
They've done good work with voice and pen,
They're numbered with the best of men.

Each one has done his very best,
And since our work has borne the test;
And, when the work of life is done,
We'll find a crown of glory won.

But be our honors what they will,
The youths we were, the youths we're still;
In spite of what success may bring,
With us there dwells eternal Spring.
OUR ALMA MATER.

You and we're young! You and I; Just when
With youth like you by your side, even?
We hardly know—we're young ones yet,
For Normal life we can't forget.

We'll always stand by young and gay,
As one by one we pass away—
And when we're done with earthly strife,
May God preserve us Normalites.

Our Normal friends are not all here;
For some we shed a sacred tear;
Also the baccalaureate pass
Across their graves now green with grass.

They've found the happy end at last;
Examinations all are passed;
Rank, honor—it's true—they've won;
They've heard the Master say—"Well done!"

V.

EPILOGUE.

Now friends, I've passed my final examination;
And other plans await to shine;
It is high time for me to see—
Let others shine the brightest yet.

Forgive, dear friends, this tear, display
of Normal times now passed away;
It flows my earnest thoughts shall seem
A school boy's playing with his theme,

With other men you would have faced
A better fate, and they been spared
The reading of my rhyming verse;
Then take the better—lose the worse.

To all our Alma Mater's dear—
Long live our Normal school! As year
By year she gives recruits of worth
To bless mankind through all the earth.
O, CR ALMA MATER.

As Normal friends once more we stand
With heart unbroken and hand in hand,
Let's pray—God bless our Normal School,
And guide her by thy holy rule!

God keep us all, at work or play,
Till comes the great Commencement day—
And then may we with honest heart
Be prepared to take our last degree.

And when our work of life is wrought
In harmony with God's great thought;
Then may we meet the shining shore,
And have eternal forever more.

VI.
APPENDIX.

The first of March, in Eighty-eight,
A large of many a graduate
Of Normal College Lafayette,
In our old Quaker City met.

It is but just, here to note
That to those men that fell that night
A few of thoughts there expressed.

Just one word now, and I am done;
A health to Normal! May each one
And daughter of her proudly boast—
"Elo perpetuo" the toast.

To the Normal Alumni.
We have no doubts but that she shall
Be ever true to Friendship's shrine
And have good words for "old long eye."