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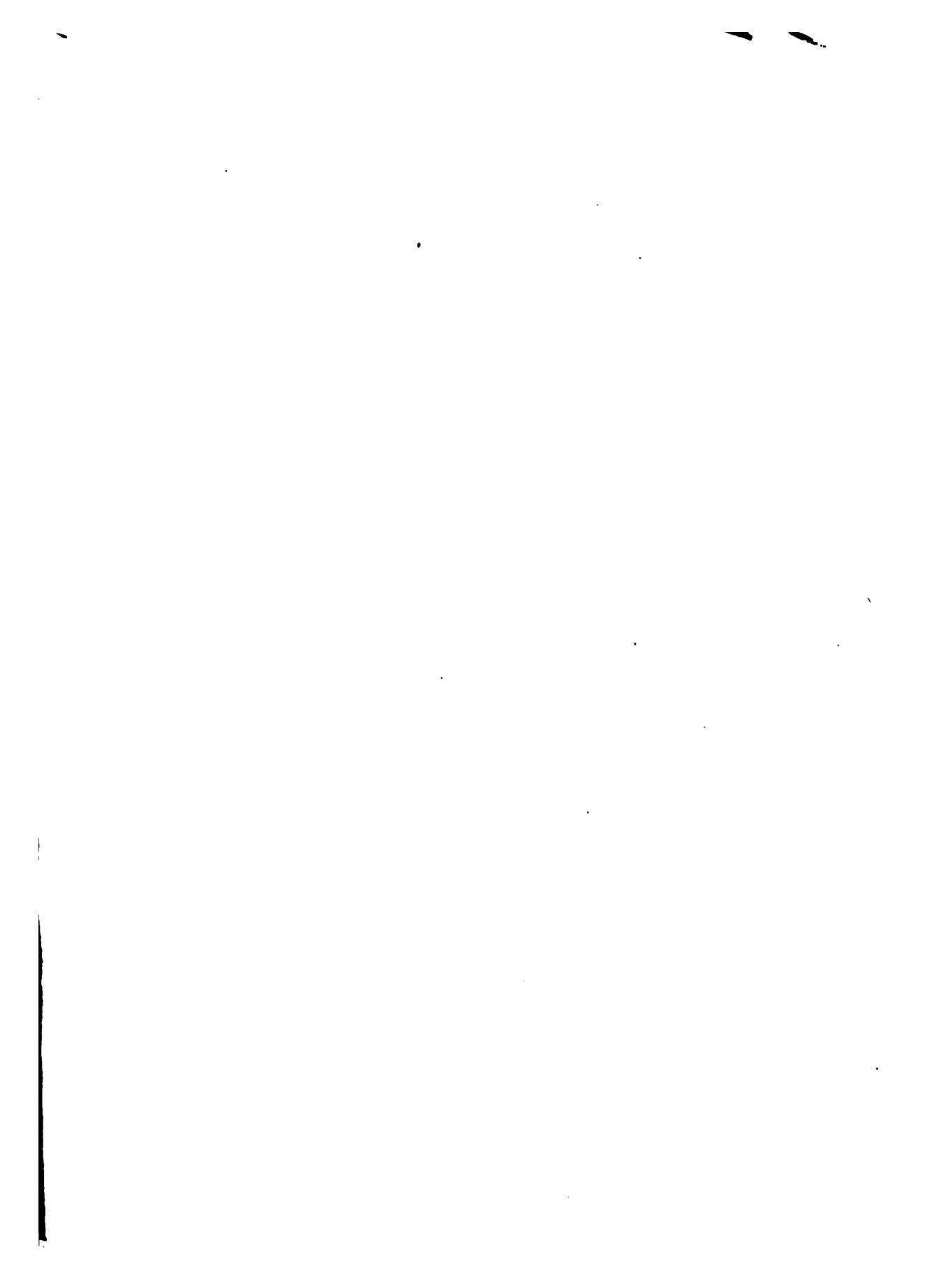
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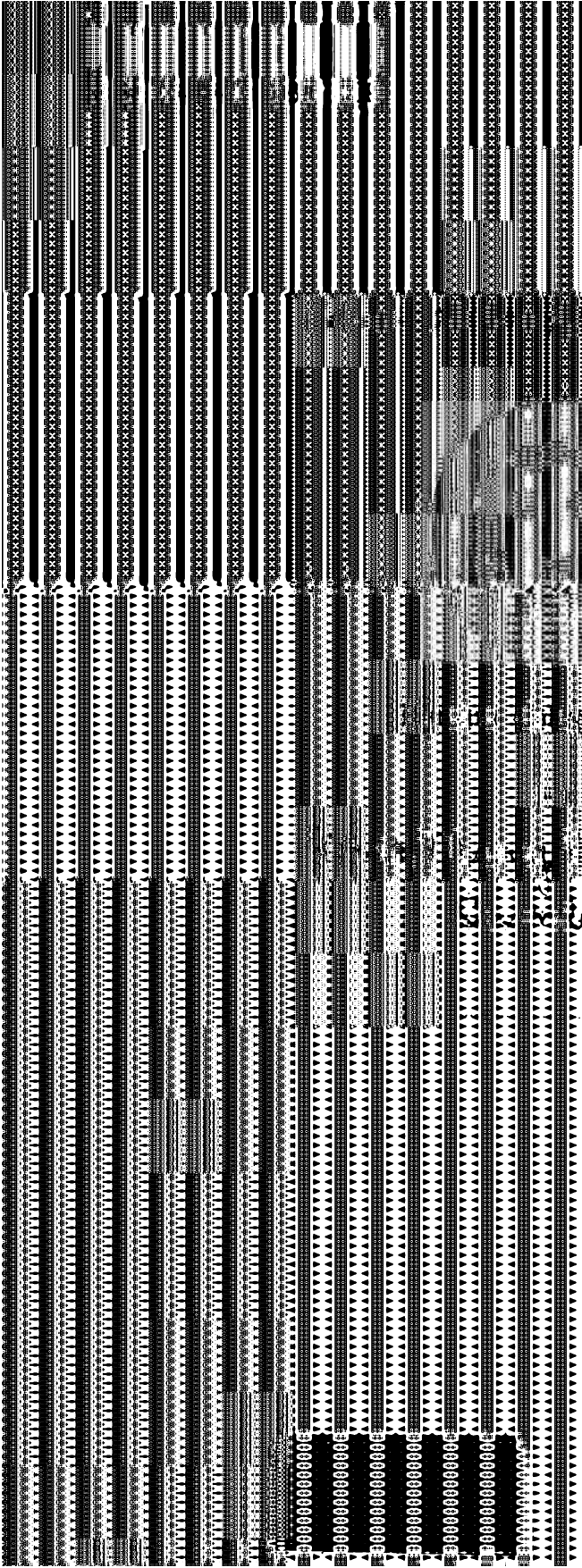
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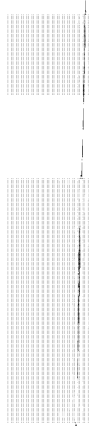
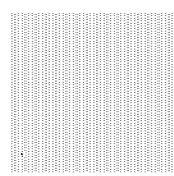
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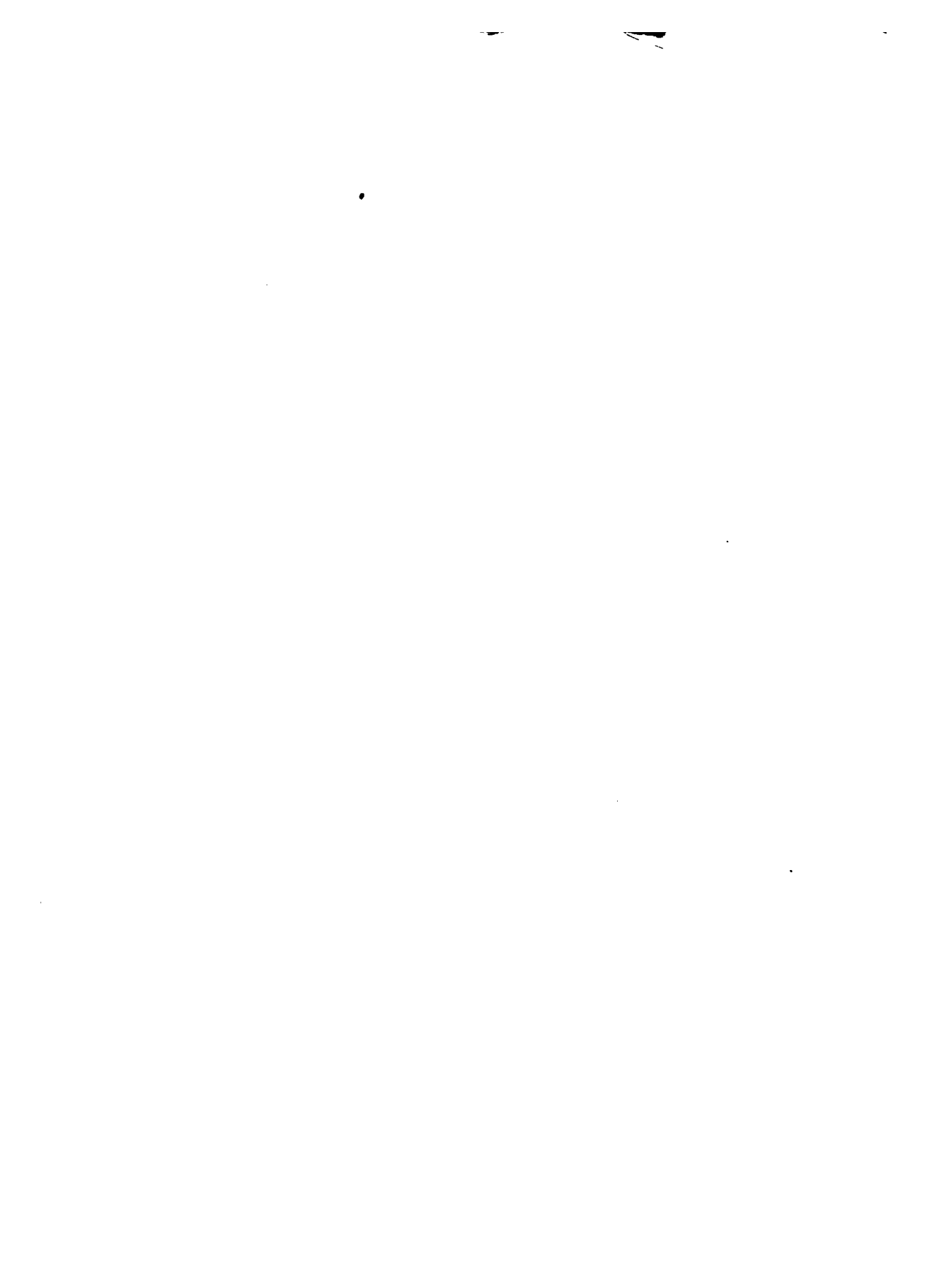




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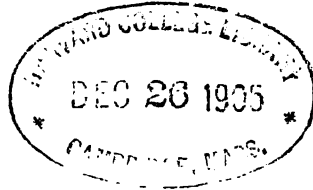
**RECORDS OF  
THE FIRST CLASS  
OF THE  
FIRST STATE NORMAL SCHOOL  
IN AMERICA**

**ESTABLISHED AT  
LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
1839**

*Mrs. Mary Swift Johnson.*

**BOSTON  
Printed for the Class  
1903**

~~Educ 2820.92~~  
Educ 2820.92



Mrs. Mary Swift Lamson,  
Cambridge

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## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

SKETCHES of the beginning and early history of the first State Normal School in this country, established at Lexington, Mass., July, 1839, having been published in connection with the quarter-centennial and semi-centennial memorials of the school, we confine ourselves in this volume to the story of its "First Class," as told in the records kept by the members from year to year for their annual meetings.

It was the custom adopted at the first to appoint one of the number to prepare an address for the following meeting, the topic being left to her own choice. She became the guardian of the Record Book, and was expected to copy her address into it. Thus the manuscript became a book of many authors.

After the lapse of more than half a century, in which it has doubled its original number of pages, its value as a record of historical and educational events has been increasingly appreciated.

The few surviving members of the Class whose story it tells noticed with much regret that some of its most valuable pages were becoming illegible from the fading of the ink. Anxiety lest the entire record be lost was relieved by an offer from one of their number to defray the expense of printing an edition for private distribution among the original members and their descendants. To this generosity the appearance of the book in its present form is due, and the enjoyment of its permanent possession is thereby made possible.

M. S. L.

CAMBRIDGE, January, 1903.





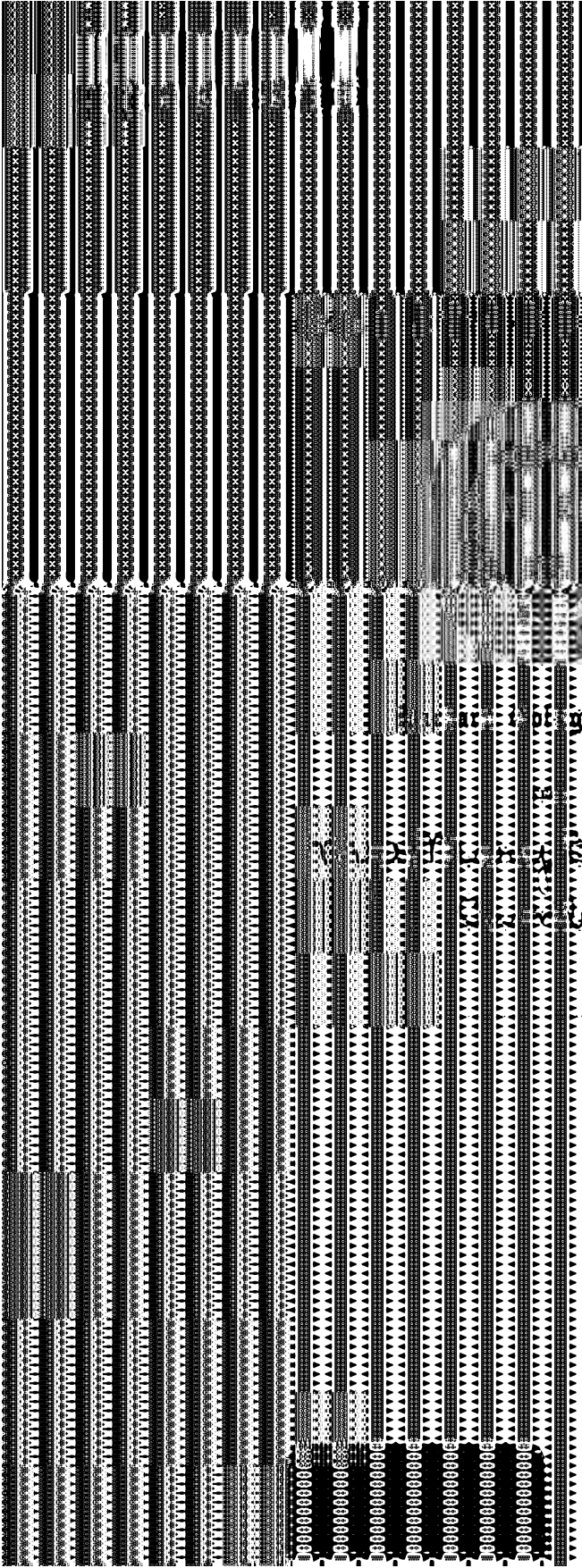
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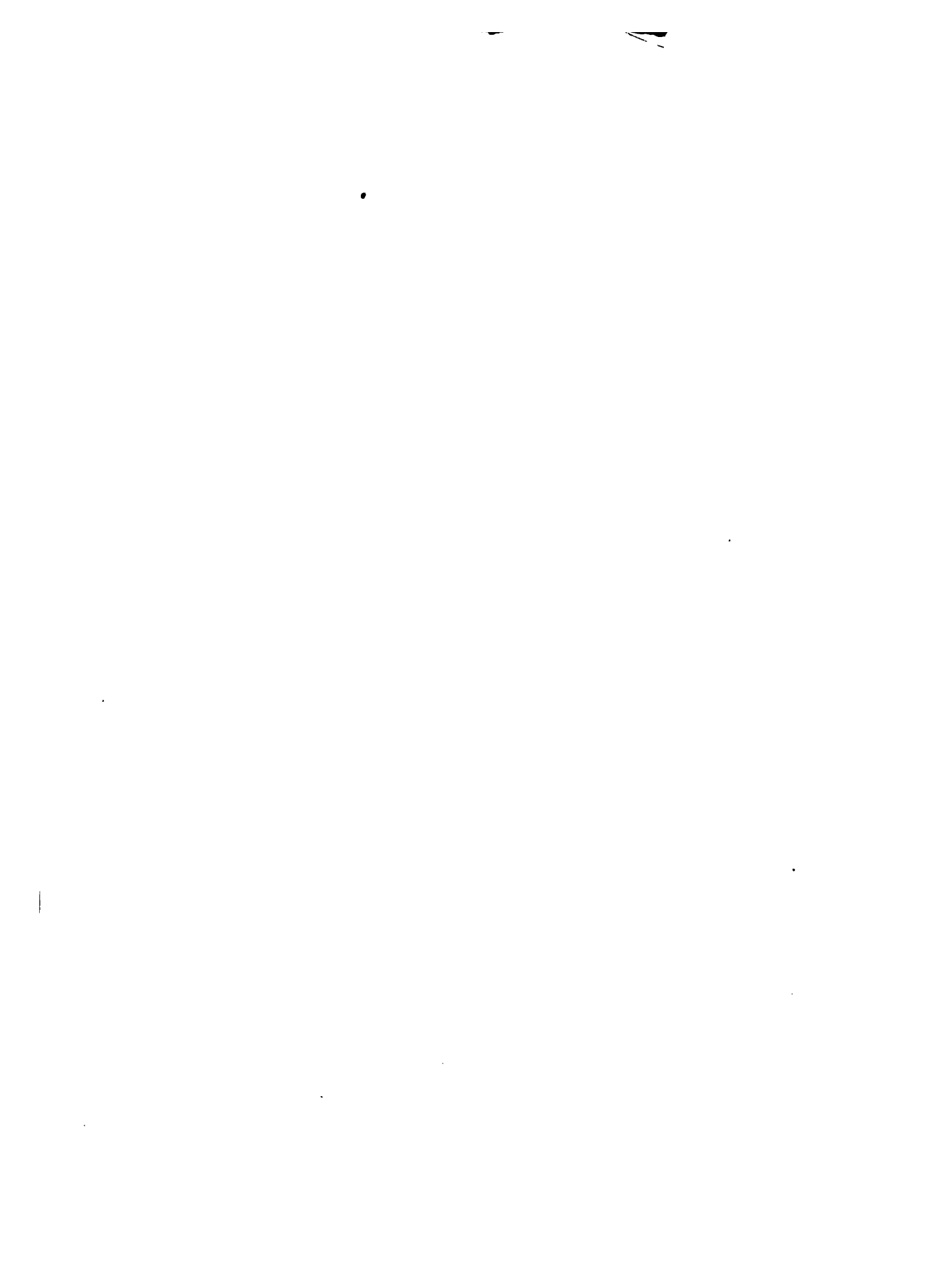
NAMES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE FIRST CLASS

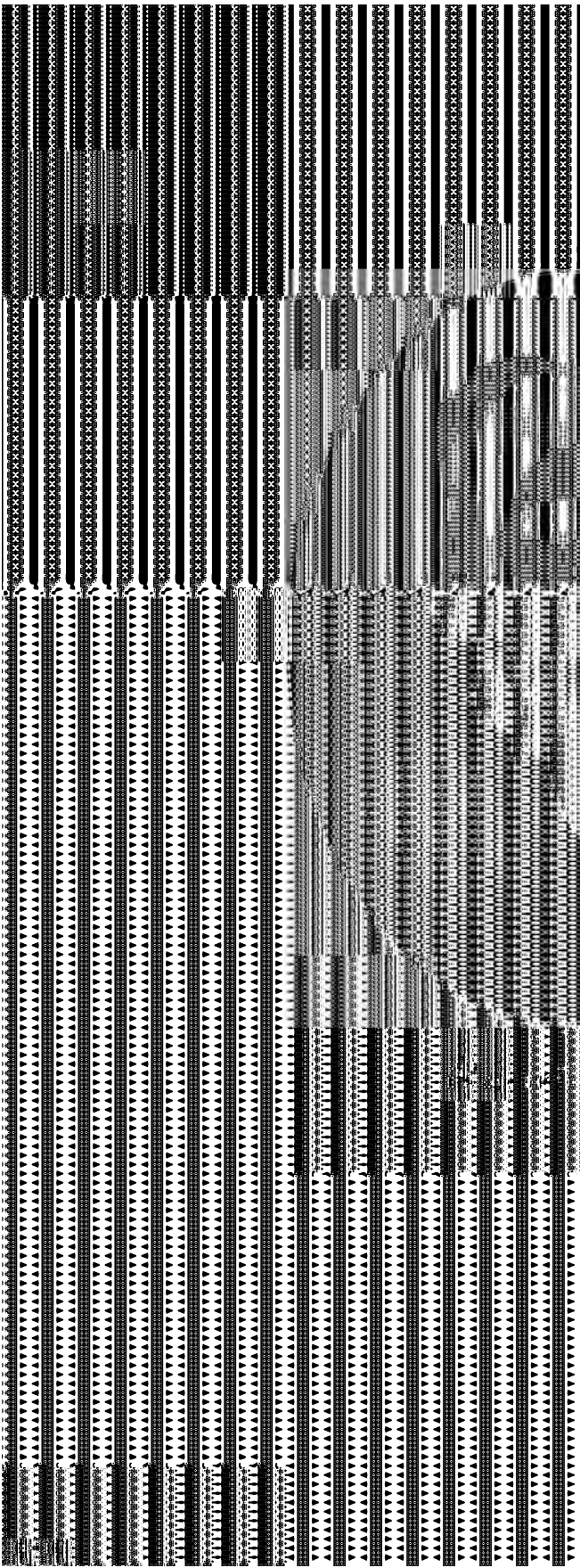
HANNAH M. DAMON . . . . .	<i>West Cambridge.</i>
SARAH HAWKINS . . . . .	<i>Charlestown.</i>
MARIA L. SMITH . . . . .	<i>Lincoln.</i>
LOUISA ROLPH . . . . .	<i>Newton.</i>
LYDIA A. STOW . . . . .	<i>Dedham.</i>
MARY H. STODDER . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>
MARY SWIFT . . . . .	<i>Nantucket.</i>
ALMIRA L. LOCKE . . . . .	<i>Epsom, N. H.</i>
MARGARET O'CONNOR . . . . .	<i>Cambridge.</i>
MARY R. HASKELL . . . . .	<i>Ashby.</i>
AMANDA M. PARKS . . . . .	<i>Lincoln.</i>
SARAH E. LOCKE . . . . .	<i>Lexington.</i>
MARY A. E. DAVIS . . . . .	<i>Lexington.</i>
SARAH E. SPARRELL . . . . .	<i>Medford.</i>
ELIZA R. PENNELL . . . . .	<i>Wrentham.</i>
REBECCA M. PENNELL . . . . .	<i>Wrentham.</i>
LOUISA E. HARRIS . . . . .	<i>Roxbury.</i>
SARAH W. WYMAN . . . . .	<i>Roxbury.</i>
ADELINE M. IRESON . . . . .	<i>Cambridge.</i>
SUBANNA C. WOODMAN . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>
SUSAN E. BURDICK . . . . .	<i>Nantucket.</i>
LYDIA H. DREW . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>
ELIZA A. ROGERS . . . . .	<i>Billerica.</i>
HANNAH P. ROGERS . . . . .	<i>Billerica.</i>
ABBY M. KIMBALL . . . . .	<i>Dracut.</i>



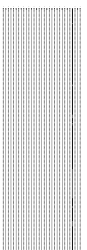
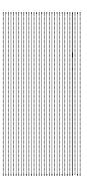
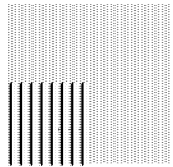
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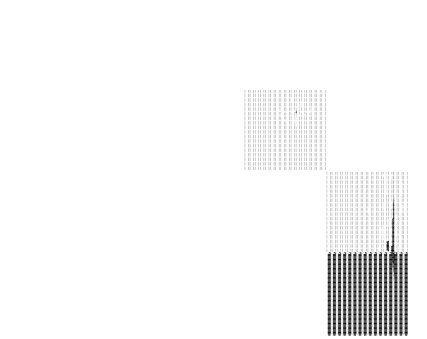
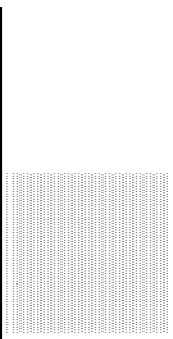
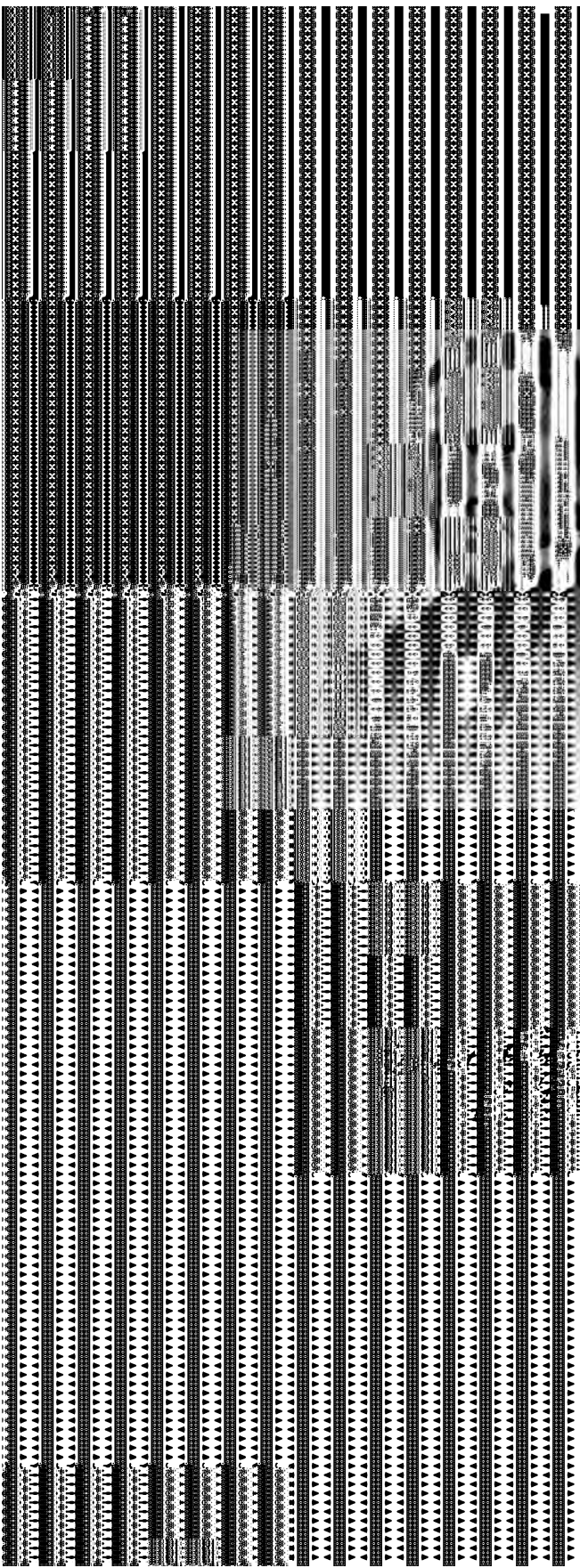
Swift Lamson,  
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# RECORDS

## FIRST MEETING

THIS Class, which consists of twenty-five members, held its first meeting at the Lexington House, Lexington, Mass., September 25, 1850, at which sixteen were present.

### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. Mary S. Lamson, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, and  
Miss Sarah Wyman.

The following are the names of those present, including invited guests : —

Rev. and Mrs. Cyrus Peirce . . .	Waltham.
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Mary A. Davis . . . . .	Lexington.
Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . .	Halifax.
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . .	Roxbury.
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . .	Cambridge.
Mrs. Sarah E. Richardson . . . .	Woburn.
Miss Rebecca M. Pennell . . . .	West Newton.
Mrs. Mary H. Loring . . . . .	Fall River.
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lamson . . .	Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thompson .	Woburn.
Mrs. Sarah E. Clisby . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Lydia A. Adams . . . . .	Fall River.
Miss Sarah W. Wyman . . . . .	Roxbury.
Mr. and Mrs. John Chandler . . .	Waltham.
Miss Eliza Ann Rogers . . . . .	Billerica.
Mrs. Hannah P. Blodgett . . . .	West Amesbury.

The following children of members of the Class were also present : —

Ellen Davis.

Albert Richardson.

Jenny Lind Thompson.

William F. Chandler.

In pursuance of an appointment made at a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements, Mrs. M. H. Loring delivered the following

GREETING :

Once more, my sisters, do we meet together on this spot, endeared to us by so many recollections, hallowed by so many associations of the past, to celebrate in fitting manner our *first* Class meeting. Years have since passed over us, leaving on each one of us the impress years must leave on all. Changes have come to us, the alternations of joy and sorrow, the full fruition or the disappointment of our most cherished hopes. Yet with our hearts still glowing with their youthful freshness of affection we meet each other to-day with all the ardor of our early acquaintance. On this spot and on this day our recollections are all of the *pleasant* past — all of the gayety, the mirth, and the happiness of our schoolgirl life. All thoughts that might intrude to mar our joy, all phantoms of misspent times, all grinning ghosts of broken study hours that might intrude to mar the joy of the present moment are steadfastly thrust away from us, and the greeting we extend to each other to-day, and which in behalf of the Class I am called upon to express, is full of early and of pleasant memories.

I greet you, then, my sisters, from my own full heart I greet you, as the classmates and as the friends of other days, whose kindly sympathy cheered us when the little clouds of a schoolgirl's life were lowering, whose kindly aid was at hand when our own strength was insufficient

for our labors, when hopeful spirits shed light round the pathway which else to us looked dark and dreary. But this is not all, nor is our greeting that of classmates only, the hand which to-day clasps hand proffers the friendship of a heart that is still young, though years have passed by it; of a heart that through many experiences still cherishes the memory of early friends and is faithful to its early ties. The trials and perplexities of a teacher's life are remembered, and the sisterly sympathy that was faithful and hopeful through them all is acknowledged to-day in the heart as lip presses lip. We come not here as a class of schoolgirls young, inexperienced children. We meet now, many of us, as matrons, and children of our own are gathering round us, and as we see with what interest and affection each little one is greeted our feelings gush forth with new impetus and a warmer glow. As the merry jest passes from the lip even, one can see the eye filling with the tears that spring from a deeper source. Oh! is it not one of the pleasantest features of our celebration that the little children are permitted to become participants in our day's pleasures and inheritors of our oldtime friendship? Affliction has visited us, and as we have tried to bow submissive to the will of Him who doth not willingly afflict, we have felt even then that your sympathy was with us, that your tears would fall for our grief. Death has entered some of your homes, even since last we met, removing those who were dearest and making desolate the household hearth. But even in the depth of your distress, my sisters, did not the thought of our sympathy come to your souls with some power to soothe the bitter sorrow? We greet each other, again, as those who have sorrowed together. May the love that has survived so many years still unite us, that year by year we may meet as a band of sisters fulfilling thus the

prophetic words of that one of our number with whom I am proud to be associated to-day in addressing you. Ten years ago when we parted these were her words: —

“ Still our friendship shall endure,  
Built on a basis strong and sure,  
We will love on forever ! ”

But there are with us to-day friends who were also with us in the days that are gone, and for you, my sisters, must I also speak to-day. Let us greet her whose smile was ever present, whose manner ever gentle, whose voice was ever kind, with our own kindest smiles. Let us welcome her to-day with our fondest words, who was ever ready to welcome us even to her heart. We do welcome you, then, Mrs. Peirce, with our whole heart, with not one recollection of the past to mar the joyousness of the present. And we would pray for you that the light and the hope you shed upon our path in bygone days may illumine your own even to the end, that the unfaltering kindness you showed to us may be returned to you by grateful hearts an hundred fold, and that the evening of your days may pass amid “the sunshine of kind looks and music of kind voices ever nigh.”

But there is yet another friend: how can I speak to him, how greet him? How, when my own heart is full, can I utter the feelings of others? How can I welcome him who welcomed us long ago to the closest affection; who gave us a child's privileges, and bore with our childish waywardness; who even yet looks back — we know he does — to that old class at Lexington, with feelings stronger in their intensity than any other class has power to claim? How can I speak for you to Father Peirce? Shall I call back to his memory old stories of the past, when, thoughtless and wayward, we tried his patience and perchance grieved his heart,

and now, with a deeper feeling and a truer sorrow, implore his pardon? Oh, no! let us not recall such scenes; it needs not; for in the eye that fills as his venerable form appears in sight, in the hand that trembles as it meets the pressure of his own, in the quivering lip that almost refuses utterance to what the heart would speak, he reads our feelings as clearly as in any written word. He reads that the past, with all his kindness, is present to us now in as real existence as in olden time; that the memory of his fatherly care and affection stirs in our hearts a deep fountain, untroubled save by the angel of his love. Once again as children would we give to him the name he so loved from our lips, the name of Father. Once again as children do we kneel at your feet and ask —

“Your parting blessing to descend on us,  
Our future path to attend,  
And cheer our future lot.”

Since last we met here, Mr. and Mrs. Peirce have been guests in my own home, and many a story of old days was recalled, the days when (I may say it without offense in this company) — the days when “there were giants.” Many a curtain was lifted that till then had veiled scenes of fun and frolic from his sight.

Let us also take a brief retrospect of the past, looking, as was once eloquently expressed in our presence, “out of the eyes of our hind head.” Twelve years ago, how often were we obliged to call up Mr. Peirce’s hopeful reflection, “Strength does not consist in numbers!” How fortunate for us — else we were weak indeed — the Pioneers! the Matriarchs! the Old Termites of Normalty, as we used laughingly to call ourselves. How poorly in that point could we compare with the present flourishing class of one hundred and ten members! Do you remember, girls, when we held our

sessions in that little sitting-room (which afterwards froze its way to every memory), and there were barely enough to sit on Mr. Peirce's right hand and on his left? Ah, some of you understand the allusion; I need not be more explicit, but if your memory fails you, ask Mrs. A. for particulars — she knows the story well. Does my "Fac-simile" remember our wonderful equation in algebra, that reaches after long and close application  $0=0$ ? A happy result truly, for could it be by error we arrived at such a well-established truism? I see before me now in official capacity as one of your committee, and in the person of one of my dearest friends, the author of that wonderful recitation upon transformations. I see she recalls it now, and now can laugh as heartily as I at the idea that they (transformations) "are peculiar to all animals and also to fishes." Ask Miss W. for any further particulars or peculiarities upon this point. That was a brilliant day in the history of the school, for it was on that afternoon, also, that another young lady gave so pithy an abstract of Thomson's Summer Noon scene. Whether the heat of the day was so graphically described as to affect her as hot days often do affect us, I cannot tell; but when called on for an abstract of what had been read, she replied as follows: "He describes two dogs lying in the sun." Mrs. C. will tell you more about it. But I merely mention these among ourselves. We can bear each other's laughter, for we have tried its power; but as we value our reputation, let not these stories come to the knowledge of our younger sisters, lest they feel justified in saying, as they have said, that they "stand on the giants' shoulders and see farther than the giants can!" These are a few of the school recollections that arise as we muse upon the days that are no more, that at the time sent our eyes to every corner of the schoolroom. But who recalls the

scenes that occurred out of school—the practical illustrations of shampooing, the coffee-pots of cider, the delicious squash pies, the apples and pears from our kind-hearted neighbors? How many of you remember the “Belle of the School,” so-called, partly, perhaps, because one of us who had not a proper fear of study hours took that time to make fast to her the sacred bell, to jingle with her every movement. Ah! as Mrs. L. sits here to-day in her matronly dignity, spite of the years that have lapsed, and even without the noisy appendage that of old gave her the title we still yielded to her, she is still the “Belle of the School.” Some of you may remember the day when one of you (ah, Miss D., look innocent if you can!), tied me by my hair, and held me long in durance vile as a punishment for my annoying conduct. How grateful was I to my liberator (Mrs. M.), who by aid of scissors released me from my thralldom, and how richly I felt repaid for the loss of a lock of my red hair when the next morning I found on my desk a neat little note commencing, —

“This bright golden tress I will cherish with care,  
Yes, Mary, I love it full well.”

None who participated can have forgotten our wonderful private examination in presence of the full “Board of Education” and many distinguished guests. Horace Mann, Dr. Howe, Dr. Putnam, might well be astonished at the words then put into their mouths by saucy girls. But mentioning these gentlemen reminds me to dwell for a moment on the pleasure we took in their real visits. A new life seemed infused into us, and a new spirit into the text, if our friend Mr. Stetson did but visit us on “Wayland” day. And even the most decided unbeliever in phrenology was glad to listen to one of Mr. Burton’s lectures on the sub-



ject. We liked the lecture no less than we admired the lecturer, but we did grumble over the five or six pages of "abstract" that, as a matter of course, must follow. There were many others, occasional visitors, who were always welcome. The names of Emerson and Dwight are familiar to us as household words.

Then there was another class of guests that were met with smiles. Among these we of course class "the man in a million who can move his ears" and Professor Banton, who wanted to take all our profiles. We escaped easily, but poor Mr. Peirce could only do so by pleading "the young ladies have me *in propria persona*," or, as the Professor said, "in propriety and in person." The person still remained after this literal translation, but for once Mr. P.'s propriety nearly left him.

Time has gently dealt with us, my sisters, in sparing so many to gather here to-day. We cannot hope it will be so long. We cannot hope to meet year by year with unbroken ranks. Time's wing may brush us lightly as it passes, but year by year we shall feel its power, for, —

"Oh, the changes we have seen  
 In the far and winding way ;  
 The graves in our paths that have grown green,  
 And the locks that have grown gray.  
 The winters still our own may spare,  
 The sable or the gold ;  
 But we saw their snows upon brighter hair,  
 And, friends, *we* are growing *old* !"

We *are* growing old ; a change will come to us, sickness may lay its withering hand on us, and death must come at last, — at last to all. As yet we mourn but one from our number ; but

"One has departed from our little band  
 To join another, in the Spirit land."

And it is fitting on this day, when voices from the past are sounding in our ears, that we should remember her whose voice is silent now. That while we mourn "that the places that knew her shall know her no more forever," we should recall her kindness, gentleness, and unvarying amiability. Perchance, ere another meeting, we may mourn another lost one. How warmly, then, should we greet each other on these annual meetings; how gladly as the roll is called should we list the answering response in the well remembered voice of other days! How gratefully and affectionately should we meet them without whose presence this meeting would scarce be a jubilee!

The following address was read by Miss Harris : —

MISS HARRIS'S ADDRESS.

A merry greeting to you, my sisters. I rejoice to meet you here again, in this place of youthful pastime and endeavor, after so many years' conflict with life's more serious duties. Methinks our meeting here to-day reads a most disastrous homily to those who prate about the weakness of schoolgirl friendship. No call from remnants of a parted band we have recently left has summoned us from our daily walk to-day; no official call from an institution, bidding those who have gone out from it pause in their busier ways and renew the bond which other ties and duties had begun to weaken, has brought us together. But we come in obedience to that more earnest call which yearning hearts, thrilling with kindred memories, send forth to each other. And as we look about on these familiar faces, some of which we had thought to meet again only in grateful dreams, can we realize that long years have elapsed since we trod these streets as schoolgirls? Do not those "merry

days of yore" come thronging back till matron and spinster vanish and we see only joyful damsels, on mischievous thoughts intent, climbing neighboring hills to practice Collins's Ode on "The Passions," or congratulate "We men of Angiers on King John's approach"?

Their green veils "fly like banners in the wind," their tongues move so glibly, you would dare wager your next blackboard recitation some very pleasant nonsense is the theme. Can you not fancy the sober duties of the day suspended for a season, spirits all agog for a madcap frolic, one at the blackboard delineating "Square Roots" with most literal nicety; another arranging "Geometrical Proportions" with a skillful use of initials admirably suggestive; another in exceeding merry mood, bounding the State of Single Blessedness? Alas! it moves me to wonder, almost to lamentation, that we could jest upon the latter theme. What weightier proof of reckless indifference to life's saddest realities can you recall, my single sisters? That love of the ludicrous was one of our leading loves perhaps I need not remind you. That it would convert a theme so serious as the relative good bestowed on humanity by poets, philosophers, and historians into a eulogy on peddlers, fiddlers, and hatters is perhaps indirect proof that that love did not always divert us from the more practical. Ay, those "merry days of yore," who of us can forget them?

But on our return to-day there seems to be a division among us all unknown before. More dignified appellations are bestowed on some of you—bestowed here and now with mock solemnity, to be sure, and there is evident meaning in the mockery.

While some of us are still accosted as of old by the plain terms Addie, Sarah, Louise, etc., here are Mrs. L. and Mrs.

C. and Mrs. B. and Mrs. D. and Mrs. M., etc., and very polite inquiries for little Freddie and young Lorenzo and a host of juveniles who seem to have some acknowledged relationship with us to-day. Ay, there is a mighty significance in all this, a fact which must be read, painful as may be the reading to a portion of us. Yes, my single sisters, what can we do but confess, before the happy, triumphant glances of those married ladies, that we have passed the fair springtime of our woman's life and left our great woman's mission all unfulfilled. Did we realize becomingly the miserable failure this fact bespeaks our lives, should we not have remained at home to-day, conjuring up the doleful spirit alone congenial to us, instead of coming up hither with so many of our band whom the fates have wedded so enviably and realize keenly that we alone are left? Ay, this place of jubilee becomes us not. But a cordially written apology could not have much lessened our chagrin, though I for one have thought apologies might not be unbecoming or uncalled for upon an occasion like this when our shortcomings in this matter must be so very apparent. I of course can offer only my own, though we may guess as shrewdly as we please several others, if not all the rest.

"Ye wedded wonderers," do you not see in our spinster ranks "women to have but one love in a lifetime" (methinks a merry sister is whispering in her neighbor's ear, "yes, and some to have but one less," but don't be cruelly facetious), women whom "disappointment's chastening rod" has doomed to the forlorn state we lament, but who, with less true and steadfast souls, might have escaped it, or women to whom the master spirit of the age could alone give back their own best thoughts, and he, by some perversity of fortune, is, perhaps, wedded to a good sort of dam-

sel, who gapes in silent wonder at her knowing lord. I, for one, do not doubt this to have been the case in more than one instance. But you will see that my own apology does not bespeak so lofty a spiritual state.

By a combination of circumstances which will sometimes occur in the best regulated families, household duties once devolved upon me in the family of Mrs. W., where I boarded, when I bustled round like a person of no small consequence, conscious of a little brief authority, and resolved to exercise it most becomingly. I had begun to flatter myself that this brief season would furnish materials for one of the fairest pages in my personal history, when a circumstance occurred to mar its beauty so effectually as to make me almost wish to blot out the very remembrance of it from my soul.

Noon arrived; the Rubicon, I thought, was passed, and my fame established on a foundation that would endure, and I was already reposing in imagination beneath the laurels I had won.

I had baked some beans for dinner — of course felt very proud of the achievement — and everything was ready but removing the beans from the oven.

One can hardly conceive the sweet satisfaction I felt as I seized the bean-pot, when, alas, it slipped my grasp, transferred itself from a perpendicular to a horizontal position, when, alarmed and horror-struck lest my beans should be numbered among the things that were, I thrust my hands into the steaming oven, but sent them out at the opposite door on to the hearth, when, true to the laws which governed earthen bean-pots, it broke, and had it been my heart itself it could not have produced in any other heart such a feeling of utter desolation and despair.

A few of the beans were rescued uninjured, but the feel-

ing of chagrin and mortification it produced will, I fear, be a lifelong companion. I told Mrs. W. on her return that my beans were so very delicious they had eaten the bean-pot, too, and that was what had become of it. The story was so very reasonable that she of course believed it. Now will you wonder that with the smallest remnant of a conscience I have never so far endangered my own peace or dignity, or so far imposed upon any son of Adam as to locate myself where similar duties would devolve upon me?

You see I am taking for granted that no stern necessity, or what with ordinary souls would be deemed such, has consigned us to our present fate. Methinks your faces do not bespeak your minds free from doubts. Very well; you might entertain them on graver subjects.

But as we return here to-day to commemorate joyfully "the days that are no more," we surely recall other deeper things than would mark us only as merry triflers, whose mental stature is as small to-day as yesterday. Hours of youthful pastime, dear and pleasant as they may have been to us, and truly right as was their seasonable indulgence, were not the hours when were woven those more indissoluble ties we must to-day have felt bound us to each other. We not only laughed and reveled, but thought and strove together. Truth was revealed to us from lips worthy its sublime utterance, and we listened, too heedlessly, perhaps, at times, but we trust it fell not on stony ground. Words, peace inspiring as the "benediction that follows after prayer," were spoken in our ears, and our hearts throbbed with kindred feelings. Ay, prayer itself rose daily from an earnest, unselfish, devout heart for us the children of its care, and that heart still beats kindly for us. Yes, he to whom we looked for guidance then is with us now, his very presence speaking to us of lofty genuine attainments, bidding us

trample under foot all that would lure us from our onward way. Since last his presence cheered us, he has trodden the soil of the old world. He has contemplated thoughtfully her institutions, reverently all that was noble and good and true in them; he has conversed with her sages and sympathized, we know how sincerely, with her down-trodden, ignorant children, and he has returned laden with rich experiences. A most cordial, heartfelt welcome do we tender him and his best earthly friend to-day, amid scenes with which they are so intimately associated.

And one word more, my sisters. We have returned to a spot endeared to us by sacred memories. "Each hill and dale" speaks to us of younger — perhaps merrier — I trust not happier days. We went forth together, but our ways parted at the very threshold. We have known something, not much, perhaps, of each other's experiences, but we know that we return not as we went forth. We have borne a part in "life's ceaseless toil and endeavor," and no doubt sometimes wished for serener waters as we battled with the vexations of our human lot, but I trust we have never fainted for lack of strength to conquer. Dear and holy ties, too, have been sundered. Into some of your homes the beautiful have come and vanished; but has not the light they shed, during their brief sojourn, lingered, a holy radiance in those homes, revealing to the spirit's eye mysteries all sealed before?

From some, the very pillars, as it were, on which they had leaned for support have fallen. But has not their own inner life become thereby exalted and purified, and have they not indeed felt there was "a voice from the tomb sweeter than song"? Should we again rally around this spot we have loved so well, may it be with hearts as warm and true as we would wish to meet here. Should time's

changes forbid us again to meet, "pictured in memory's mellowing glass," may we often and lovingly contemplate the scenes and the day we commemorate to-day. And as "memory plays an old tune 'round our hearts," may they be touched to fine and noble issues. As we return to the duties amid which we have paused, may it not be with vain and idle longings for the more careless joys of our school-girl life, but with noble aspirings in our souls, bidding us "press on in our woman's paths," exalt our spirits above the jarring din of circumstances, and purify them from all which may have obscured their diviner glimpses.

The following account of this meeting, from the pen of Mary Stodder Loring, appeared in the "Traveller" of October 1:—

CLASS CELEBRATION AT LEXINGTON OF GRADUATES  
OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

MESSRS. EDITORS, — It was my good fortune, a few days since, to attend a Normal Convention on a new plan. As you have occasionally favored the public with sketches of conventions at Newton, I have thought some account of this last gathering might be interesting to a portion of your readers. It may be well to premise a few words by way of explanation.

Lexington has the honor of being the birthplace of Normalty, for it was there that, in 1839, was established the first Normal School in this country. It was established, as is well known, partly by the munificence of Hon. Edmund Dwight, and struggled along for the first few years of its existence against many unfavorable circumstances. Its opening was marked by the attendance of three young ladies as pupils, which number at the end of the first Nor-



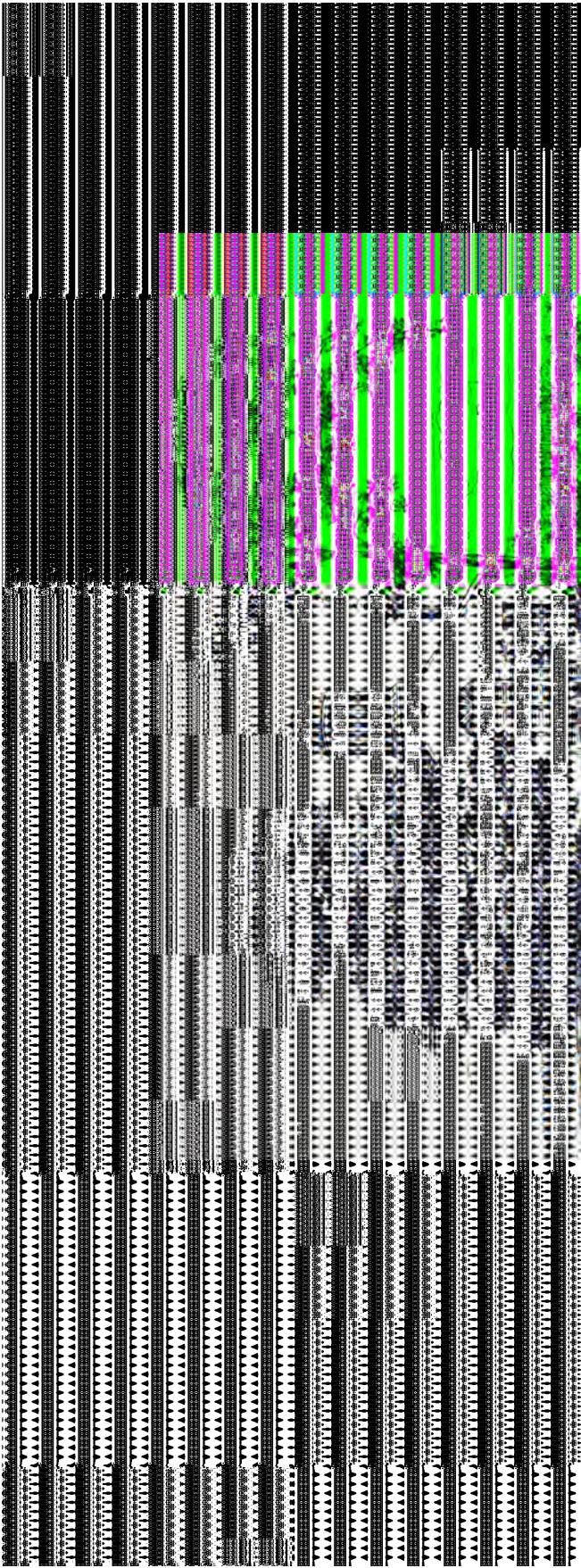
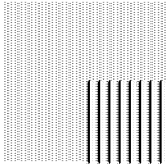
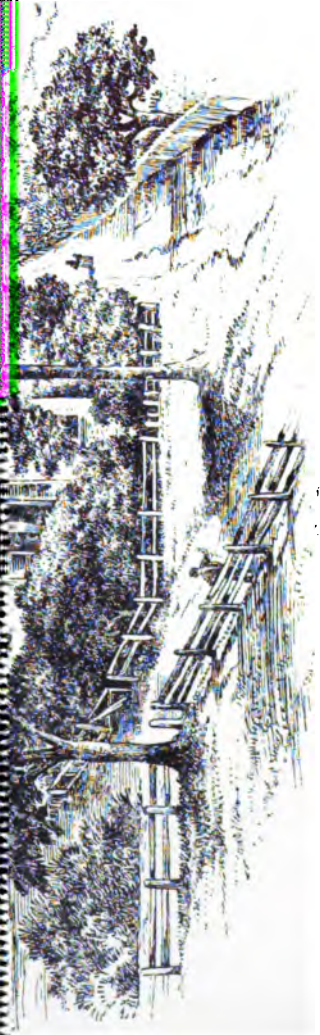
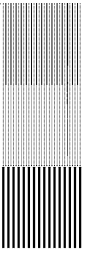
mal year had increased to twenty-five, a small band truly, but as Father Peirce often told us, "strength does not consist in numbers."

Almost every Bostonian knows what the same school is now, with its numerous scholars, its teachers, assistants, and not least of all its popularity, and there are some few still remaining who know what it was then, with Father Peirce its only teacher and those twenty-five its only scholars. Is it too much to say that those few may echo the words that so often cheered us then, "strength does not consist in numbers"?

Within a few years the school has been removed to the village of West Newton and conventions have at intervals been holden, at which have gathered Normalites from the different parts of our country, to which time and chance have scattered them.

At the last Convention the delegation from the first Class was almost lost in the two or three hundred there present, and they felt more forcibly than ever that West Newton was not Lexington. A Class meeting was planned, a committee appointed to make all necessary arrangements, the result being a Class celebration at Lexington on the 25th of September, 1850.

Many of these young ladies have in ten years assumed the responsibilities and dignities of matrons, and they were courteously invited to take husbands and babies to the celebration. Some accepted, but, poor babies, even though they had a grandfather and grandmother present, they had so *many aunts* they could hardly make themselves heard. Many were the compliments received from the gentlemen who honored us with their presence, but I will not repeat them further than to say that the Committee of Arrangements deserved all possible credit for the way in which the whole affair was conducted.





The forenoon was passed in social intercourse, affectionate greetings, and reminiscences of *long ago*. It was unanimously voted that the Class *was* a remarkable Class and had lost nothing by the lapse of time, but still *is* remarkable.

Permission having been granted by the teacher of the Academy, in a body we visited our old schoolhouse and greeted with much affection our old friend the blackboard. After a short walk to some of our old haunts, we returned to the Lexington House, where we partook of a nice collation at which Rev. Father Peirce presided. The afternoon was set apart as a sort of levee to receive Lexington friends, and when at five o'clock we wended our way to the depot we had but one regret, which was that cars had superseded stagecoaches, so we could no longer say, —

“Good Deacon Brown shall lead the way  
In which we all must go.”

We had during the day a very fine address from one of our number, which, in beauty of language, in adaptation to the purpose, and in humorous allusions, could hardly be surpassed.

## SECOND MEETING

THE second meeting of this Class was held at Lexington, September 24, 1851, at which thirteen were present.

### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. Mary A. Davis, Mrs. Rebecca M. Pennell, and  
Miss Sarah W. Wyman.

The following members and friends were present:—

Rev. and Mrs. Cyrus Peirce . . . .	West Newton.
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Mary A. Davis . . . . .	Lexington.
Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . .	Halifax.
Lucy Morton . . . . .	Halifax.
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . .	Roxbury.
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . .	Cambridge.
Mr. and Mrs. Jeduthan Richardson .	Woburn.
Albert Richardson . . . . .	Woburn.
Mrs. Mary H. Loring . . . . .	Boston.
Frederick W. Loring . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thompson . .	Woburn.
Jenny Lind Thompson . . . . .	Woburn.
Miss Sarah W. Wyman . . . . .	Roxbury.
Mrs. Abby M. Chandler . . . . .	Waltham.
William T. Chandler . . . . .	Waltham.
Miss Eliza Ann Rogers . . . . .	Billerica.
Mrs. Hannah P. Blodgett . . . . .	West Amesbury.

The following was written for the "Traveller" by Rev. Cyrus Peirce, first principal:—

## NORMAL AND EDUCATIONAL REMINISCENCES.

The Pioneers in Normalty, those who began, in 1839, the battle against ignorance and bad teaching on the plains of Lexington, already renowned in history for another and far different conflict, held a gathering on Wednesday last, at the spot where in years gone by they had met, few in number, yet strong and fervent in spirit, pledging themselves to each other and to the cause of education. It was no meeting of mere ceremonious greeting; it was full of deep, earnest feeling, joyous, yea, very joyous indeed, yet having a joy tempered by recognitions and reminiscences that take hold on the great sober realities of life.

It has been said by one who knows them well, has known them from the beginning, that they were always a harmonious, united, earnest, devoted, happy band, full of the right spirit, just right to secure success to a new and at that time doubtful enterprise. What they at the first promised, they have, in the interval of twelve years, proved themselves to be. They have labored much and long and well. Many of them are still in the field. And it is believed there is no injustice done to others in saying that the present good condition of the Normal Schools, and the hopeful prospects of the Educational Movement are owing much to the great good done in the successful experiments made by those who first entered the field of teaching as graduates from the Normal School. Let the friends of education, the friends of the Common School, hold them in just esteem, in long and grateful remembrance. They have done well. Their works shall follow them, and not a few at the mention of their name will rise up and call them blessed. They were in the school in the days of its weakness and darkness, in days that tried even earnest souls, in days when all was

untried and uncertain, when friends were few and anxious, when many doubted, and not a few were hostile. As they reviewed together the past, and recounted the scenes, the trials and joys of Normal days, as they talked of present experiences and interests, and school labors and family duties, and hinted at the changes, sad or joyous, which had not yet come, but which might await them in the unseen and indefinite future, it is not strange that, stirred by such remembrances, experiences, hopes, and apprehensions, their hearts should burn within them, and that they should say, in the fullness of their strong and joyous emotion, "it is good for us to be here!"

After first greetings and salutations were over (and truly earnest and hearty they were) and an hour or two spent in free conversation, the company listened to a neatly written and very appropriate address from Mrs. Mary Stodder Loring, the projector and first editor of "The Normal Experiment," a journal which, I believe, still lives in Normalty. Miss Stodder always wrote well, her teacher says, and this address was proof enough that she had not lost the power. If I can obtain a copy I shall send it entire, or some extracts from it, to the office of the "Traveller" for publication.

After the address the Class were regaled with a poetical effusion from the pen of Miss Hannah Damon, West Cambridge. Of this it is praise enough to say that it was well worthy of the author of "Change" (a poem which Miss Damon read in Hancock Grove at the first Normal Convention, and of which a certain M. D. and honored son of Harvard, who was present and heard it, said "it would have done honor to a Phi Beta Kappa occasion"). Still Miss Damon, strange as it may appear, yet no more strange than true, though she did so logically as well as beautifully

and poetically, urge the doctrine of progress, i. e., "Change," even in Normalites, against those who hold that they should live on indefinitely, or at least forty years, in single blessedness, has not yet changed her condition. Why, I know not. Father Peirce gently rebuked her for not practicing what she preached. I dare not say the fault is her own, I would believe it is owing to the dullness of *men's* vision; however this may be, and whether it be loss or gain to her, I am sure it was all gain to the Common School and to the cause of education. At any rate, patiently may she afford to bide her time, conscious as she cannot but be that when all things are seen in their true light and receive their just deserts, then will be her glorious harvest-time, and many a heedless wight will chide (to use no harsher word) his eyes that they could not discern such worth.

At two o'clock the party sat down to refreshments, which were very elegantly served by the landlord of the Lexington House, under the direction of Mrs. Davis and her committee. By request Father Peirce asked a blessing. The repast was enlivened by much pleasant remark and witicism, for which due acknowledgment should be made to Miss Harris, of Roxbury, whose wit in days of yore had often caused Normal Hall to resound with merriment.

I had well-nigh forgotten to mention one of the most interesting circumstances of the occasion. I refer to the presence of those "jewels," as the Roman matron significantly called them, the children which the mother Normals brought along with them, two boys and two girls, all "bright" and "beautiful." These imparted no little interest to the occasion. "Jenny Lind," child of Mrs. Thompson, of Woburn, is a very beauty, and already has as much music in her bright blue eyes as the very original herself. The announcement that, by one of those odd



matrimonial freaks which Hymen sometimes perpetrates, one of the sisterhood had become grandmother, and Father Peirce, I had almost said in spite of his often repeated precept, "Live to the truth," had been made *great-grandfather*, mightily stirred up the fountains of mirth. Father Peirce appeared to enjoy it much. The hope of living thus in the grateful acknowledgments of a distant Normal posterity seemed highly gratifying to the veteran teacher.

After dinner, arrangements having been made for the next year's meeting and calls received from sundry lady citizens of Lexington, at about four o'clock Father Peirce, rising from his chair, said in his own peculiar way that it was about time for the old folks to retire and give the young ones a chance by themselves, and so having taken an affectionate leave of his children, as he called them, he with his good lady, kind Mother Peirce, set out on a seven and a half miles promenade to their residence in West Newton. As the children had nothing to say or do which they were not willing their father should witness, the party soon broke up, all feeling, myself among the rest, that it had been a day of rare enjoyment and long to be remembered.

AN INVITED GUEST.

SONG FOR THE OCCASION BY MISS DAMON.

(Air, "Home Again.")

Welcome day! dawning o'er  
 Kindred hearts that meet  
 Amid the scenes where first they learned  
 In sympathy to beat.

Years have sped since here we wrought  
 Together for a space,  
 And still in life's stern struggle  
 We have found a resting place.

Drear and wild, rougher yet,  
Grows the path we tread,  
And if some green oases rise  
'Tis where our tears were shed.

---

Ever thus we must reach  
Bliss through toil and pain ;  
Then happy they who early learn  
To count their trials gain.

Yet we will forget to-day  
All sorrow that is o'er,  
Or only feel how much it binds  
Heart unto heart the more.

Thoughts of ill, destined us  
In coming time to share,  
We 'll banish, or remember none  
Alone their burdens bear.

Each for each, here we bring  
Greetings warm, sincere,  
The absent in affection hold,  
The dead deemed doubly dear ;

For we come at friendship's call  
To gather memory's flowers,  
And with the light of earlier days  
To gild the present hours.

Welcome day ! dawning o'er  
Kindred hearts that meet  
Amid the scenes where first they learned  
In sympathy to beat.

### THIRD MEETING

OF the third Class Meeting held at Lexington, October 13, 1852, there is no record beyond the names of those present and the letter from Mr. Peirce.

#### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. Mary A. Davis and Miss Adeline M. Ireson.

#### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. Harriet Peirce . . . . .	Waltham.
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . .	Boston.
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . .	Roxbury.
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . .	Cambridge.
Mrs. Sarah E. Richardson . . . . .	Woburn.
Albert Richardson . . . . .	Woburn.
Miss Rebecca M. Pennell . . . . .	West Newton.
Mr. and Mrs. David Loring . . . . .	Boston.
Frederick W. Loring . . . . .	Boston.
David Loring, Jr. . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Helen Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Sarah E. Clisby . . . . .	Medford.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Adams . . . . .	Fall River.
Miss Sarah W. Wyman . . . . .	Roxbury.
Miss Eliza A. Rogers . . . . .	Billerica.
Mrs. Amanda M. Simonds . . . . .	Lincoln.

EAST MACHIAS, ME., September 22, 1852.

MISS IRESON:

MY DEAR NORMAL DAUGHTER, — I thank you for your kind note inviting me to attend the Normal Class Gathering on the first Wednesday in October. I should be glad

to be with you, but my duties here make it impossible. Give my fatherly love to the whole band, and say to them that the old gentleman has renewed his youth (i. e., got into his second childhood), put on his working dress, and gone into the field again. To speak without a figure, I am literally and actually here keeping school. I am on my fourth year of my *second forty!*

Again I say, remember me in love to all, and take care not to forget the grandchildren.

I shall be with you in spirit. May the occasion be to you all truly and greatly joyful.

Children — “Live to the Truth.”

Yours truly,

C. PEIRCE.

## FOURTH MEETING

A RAINY day prevented a large meeting of the Class on Wednesday, September 28, 1853 — but eight attending.

### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. Mary Ann Davis and Miss Louisa E. Harris.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Rev. and Mrs. Cyrus Peirce . . . . . Waltham.  
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . . Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . . Halifax.  
    Lucy Morton . . . . . Halifax.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . . Roxbury.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . . Cambridge.  
Mr. and Mrs. David Loring . . . . . Boston.  
    Frederick W. Loring . . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Drummond . . . . . Roxbury.  
Mrs. Harriet Cook, as guest . . . . . Brookline.

Miss Damon read to the assembled guests as follows : —

Companions dear of school days now no more,  
Heart-cherished friends of later, riper years,  
Now, as in "Auld Lang Syne," ye bid me soar  
Where high the Muse's Mount its summit rears,  
And from limpid, living fountain there  
A draught of inspiration hither bear.

Now as "Lang Syne" I strive and strive in vain  
Your bidding to obey to work your will,  
That sacred summit 't is not mine to gain,  
Not mine at that pure spring my cup to fill.

Few and much favored of the gods are they  
Who thither find their heaven-appointed way.

Forgive me that I can no offering bring  
Fitting to grace this happy festal hour ;  
If fervent wishes could my fancy win,  
Mine were the Poet's flight and magic power.  
Forgive me and receive with judgment kind  
This humble tribute of a willing mind.

And since to-day I leave my daily toil  
To greet dear faces where dear scenes arise,  
To tread, Old Lexington, thy sacred soil  
With those first known and loved beneath thy skies,  
Since yearly, pilgrim like, I turn to thee,  
The thoughts thou wakest now my theme shall be.

Old Lexington ! to me a "household word,"  
Yet wedded to a world-wide deathless fame,  
The well-springs of emotion deep are stirred,  
And swell for utterance as I breathe that name.  
A mighty influence mingles with the sound,  
"This place whereon we stand is holy ground."

Fair Freedom, driven forth from older lands,  
Sought in this western world a refuge sure,  
And here her earliest, noblest altar stands,  
From spoilers' desecrating hands secure,  
Hallowed by patriots' prayers and martyrs' blood,  
And woman's, childhood's tears a priceless flood

The hero's heart beats high as history tells  
That here our fathers dared heroic deeds.  
A freer, fuller gush his life-tide swells,  
A loftier impulse kindles while he reads.  
Through clouds of doubt Hope's day-star breaks anew,  
"How great the harvest sowed by laborers few !"

The wayworn exile, wandering far from home,  
Here turns aside, and kneeling on the sod,

His eyes uplifted to the o'er-arching dome,  
Prays to our country's and his country's God ;  
Gives to the answering winds his bitter moans,  
And weeps his lost ones o'er our father's bones.

For me, as Moslem to his Mecca turns  
His wistful frequent gaze, e'en so my heart  
Towards thee, dear Lexington, unceasing yearns,  
And will not from thy cherished memories part —  
More vital far to me than all the thought  
Thy boundless fame and glorious past have brought.

Here many prophets to my soul were born —  
My hopeful soul! They came as bright day-dreams,  
Bringing sweet promise of a roseate morn,  
And moon resplendent with meridian gleams,  
And evening all serene, whose guiding star  
Should light my spirit to its home afar.

Ah! that indeed was a blest golden age ;  
But darker ages followed all too fast.  
Anon life's volume showed a sadder page.  
Those bright but fleeting visions early passed,  
And yet I know they were not idle quite ;  
I only was too blind to read aright.

Life in our childhood is a fairy tale ;  
In youth it changes to a sweet romance ;  
In riper years stern Tragedy all pale  
Answers at every turn our unveiled glance ;  
And then we backward look to re-peruse  
The joyous Past, and the dark Present lose.

As the green, living ivy fondly clings  
To an old parapet or crumbling shrine,  
So mid the shattered and discordant strings  
Of the worn, weary heart, still intertwine  
Affections and dear memories of the Past.  
And till its final throb they yet must last.

They yet must last, and well for us they must,  
For when our brightest, dearest hopes are dead,  
Forth from their ashes springs a child-like trust,  
To bear us onward, upward in their stead ;  
Soul-sick we lay our burdens off and drink  
From Memory's healing waters, lest we sink ;

We drink and gather courage while we quaff ;  
And though Life's mystery here we may not learn,  
We yet have learned to lean upon His staff,  
Who will not His dependent creatures spurn.  
The kingdom which our youthful dreams foretold,  
We in a future, brighter sphere may hold.

Yes, it is good that we should hither come,  
To talk together of those vanished hours.  
Yet, if words fail us and our lips are dumb,  
The wayside stones are eloquent, the flowers,  
The trees, whose branches with a loving grace  
Bend low, as if to meet our fond embrace.

And now I do bethink me that last spring,  
When the young leaves and buds were fresh and gay,  
And all the merry birds returned to sing,  
A lovely lady, dressed in bride's array,  
Plighted her love and faith with holy vow  
To him who is her happy husband now.<sup>1</sup>

They live not in the Past full well I know,  
Perchance their Present is so much of bliss,  
That for the Future they no care bestow.  
Long may they have such happiness as this !  
With wealth of wishes for their lasting weal,  
To this my humble lay I set my seal.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Wyman, now Mrs. Drummond, was married the 2d of May, 1853.



## FIFTH MEETING

WEDNESDAY, September 27, 1854.

TO-DAY our Class held its Fifth Annual Meeting at the Lexington House, Lexington, thirteen Class Members being present, and the whole company numbering twenty-eight.

### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. Mary A. Davis and Miss Hannah M. Damon.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Peirce . . West Newton.  
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. Mary A. Davis . . . . Lexington.  
    Ellen Davis . . . . Lexington.  
    Florence W. Davis . . . . Lexington.  
Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . Halifax.  
    Thomas D. Morton . . . . Halifax.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . Roxbury.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . Cambridge.  
Mrs. Sarah E. Richardson . . . . Woburn.  
Mr. and Mrs. David Loring . . . . Boston.  
    Frederick W. Loring . . . . Boston.  
    David Loring, Jr. . . . . Boston.  
    Harry P. Loring . . . . Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lamson . . . . Boston.  
    Helen Lamson . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. Maria L. Thompson . . . . Woburn.  
    Louis W. Thompson . . . . Woburn.  
Mrs. Sarah E. Clisby . . . . Medford.  
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Drummond . . Roxbury.  
Mrs. Hannah P. Blodgett . . . . West Amesbury.  
    Addie M. Blodgett . . . . West Amesbury.

Miss Eliza Ann Rogers . . . . . Billerica.  
 Mr. Herman Rogers, as guest . . . . . Billerica.

ADDRESS BY MRS. LYDIA H. MORTON.

It is customary, I believe, on public occasions, for a speaker, when called for, to thank the audience for the honor conferred on him, and to beg their indulgence for a few moments, while he holds forth for an hour upon some favorite topic, and then sits down perfectly satisfied, himself, with his performance, if he has failed to satisfy others.

I cannot do my conscience the injustice to thank you, my sisters, for imposing on me a task so entirely above my capacity, and were it not that by refusing to comply with your wish others might be induced to follow my example, I would not have consented to come before you thus conspicuously. I think my friend, who named me for your contributor to-day, felt that it was due to my advanced years to give me a passing notice, and I cannot show my gratitude to her more signally than by naming her for our contributor at our next annual Class meeting.

Well, now that I am really before you, and have undertaken to entertain you, I am at quite a loss for a subject; for my friends who have preceded me have exhausted the subjects they have taken, and, consequently, have left me nothing to say in addition.

I have thought that, perhaps, a glance at our school days might not be uninteresting, and I have ventured to draw a picture of our schoolroom and its inmates, as memory has delineated them on the mind's tablet after the lapse of fourteen years.

Let us go back to that time in imagination, and fancy ourselves girls again in that old room, with its green topped desks, and its formidable blackboard, which suggests even

now, to my mind at least, trials which no outsider ever dreamed of.

Well, I see you all now in the identical seats you then occupied.

Shall I name you? First came the elastic form and merry face of Mary Stodder, and beside her the no less merry face of Mary Swift, the Quakeress; then the poetical Hannah Damon, who will ever be associated in our mind with "Lady of the Lake" and "Intrigue," which last allusion she will comprehend more readily than the most of you. Next, the kind-hearted and friendly Lydian Stow; the lovely face of her who has "gone to the spirit land;" and the amiable Maria Smith — we, as a class, shall not soon forget her hospitality. The mathematical Sarah Locke, the flashing eye of the brilliant Susan Burdick, the indefatigable Almira Locke, who would surmount all obstacles. The delicate form and quiet features of little Susan Woodman. The ingenuous countenance of our friend, Sarah Wyman, and the mirth loving Louise Harris, who never let slip a good opportunity to provoke a smile in study hours. The warm-hearted Hannah Rogers, and her cousin, the sincere friend, Eliza Rogers, whom we only know to respect and love. The affectionate smiles of Rebecca Pennell and her sister, the petted Eliza. The spritely Addie Ireson, who was always at hand to do one a kindness, and the obliging Abbie Kimball, and the gentle-hearted Sarah Sparrell, the sympathizing friend, and the loved and lost Margaret O'Connor. Then, behind the door, sat Lydia H. Drew, whose advanced years probably gave her some claim to your notice.

Such is the picture of the schoolroom as it was fourteen years ago, and those were pleasant hours which we spent in that room, hours of real enjoyment; and what contributed

not a little to that enjoyment was the fact that we were all engaged in our studies with the same end in view, our hopes, our aims were directed to the same future, and of course there could be more sympathy of character and feeling. We had no aspirations which were not in common, and no hope beyond that of becoming successful normal teachers. That was "a consummation devoutly to be wished." To that end our studies were planned, our weekly lectures directed; and if a thought strayed beyond the confines of a schoolroom, or lingered for a moment upon the possibility of ruling at the head of a household rather than a schoolroom, such a thought was instantly banished by the recollection that one of the principal conditions of our entering a Normal School was that we should serve as teachers for one year, at least, in our own State.

For one, I can say that for such a defection the pupils of *one* school, at least, have great reason to rejoice.

Our term expired; we left our school and separated, most of us to take charge of schools. Some of you still remain in the capacity of teachers, true to the great principles on which you entered our *Alma Mater*. We look upon you, my sisters who still remain at your post of duty, not only with respect—we *honor* you. We appreciate your labor and your sacrifices for the cause of Normalty; for we are sure nothing less than a sacred regard for Normal principles would have kept you so long at your post of duty, and we feel conscious that you must look upon us who so soon faltered, deserted your ranks, and left the high post for which we were trained, with disapprobation certainly, if not with contempt.

Since we have thus fallen, my married sisters, it is due to ourselves, to the Normal School, and to our Normal teacher in particular, to observe that, although we have left our first

love, and our path in life has taken another course, we know that the lessons we imbibed in that schoolroom have been carried with us in the particular sphere in which we have been called to move; that we trust those Normal instructions have not been entirely lost upon us, but we hope we have carried them into our homes, so that our teacher may feel that his efforts and labor of love are not entirely in vain. To him and his esteemed partner we shall ever feel grateful that they bore with our youthful follies, and although we so often erred and caused them pain, yet they still remember us, and still show their affection for us by making our number complete at these annual gatherings; for when they shall cease to grace our company, the festivity will lose its greatest charm.

To those of our friends who have united with us on this occasion, in behalf of my sisters let me extend to you the cordial hand of welcome greeting. Although we are not all present who constitute the Normal Class of 1839, yet in one sense we are nearly an unbroken company. As far as we can ascertain, death has taken but one of our number.

Some have left to reside at such a distance that it is impossible for them to be with us, yet I doubt not their hearts are with us to-day, and our hearts are with them, wishing most earnestly they could enjoy the festivities of this occasion as we do. We welcome you to our little gathering, and hope you may be so much gratified that you will be induced to cheer us by your presence on future occasions.

Our beloved teacher and lady, together with our Normal sisters, I welcome to the scene of our earlier life. Let us not forget the gratitude due to the great Disposer, that He has so signally blessed us with health and prosperity. Let us ever cherish in our heart of hearts the great principles we received in yonder schoolroom; let us ever retain

the memory of our school days ; let these annual gatherings keep alive our love and sympathy for each other ; may no trifling circumstance keep us from meeting from year to year, while there shall be enough remaining to speak with love and affection of those who have passed away.

#### REPORT OF THE MEETING.

During the morning the company assembled in the parlor of the Lexington House. At twelve o'clock noon the meeting was organized by the election of Miss Hannah M. Damon as presiding officer. Mrs. Mary A. Davis and Miss Rogers were appointed a Committee of Arrangements for the next Annual Meeting. Mrs. Mary S. Lamson was appointed to give the address on that occasion. Mrs. Mary A. Davis read letters from Mrs. Adams, of Fall River, Mrs. Simonds, of Lincoln, Mrs. Johnson, of Manchester, N. H., and Miss Pennell, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, expressive of regret that the writers would be unable to attend the meeting. Mrs. Morton then gave her address.

At half past one o'clock the company adjourned to the dining hall. Rev. Mr. Peirce asked a blessing, after which dinner was discussed. Sentiments followed the dessert, Mrs. Mary A. Davis officiating as Toast Mistress.

First. Father Peirce, the guide, counselor, and friend of our earlier days. To know how faithfully he guided, counseled, and befriended, behold him, loved and honored in our maturer years.

This called for an affectionate and fatherly reply from Mr. Peirce, in which he assured his children that, so long as the possibilities should be his, he should be present with them on these occasions, which to him were renewing and strengthening.

Second. Our beloved friend, Mrs. Peirce, "out of the

good treasure of her heart, she brought forth good for us," "she gave and it is given to her again. Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over we give into her bosom." Mrs. Peirce responded that she felt so covered up by the overflow she must be excused from saying much; besides, she thought it too late in life for her to become a successful speechmaker. She would leave the speechmaking to the younger ladies of the company, and only express her thanks for the compliment paid her, for she really felt much obliged.

Third. The Orator of the day. She sang to us at twilight in the sentimental days of our girlhood, and we were raised and gladdened by the strain. She has spoken earnest, loving words to us now in the days of our womanhood, and our hearts as gratefully acknowledge her power.

Mrs. Morton replied that she had already done her proportion of talking, as the very complimentary sentiment by which she had been honored intimated. She would respond to it by offering the following: By virtue of the instruction received from our model teacher, we should make model schools, become model wives, and rear model children.

In answer to this Mr. Peirce remarked that, judging from appearances, a large majority of the Normal School Class of 1839 had "reached the mark of their high calling."

Fourth. Our Wives. Bending gracefully to the yoke, may it prove easy. Bearing patiently the burden, may they find it light.

In reply Mrs. Lamson said she supposed the sentiment just given was intended as a call for a speech from one of the wives. She had heretofore imagined that the only speechmaking looked for from wives was that sort popularly designated as "Candle Lectures," and surely anything of that kind would be quite inappropriate on the present

occasion. She regretted very much the absence from this meeting of her old schoolroom mate, Mrs. Adams. Her well-known faith in "liberty of speech" for all, even women, would designate her, if present here, as the wife to reply on this occasion. She (Mrs. Lamson) could not make a speech, but she would give a sentiment—the Normal School; its instructions are always valuable, whether we apply them to the teaching of units, tens, or hundreds.

Fifth. Our Husband-men. May each find his estate an earthly paradise, a garden of Eden, and may he faithfully dress and keep it.

Mr. Loring, in answer, called the attention of the company to the blossom and buds which he had brought from his garden to grace the feast as testimonies of his careful fidelity.

Sixth. Our Children. "A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love; a resting place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men."

Mrs. Loring said: As the baby of the Class, I claim the privilege of responding to the babies' toast. If you doubt my claim we will appeal to Father Peirce, who is looking on so benignly. He will yield it to me, for he recollects that he used to say one of my eyes would laugh while the other cried. Blessed privilege of babyhood and of girlhood no less, that has smiles even amid its tears! Alas for the time that comes to so many, that may come to us all, when the tears flow with no smiles to lighten their gloom! But my triple matronly dignity gives me yet another claim to your patience to-day. Triple! Three times have I said with the poet, "a babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love," and if I say it with emphasis it is that I feel it heartily.



These three jewels, how bright, how fair, is for you to say. I willingly wait your verdict. The pride that silly mothers take in their children finds its fitting resting place in me. Can you not sympathize with me? God bless the babies! and He *does* bless them, and He blesses us no less by the gift of them. He tunes our hearts to a holier hymn by the music of their voices, and awakens in us higher aspirations toward the Infinite with every unfolding of their minds. "Are they not all ministering spirits?" My own little Harry, has he not been a ministering angel to us, coming to bless us as he did in the midst of our affliction, to draw our hearts from too sadly brooding over our sorrow, to draw our eyes from dwelling too long on the heavy shadow of death that darkened over our home, giving our years of mourning womanhood reason to smile amid our tears even as we found it in our girlhood. The deep sorrow, the heavy grief, the bitter agony that refuses to be comforted because they are not has thus far been spared to me. But I have mourned with you, my sisters, when the finger of God' has lain heavy on your hearts. But do you not feel that they are all ministering spirits to you even now? As you read those words, "Jesus called a little child and set him in the midst," can you not feel that—

Not alone while here on earth  
Did Jesus call the child,  
For even yet we hear his voice,  
His gentle accents mild.  
We see him lay his hand again  
In blessing on their head,  
And radiant in glory, stand  
Beside their dying bed.

Blessed be the babies! God's holiest gift to us! Our choicest treasure!

Seventh. Our Single Sisters. Loiterers in the land forsaken by so many of their sisters, like the five wise virgins of old, why don't they "trim their lamps and go forth to meet the bridegroom?"

Miss Harris said: The question put forward in the last toast strikes me as a rather delicate one to answer in this presence. Why don't we go forth to meet the bridegroom? Perhaps we have been forth, and thwarted in our advance by the very eagerness with which we started; but we should n't like to confess such a disaster here and now, of course. Or suppose, and I have my reasons for thinking it very likely, we have never seen the bridegroom advancing we thought it worth our while to go forth and meet. Mark, I say advancing, for none of the married ladies present can scorn more heartily than I do the conceited apology frequently offered by single ones, that they have never seen the man that they could marry, which may be usually interpreted, I think, that they have never seen the man that would marry them. To have sojourned thirty years in the land, and among all the noble, goodly specimens of manhood to be met with, never to have caught a glimpse of *one* worthy such a blessed fate! 'T is too absurd! 'T is weakness all! We are called loiterers in the land forsaken of our sisters. Well, after confessing we deem it a very goodly land they have entered, desirable beyond all others to which our sex are admitted if led there, if we believe them to have been, by noblest motives and a love so wedded to esteem that it shall not fail, need we be very explicit as to our reasons for our delay? But lest our married sisters feel some anxiety as to the temper and spirit with which we shall meet them in future years, I think I may promise, in behalf of our single ones, that we will never join that forlorn and wretched wing of the spin-

ster army who go through life grumbling or moping, as their temperaments may decide, on the incompleteness of their destiny. And may I not as confidently promise we will never weakly yield to that other, and to my mind far sadder destiny, of which the poet so finely sings : —

“ And as the dove to far Palmyra flying  
 From where her native founts of Antioch beam,  
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,  
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,  
 So many a soul o'er Life's drear desert facing  
 Love's pure, congenial spring, unfound, unquaffed,  
 Suffers, recoils, then thirsty, and despairing  
 Of what it would, descends, and sips the nearest draught.”

At the close of the remarks by Miss Harris, Miss Damon announced as an item of news appropriate to the subject in hand the matrimonial engagement of Miss Pennell, to which she (Miss Pennell) had alluded in her letter in bespeaking a seat for herself and another at the festive board on our next anniversary.

Mr. Peirce then gave Absent Members of the Class of 1839. On our next anniversary may they be present with their classmates, and may each possess unquestionable certificates that she has a claim to a double seat.

Directly after, the company retired from the table to reassemble in the drawing-room. There Mrs. Morton presented to Mrs. Peirce, in behalf of the Class, as a slight token of their love and esteem, an illustrated volume of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." At half past four P. M. the company began to disperse.

## SIXTH MEETING

THE Sixth Annual Meeting of our Class was held at Lexington the last Wednesday in September, 1855, when eleven members were present.

### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. Mary Ann Davis and Miss Louisa E. Harris.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. Harriet Peirce . . . . . West Newton.  
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . . Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
    Ellen Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
    Florence W. Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
    Alice P. Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . . Halifax.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . . Roxbury.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . . Cambridge.  
Mrs. Mary H. S. Loring . . . . . Boston.  
    Frederick W. Loring . . . . . Boston.  
    David Loring, Jr. . . . . Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
    Helen Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
    Gardner S. Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Clisby . . . . . Medford.  
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Drummond . . . . . Roxbury.  
    Isaac Wyman Drummond . . . . . Roxbury.  
Miss Eliza Ann Rogers . . . . . Billerica.  
Mrs. Lydia Ann Adams . . . . . Fall River.  
Chauncey W. Chamberlain, a guest . . . . . West Cambridge.

On the arrival of the company at Lexington, our spirits

were dampened by the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Peirce, probably, would not join us on account of the illness of the former; but Mrs. Peirce arriving soon after, we were assured that the friend whose presence seemed so necessary to the full enjoyment of our meeting was not seriously ill, and gladness began to rule the hour. During the morning, Mrs. Loring was chosen president of the day, when the usual arrangements were made for our next meeting — the necessary business comments being relieved of dryness by the wit and good humor that seasoned them. Mrs. Adams, of Fall River, was chosen to address the Class next year, but declined with so much spirit and firmness that the electors thought it discreet to yield and make another choice, — Miss Ireson, of Cambridge, — though Mrs. Adams was not relinquished without some very impressive as well as entertaining comments on the folly and mischief of her example, with allusion to the one precedent already furnished by Miss Pennell, now Mrs. Dean, who had done well, and was worthy imitation in many things, no doubt, but must be regarded as delinquent in this matter. Notes were also read by Mrs. Davis, an address was delivered by Mrs. Lamson, of Boston, and a walk taken by several of our company around the village where we used to ramble in the olden time.

At two o'clock the company sat down to dinner, and the blessing was asked by Mr. Lamson. Some beautiful bouquets ornamented the table, the rarest of which was presented to Mrs. Lamson, the orator of the day. Wit sparkled, and that "genuine good humor which is the wine and oil of a merry meeting" prevailed. After dinner the following toasts were read by the president: —

The Members of the First Normal Class. Though most of them have yielded to the pressure of besiegers, and have

been taken by the enemy, yet a few, with Sebastopol obstinacy, still hold out, though their number grows "small by degrees and beautifully less."

The Normal School — a doubly successful experiment. From it emanated Modern Teachers; there are those here to testify it has furnished Model Wives and Mothers. The fiercest bachelor resolutions would be shaken were it known that there were "a few more of the same sort."

Our Bond woman —

"The Bond of union strong and sweet,  
The Bond of perfect peace."

The last toast referred to Mrs. Bond, from the Sandwich Islands, who was expected to be present.

When we rose from the table, refreshed by the goodly viands that had been spread so invitingly before us, we felt that our *souls* had found good cheer there also; that if we had added nothing to the volume of profound table-talk, we had added a choice and memorable chapter to our own happiest experiences; a chapter we should many a day recall, and, perhaps, read for our refreshment in some hour of weariness.

I should have mentioned in connection with the toasts offered at table the following song, written by Mrs. Loring, which was repeated by the company:—

SONG OF THE PIONEER NORMALITES.

We come, but not as first we came  
To this quiet country town,  
When the carriage we rode in was called a stage,  
And the driver was Deacon Brown.  
We came by railroad and by car,  
With fire and smoke and steam;  
And worse than all and noisier far,  
The engine's piercing scream.

As fast as the cars hurry over the track,  
 Old scenes to view they bring,  
 To days of old they carry us back,  
 And this is the song we sing.

We come, but not as first we came,  
 A group of giggling girls,  
 With hair in many a Kenwig braid,  
 Or flowing in graceful curls.  
 We come; our curls are brushed aside,  
 No braid is on our brow,  
 But plain and smooth Madonna bands  
 Adorn our features now.  
 We come matured and sobered too  
 By the weight of added years,  
 By the burden of joys outweighed by griefs,  
 And hopes o'erborne by fears.

We come, etc.

We come, but not as first we came,  
 In girlhood's opening morn.  
 Some come (Alas! must it always be?)  
 Poor spinsters all forlorn!  
 And one, the bridal blushes yet  
 Are glowing on her cheek,  
 How gladly would we welcome her,  
 The words of love to speak.

We come, etc.

We come as bride and matron too,  
 And children round us press;  
 Their presence cheers and gladdens us,  
 Their loving glances blest,  
 Their voices waken in our hearts  
 A flame of holy fire.  
 By God's own spirit the spark was lit,  
 That never shall expire.  
 Oh, we would not resign these holier joys,  
 Those loving voices drown,  
 And come back to school at Lexington,  
 In the stage coach of Deacon Brown.

The many beautiful children that graced the meeting added much to its completeness. They, too, seemed to realize that it was a festival day, and to be in holiday spirit. They were all charming; and if some of the youngest were now and then more tuneful than a testy bachelor might approve, the mothers and aunts knew it was excess of joy — and wondered at their powers of appreciation.

When we parted at night it was with the happy assurance that the year, whatever changes it had wrought, had not dimmed the love that had once more brought us together; and with the hope that when the months again were chronicled, there would come with the tinting of the “autumn leaves” another of these blessed days of happy hours, when our hearts shall glow, not only “with the sense of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts, that in it there is life and food for future years.”

ADDRESS BY MRS. M. S. LAMSON.

In the resolutions adopted by the Class, the orator of the day was allowed to select her own theme, the whole range of science and literature being left open to her, and on whatever subject she may bring her essay, we are therewith to be content.

Let me give you my experience in searching for a subject on which to address you, and you will agree with me that there is not much danger that your minds will be taxed to listen to essays on ethics or physics *to-day* at least.

What an interesting and instructive article might be written on the discoveries in the range of natural philosophy since we were scholars, thought I; but instead of patiently investigating my subject, and nicely arranging the results therefrom for the benefit of my listeners, my brain goes dancing about the pages of that book entitled “Scien-



tific Class Book," or something like it — we could not have studied its title-page so thoroughly as we did the "Preface to Worcester," or I should not be in doubt; but this I do remember, how assiduously we applied ourselves to its black looking pages, wondering occasionally if the publishers were to study it for long months as we did, whether they would not have chosen a clearer type, and given us a little wider margin to rest our aching eyes upon; and then comes to mind that other book which furnished us with subjects for debate on the question whether ice cream or hot tea made one the cooler, in which Father Peirce alone contended for the latter. Out of these cogitations had not grown a very abstruse essay as you see, and I try physiology. Ideas like these suggest themselves: the great importance of the subject to us as mothers, the necessity of increased information among the people, especially of our own sex, as shown by Miss Beecher in her recent startling statistics of the health of females in our large cities and towns, and — and next, I find myself pondering upon our old recitations and abstracts, and the long practical expositions of our faithful teacher, and at length come to the conclusion that it is in vain for me to attempt to think of anything else but Lexington days and Lexington scenes, and first and foremost, as actors, our teachers and ourselves; now and then the good townsmen and women coming in as *dramatis personæ*.

Other subjects have their interests for us at other times, but when, as has been said, we are weary of so much monotony as this yearly talk of ourselves past, present, and future will make, I would most respectfully suggest that our change and variety should come from another source, that other topics be left for liege lords who, though they did not graduate at Lexington in "Class '39," yet are

fairly adopted into it and will certainly share our duties and bear our burdens here as elsewhere. They cannot tell us what we did at Lexington, and will of necessity bring other matter.

Having decided, then, that *heart*, not *head*, must work if I write at all, bear with me, my sisters, in some reflections on the day.

This day—the last Wednesday of September—how it comes to be set apart in all our households and school arrangements, and associated with the brightest, happiest days of our lives; so many thoughts centre upon it during the twelve months intervening, and so strange a power it has over us as face after face gathers here, we are carried back at once and involuntarily to '39, and we are what we were then; and it will do for me to venture the remark that children, to say nothing of husbands, seem almost interlopers. We *were* schoolgirls of sixteen; we must be the same now, so vividly come back our schoolgirl days. How vanisheth the pleasant illusion when the quiet voice of Father Peirce sounds, not saying, "Young ladies' class in physiology," but "How are you, Mrs. Loring? Your husband and children here?" Then the delirium passes off, and the quiet matron takes the place of the schoolgirl, the mother's pride of the girlish self-complacency, and we talk of present joys and sorrows; and the sympathy of these kindred hearts enhances the one and so lightens the other that the day closes, leaving our hearts full of gratitude. To use a text so often quoted by our Father when invoking Heaven's blessing on our daily labors—"the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places," that our lots were cast together during that year of our lives, and under such circumstances, and though all other of earth's friendships may be transient and evanescent, the recurrence of this day assures us of the strength of our love

for each other. Though oceans roll between and continents divide us, the absent ones will be remembered and still cherished by those whose happier lot it is to see each other face to face.

But in the place of spokesman of my Class this year, I must not omit the *omnium gatherum*, that pleasant and sad duty of chronicling the year's deeds. Each twelvemonth brings to us with the rest of humanity such change. Born, Married, Died, must each have their entries in our Class Calendar, as we write up the records in our family Bibles at home.

Born — five precious souls, to bud, blossom, and bear fruit for eternity! A Richardson, Davis, Lamson, Smith, Drummond; fearful yet blessed charge! May the recording angel write against each of our names as mothers, "faithful in all a mother's duties."

We have been looking forward to the time when there would be too few of us left to have a formal meeting here, but were we not short-sighted? Who can tell the end of these meetings, when our babes are early taught to anticipate them, and many of them are even old enough to look forward to their return with interest second only to their mothers? Our twenty-five names may no more be written on the list of those present, but will it cease to be a day for them to meet?

Married — Mr. A. S. Dean to Miss Rebecca M. Pennell. Take courage, my sisters single, "the brightest gems lie deepest hid." There are stars whose light has not yet reached this world of ours, so say astronomers, and we, the matrons of the class, feel quite sure the day will come when your light shall be no longer hid; and if it come not forth to shine with Drummond brightness, it may illumine some corner of a desolate heart (I mean not of Irish girls and boys in primary or grammar schools).

But my solicitude for you had almost made me forgetful of my duty — to tender to our newly married sister the congratulations of the Class, married and single. After a long and useful course, deserving, we believe, the encomium, Well done, good and faithful teacher! she has entered another sphere not the less difficult to fill. That in this she may be as successful and happy, surrounded by as favoring circumstances, is the wish of our hearts.

Died. — Again we have to mourn the loss of two of the lambs of our fold. Sad, indeed, is that affliction which has taken two from the same fireside. Our hearts bleed for you our sister, and would fain bear part of your sorrow; we can, by our heartfelt sympathies, lighten somewhat the burden. Those only who have drunk of sorrow's cup know fully the value of sympathy. Part of your sorrow I have tasted, and now the memory of those days comes afresh to my mind. A helpless infant of days to care for, and that fearful fever scourge laid low my second born. As my darling was taken from me for other hands to minister to her wants, words cannot tell the anguish, the long, long nights of anxious listening for sounds from that other sick room, the trembling hope that each day would bring relief, — all this you have passed through and more. A kind Providence has spared me that deeper sorrow which has been yours. Taken from the trials and temptations of the world, your little ones are at rest, and looking to them may your upward path be made easier. Long years must pass before a wound so deep can be healed, but may our Heavenly Father give to you "the oil of joy for mourning," and at last may you be able to say "it is good for me that I have been afflicted."

And now, our faithful teacher, we come as a united band, to offer anew our congratulations to you, and to thank that

Providence which spared you to us year after year. Sixty-eight have our numbers become, for we presume, as other fathers blessed with a family of twenty-five daughters, you welcome your sons-in-law, and would number them in your tribe.

With the patriarchs you may say, you have lived to enjoy a goodly heritage.

Long may we all be spared, parents and children, to make the yearly pilgrimage to this our Mecca.

## SEVENTH MEETING

On Wednesday, September 24, 1856, our Class held its Seventh Annual Meeting at the Lexington House, Lexington, nine members being present.

### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. Mary Ann Davis and Mrs. Sarah Drummond.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Peirce . . . . .	West Newton.
Mrs. Mary Ann Davis . . . . .	Lexington.
Ellen Davis . . . . .	Lexington.
Florence W. Davis . . . . .	Lexington.
Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . .	Halifax.
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . .	Roxbury.
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . .	Cambridge.
Mrs. Mary H. Loring . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Helen Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Sarah W. Drummond . . . . .	Roxbury.
Isaac Wyman Drummond . . . . .	Roxbury.
Miss Eliza Ann Rogers . . . . .	Billerica.
Mrs. Hannah P. Blodgett . . . . .	West Amesbury.
Addie M. Blodgett . . . . .	West Amesbury.
Mr. Hermon Rogers, a guest . . . . .	Billerica.

### ADDRESS BY MISS IRESON.

CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS,—At our last meeting you did me the honor to appoint me to address you on the present occasion. Having declined the appointment, you decided to release me on the sole condition of my bringing

with me a husband. Having with my most earnest endeavors failed to accomplish so glorious a purpose, I come to cast myself on your sympathy. Whether any additional task should be imposed on one thus disappointed in the main chance of life, I leave you to determine.

Not long since I heard a learned doctor argue that it was never intended by divine Providence that a woman should live single — judging either from her physical, intellectual, or moral nature, and that, if from any unfortunate circumstances such a thing should occur, she should be supported by a salary from the public fund.

The salary I should by no means object to, but the idea of being an anomaly in creation is not quite so agreeable. The number of single women in the world would presuppose too many mistakes in divine Providence to consist with the wise and harmonious arrangement of all things.

No! my single sisters, beautiful as it is to look upon our sisters fulfilling all the higher relations of life, pattern wives and mothers, as we may justly call them, I believe there is yet a sphere of duty and of happiness for us, and that the sphere of every true woman is the affections.

Do not suppose for a moment that I think you need consolation and sympathy. I see no evidence at present of your pining in loneliness and desolation, but they tell us that a single woman becomes selfish, absorbed in her own interests, unmindful of the interests of others. Need it be so? Is it so? The name of Florence Nightingale stands not alone in the world's history of self-sacrifice and devotion to the poor and suffering. Are there not many in our own immediate circle, full of all generous impulses and forgetfulness of self? Let us, then, stand each in our allotted sphere with a calm trust in that Providence which does all things wisely, and never cease assuring our married sisters

that, though we bring with us no husband, we do bring with us hearts whose freshness is not all withered, but alive with sympathy for them and for each other.

Another year has passed and brought us to this our Seventh Anniversary. Our number remains unbroken, though changes, mournful and joyous, have come to most of us. Some have been called to watch over the sick and dying bed of those near and dear to them, and as that tie was severed there seemed little left to bind them to earth. We miss the pleasant face of one who has always been with us. May her sojourn be short, and may she find in the far West her heart's treasure, richer than all the treasures of the East.

Two new blossoms have been added to our garland. One little bud just opened here has been transplanted to a more genial clime. May all our little treasures be so watched over and cherished here that they may hereafter bloom in "those everlasting gardens,"

"Where angels watch, and seraphs are the wardens."

Our dear Father Peirce, whose absence from our last gathering we so much mourned, has been spared to meet with us again. As we recall the memories of other days, how vividly come to our minds his kindly admonitions, the counsel we did not always heed. We thank him for his forgiveness of our waywardness and the affectionate interest he continues to manifest in us.

How full of interest is this day to us all! How many associations and memories of other days cluster about it; how forcibly are we carried back to the old schoolroom, the gentle stroke of the morning bell, the calm voice of our teacher in devotion, or, more impressive still, the season of silent prayer, when the most thoughtless and trifling could not fail to be subdued to reverence.



Miss Eliza A. Rogers . . . . . Billerica.  
 Mrs. Hannah P. Blodgett . . . . . West Amesbury.  
 Mr. Chauncey W. Chamberlain, a guest West Cambridge.

We many of us missed the hearty greeting at the depot and the pleasant ride to Lexington which had heretofore commenced the pleasures of our Annual Class Day, but as one after another arrived at the place assigned for our meeting, the affectionate greeting with which they were met showed that our friendships and the joy of our meetings were not dependent on place.

One familiar face was that of Miss A. Locke, now Mrs. Johnson, whom most of us had not seen since our school days at Lexington, and who served to call up those bygone days most vividly.

The morning was spent in social intercourse. About twelve o'clock the meeting was called to order to listen to an address by Father Peirce. Dinner was announced before the address was concluded, and it was decided to postpone the conclusion of it till after dinner.

The divine blessing was invoked by Father Peirce. After the creature comforts which loaded the table had received due attention the following sentiments were given :

First. Father Peirce. He has borne the heat and burden of a long and prosperous day. Prolonged and tranquil and beautiful may its twilight hour be, followed by an evening so radiant with the stars of memory and faith and hope that no darkness shall ever visit him.

Mr. Peirce made a few remarks in reply, thanking the Class most sincerely for their kind wishes, but said they must excuse him from making a speech, and he would give as a sentiment, The Class of 1839 and '40. By their energy and perseverance they saved the Normal experiment from shipwreck ! He added : " Mr. Barnard, of Connecti-

cut, was pleased to remark to me on a visit he made to Normalty (though I cannot agree with him) that had the Normal experiment been committed to any other pilot it would have suffered shipwreck, and the cause of Normal Schools have been put back fifty years. I am sure there is much more foundation for my sentiment than for his."

Second. Mrs. Peirce. Long may she cheer us by her presence, and drink from the fountains of our love.

Mrs. Peirce said we must not expect a speech from her, but she took this opportunity to present the Class with a very fine daguerreotype of Father Peirce, and told us that a memoir of him was in preparation, which would be embellished with a likeness. She had wished to present each member of the Class with this, but it was rather too much for her means. Mr. Peirce gave us each a copy of an essay on "Crime, its Causes and Cure," read by him before the American Institute of Instruction.

Third. Lexington. Dear to a nation's heart as the birthplace of strength and confidence in a holy and struggling cause; dear also to our hearts as the birthplace of friendships which to-day reassures us "were not born to die."

Fourth. Our Committee of Arrangements. They have changed our place of meeting, they would be the last to change its character or spirit.

When we returned to the parlor, Father Peirce renewed the reading of his address. We left immediately upon its close. Arrangements for the next meeting were made. Miss Damon was chosen to deliver the address on that occasion.

All expressed themselves much gratified with the accommodations furnished us, and it was unanimously decided that — though we did not forget Lexington, and hoped occasionally to make a pilgrimage there — our next meeting should

be held at the same place, at such time as the Committee of Arrangements should find most convenient for the majority.

(On account of the difficulty of making early connection with trains for Lexington, it had been found necessary to change the place of meeting to Boston.)

I must not close the account of the meeting without a tribute to the most interesting part of our number — the children. Though confined to narrower limits than at Lexington, they appeared to enjoy the occasion; were present during the whole of Father Peirce's address, and by their great propriety of behavior won for themselves golden opinions. One of their maiden aunts remarked that she saw a good many children in different families, but it was difficult to find any as well behaved as these, her Normal nieces and nephews.

Another of our pleasant reunions has passed, and it seems probable that our friends will be more widely scattered before another year comes round, but we trust that distance will not sever those friendships which these meetings have done so much to preserve and strengthen.

#### ADDRESS BY REV. MR. PEIRCE.

After an extemporaneous introduction, recognizing the occasion as one of joyous and grateful emotion, he announced his subject, — "Children."

Why chosen? — all have an interest in children, either as parents, or as teachers, or as both. Children — of how many of our cares and joys, interests and hopes, are they the centre! How much of life relates to them! How much is dependent on them! Children, then, are our theme. Some of the principles to be recognized in their education, together with notice of some of the false notions and methods prevailing in relation to that important business.

I am under no temptation to speak in any other than a spirit of kindness; while I would feel free from all anxiety in regard either to indorsing or assailing the views of any who may hear me, or any established or popular theories.

This, you will say, is the old topic. True, but one in which I hope you still have an interest as parents and practical teachers, and an increasing interest. It is the subject of the words I first addressed to you eighteen years ago. It may properly make the subject of *this* my last address. You may see what change, if any, the interval hath wrought.

My first remark, and the basis, indeed, of all I have to say, is that all education, both theoretical and practical, should imply a recognition of the truth, — all truth, especially all Christian truth. This is a proposition so simple, plain, and generally admitted, that it may seem superfluous to state it. But, as simple and plain as it is, much, yes most, of the education that is going on in the world either is itself an error, or assumes error for a basis. “For this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth,” said the Great Teacher.

Education should be a teaching of the truth; for the want of this nothing can compensate, neither strength of argument, nor beauty of composition, nor elegance of language, nor ingenuity of theory, nor any other thing. Truth, truth, — the great Bowditch used to say, — give us the truth. Yes, all that is really worth anything is the truth. Truth in theory and principle, truth in spirit and motive, truth in manner and form, truth physical, truth intellectual, and truth moral. All truth is of God; all parts are in harmony; all have one end.

Education is, in fact, the great business of the world. It

is going on not only in the schoolroom, but in the church, in the family, and, more than all, in the great theatre of life. The world, and more than half of it in all these places, is virtually a practical, if not a theoretical denial of the truth, of the truth as it is in Jesus, and little better than a refined heathenism. It is selfishness, it is pride, it is ostentation, it is worldliness, it is idolatry. The various Christian sects have their creeds, their forms, their associations, and plans of operation; but, after all, when we come to look at the result, when we consider what society is, what the world, the Christian world is, what the men and people are in actual life, — not those only who do not acknowledge the church and have not been instructed in it, but those who have been born, at least have been brought up, within its pale, and have grown up under its influence, — when we look at their character, I might say their Christianity, and compare it with the Christianity of Christ and of the gospel, are we not struck with the contrast; and is not the conviction forced upon us that there is something in the processes of education wherever it is going on, either *in* or *out* of the church, greatly wrong? Look at Christianity as marked out in the pages of the gospel; compare it with the Christianity of the actual, living, professedly Christian world. Can you make one a facsimile of the other? Do they agree even in the great outlines, in the essential features? Does the one bear the impress of the other? To this inquiry there can be but one response, — “I am the Light of the World;” and what does that Light show us is the chief good — the end of life? It is, in a word, moral excellence. It is righteousness, holiness, godliness. This it is which is profitable for all things. This was the true exaltation of Christ, and by this is our Heavenly Father glorified. And now, in all sincerity, I ask, is this either the aim or the

effect of the education that is going on in the world, — the Christian world, — in our schools and families and churches? Do Christian parents, or Christian teachers anywhere, strive to make their children believe that this is the one thing needful, — the “pearl of great price?” “Oh! yes,” I hear a multitude reply. I know they do theoretically, and by precept; but do they really, do they by life and example?

Do we find this education going on at work among us? Who but must confess another spirit is dominant in the world — another and widely different spirit rules in the hearts and shapes the destiny of men. Are not men, — men generally, old men and young men, men and women and children, — all around us, seeking wealth, place, promotion, pleasure, with a stronger desire and more earnest intent than godliness? Are they not more desirous to become rich men, great men, than good men? And further, are they not taught to be and to do this by the spirit and the example of those who constitute our churches, teach in our schools, rule over our households, that throng our streets and places of business? True it is, and pity is it that 't is true, that a worldly spirit holds the world in abeyance; it holds the ascendancy in the great process of education, in society, in our best schools, and in our most Christian families, to say nothing of our churches.

This is the education we are sustaining, praying for, and praising. The outlays we make for training our children are mainly directed to their *secular* good, to fit them for business, for the interests of the world, to secure its riches, honors, and emoluments — to make gain rather than secure godliness.

It will not be for a moment pretended that it is to build up the spiritual man, and fit him for the kingdom of God. But all education does not lie in direct instruction. It is

not all or chiefly in the schools, or in the pulpit, or in the family. It lies as much as in anything, perhaps more than in all things, — in fashion, usage, custom, in street scenes, and every-day exhibitions, — in a word, in example.

It is found in the customs and fashions of society, of the family, and especially of parents in the unexpressed wish, plans, or purpose, that are only seen and known as they are attempted to be brought out in the process of execution. Few, indeed, are the families, I think, in which the children are made to feel, by anything they see in the example of parents, that there are greater and better interests to be gained than riches, place, and power; very few, where the plans and purposes, the spirit, conversation, and example of parents and teachers are habitually such as to lead the children to seek, as a higher good, the more enduring riches of the spiritual life.

Of the multitude who profess Christ, few show by their conversation and life that they are seeking first the Kingdom of God. They are more distinguished for pride, ambition, and vainglory than for the grace of meekness, patience, and charity. And of those who preach the gospel, many evidently have not waited for its baptism. They are proud, fond of distinction, having respect to persons, with little sympathy for theology, showing most satisfactorily though they be teachers in Israel they have yet much to learn.

Now my opinion is this: that the education of a Christian community should be truly and essentially Christian, and in its schools, churches, and families, in its opinions and practices, Christian. With us it is not so. It is essentially worldly and heathenish. So it is in our schools and families, to say nothing of our churches; so it is in society at large.

The influence exerted upon children, the outlays and anxieties put forth in their behalf, more than half have reference to their worldly prosperity. The training of children is based on a false estimate, on a material, sensual philosophy, that temporal prosperity — worldly elevation — is the chief good of man. Whereas, in its principles and processes, in its beginning, and all along in progress, there should be a recognition of the *Truth*, and especially with us a Christian truth. It implies, on the one hand, a doing, a carrying out, of all the truth requires, and on the other a giving up and sacrifice of all in opinion or practice, in custom, sentiment, or feeling, that the gospel condemns or ignores. We have no right to be ourselves; we have no right to educate our children to be anything but Christians. Education should hold no parley, should make no compromise with any thing, custom or doctrine, that contravenes or ignores the truth.

You say, if the case be so with education, it becomes an impracticable work. Who is sufficient for these things?

If qualified educators could be found, such is the state of public sentiment, there would be no field for them to labor in. I am aware that the true educator, into whatever field he may be called, will find difficulty. All true life involves conflict, and sorry I am that so few are found ready and willing to meet it. But whether many or few, educators should be true in theory, true in spirit and motive, and true in practice.

I do not want our schools to lay aside grammar, arithmetic, and geography, and go teaching theology; but I do think that moral training in some form should hold a place in school discipline, and that equally with grammar, arithmetic, and other secular branches. The spiritual nature of the child, his immortal interests, should be cared for as well



as his worldly thrift. While in places of education, surely he should feel that he is breathing a moral atmosphere.

But I find I do not reach my idea. I do not touch the bottom of the case. We *want*—the great educational need of the age is—a training, a discipline, for boys and girls, young men and maidens, and everybody in the schoolroom and family and everywhere, directed, controlled, spiritualized, sanctified, by *religious truth*, the grace of the gospel; not set forth in set speeches, stated lectures, or prescribed formulas, but expressed, manifested, enforced, by the everyday life, manners, conversation, spirit, and temper of all educators, whether parents or teachers or others, who by precept or example are doing anything to educate the world. What we want is to send forth to this work a spirit, influence, power which will paralyze, extirpate, annihilate this heathenish *idea* which lies at the bottom and shapes the form of almost all human plans and enterprises, especially in the outset of life,—that wealth, fame, power are the highest, the proper aim of man. I would not have children feel as they often must feel, when they go out of the schoolroom and the family into the world, that their training has only fitted them for a short-lived worldly existence.

How few have been effectually taught that character, godliness, is man's chief attainment—to be good men and good women, sons and daughters of the living God, our highest glory.

Most of the training of young people, their most powerful educational influence, viz., that coming from the living example of their elders and teachers, has an earthly origin and earthly aim. What we, what the age, the race—especially the young—need is a literature and educational influence directed and sanctified by religion. The taught must get not only from the doctrine, but from the living of

their teachers, a conviction that man's best possession is character, moral worth; that his most valuable treasure is laid up in heaven. And this must be done, not by lengthening our prayers, nor multiplying sermons, publishing tales of fiction in poetry or prose, by dedicating halls and temples to the Muses, founding professorships and endowing seminaries, though all these may be well, but by living demonstrations, seen in the schoolroom, in the college, in the family, and everywhere, written all over the face of the living world, of a deep conviction that godliness is the great gain! So long as education is a practical acknowledgment that riches, honors, fame, pleasures are the things most worthy of pursuit, so long will society remain selfish, worldly, heathenish; so long shall we have war, violence, fraud, desolation, and bloodshed. These are the natural growth of what we sow. 'T is the whirlwind we shall reap if to the wind we sow! There is no denying it. The education that is going on in the world is little better than practical atheism, a denial of the truth, whether we take for our standard a sound philosophy or the revealed word.

Perhaps I have said enough, and more than enough, on this general idea, particularly with reference to the latter standard; but I have a conviction, a deep conviction, that the education we are carrying on is not that once taught in the school of Christ, and I am very desirous to enforce it upon the minds of others.

Let us comment more particularly on some of the false notions and practices prevalent in regard to the training of children tried by either standard. All truth is of God and demands our reverence and obedience—truth discovered by reason, observation, and experience, or made known by direct revelation. There is a common misapprehension on this subject. Many attach a special sacredness and author-

ity to the truth contained in the Scriptures, while they feel at liberty to treat as they please truth made known to them by the light of reason and experience. This is a great mistake. All truth is truth,—is of God,—speaks with authority, and deserves attention. It is not for me to say how the great source of lights shall make known to my mind any truth, whether by reason and observation, or direct revelation. It is enough for me to know that it is the truth, and, therefore, from God. All that science and observation have opened to me come with authority, with a “Thus saith the Lord,” as if written with the finger of God, and I must incorporate it into the rules of living, and can by no means innocently disregard it. Jesus came to speak to us of the spiritual and unseen world, the unknown and unknowable. It would be presumption, arrogance, folly to expect God to make known to us in an extraordinary and miraculous way what we can know by ordinary reason, by simply using our natural faculties. This is not in harmony with the divine wisdom and economy.

Do not understand me as claiming for all truth equal *importance*, or even equal authority: of this I predicate nothing. But if all is of God, all speaks with divine authority, and we may not withhold our assent. The will of God is imprinted on his works. When we read and understand, we must obey. This is after the example of Him who came to bear witness to the truth—was himself the truth, and fulfilled all righteousness. And yet we, in this advanced age as we call it, with our semi-heathenish Christianity, think ourselves at liberty to regard or not, as suits our inclination or convenience, truths discernible by reason and observation, and teach our children that they may do so too. Teach them by our habits and customs,—in a word, by our example.

By the discoveries of the science of physiology, God has revealed to us the laws of true living. What business have we to ignore those laws, written as they are in sunbeams by the finger of God in our very frames and constitutions? Why do we set aside God's code and follow the code of our own making in obedience to appetites, customs, fashions? Our true interest, happiness, usefulness, the well-being of society, the honor and glory of the Creator — life's great end — demands that by obedience to the organic laws, which are God's laws, we maintain sound minds in sound bodies (*mens sana in sano corpore*); and what right have we to make ourselves weak, sickly, useless, miserable, while living, and bring ourselves to a premature grave, often in the meridian of life, by what we eat and what we drink, and the manner in which we are clothed, and by our personal habits, by our domestic arrangements, and the fashions of social intercourse? Many seem to regard it a very light thing to live in habitual violation of the natural laws — the laws of God as much as the precepts of the gospel. Christian professors, to comply with some established custom, disregard their authority, and so as much dishonor God as though they trampled in the dust the holy emblems of their faith. Cases of invisible ignorance we must excuse, but to bring the customs and arrangements of life up to our knowledge of its organic laws would be a great advance upon the actual state of things.

These errors in education (perhaps I ought to say these abominations) begin at a very early period of life; what the child first requires is *rest*, quiet, or the gentlest agitation, with the simplest nourishment regularly administered; but these it does not get, or does not get regularly.

All those violent emotions, loud noises, sharp sounds, brilliant, dazzling objects addressed to his senses to attract

attention and awaken his mental activities, are premature and ill judged. Little more is required than that the child be regularly and properly dressed, fed, and laid quietly away. Everything sudden, violent, startling, should be avoided as endangering the nervous system and permanently and fatally injuring the constitution. Again, the child would indulge in the very natural exercise of crying, as one mode of giving vent to his feelings and emotions, expressing his natural love of change or relieving himself from ennui, and certainly not always from pain, hunger, or anger. But the child must not cry; it must be rocked, it must be carried about, it must be fed, it must be stuffed with sweets, and ever so much must be done to prevent crying. Howbeit, it never occurs to the mother that crying is a wholesome exercise, and that the child may get good by it, or that some of the things done to prevent it are more likely to promote it.

Again, health, strength, growth, call for exercise; instinct prompts the child to creep, nature's first mode of locomotion. Oh, but the child must not creep; that is vulgar and unfashionable. He is encouraged to walk instead, even while his bones are unformed, no matter if he does get crooked legs by it; that is a small evil compared with being vulgar and out of fashion.

So in the subsequent stages of education we tolerate, we institute, and practice a thousand abominations, and in our families and in our social intercourse, in our eating, drinking, dressing, and modes of life, which are so much rebellion against God, and so much real, if not intended, sacrifice to idols. Life is a continual oblation to appetite, pride, vanity, and lust. We are perpetuating the iniquities of the fathers, we are raising up another generation to be worshippers of Baal rather than of the living God.

The true end of education is to restore the image of God in man, to make our bodies fit temples of the Holy Ghost and our spirits fit inmates of God's spiritual temple. When we consider the sickness and infirmities flesh is subject to, the crimes and iniquities so prevalent in the world, both the result, mainly, of the education the world is receiving at our hands, the hands of Christians, can we longer believe that we are about our Heavenly Father's work?

“He that receiveth one such little one in my name, receiveth me.” Every parent, every teacher, that receiveth a new child — that hath presented to her, committed to her charge, a new child — either in the family or in the school-room, receiveth the most valuable trust that could possibly be committed to her, more precious than gems or rubies. No material interest, no earthly treasure, however much desired, is for a moment to be estimated with the value of a human soul; and the condition, the progress, the present and the immortal weal of this soul hangs upon the fidelity of the parent or teacher who so received it. Every parent and every teacher receives every child that, in Providence, comes under her care either in the name of truth, in the name of Christ, to be educated for humanity, for heaven, for God, or she receives it in the name of error, in the name of a false and vain philosophy, to be educated with earthly aims and for a pleasure-seeking and idolatrous world — and this under the conviction that riches, honor, preferment, pleasure are the things above all others to be desired. In one of these two ways, under one of the influences, is every child received, educated. One is the way of truth and leads to honor, glory, and immortality. The other is the way of error, whose end is death.

In whose name do we, friends, receive our children, our pupils? In whose name do we educate them? In the

name of Christ, of truth, or in the name of error? How and for what are we training them up, by precept and example? In a Christian land a Christian education is every child's birthright. No teacher, no parent has a right to receive him in any other name but the name of Christ — to teach him any other system but the Christian system. Every one is bound to acknowledge Christ as Lord — to submit to his authority, become his disciple, to be a member of his church. This is not only a privilege, but an obligation. Christ, when on earth, established a church; of this we are as much bound to become members as we are bound to become good men and women, "to live righteously, soberly, and godly, to serve God and keep his commandments," as much bound as we are to fit ourselves for heaven. Indeed, it is not a matter submitted for our option. It is laid upon us as a command. The great Head of the church knew the discipline which we needed to fit us for himself, and if the church had not been a necessary instrumentality he would not have appointed it. There is a mighty mistake prevailing in regard to this matter. In this church and by this church and for this church every child has a right to be trained.

Say, parent; say, teacher; say, Christian professor, is the education you are giving after this sort?

But what is this church? Of whom does it consist? Who are its legitimate members? I say, then, by and on the authority of the New Testament, it is the body of persons who believe in Jesus Christ the Son of God and Saviour of men, crucified and risen, and so believe in Him as to be personally conscious of a supreme desire to live his spiritual life, resemble Him, and be his true, living, redeemed disciples. Baptism and the Lord's supper are the visible signs and tokens of becoming and remaining

members of this church. So says the New Testament, so says church history. Of this body we should be members, so should our children. Many regard this matter with much unconcern and indifference, but Christ hath not so treated it. We are to be his disciples, members of his church on earth, as we would be members of the church of the first born whose names are written in heaven. A necessity is laid upon us thus to acknowledge Christ.

And this leads me to speak of another practical error in the Christian world, even among those Christian professors who, in most respects, are consistent and exact. I allude to the practice so common in our churches of excluding children from its membership. The promise is "to you and your children!" And children of believing parents, once introduced into the church and consecrated to God by baptism, should be educated in it and by it, and can no more be excluded from it forever. So teach the apostles, so has the church taught from her earliest history, and such is the practice of some of our most numerous and consistent denominations, as the Quakers, Episcopalians, and Romanists. If children were educated in this ideal, enforced by the example and practice of parents, they would not manifest such indifference, not to say opposition, to church ordinances as they now do, nor would the ranks of young communicants be so thin as they now are. Children should be taught nothing else, should hear nothing else, should know nothing else, than that they are church members, and as such are to walk in all its commandments and ordinances. Children educated in this belief and under this ideal would be found neither unfit nor unwilling to take upon themselves church vows and relations. A proof of this we see in the example of Episcopalians. We should then have a fuller church, more orderly families, and better



communities. I will only add, under this head, that parents should never press this matter to compulsion, should never carry it beyond affectionate, earnest, solemn advice. It would be losing sight of one great principle or fact in education; viz., *that children have rights*; and it must be remembered — yea, there can hardly be a worse mistake in parental discipline than to forget, as parents often do — that as parents have authority so children have rights. Frequent conflict between children and parents is sure to be followed with consequences most disastrous. In all matters indifferent, surely, or where pro and con are merely balanced, let children have their way. Better stop far short of the true limits of parental authority than go a hair's breadth beyond it. This last there is danger of parents doing in their zeal to maintain their authority.

There are other practices in education common with teachers and parents reputed wise and professedly Christian, which, though they directly contravene no principle in philosophy or precept of religion, will hardly receive the sanction of a sound discretion. We have instances of this in the course which many parents take in regard to the selection of books for their children's reading, in forming matrimonial connections, and in choosing a profession for life. On each of these I will offer a few remarks.

First, in regard to the choice of books; and here I have one general remark to make, which will apply to many other things as well as the one under consideration. It is this: that if the parent or teacher himself be right, truly and thoroughly right, it will have a mighty influence in forming the tastes and in forming the judgment of the child.

To exclude all books of immoral tendency is the right and duty of the parent, but to say whether the reading shall be more of one kind than another — i. e., whether it shall

consist more of prose or of poetry, more of history or biography or essay, — this, it seems to me, is the prerogative of the child. The contrary would involve an invasion of his rights. But when the question arises in regard to works of fiction and imagination, such as Scott and Dickens, Hawthorne and a large class of minor authors of a like kind (few of which I have read), to which there exists no objection from the moral spirit they breathe, and by which our young folks seem so much fascinated, a decision becomes very difficult. This much, however, seems to me: when a child is given so much to novel reading as to read nothing else, or to weaken and unsettle his mind or pervert his taste, it is time for the parent to interfere, and the best way to cure the evil is to debar the child from books entirely for a season, or to require him, for every volume of fiction, to read one of equal size of history or biography or sober essay.

Second, in regard to matrimonial alliances. I know of no human relation more important or worse managed, none in the formation of which there are grosser violations of truth, whether in high or low life, whether on the part of parents or children.

“A great match,” in everybody’s mouth, means one that promises well for worldly thrift, wealth, distinction, place, power. In view of these things we see the truths of physiology and religion, the sober lesson of experience and observation, and every consideration touching the proper intent of the institution, overlooked and foregone. Christian professors will readily confess (nothing is more common) that these things do not constitute happiness, — nay, are often a hindrance to it, — yet in forming connections for their children aim at nothing so much. Can anything be more inconsistent or heathenish? It is because mar-

riage connections are thus consummated that family peace is so often broken, home robbed of its sweetest joys, and its most sacred relations desecrated. But what is the parent to do? I answer, in regard to marriages forming or to be formed on such principles and with such aims, he should do nothing. And in any case he can hardly do more than counsel, remonstrate, and advise; anything like constraint, compulsion, or persecution, direct or indirect, as debarring from the parental roof or threatening disinheritance, is very questionable policy. The whole connection is so much a personal matter that it seems as though it should be left mainly to the voluntary choice of the child.

Third, the last topic upon which I am to remark is the choice of a profession for life. Here the same improper motives are allowed to influence our decision, to some extent, as prevail in forming the marriage connection. But in choosing one of the many callings or professions which it is lawful to pursue, *the* question above all others to be asked, considered, and answered by the parent and by the child is, what is the child made for? For what is he by his Creator fitted? To what is he inclined? And not what is most fashionable or honorable or dignified or gainful even, but what is he made for? Here you have the indication of Providence, the decision of God. To one God says I made you for this; to another, I made you for that. He tells one man to be a farmer, another a mechanic, a third a merchant. One man is made for the forum: he has causality and language; another for the desk: he has causality, comparison, language, with a large infusion of marvelousness and reverence; while a third is endowed with a large share of histrionic or dramatic power. Where did he get it? He did not make it himself; evidently it came from the same source whence the others derived theirs, the original

source of all our faculties — God. He is made for the stage. If God formed a Raphael for a painter, a Michael Angelo for a sculptor, a Shakespeare and a Milton for a poet, did he not mean that a Garrick, Siddons, Mowatt, Kemble, should be actors? For each of these and a multitude of others their calling was chosen before they were born. Let every one follow nature's lead and further her intents. Where nature has not thus clearly pointed out the way, other considerations may come in to influence the choice. And well is it when considerations affecting character and usefulness lead in the choice, rather than chances and probabilities of gain.

It may surprise some of you to hear your old teacher advocating the stage and the drama, or even admitting its propriety, after what I have said on Christian training. But there is no inconsistency; I do not advocate or exclude its abuses and abominations. The drama and the stage grow out of our natural gifts, and powers and everything that is of God is good. If the Creator has endowed some with histrionic gifts and powers, and all of us in a degree with imitation and mirthfulness, this is evidence enough for me to believe that he meant there should be a stage and acting. I say I do not defend its abuses nor make it accountable for them. If there have been bad actors, so there have been bad lawyers and ministers. The same way that the objector proves that it was meant there should be sculptors, painters, poets, farmers, and ministers, I prove it was intended there should be actors. There may be good people in all professions and callings, and as good in one as in another — as good sailors, farmers, chimney-sweeps as lawyers and ministers.

I know a family of four daughters, all talented, all possessing a taste for the fine arts. Who gave them these

abilities? God. Ought they to exercise their various and special gifts? Undoubtedly, you say. One has a talent for painting; what should she be? A painter. Another a talent for sculpture; what shall she be? Why, a sculptor, to be sure. The third has great musical powers. All say what the Creator has said before them, a musician. Very well. Now the fourth happens to be endowed with great histrionic power. Her Creator evidently made her for the drama and the stage. Ought she not to be an actress? So says reason, consistency; so says her Creator. But her well-meaning yet injudicious friends think otherwise, say No, and so she stays at home, sits in the corner, and darns stockings.

I did intend to say something of the general principles of training children and the motives to be presented to influence them. But I have already extended these remarks too far. Under this head a word must suffice.

In regard to general principles. If you begin seasonably; i. e., when life begins (the first decade thereof being the most important for education),—if you begin seasonably, with a strong desire to do right, with good common-sense, with a heart full of love, with well-developed firmness, with these elements and principles you can hardly go wrong. They are better than volumes of rules, formulas, and precepts.

As a general thing, I would not reason much with children, especially young children. Early habituate them to submit to authority; it is wiser, safer, and happier for the child. Deliberate, but decide; decide promptly.

Few things are worse for children than to be found frequently hesitating and unsettled; better even sometimes decide wrong. Again I say be firm, mild, kind, uniform, but *firm*. If the spirit that habitually rules the parent or

teacher be right, his will or desire manifested in any manner will be to the child the strongest authority.

In regard to motives, let children see that what you teach and what you require is true and right, that you believe it to be such; and that this is reason enough that it should be learned, that it should be done. That it is useful, that it is expedient, fashionable, gainful; if urged as motives at all, let them come in only as secondary considerations. These are the motives that have long led, and now lead, in the work of education; many of them are essentially heathenish, and they have made society and the world what they are. And be assured that so long as parents and teachers carry on the work of education under the lead of such principles, so long will they train up for children such deformities as meet our eyes at home and everywhere.

On rewards and punishments I add one remark. Of whatever form they be, imitate the divine administration; of whatever form they be, let children see that in your discipline rewards and punishments are the natural consequence of their own actions. Experience and observation have led me to doubt very much the wisdom and propriety of rewards and punishments merely arbitrary. Hiring children to learn, to be good, or to do anything, is worse than error,—is abomination. The whole system of medals and premiums as a means of education, at home or in the school-room, sanctioned as it is by authorities, is at best a refined abomination. I have said nothing new.

## NINTH MEETING

On Wednesday, September 15, 1858, our Class held its Ninth Annual Meeting at the Marlboro Hotel, five members being present.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. Harriet Peirce . . . . .	West Newton.
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . .	Cambridgeport.
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . .	Roxbury.
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . .	Cambridge.
Mr. and Mrs. David Loring . . . . .	Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thompson . . . . .	Woburn.
Mr. Chauncey W. Chamberlain, a guest	West Cambridge.

In consequence of some misunderstanding on the part of the committee, two of our most reliable members, Mrs. Lamson and Mrs. Drummond, were absent, the former being in Philadelphia, the latter in New York. It was our hope and intention so to plan the meeting as to secure the presence of one, — finding it impossible for both to be in Boston at the same time, — and our failure was the occasion of sincere regret.

Mrs. Loring took charge of arrangements at the Marlboro, which were, as usual, most satisfactory; and I think none present could fail to recognize and be grateful for the grace and energy and social power with which Mrs. Loring enlivened a day which promised to be inauspicious. Although our number was so small, the time passed pleasantly and cheerfully, if not as joyfully as in former years; and the tone of the letters and messages received from our

absent ones proved no abatement of interest or faith in the continuance of our meetings. Instead of an address from one of our number, Mrs. Loring read a poem on Woman's Mission, which she had very much admired at its delivery by a young lady at the recent Normal School Convention at Framingham, and which proved very entertaining and acceptable to our company.

During the forenoon Miss Harris read the following remarks and resolutions: —

“For seventeen years death had not broken our ranks. The voices of some of our loved ones have not always mingled with our tones of greeting, but we knew that they fell clear and pleasant on other kindred hearts, and that this occasion, with all its freighted memories, was their thought and theme, as it was ours. We have received their assurances and their regrets, their hopes of a future meeting with us, and we have felt that the propitious hour would yet arrive.

“We have been so long an unbroken company that we have never painfully realized how one after another must disappear into the ‘Silent Land,’ and their memories alone come up to greet us. But to-day it is otherwise. A beloved and cherished sister — as faithful in her heart, we believe, to her relations with us as she was to all others — sends us no word of greeting, no sign of regret, no hopeful expression concerning a more favorable future. We know that her voice greets no human ear to-day; and if her thoughts are of us, they are the pure and sanctified thoughts which angels breathe; and we, thinking of her, are lifted into the holier atmosphere of her home among the ‘eternal hills.’

“Many of us recall her only as she was in her girlhood, loving and lovely; but a few of us have felt the influence



of her maturer graces, have confessed the charm of voice and manner that bespoke the beautifully calm and earnest soul, 'unresting — unhasting.'

"As I last saw her in the sanctuary of her own happy home, a fair and graceful type of true womanhood, it seemed to me that the radiant light of that spiritual home she was so soon to enter already haloed and blessed her."

The following were the resolutions : —

"Resolved, That by the death of our beloved classmate, Eliza Pennell Blake, our Class is bereaved of one of its brightest ornaments.

"Resolved, That as we recall her gentle presence and lovingly remember the virtues and graces that made her so dear to all who knew her, confiding in the love of the Father who called her, we will accept the heavenly for the earthly mission in the spirit of her own pure life.

"Resolved, That as we are thus reminded how frail and uncertain are these mortal ties, we will cement more firmly those spiritual bonds that, surviving the perils of time, shall gladden the immortal life beyond.

"Resolved, That we remember to-day with peculiar tenderness and interest our bereaved classmate, Rebecca Pennell Dean, whose life was so intimately and beautifully linked with our departed sister's.

"Resolved, That we tender our earnest and heartfelt sympathies to the husband and son, trusting in the love of the great Consoler, who can alone sustain them in such a bereavement.

"Resolved, That we deeply deplore the absence from our meeting to-day of our revered friend and teacher, Father Peirce.

"Resolved, That while we gratefully recall his benign and cheerful presence at our social gatherings, we also recall his faithful, vigorous labors for our highest welfare.

“Resolved, That henceforth, if he meet not with us, a large place will be vacant, a bright and cheering light be withdrawn, and we shall feel the subduing influence of a vital and irreparable loss.

“Resolved, That we tender to him our heartfelt desire that his days of sickness may be as serene and trusting and hopeful as those of health have been faithful, true, and earnest.

“Resolved, That while we mourn the absence of a friend and teacher, the community is deprived of one who has advocated the cause of sound intellectual learning, pure morality, and religious culture with noble zeal and fidelity, and illustrated what he advocated by a life worthy and approved.

“Resolved, That we will cherish the memory of his words and of his works, of what he was to us as teacher, friend, and counselor in our earlier days, of what he has since been to us in the freer intercourse of our maturer sympathies.”

## IN MEMORIAM: MRS. MARY HALL LORING

THE Boston newspapers of September 13, 1859, contained among the deaths the following: "September 12, Mrs. Mary Hall Stodder, wife of David Loring, 36. Funeral services on Thursday, 15th, at eleven o'clock A. M., at 63 Shawmut Avenue. The members of the first Class of the Lexington Normal School are invited to attend."

Such was not the summons we were hopefully anticipating from the favorite of our band. The autumn had come, and we were daily awaiting her call for another of those harvest days of rejoicing, in which we could pour into each others' hearts the fruition of the past year. But instead, there came this voiceless beckoning of our darling classmate from the silent chamber of death. Widely severed by distance as we were, but few of us could obey this sudden bidding to the house of mourning. Of our number only Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. Lamson, Miss Rogers, and Miss Ireson, with our dear elder friend, Mrs. Peirce, were able to respond by their presence in the darkened home of our sister, hitherto illumined for us always by her radiant smile of welcome. In just one year from our last happy reunion, made happy in large measure by her amiable, careful superintendence and winning sociability, we gathered around her spirit-deserted form to weep with the three little loving boys left motherless in the world, with the devoted brothers made sisterless, with the fond husband unutterably desolated.

From the lips of three pastors whom she loved, and each of whom in turn had numbered our departed Mary among

the precious lambs of his flock — Rev. Messrs. Pierpont, Waterston, and Hale — came words of prayer and consolation for the many smitten hearts assembled there, and then the mortal part of our immortal friend was borne to its last long repose beside kindred dust, away from the city's tumult and glare, amid the silent hills with the umbrageous forest crowned. So most mournfully passed our tenth Class reunion; mournfully, but not unprofitably we trust; may it be sanctified to us for great good. Thou, dear Mary, in thy bright abode above, wilt lift our thoughts heavenward to thee and to our God.

## TENTH MEETING

AN informal meeting of such members of our Class as were in the immediate neighborhood and could assemble at very brief notice was held at Mr. and Mrs. Lamson's, Boston, Wednesday P. M., November 16, 1859.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lamson . . . Boston.  
Helen Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
Gardner S. Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
Kate G. Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . . Cambridgeport.  
Mrs. Mary Ann Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
Florence W. Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . . Roxbury.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . . Cambridge.  
Mr. David Loring . . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. Sarah W. Drummond . . . . . New York.  
Miss Catherine P. Wyman, a guest . . . Roxbury.

The afternoon was spent in conversation simply, and after partaking of a bountiful repast prepared by our host and hostess, we separated in the hope that Providence might permit us to assemble in larger number during the coming year.

Father Peirce [born August 15, 1790] died April 5, 1860, the first Principal of the first State Normal School in America.

## ELEVENTH MEETING

THE Eleventh Annual Meeting of our Class was held at the Lexington House, Wednesday, August 8, 1860, when twelve members were present.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . West Cambridge.  
Mrs. Mary Ann Davis . . . . Lexington.  
Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . Halifax.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . Somerville.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . Cambridge.  
Mr. and Mrs. Jeduthan Richardson . Woburn.  
    Thomas F. Richardson . . . . Woburn.  
    Almon L. Richardson . . . . Woburn.  
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lamson . . . . Boston.  
    Helen Lamson . . . . Boston.  
    Gardner S. Lamson . . . . Boston.  
    Kate G. Lamson . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. Maria L. Thompson . . . . Woburn.  
    Nellie S. Thompson . . . . Woburn.  
Mrs. Lydia A. Adams . . . . Fall River.  
Mrs. James F. Drummond . . . . New York.  
    J. Wyman Drummond . . . . New York.  
    Catherine W. Drummond . . . . New York.  
Miss Eliza Ann Rogers . . . . Billerica.  
Mrs. Hannah P. Blodgett . . . . West Amesbury.  
    Addie M. Blodgett . . . . West Amesbury.

As the meeting was called at a short notice (two of our number acting as an informal committee), it was feared it might prove a failure. The day was fine and our hearts were cheered, on arriving at the cars, to welcome one and

another of our dear classmates. A cheerful, happy greeting was given and received by each familiar face; but as we looked around upon the smiling group, we were saddened when we thought of one dear face we should not see, one kindly voice that would not welcome us. She who had been the light and joy of our meeting, whose face ever beamed with smiles of love and welcome — she, our dear Mary Loring, was no longer one of our happy number.

After an interchange of kindly sympathies and pleasant reminiscences, we listened to the reading of letters from our absent classmates, expressing regrets that they could not be with us, and a continued interest in our Class meetings; allusions were made to the great loss we have sustained in the death of our honored Father Peirce, and many were the words of sympathy and sorrow for the bereaved husband and motherless children of our dear departed Mary Loring. Many kind thoughts for our dear Mrs. Peirce.

The letters were sent to her that she may know that her sorrow is also ours.

After reading the letters from absent classmates, Miss Rogers begged leave to read a private letter she had lately received from Mrs. Peirce, in answer to one of sympathy from herself. It was a sad yet grateful review of her husband's last sickness, to the closing scenes of his life. It was the deathbed of one who had lived "to the Truth." To such an one death could not be clothed with terror, but rather it was but laying by the frail mortal for a glorious immortality. Let us follow his example, "Live to the Truth," that the truth may make us free indeed.

Mrs. Peirce alluded to a monument she was intending to erect to the memory of her husband, and it was voted by the Class to see what could be done by Normalty towards defraying the expense of a monument. Each member pre-

sent subscribed and pledged herself to use every means in her power to induce others who were pupils of the late Father Peirce to add their offering to the cause. In the meanwhile Mrs. Peirce was to be informed of the matter, and requested to defer any action until she should hear further from us.

At one o'clock we sat down to a dinner, at which Mr. Lamson presided. During the repast there was the usual interchange of thought, enlivened by sallies of wit and humor. To give a little variety to the entertainment, Miss Harris, in behalf of her friends, presented three of the number — Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Blodgett, and Mrs. Morton — with pitchers, as a token of their appreciation of the great effort these ladies have made to be present on this occasion. As the recipients were taken by surprise, the scene was a comical one. This, of course, added to the mirth of the hour.

After dinner we adjourned to the drawing-room to listen to an address prepared for the occasion by Mrs. Lamson, after which a few resolutions were adopted and our meeting closed.

At half-past four most of us separated to go to our respective homes, gratified and delighted with the events of the day.

ADDRESS BY MRS. LAMSON.

MY DEAR CLASSMATES, — It has been suggested that, meeting as we do to-day after a lapse of two years, in which events of so sad a nature in our history as a class have transpired, that it is fitting that some record of death's dealings be made; and equally fitting, it seems to me, that, as this year we celebrate our Twentieth Class Day, we pause on the threshold ere we enter another cycle, and while we mourn together over the providences of the past, which, in our short-sightedness we would have averted, we may also



rejoice in the great goodness and mercy which have watched over us so long, and in the unusual exemption from the severer trials of life which we have enjoyed.

On that day when leaving our *Alma Mater* — our *Almus Pater* we would then have said, for it was our dear father whom we left, and that institution, of which we were the beginning, had not earned for itself such laurels that we might appropriate *then* the name of *Alma Mater*, — on that day could we have been told what twenty years would reveal — that only three of our number would be called away from earth ; that not one would be left to wander from the paths of virtue or do aught which should fill our hearts with sadness ; that, on the contrary, a useful life would be the lot of so many — yes, more, that eminence would be attained by not a few in the path of our professions ; that none should be made to taste the bitterness of poverty ; and above all, that through all these years our paths should be cheered by the unfailing friendship and sympathy of each other, — should we not have said it was more than we could ask or even hope for ? But has not all this taken place ? Its parallel may not be found in the records of any class of our sister graduates, and perhaps in no other educational institution.

Indeed, we have been blessed of Providence, and it surely becomes us to utter to-day the voice of thanksgiving, even if our hearts are saddened by recent bereavements.

As we bade adieu to our teacher, we remember that, to our young eyes, he looked like an *old* man, and twenty years would be a long time for his life to be spared to us ; but year after year he has come to our annual gathering, and by his never-failing love for us has bound us more and more to him. Henceforth we are to wander as sheep without a shepherd. We miss his low and earnest tone of wel-

come here to-day, and that other voice which used to join his in loving greeting. Long have they trodden life's journey together. May her path, so lonely now, be cheered with the sweet remembrances of the past, and the hope of a reunion where there are no more partings.

With united hearts, for I feel I am speaking what you each wish to utter, would we express to her our sympathies; not in formal resolutions, for that is the world's way when it speaks and often feels not, but with silent tears which are the heart's utterance.

Of our beloved teacher it is our privilege to speak, not as if the world was to hear, but to bear our testimony that the pages of our Record Book may show how we loved and valued him. In recurring to our school year, my first thought is always how little we then realized our position, how little we appreciated his untiring energy, perseverance, and zeal, against what discouragements he was struggling, and with what slight hope of success. As he looked forward to the decision of that question which to his far-seeing eye was so momentous, "Shall there be Normal Schools?" his patience must have been severely tried that we were at times so unteachable.

But to appreciate the labors and trials of the teacher we must first be teachers ourselves, and from this standpoint we can all of us look back and admire his ability, his thoroughness, his tact at training, not the intellect only, but the whole man. Much has been said in praise of Father Peirce, but the half has not been told nor *can* be; it is felt by all who have come under his influence.

To those who have been teaching, how invaluable have his lessons been; and even in these days, when the subject of education is so much studied, his lectures, as we read them from our journals, are filled with thoughts and sugges-

tions worthy of repetition at the next Teachers' Association.

Not in teaching only, but in all the walks of life, are we indebted to him. In our labors for our children how much has he assisted us! He taught us how to teach others. The schools of our country, as we scholars reason, are to be the gainers; but as mothers we look with a less confined vision. We hoped and expected as teachers to do much good in the mental and moral culture of our scholars, and many are the testimonials that our hopes and expectations were not in vain; and when we left the school for the nursery it was with the feeling that our Normal work was done and we were to enter a new field. Has it proved so? You, my sisters who are mothers, can answer. Does not the old motto, the first adopted as the school badge, "Live to the Truth," still ring in your ears and find its daily application? Do not the many precepts inculcating patience and perseverance find even more scope for use than in the schoolroom? Do not the habits of order and system which he daily illustrated serve you as usefully now as ever?

As he taught us to be good teachers and mothers, so he prepared us to be good citizens. We live at a time when we shall probably be called upon to exert a wider influence than we have heretofore, and doubtless whatever our position these same truths, which have been so invaluable to us in the past, will be our guide in the future.

In speaking thus of the happy results of our Normal training, I feel I have bestowed the highest encomiums on these labors. At what higher end can we aim than that our influence on all around us should be of an elevating and improving character? And upon what multitudes has he set his stamp. And shall we mourn that we can see him no more in the flesh? No, let us rather rejoice that

when the casket was worn out the spirit was released, and that he was spared the lingering sickness which he anticipated, and the long period of uselessness to himself and the world which he so much dreaded.

As I looked upon that face which had so often smiled upon us, I could only say "that life is long which answers life's great end," and feel that we were to be thankful for one more example of a man who had lived his threescore and ten years upon the earth and passed unsullied to his rest.

Of our number three meet no more with us here. One, an invalid in her school days, died soon after graduating. Seventeen years rolled by and left our number the same, and then the summons came to another — a wife, a mother, and sister. A far-off home had been hers, and we saw her rarely after we parted at Lexington, but we loved her still and grieved that we should see her here no more.

Scarce a year had passed since the third was called from us. Why must *she* go? our unwilling hearts would say. O Death, must thou take our best-loved, our dearest treasure? We cannot spare her — husband and children will be desolate; but in vain our prayers. "God moves in a mysterious way;" "what is hidden from us now shall be revealed hereafter;" for wise and good purposes He correcteth us, and may we bow with submission to this our heaviest stroke. I feel that my pen is entirely inadequate to express your feelings, my dear sisters; for it fails to utter my own. Living for many years so near to her, she had become very dear to me — how dear I did not know until I felt the blank which she had left. Hers was a nature which bound her strongly to her friends, and her sparkling vivacity made her the loved and admired companion of many. Joined to a cultivated mind, she had a

depth of feeling which ever overflowed in smiles and tears, and made us feel that she was a true sympathizer — a true woman, may I not say?

The Class and its meetings were ever dear to her heart, and you who were present at the last bear testimony to her untiring exertions that all should be happy. Could she speak to us to-day she would say, "Dry your tears, mourn not for me," so earnestly has she ever desired that we should have a meeting to which we could recur with pleasure for the year. Let us follow her example and make greater exertions to continue these gatherings, that as our numbers lessen our hearts may be more closely bound together.

To husband and children so sadly bereaved would we tender our sympathies. The hand that smites can heal, and we feel how powerless are our words to touch his deep grief. For the children thus early motherless we are pledged by the many expressions of their mother that our interest for each other would insure its continuance for our children, and earnestly shall we watch and pray that these dear children may be kept from the evil in the world and grow up to honor their mother.

Is there one who would say, after this review, what will twenty years recall?

Let us not strive to lift the veil that a kind Heavenly Father has drawn between us and our future. We cannot question that wisdom which conceals it. Enough for us that "As our day so shall our strength be," and if we follow the indication of Providence and our motto, "Live to the Truth," we shall be led safely through the prosperities and adversities of life, whether many or few may be the days allotted to us here.

At the annual meeting of the American Institute of In-

struction held in Boston, August, 1860, Rev. Mr. Brooks brought to the attention of the Institute the death of Father Peirce. He said his name and that of Normal Schools were synonymous. He was not dead, but lived in the thoughts that he had communicated to others and which he hoped would live to circumnavigate the globe. The speaker gave a brief account of his own and Mr. Peirce's labors in behalf of Normal Schools, until they were finally successful through the aid of Daniel Webster and John Quincy Adams. In conclusion he offered the following resolution: —

“Resolved, That as members of the American Institute of Instruction, we remember with gratitude the solid and lasting services rendered to education by our late associate, Rev. Cyrus Peirce, the first teacher of the first Normal School established by law on this western continent. We bear our cheerful testimony not only to his early and full appreciation of the phrase, as is the teacher so is the school, but also to that sober good sense, that transparent sincerity, that indomitable perseverance by which the Normal School has become a fixed institution of our country.

“Resolved, That while we are grateful for his public labors and his eminent success, we mourn that we shall see his face no more; yet we would be comforted in recalling his paternal gentleness and manly courage, his worldly wisdom and his apostolic faith; and would conclude with hoping that the maxim of his heart, ‘Live to the Truth,’ may become the sacred motto of every school. All men possess strength in early life, but in him were united the warmth of youth with the wisdom of age; in this he was one of the noblest examples that have been given to man. He saw the beginning and the end of the educational struggle so far, and was always true to his duty.”

## TWELFTH MEETING

On Wednesday, October 1, 1862, our Class held its Twelfth Meeting at the Lexington House, Lexington, eight members being present.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Helen Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Gardner S. Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Kate G. Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Lydia A. Adams . . . . .	Fall River.
Edward S. Adams . . . . .	Fall River.
Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . .	Halifax.
Mrs. Maria L. Thompson . . . . .	Woburn.
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . .	West Cambridge.
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . .	Boston.
Miss Eliza Ann Rogers . . . . .	Billerica.
Mrs. Susan E. B. Channing . . . . .	Boston.
Eva Channing . . . . .	Boston.
Guests :—	
Rev. Caleb Stetson . . . . .	Lexington.
Mr. Calvin Rogers . . . . .	Billerica.

While awaiting the assembling of the little group, two of the first arrivals made a loving pilgrimage to the old school building, now untenanted, and to the Monument and Common near by, and in the course of the walk made the happy discovery that Rev. Caleb Stetson, whom we all remembered as so frequent and interested a visitor to the school during our year, now resides in Lexington. On their return with this intelligence, it was unanimously voted

to invite him to dine with us; and Mrs. Lamson, the President of the day, immediately dispatched a note of invitation, to which a favorable answer was received.

After an interval of conversation and friendly greeting, Mrs. Lamson called our attention to the business of the day. The records of the last meeting were read, and also letters from Mrs. Peirce, Mrs. Usher, of Onalaska, Wis., and Mrs. Almira Johnson. We had also verbal messages from some of our other absent ones, regretting their inability to be present with us. Mrs. Lamson, as Treasurer of the Monument Fund, made the subjoined report.

Owing to some misunderstanding, no address had been prepared for this occasion, and Miss Damon was requested to have one ready for our next meeting.

At one o'clock we sat down to dinner, at which Mr. Stetson presided. There was a peculiar fitness in his occupying the seat at the head of our table, as he was an early and warm friend of Normal Schools when they were struggling for a foothold in Massachusetts, and, moreover, was a sympathizing and appreciative friend of Father Peirce. His presence added much to our enjoyment, and his fatherly relation to the group was most sweetly recognized by the youngest at table, who innocently addressed him as "grandpa."

From the dinner-table we adjourned to the parlor, where the brief remainder of the time passed in social intercourse. Miss Damon was requested to write to Mrs. Peirce an account of our pleasant gathering, and Mrs. Lamson and Miss Ireson were appointed a Committee of Arrangements for the next meeting.

The Treasurer of the Monument Fund reports that she has received from 114 pupils the sum of \$123.62.



Cost of monument . . . . .	\$115.00
Expense of postage . . . . .	1.00
Leaving a balance on hand . . . . .	7.62

which sum was forwarded to Mrs. Peirce to defray the expense of transportation to Nantucket.

The "Weekly Mirror," of Nantucket, Saturday, December 22, 1860, says : —

"FATHER PEIRCE.

"To indicate their grateful consciousness of the merits of their departed teacher, the Normal pupils of Rev. Cyrus Peirce have erected at his grave in this place an appropriate monument to his memory. It consists of a Grecian Cross of white Italian marble on a plinth of the same, the whole based on a block of gray granite. On the front, which is the eastern side of the plinth, stands in relief the name Cyrus Peirce. Curving around the centre of the cross are the words, also in relief, 'Live to the Truth.' On the reverse or western side of the plinth are these words: 'Erected by his Normal pupils.' On the northern end of the plinth are the words, 'Born Aug. 15th, 1790. Died April 5th, 1860.'

"The erection of the monument is creditable to the Normals; its chaste materials and style to their taste. His pupils are the best monuments of a teacher; but the marble adds a valuable assurance of fidelity to duty and devotion to the cause of symmetrical and therefore true mental culture."

### THIRTEENTH MEETING

AUGUST 13, 1863, our Annual Class Meeting was held at the Lexington House, Lexington, nine members being present.

#### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. L. H. Morton . . . . . Halifax.  
Mrs. M. S. Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. S. W. Drummond . . . . . New York.  
    Wyman Drummond . . . . . New York.  
    Kate Drummond . . . . . New York.  
    Louise Drummond . . . . . New York.  
Mr. and Mrs. Jeduthan Richardson . Woburn.  
Mrs. Maria Thompson . . . . . Woburn.  
    Jenny Lind Thompson . . . . . Woburn.  
Miss Hannah Damon . . . . . West Cambridge.  
Miss Adeline Ireson . . . . . Cambridge.  
Miss Louisa Harris . . . . . Roxbury.  
Miss Eliza A. Rogers . . . . . Billerica.  
    Guests : —  
Mrs. Burnham . . . . . Chicago.  
Miss Ella Morton.

After the usual interchange of affectionate and kindly greeting, and some time spent in social intercourse, the meeting was called to order and letters were read from our dear and honored Mrs. Peirce and from several of our absent classmates, and verbal reports were given of others; so that we received intelligence from almost every one.

It was decided to hold our next meeting in Boston, on the Wednesday preceding the first Monday in September; and it was thought that this day would be the best for our

future meetings, unless some circumstances should make a change for the time desirable.

At the usual hour we separated for our several homes, feeling that our reunion had been a day of rest and refreshment on the path of life, and deeply grateful to that Providence which had spared us from severe affliction during the past year.

## FOURTEENTH MEETING AND QUARTER CENTEN- NIAL CELEBRATION

TWENTY-FIVE years having elapsed since the opening of the first Normal School in the United States, it was thought proper by the friends of education that a meeting should be held commemorative of the event, at which the history of the origin and progress of the Normal School system should be stated, and a reunion of the graduates take place. The town of Framingham was selected as the best place, and the 1st of July as the day.

The Class of 1839, having the honor of being the pioneers, felt that it was only due to the occasion that they gather in as great force as possible, this being their Twenty-fifth Anniversary in truth ; and it was accordingly decided that the Class Meeting, which the records of the last year announced to be held the first Wednesday of September, should be omitted, and we would meet at Framingham July 1, 1864. Accordingly,

Maria Thompson,  
Eliza A. Rogers,  
Louisa Harris,  
Adeline M. Ireson,  
Susan E. B. Channing,  
Sarah E. Locke,  
Lydia H. Morton,  
Mary S. Lamson,  
Mary A. Davis

were present, and we found ourselves the largest representation from any one class. The presence of Mrs. Cyrus Peirce

added greatly to our pleasure, as she had not been with us since 1858.

The honors of the day were bestowed on us, and the first place in church and the hall was awarded us, all which was meekly borne, but is here recorded for the benefit of our grandchildren, who, we suppose, will be hunting the histories of old times for some good word of their ancestors. That some record appear in this our book, Mrs. M. S. Lamson was appointed Class Secretary of the day.

From the railroad station we proceeded to the church, where the Order of Exercises was carried out, the large audience paying the closest attention throughout, although they occupied nearly three hours. At the close a procession was formed and marched to a large hall a little removed from the town, where the good people of Framingham had made most liberal provision for the wants of the inner man, which by this time had become quite pressing. Rev. Mr. Allen invoked a blessing.

The collation over, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., was called to preside, in place of Governor Andrew, who was detained in Boston by business. In assuming the chair he made remarks specially alluding to Hon. Horace Mann and his unwearied labors in the cause of education and the success which had attended them, and called upon Mrs. Walton (a graduate and former teacher) to give the welcoming address on behalf of the people of Framingham. Rev. Charles Brooks, of Medford, followed, giving a long history of his early labors in the cause in 1835, 1836, and 1837. Rev. Mr. May, Mr. Stearns, and Mr. G. B. Emerson followed. A poem by Mrs. Howarth, with remarks by Judge Washburn, Mr. Barnard, of Connecticut, Mr. White, Secretary of the Board of Education, filled up the allotted time, the whole being enlivened by sallies of wit and brilliant re-

partee, for which the chairman of the day is ever celebrated. There were other gentlemen equally distinguished who could not be heard for want of time. The time had arrived when adieus must be said, and all united in singing the closing song to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and after a half hour spent in social intercourse, the train started, bearing the greater number of the visitors.

A few stayed behind to attend the closing levee in the hall of the schoolhouse in the evening, and so ended our Twenty-fifth Anniversary, an occasion which seemed to be enjoyed by all who participated in it.

## FIFTEENTH MEETING

At the Marlboro Hotel, Boston, September 6, 1865, our Class held its Fifteenth Meeting, at which eleven members were present.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . West Cambridge.  
Mrs. Mary A. Davis . . . . Cambridge.  
    Nellie A. Davis . . . . Cambridge.  
    J. Herbert Davis . . . . Cambridge.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . East Boston.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . Cambridge.  
Mrs. Sarah E. Richardson . . . . Woburn.  
    David Loring, Jr. . . . . Newton.  
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lamson . . . Boston.  
    Helen Lamson . . . . Boston.  
    Gardner S. Lamson . . . . Boston.  
    Kate G. Lamson . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. Maria Thompson . . . . Woburn.  
    Nellie S. Thompson . . . . Woburn.  
    Edgar B. Thompson . . . . Woburn.  
Mrs. Lydia A. Adams . . . . Fall River.  
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Drummond . New York.  
    J. Wyman Drummond . . . . New York.  
    Kitty W. Drummond . . . . New York.  
    Louise Drummond . . . . New York.  
Miss Eliza A. Rogers . . . . Billerica.  
Mrs. Susan E. B. Channing . . . Roxbury.  
    Eva Channing . . . . Roxbury.  
Miss Catherine P. Wyman, a guest . Roxbury.

We assembled during the morning in one of the parlors of the Marlboro. Although the day was dull and showery, it did not prevent the attendance of any of our number, or of any of the children. In some respects our meeting was as pleasant as any we ever had, yet two circumstances conspired to prevent the fullest enjoyment of the day: first, the parlor in which we held our meeting was in the front of the hotel, and the noise from the street prevented all general conversation; and, second, we were obliged to take our dinner with the other guests of the hotel, which, of course, prevented that unrestrained interchange of ideas which had previously made this the pleasant part of the day. After all had assembled and the letters from our absent ones had been read, one of our number, to whom we are indebted for a great deal of intellectual enjoyment (Miss Harris), read to us a beautiful address. Only once before had we gathered together so many children — twelve in number. Each one found a congenial companion, and all seemed to enjoy the day as much as their mothers and aunts.

MISS HARRIS'S ADDRESS.

Returning to the home of one of my best-beloved friends after a delightful visit to the Penobscot, with only a day to spend with her before a long separation, I received a note from another well-beloved friend, informing me that I was expected to furnish a literary entertainment for our yearly gathering. She kindly assured me that she would see that a good dinner was furnished, but I must furnish the address.

You have all journeyed; perhaps your heads are stronger than mine — I really hope so; but you know something of the wretched, weary, seasick feeling that follows a day's monotonous ride by rail-car. And perhaps some of you



may remember, though 'tis a shadowy, far-off time with most of you, how the radiance that was so bright during the first week of vacation is "taken from the sight" towards the close, and we cannot "bring back the splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower." As to the dinner prospect, — long and well had I loved my friend, — but a momentary tremor of indignation kindled towards her. A dinner forsooth! With the disgust for food I felt for the moment, it seemed to me if there was one man in history upon whom the gods should work their fiercest torments, it was old Heliogabalus, the lavish rewarder of the inventor of a new sauce. My Portland friend declared I should not spend my remaining hours with her in writing addresses, and I favored the idea no more than she did. As soon as I returned I was to mount the long hill on my adopted island, become at once involved in the perplexed and tortuous machinery set in motion at the beginning of a school year, and in *two* days — Class Meeting. My first impulse was to decline gracefully. Then I remembered, with a pang, I could not do things gracefully.

General Grant is a man of wondrous power. He proved it in counsel and camp, but oh how much more conclusively has he proved it in his last campaign. A mediocre man would have distracted the people with grandiloquent and stirring speeches. He would not have had the necessary strength or grace for avoidance. He would have begun to think with Sancho Panza, "so my speeches be in print, and handed about, I care not a fig what they say of me." But he had done a truly great man's work in the world; his record was pure and noble; no rhetoric could add lustre to his patriotism, no vehement declamation bring into bolder relief the bravery that has smitten with admiration even our scoffers beyond the sea. And will not our speech-loving

Americans learn a lesson from his persistent brave refusals to be drawn into this national maelstrom ?

But, my dear sisters, you do not expect from me either the courage or the discretion of our national hero. When you solicit a speech, I cannot stand up and "by golden silence" impress you grandly. If I were beautiful, I would try it. Had I done the royal work many a woman of our day has done, it would be enough ; my presence would suggest the record, and no word of mortal man or woman could raise you to a height so royal. As you see, I can give little time or thought ; but I know it is pleasant to have some expression of our common thoughts and emotions when we meet, and I wish, for your interest, I could do it less hurriedly and unworthily.

In performing this duty, my thoughts naturally revert to the time I addressed you before, — that bright October morning when first we felt assured, I think, our love would hold. All that was at enmity with joy was banished. I see the revered form of our dear Father Peirce ; our cherished friend, Mrs. Peirce ; so many of our sisters, merry as in girlhood's brightest hour, but with the added charm and grace that noble duties and deep experiences must bring to loyal natures ; the old familiar scenes, our heart-grasp of which, though loosened, was not broken — you can recall them as vividly as I do. Long years have intervened since that lovely autumn day ; great throbs of joy and sorrow have left their impress ; part of the sunshine has disappeared with the loved ones who brought it ; but the web woven through the years has proved of no flimsy texture, the greetings are still fervent, and still we gather and are glad. As individuals, how we have grown or dwindled since that meeting ! Wealth and social distinction have come to some, long years of work that have sometimes

looked weary work to others, the loving daughters, sisters' mission in homes that would have seemed dark without them to others, — *work*, noble or ignoble as the soul's attitude towards it has determined, has come to all. Perhaps, as far as outward circumstances are concerned, we diverge more widely than when we parted. And yet do not the noblest among you feel how vain and empty are all differences that do not rest on what we loved and hated in the unworldly days of our school life? I believe that wealth has brought none of its vulgar accompaniments to any of our number. I cannot think of one of you striving for the glare and glitter that wearies and does not satisfy. To me, depending more on the accidental relations of life than many of you — a wanderer, although by no means a sad and forlorn one — my heart yearns to tell you how your homes have seemed to me as the House Beautiful. I have realized most keenly among you, that love and refinement and culture do best adorn and hallow the true home. Wearied sometimes with the more uncongenial relations into which I have been thrown, though more fortunate than many of my profession and with much to be grateful for, I have felt my own soul warmed and lighted by the vestal fires burning so purely and steadily at your altars. Your children have strengthened my faith in the loveliness and purity of childhood, a faith that has sometimes mournfully threatened eclipse.

That beloved voice sounding in our ears his cherished motto, "Live to the Truth," still sounds on, not an unheeded murmur, but a living voice, vitalized by the true life of him who uttered it. Some of our loveliest sisters have left us for those bright "morning hills" we may not see as yet. We did not wait till they left us to "feel the charm of their presence." Some who are dear to us are

beyond lake and prairie and river, but we know their life mingles with that fresh, noble, earnest life that in the West has flowed forth freely and generously to redeem and hallow our nation. When last we met, war's harsh noises saddened us ; but now the song of triumph sounds sweetly in our ears, as did Miriam's in the ears of her ransomed people. Yet who among us does not know the heart that sighs "ring your bells low and burn your lights faintly" ? Our America "is to rise to full stature," we believe, and such a peace be accomplished that our dead shall not cry,

" That they died in vain, and  
Yearn to come back to the sun."

Grand and holy seems our nation's mission ; and are we not a part of that nation ?

The lovely summer days are just accomplished. From various routes of travel, from the homes of distant beloved ones, from your own homes, warmed and brightened by those who cannot come often, but leave a heavenly light behind them, we have come up hither. I have seen the

" Sun upon the hills  
His mesh of beauty weave,"

and felt free and happy in nature's sweetest haunts. I have seemed to see heaven's "liberal blue" as I cannot see it in my city life amid the routine of daily cares and fatigues. I have basked in the sunshine of homes all glorious with the heavenly hues wrought of love, the love born of kindred souls that had just recognized their kinship, the love that marriage had newly sanctified and but proved how divine was the flame, the love that dimpled the little child's witching face, and gleamed serenely from the brow of the aged, that made the mother's face radiant as an angel's, investing with its halo daughters, fathers, brothers,

and sisters. And now, grateful for so much happiness, on the threshold of return to life's prosier, sterner duties, I grow strong and happy in your midst, grateful, indeed, for the faithful love that has survived the years and all the changes they have wrought, trusting, as we draw near that better land, we shall hear more and more clearly the music of our friendship.

## SIXTEENTH MEETING

SATURDAY, August 31, 1867, our Class held its Sixteenth Annual Meeting in Boston, at the Winthrop House in Bowdoin Street, ten classmates attending, and the whole company, including honorary members and invited guests, numbering twenty-eight.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lamson . . . Boston.  
Gardner S. Lamson . . . Boston.  
Kate G. Lamson . . . Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Drummond . New York.  
I. Wyman Drummond . . . New York.  
Catherine W. Drummond . . . New York.  
Louise Drummond . . . New York.  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Adams . . . Fall River.  
Mrs. Almira Locke Johnson . . . Reed's Ferry, N. H.  
Almira Johnson . . . Reed's Ferry, N. H.  
Orville B. Johnson . . . Reed's Ferry, N. H.  
Mrs. Maria Smith Thompson . . . Woburn.  
Jenny L. Thompson . . . Woburn.  
Edgar B. Thompson . . . Woburn.  
Mrs. Hannah Rogers Blodgett . . . West Amesbury.  
Adeline M. Blodgett . . . West Amesbury.  
Miss Eliza A. Rogers . . . North Billerica.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . East Boston.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . Cambridge.  
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . Arlington.  
Frederick W. Loring . . . Boston.  
Guests : —  
Mrs. Elvira Rogers Gould.

Miss Harriet B. Rogers.  
Miss Catherine P. Wyman.  
Miss Annie Reed.

## LETTER FROM MRS. PEIRCE.

NANTUCKET, August 26, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — With much pleasure I have received annual notices of your Class meetings and invitations to attend. Even though I may not have the happiness to attend myself, it will always be a source of pleasure to know that you are interested in their continuance. It is so long since you, members of the first Normal Class, assembled in that first Normal Hall, under the first Normal teacher, almost a generation having intervened, that I am carried back to a period of the deepest interest in my life experiences which no other event save these annual gatherings has the power to effect. To your teacher, also, it was the culminating point of a long, laborious, conscientious life. How full of hope, of fear, of continued anxiety, you — then light-hearted girls — could not form an idea. Looking over the Records of the School for September, 1840, I find such entries as the following: “The community do seem to say that they do not want Normal Schools, and they will not patronize them. Well, then, the Lord send them something better which they do need.” And again, “The clouds still hang about the horizon of Normalty, a part only of the old scholars returned; and but one new one added! This is dismal and discouraging enough. The community are not interested in Normal Schools, and I doubt whether they will be. I have exalted and proclaimed, and prayed and labored; what more can I do? I am still as one beating the air, significant of that anxious period!” Now that a new generation has risen up, that Normal Schools have taken a place among the established institu-

tions of the State, of the country I may say, and few have any idea of the struggles of that first year, of the anxieties, the dark days of all interested in their continuance, it is deeply interesting to know, even if I am not with you to talk of these things, that one little band, bound by old remembrances amid the cares and varied interests of so many years, are still bound by a common tie to that period to which my mind so often recurs.

I cannot meet you this season ; still I am not without hope that I may have that great happiness at some future gathering. May you have a full attendance and a joyous meeting. Be assured I shall think of you all, both collectively and individually, and I send a most hearty greeting and kind wishes for your future life.

I shall look with interest to the accounts some one of you will give me of this coming meeting, hoping, also, I shall learn from it anything new that may have affected the lives of individuals of Normal memory.

With renewed good wishes to each and all, I remain,  
ever your friend,

HARRIET PEIRCE.

We are sorry to report that two of this goodly number, namely, Messrs. Drummond and Lamson, absented themselves from the collation table. In fact, they merely looked in upon us for a brief season each ; the former in the forenoon, and the latter in the afternoon. But this was so much better than a total disregard of the occasion, we were disposed to make the best of it and adopt the motto, "The smallest favors thankfully received," especially from these gentlemen, who have very generously assisted at divers previous meetings by their more prolonged presence.

Our chief literary entertainment was Mrs. Peirce's letter



in answer to our call for her attendance. It brought back our old teacher and old times and scenes visibly to mind, and awakened grateful thoughts of our large indebtedness to both Mr. and Mrs. Peirce for the good work done for us in those early days. Also pleasant letters were read from Miss Harris, Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. Clisby, and brief notes from one or two other absent classmates. As usual at these gatherings, conversation was exceedingly brisk and brilliant, and hearty laughter very prevalent — the sociability and hilarity of this reunion being enhanced by the genial presence of the invited guests.

The children throughout the day were perfectly harmonious and apparently very happy, amusing themselves with quiet parlor games, and in the afternoon spent an hour upon the Common. The rooms furnished us proved pleasant and commodious, our table accommodations satisfactory, and the quietness of the location very agreeable.

As the hour for separation drew near, Miss Damon was appointed to report the meeting in the Record Book, and also by letter to Mrs. Peirce. Then commenced the bustle of departure, those living at a distance leaving first, as usual, and those having homes in the immediate neighborhood lingering last to lengthen out the happy day.

## SEVENTEENTH MEETING

SEPTEMBER 2, 1870, on this the Thirtieth Anniversary of our Graduation, and twentieth year since our first Class Meeting, an exceedingly pleasant reunion was held at the Winthrop House. Nine of the class were present.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . . Winchester, Mass.  
Mrs. Sarah W. Drummond . . . . . New York.  
Mrs. Almira L. Johnson . . . . . Reed's Ferry, N. H.  
Mrs. Sarah E. L. Richardson . . . . . Woburn.  
Mrs. Maria Thompson . . . . . Woburn.  
Mrs. Mary A. Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . . Roxbury.  
Miss Eliza A. Rogers . . . . . Billerica.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . . Cambridge.

### Children present:—

Fred. W. Loring.  
Jenny L. Thompson.  
Nellie S. Thompson.  
I. Wyman Drummond.  
Kittie W. Drummond.  
Louise Drummond.  
Kate G. Lamson.

Two guests, Mrs. H. B. Rogers, Kate Wyman, made a party of eighteen.

Letters were received from Mrs. Peirce, Mrs. Channing, Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. Adams. The morning was spent in lively conversation on various topics.

Mrs. Lamson, having just returned from a two years' stay in Europe, interested us all in her sketches and incidents of life abroad, discussing the causes and probable results of the war (Franco-Prussian).

Miss Harris had come from a journey to the West, and gave a pleasing account of a visit to our friend, Mrs. Dean, at St. Paul, Minn., whom most of us had not seen in many years. According to a suggestion from Mrs. Peirce, a proposition was made to hold our next meeting at Nantucket (Father Peirce's early home), which was unanimously accepted. A collation was served at one o'clock, but as the company was dispersed at several small tables, the usual flow of wit and geniality during this hour was somewhat disturbed. Soon after four the meeting broke up, and we parted with lingering regrets, showing that time has only strengthened the bond uniting us. Of our original number, four have died — Sarah Hawkins, Eliza Pennell Blake, Amanda Parks Simonds, and Mary Stodder Loring; with all but three of the remaining twenty-one we are in correspondence; and of only two, Louisa Rolfe and Margaret O'Connor, have we lost all trace. Thirty years have not passed without bringing sad changes to many of us. Into many of our homes sickness has entered; from some the stay and staff of the household has been taken, and opening buds and blossoms have been transplanted to a fairer clime. Some of our children have taken up the responsibilities of life for themselves, and with this year, we chronicle the birth of our first grandchild, Morton Packard. So that, though we have not yet practically proved that "ten times one is ten," yet we can count now among our cherished band more than threescore.

## EIGHTEENTH MEETING

ON this August, 1871, the Thirty-first Anniversary of our Graduation and twenty-first year since our first Class Meeting, was held our Eighteenth Meeting, at Nantucket, at which nine of the class were present.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. Harriet Peirce . . . . .	Nantucket.
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . .	Boston.
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . .	Cambridge.
Mr. and Mrs. Jeduthan Richardson . . . . .	East Boston.
Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . .	Winchester.
Kate G. Lamson . . . . .	Winchester.
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thompson . . . . .	Woburn.
Mrs. Lydia A. Adams . . . . .	Fall River.
Mrs. Sarah W. Drummond . . . . .	New York.
I. Wyman Drummond . . . . .	New York.
Kittie W. Drummond . . . . .	New York.
Louise Drummond . . . . .	New York.
Miss Eliza A. Rogers . . . . .	North Billerica.
Mrs. Susan E. B. Channing . . . . .	West Roxbury.
Eva Channing . . . . .	West Roxbury.

Invited guests : —

Mrs. Elvira Gould . . . . .	North Billerica.
Miss Catherine P. Wyman . . . . .	Boston.
Miss Abby T. Wyman . . . . .	Boston.

It was proposed at our last year's meeting in Boston to visit Nantucket this year to enjoy the company of our friend, Mrs. Peirce, so much interested in our gatherings,

visit the grave of Father Peirce, and find a quickening of the spirit in a place vitally and intimately associated with him. We also felt that as *compagnons de voyage* in a direction so removed from our ordinary routes of travel, we should not only enjoy a great deal of present pleasure, but store some very grateful memories for the days to come. Through the tact and energy of Mrs. Lamson, aided by Mrs. Peirce and Mrs. Channing in Nantucket, arrangements were so perfected for a journey and entertainment on arrival, as to make a very smooth and care-free way for us.

It was a bright day when we started from the Providence depot for New Bedford, and the company were in bright spirits. We arrived at New Bedford at about ten A. M., and, taking boat, landed at Martha's Vineyard at twelve, visiting the camp-meeting grounds, viewing with surprise and admiration the lovely city of cottages, so much more fair and fanciful and picturesque than most of us had imagined it. After lingering a few hours, we resumed our voyage and landed at Nantucket at six P. M. Mrs. Peirce and Mrs. Channing met us at the wharf and escorted us to our temporary home at Mrs. Fisher's, which was to be our common gathering-place, though most of us were to disperse for lodgings. Our hostess seemed so congenial and cordial and lovely that we felt very much at home. Our first tea was a delightfully social as well as busy occasion, and we remembered without disappointment the laudations of Nantucket cooking we had heard so often. Mrs. Peirce came down in the evening, when such communion as old friends long separated find most natural was enjoyed, though fatigue did not enable us to sit very late. We adjourned in groups to our various lodgings, and the next morning looked with lively interest upon the quaint and peculiar island — so familiar in name and interest, though so new

to most of us. After breakfast we all walked to Mrs. Peirce's and had a charming call, where various subjects of common interest were discussed, Mrs. Peirce giving tone and direction to our conversation.

I do not think one of our number could fail to admire the beauty and vigor of our aged friend — carrying into old age the charm and intelligence that won us so many years ago. But must not one be intelligent and sympathetic, and alive in youth in no common degree, to furnish such an example in age? We left her house, accompanied by her, to visit Father Peirce's grave, each of our company, including the children, carrying a small bouquet. We reached the spot, after a short walk, and there reverently laid our offering. As we stood there, remembering the warm and living soul whose worn and weary body rested in that quiet spot, did we not feel anew the influence that that life had shed upon our lives? Was not that pilgrimage, after so many years from homes so distant, where interests so new and absorbing had come since the days we passed with him, strong testimony to that influence? The stunted pines grew from the sandy soil, but the broad blue ocean gleamed gloriously beyond, fit emblem, it seemed, of those infinite and shining depths from which his inspiration came, bringing sublimer patience when the soil he strove to enrich and beautify looked so brown, and the growths seemed slow and imperceptible as those stunted pines. That grave brought back our past and gratefully recalled his work in shaping our future.

In the afternoon we made a trip to Siasconset, on the south shore of the island, a distance of seven miles across a *ruttled* road — quite out of the line of traveling experience — coming out on the fishermen's village on the ocean, a village resorted to as a watering-place at this season; visit-

ing, also, Sankoty lighthouse, spending a half day worthy of description, but requiring too much time and room for insertion here. The mention of this trip will suggest a very charming half day to any of our number, — it was so rare and delightful, and no journey on smooth modern roads could furnish such spirits. Our evening was not very lively after a day so freighted with unusual experiences, and we separated early.

Thursday morning was rainy ; but the sun shone by ten o'clock. We were invited by Mrs. Channing to her sister's home, where she was passing the summer. We saw lovely fresh flowers in abundance ; mounted to the walk on the roof — a peculiarity of Nantucket houses of the olden time, when the people looked anxiously for the coming of ships ; saw the " mother," whom we thought beautiful, and had a social, pleasant time. We also visited the Athenæum, containing curiosities and books, and in the afternoon held our Class Meeting, Mrs. Fish preparing our Class dinner with loving care and interest. We read the record of our last meeting, the letters from our absent ones, talking of them and those who have left our vale for the eternal hills, — reading their recorded words from our Class Book ; feeling very sensibly the presence of other souls than those clothed in the flesh ; remembering and giving utterance to many words of our revered Father Peirce, — seeming to hear him again, as we listened to the voice of one so spiritually and indissolubly linked with him, feeling very grateful that she was still spared to bless and refresh our meetings.

A letter came from Mrs. Dean, from St. Paul, during the afternoon, in which she told us that Harry Blake, the son of our classmate, Eliza Pennell Blake, was to be married in a few days. We seemed to see the mother young and fair as any bride, and we were forcibly reminded that we had

voyaged some distance down time's stream since the days we met to celebrate.

Our dining-table was tastefully adorned with flowers, the feast was fair to the eye as well as palatable to the taste, and we felt that we owed Mrs. Fish many thanks for the graceful, hearty manner in which she ministered to us.

The evening was passed in a lively, chatty manner, having an informal tea after our late dinner; and Friday morning found us embarked for Boston. The clouds which overshadowed and overwept us soon dispersed, and we had a very charming voyage to the Vineyard, where we attended camp-meeting, traversed the lovely grounds at leisure, then embarked again for New Bedford. The journey was beguiled by pleasant, lively talks and games with the children, whose fun and spirits were invaluable during the whole trip. We reached Boston at six P. M., returning to our several homes, each feeling that she had added to the brighter records of the past some of their brightest pages. I, for one, felt specially grateful to our ever-ready, active, and gifted friend, Mrs. Lamson, for the enterprise and tact and foresight which made our plans for a meeting at Nantucket so complete a success.

[At the request of the Class, Mrs. Peirce wrote the following letter for the Records:]

MRS. PEIRCE'S LETTER.

I promised some one, I can't be certain who it was, but I certainly *did* promise some one, that I would write my name in this book. And I must be true to my promise, else I should forfeit my standing with all truth-loving Normals. But when I made that rash promise little knew I the obstacles which lay in the way of its accomplishment. And,



strange as it may seem, obstacles which the writers in this book have themselves cast in the way. Yes, to you who have made the request, I must impute the difficulty of the past.

Several times, as I have opened the book to redeem my promise, the pen has been laid down ; then, after an interval, as I was again about to perform my self-imposed task, the same obstacles stood in my way ; until at last, by exhaustive persistence the entire difficulty is overcome, and I might write my name with a feeling of joy and triumph.

HARRIET PEIRCE.

But now, having accomplished this feat, I find myself aspiring to something yet higher. Some one has said, "upon stepping stones of our slain selves we mount to new altitudes."

But I bethink me that you may have some curiosity to know what were the stumbling-blocks which so long obstructed the fulfillment of my promise. To be brief, then, it was reading its all-absorbing articles in this book which you have handed me, every line of which has so carried me back to old Normal days, when you were banded together as a class, so opened up to me the vistas of your sundered paths that, ere I was aware of the lapse of time, calls to other duties claimed my attention, and the name was still unwritten.

I have perused the pages of this book with feelings too deep for expression ; but without further remarks I will say that, among much that deeply interested me, nothing so moved my inmost soul as the expression of mutual love and sympathy gushing in unstudied phrase from its many and long-continued entries. And now let me add what I referred to as an addition after writing my name.

When for the first time I beheld your almost strange faces, as you came from the boat, and the more familiar ones at the evening gathering, it all seemed so strange that I could not realize its full meaning. It seemed a night vision from which I should suddenly awake. Then, again, on the following morning, when all stood around the grave of their teacher, surmounted by the monument which their own grateful hearts had erected, and I looked back thirty-two years, when that teacher left his island home with many tears and much distrust of himself in the untried path before him of "teaching teachers how to teach," — this, thought I, is truly an hour of triumph. After so many years of varied experience and divergent life-paths, here all had converged, with one united feeling, to lay a love token of gratitude on the unanswering grave of their long-remembered teacher, friend, and Father. And could he have audibly addressed them from that hallowed spot, what would he have said but the old familiar words, "Live to the Truth?" But would he not have added, "My dear children, I rejoice that you have not been unmindful of this exhortation in so far as it has been your purpose in life to obey its spirit?"

*Think* truly and thy thought  
Shall the world's famine feed ;  
*Speak* truly and thy word  
Shall be a fruitful seed ;  
*Live* truly and thy life shall be  
A great and noble deed.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## NINETEENTH MEETING

ON Wednesday, September 4, 1874, the Nineteenth Meeting of our Class was held at the Winthrop House, Boston, Mass. Thirteen members of the Class were present.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. Lydia A. Adams . . . . . Fall River.  
Mrs. Hannah Blodgett . . . . . West Amesbury.  
Miss Hannah Damon . . . . . West Cambridge.  
Mrs. Mary A. Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
Mrs. R. M. Dean . . . . . St. Paul, Minn.  
Mrs. Sarah W. Drummond . . . . . New York.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . . East Boston.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . . Cambridge.  
Mrs. Almira L. Johnson . . . . . Reed's Ferry, N. H.  
Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. L. H. Morton . . . . . Halifax.  
Miss Eliza A. Rogers . . . . . North Billerica.  
Mrs. Maria S. Thompson . . . . . Woburn.

Six children and one grandchild were present : —

Master Edward S. Adams.  
Mrs. Adeline M. Allen.  
Miss Florence Davis.  
Miss Kittie Drummond.  
Miss Louisa Drummond.  
Miss Kate G. Lamson.  
Cyrus Morton Packard, grandson of Mrs. Lydia H. Morton.

Invited guests : —

Miss Harriet Rogers.                      Mrs. Sarah Stanwood.  
Miss Abby Wyman.                         Mrs. Elvira Gould.

The morning was spent in the chit-chat suggested by the occasion, which always seems to come in floods when friends long separated find themselves together once more. There had been no meeting for the last two years, and most of the Class had not seen each other since the meeting at Nantucket. An invalid friend, who had been unable to be present for several years, was welcomed with such warm demonstrations as plainly showed how much she had been missed. Another, who had been absent for twenty-two years, was also most affectionately welcomed.

What a beautiful and blessed experience has been to us all this preservation of our early friendship, this treasuring the pleasant memories of our school life! I wish I knew in whose head — heart, I should say — it had its origin. Her name ought to be inscribed on these pages in letters of gold.

Our children, as ever, added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. One of them — Mrs. Allen — had intended surprising us with a visit from our young granddaughter. The grandson present was alone of his generation; but I presume he will find pleasant company at the next meeting.

The lunch was very plentiful, the company very social, and everything very enjoyable.

After our return to the parlor, Mrs. Lamson read letters from Mrs. Peirce, Mrs. Channing, Mrs. Usher, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Richardson expressing regrets at their inability to attend, and explaining the causes which made the absence necessary.

The records of the last meeting were read by Miss Harris, also Mrs. Pierce's very beautiful entry in this book. The story of that visit to Nantucket — to Mrs. Peirce, to the grave of our dear Father Pierce — was exceedingly interesting.

Mrs. Lamson gave a graphic account of the June meeting of the graduates of the First Normal School held at Framingham. She was called upon on that occasion to give a sketch of the early days of the "Experiment." This led to a general interchange of reminiscences of school life, in which each took part as she had will and found opportunity.

We give here the story of our first Sunday in Lexington, as told by one of the five girls who had part in it: "On Saturday Mr. Peirce told us he would call Sunday morning and escort us to church, and we five were in readiness. A short walk along one side of the Common brought us to the corner where stood the old church — a relic of the last century; few such were remaining in New England.

"We were shown to a pew in the middle aisle, Mr. and Mrs. Peirce occupying one not far from us. The pews were square, with a door on one side, and uncushioned oak seats were on the other sides. The backs of these were high, and finished at the top with slats, like a child's crib.

"The service opened as was usual in other churches, and we followed the example of the congregation, anxious to do just the right thing. All went well until the long prayer, during which the congregation stood. There was scarcely room for us all to stand in the middle of the pew, and we were so occupied arranging ourselves that we did not notice — what we had never seen in a church before — that all the seats turned up on hinges, thus giving room for as many standers as sitters. The prayer ended, when as the minister was saying 'Amen!' every seat in the church went down in exact time with a bang. We jumped, looked inquiringly in each others' faces, and — laughed! Alas, that this our first introduction to a Lexington assemblage should have given to these demure old people cause to feel that the town

had opened its doors to ill-behaved, irreverent girls! But so it was, and the Normal School had to go to church months before this Sunday was forgiven, and longer before it was forgotten.

“Mr. Peirce did not say a word of reproof to us, and the exemplary conduct which followed was proof of his wisdom and that we had learned our Sunday lesson.”

The business meeting dissolved rather than was dismissed.

Eyes moistened as we looked into each others' faces and spoke of the loved ones missing from our sisterhood. Mary Loring, Eliza Blake, and since the last meeting another, our dearly beloved Sarah Sparrell Clisby, had gone to join those who wait for us in the world of light and love. Her death was very sudden, while she was in the midst of preparations for a journey to visit one of our number. Her sweetness and frankness, gentleness and firmness, which we all remember as her characteristic traits when a schoolgirl, had made her life one of great beauty and of great usefulness.

And dear Father Peirce, the magnet which drew us together!—and he has helped to hold us one strong and united group. What tender, reverent emotions filled our hearts as we spoke of him!

But the hours flew, and the time for home-going came before we were ready for it. Each one lingered, as loath to say good-by. With the farewell hand grasp is breathed many a prayer that the good Father of all will keep us with His tenderest care, and permit us yet many more meetings soul-satisfying as this has been.

## IN MEMORIAM

As we hold no meeting this year (1876), Miss Harris, by request of some of her classmates, makes the following record for the year: It was supposed we should hold an informal meeting at least after the death of our dear friend, Miss Rogers, and the record took rather the form of an address on that supposition. But when the news of Mr. Lamson's death came with such a shock of surprise and sorrow, I think none of our number counted upon a meeting. We have always realized how much we depended upon Mrs. Lamson for the life and success of these gatherings, but most gratefully and affectionately do we acknowledge that dependence now, when her strong, beautiful spirit is bowed with grief and loss. Mr. Lamson's death following so soon the friend who was a familiar and beloved presence in his home, we must defer our meeting till another year. Then, if our joy be tempered by a sense of loss and sorrow, our love and interest will be even stronger we trust, and the memory of this year's death be radiant and holy.

Miss Rogers died at her home in North Billerica, June 25, 1876.

Mr. Lamson died at his home in Winchester, July 23, 1876.

How many recall that happy October morning we gathered at Lexington to hold our first Class meeting? How bright it was! How gay and merry we were! How fresh our school-day memories! If we could not say, "Our

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ranks are full, our mates all here," we could say, "They send us happy greetings; they would come next year. Distance only divides us. Even now they look impatiently for a record of to-day's doings at dear old Lexington." Ten years had elapsed since we parted, — years that of course brought changes; but they were rather the strengthening of fair hopes, the ripening of qualities whose germs were familiar and welcome in those earlier days. We had traveled far enough and battled warmly enough with difficulty to waken a better sense of what Father Peirce had done for us than when we left him, and from the nearer level exchange the genial, playful word that bespoke our better, deeper understanding of each other. Youth still was ours, and we worked with vigor and with joy. How many old friends among the townspeople, too, greeted us as we returned to them!

But the years have rolled their ceaseless round. We have taken deeper draughts of life — draughts not always from sweet fountains. Shadows have grown longer; much that seemed then to make the brightness of our lives has gone. From year to year we have come together, have chronicled our gains and our losses, and failed as signally as we always fail to express the love, the sorrow, and the solace that burn and tremble and yearn in our souls when we think of our beloved. We have come to see them transfigured in memory: their tones, their words, return to us filled with a sweeter melody, a deeper meaning; they are a shining presence at our gatherings now, the "angel guests" at all our meetings.

There was one at that first meeting who made so much of its sunshine and sparkle I always seem to hear her genial, witty, graceful word, to see her mobile, expressive face as sensibly as any living, breathing member of our company.



How loyally she clung to the dear old Class, and helped to vitalize and unite and perpetuate it during all her many-sided life in the city so full of interests to her. And when in the ripeness and beauty of womanhood she laid down the sweet burden of her life and passed "beyond the boundary of tears," how natural was the notice we read in the paper announcing her death, inviting her Lexington classmates especially, among her numerous friends, to the farewell service. And when she came no more, there was one among the younger guests who came with a new interest, and seemed to have a new relation with us. The mother's grace and brightness and sparkle came back to us in the fair and winning boy, who loved to be where she had held so large a place. Did we not all feel pride and satisfaction in his growing fame, his chivalrous quest of fresh, heroic life? Did we not anticipate in something of *her* spirit the golden harvest he was to reap from all this dangerous venture? Golden in a sense so much richer than the toiling miner's gains. How tremblingly yet proudly she would have watched that journey over the barren, deadly wastes, finding in herself strains so responsive to the boy's, whose nature she knew so well. He should be no maudlin singer of weak songs stirred only by his city life — a record musical, no doubt, of carpet knight's adventures or student's pranks or shallow loves born of fancy and destined only for her paler realm. He cannot write heartily of heroic deeds while he *lives* and *knows* only the petty plots and entanglements of conventional society. His stories must not be weak and nerveless; he must be stirred by danger, thrilled by the heroic life of men who have cut loose from the defenses and shelters of a safe civilization. He must battle with mightier forces, and then he will write in grander, loftier strains. There was so much of the mother in the boy, I

think she might have spoken thus, rather than hold him back from the path he sought so buoyantly. We could easily imagine, had no word reached us, how his elastic nature would bound and revel as he turned towards home and friends, with the consciousness of having bravely dared the dark, appalling way.

He had so much to tell — he would so enjoy the telling he would reveal some of the secrets nature had hidden in those dark, majestic ways. Strange, fantastic, grand thoughts came to him. Fancy and fact had mingled in artistic shapes, weird pictures haunted him, and he would try and translate them for those who could never dare the dread abysses it was his privilege to fathom. O bright, audacious, impulsive youth! Flaunting the Persian banner toward Grecian battlefields it cries, "Athos, thou proud, aspiring mountain that liftest up thy head into the heavens, be not so audacious as to put obstacles in my way. If thou oppose me, I would cut thee level with the plain or cast thee headlong into the sea!" With fiery zeal it rallies to espouse the cause of France's hero, though Waterloo has spoken, and hoary marshals know his day is done. How confident it sails to arctic seas, where the Ice King would prove a King of Terrors to hearts less stout and bold. How gayly it follows the Indian trail through our Western wilderness. Nothing seems too visionary, too wild, too perilous, for its dauntless spirit, its impulsive brain. These hills may look gray and barren to the worn and jaded hero who has climbed them too often in storm and weariness; he sees only the Edelweiss blooming so lovely on its remotest crags, and would pluck it and descend a proven knight, above all suspicion of weakness or cowardice. "The chivalric youth sees but one side of the medal, and the figures on that side are so bold and beautiful he sees no ugly death's-head on

the reverse." But that fearful valley of death was a sad omen of the fate awaiting our young friend when all danger seemed bravely passed. With our thrill of sorrow and of horror could we but rejoice that the mother looked from the Great Beyond with that clearer vision that penetrates the mystery and reads the meaning of all this tangled web of misery? His life seemed too precious, too full of promise, for a fate like that. A peaceful death, with all the solace of home and friends, would have been a great disappointment and bitterness. I remember well the enthusiasm with which he expressed to me his enjoyment of our meetings, — an enthusiasm and interest like that his mother had always shown. But he talked with me enough for me to know how sensitive his nature was; how he loved the sparkle and wine of life; how impatiently he would have voyaged over its shallows. Who knows how restive he would have grown with the prosaic elements he must have encountered in the world about him — how even through his later, as his earlier manhood, he would have "felt a mother want about the world," missing always the one dear friend he lost so early and mourned with a sorrow that looks so prematurely bitter and abiding. He who knows the agony concentrated in that last brief struggle knows also the boon and felicity bestowed upon this young, ardent soul by the death that looked so premature and painful to mortal eyes.

Twice again we have spoken our feeble word of eulogy and remembrance of those who graced and honored our school days. But our associations with them were mostly limited to those days, as circumstances prevented their attendance at these meetings. They were among our well beloved and would have added a great charm to these occasions, and we counted their absence great loss before they

passed into the Silent Land. Some who had become nearer to our classmates than their old associates have gone, leaving widowed hearts and bereaved and shadowed homes. Some of us who had breathed the pleasant atmosphere of those homes know the work and beauty of the lives that so blessed and rounded theirs. Years have now elapsed since Father Peirce gladdened and dignified our meetings. We have gathered reverently about his island grave and heard the sea chant his solemn requiem. Little children, guided more wisely because of his guiding, dropped with us the flowers upon that grave. But the tear that welled from memory's shrine and swelling fountain they had not learned to shed. I think that was the most real and heart-full meeting to our dear friend, Mrs. Pierce, we have ever held. Our whole visit to Nantucket will be memorable and beautiful always. How genial and large and true beat for us that bereaved and widowed heart! Did we not all wish to be so true and noble ourselves that she would rejoice to think of us illustrating in our lives his teachings and influence?

Our last meeting brought us some pleasant surprises, and was especially bright and cheerful. To-day we are saddened by a fresh sorrow. One on whose coming we always counted, who was second to none in interest and effort to perpetuate our meetings, is absent for the second time through all these years, Eliza A. Rogers. Do you wish, dear friends, that I should tell you anything of her? As you recall that beaming, happy face — that frank, cheery, inspiring word — do you not feel, as I do, that light has indeed faded from our world and the shadow lies dark over us? Were we perplexed and troubled by any question requiring clear good sense and just and sterling judgment, to whom did we turn more readily? Was there a cause demanding sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, who so prompt

to declare herself free to embrace it? Was there a charity pleading for sinew and support, who so rich to contribute? Was there a dark side to any future obtruding itself unduly or unwisely, who so quick to discern the "silver lining to the cloud," the play of living light, when all others saw only shadow, and help us to see it too? It is easy to express sympathy and kindness in kindly, gracious speech, and it is healing, too, when it comes from a sincere and loving heart. But how much rarer and, for most of us, how much harder to bend our own back to the burden, give our own time, our own money, our whatever treasure we may hold in no prodigal measure, and make one feel we have parted with nothing that brings loss to us. You all know the generous nature, but I think you cannot all know as well as a few of us do how instinctively she divined the needs hidden from less sympathetic souls, how delicately she ministered, and impressed you that she was seeking only a revel and delight for herself. (It was rarer because sheltered in home and surrounded by kindred. Called to stifle no reasonable desire herself, she did not learn what some ample natures often learn from a compelling experience.) Was there ever one less "clogged with self" — one who took more cheerily your burdens, and bore them as though they were her burdens too?

"I deserve no credit," she said, in my last impressive interview with her; "it was only God's blessed gift to me. I found my pleasure so." Yes, there are some natures that seem to "mount spontaneously to goodness, as the flame mounts upward," and the siren voices have less charm for these souls entranced with the sweeter music. But whence comes this sweeter music? Has there been no battling of forces, think you, through this life of more than fifty years — no wilderness — no temptation — no clamor of selfhood?

We cannot question the happy temperament that blessed our friend and so blessed us so signally. But when one so full of energy and power, so equipped for the mightier tasks whose fulfillment brings renown and observation, takes up the lowlier, narrower life of a quiet rural neighborhood, and lives it so cheerily, so richly, do we feel so sure it is only a matter of temperament? I cannot think so. I believe she humbly and gratefully acknowledged her gifts and gave herself, in a spirit of holy trust and consecration, to the service of the Giver, striving always to do His will and make it her own. She had trod this royal road of love and service so long, such a bracing atmosphere of grateful appreciation surrounded her, no wonder she forgot the mazes and perplexities of the path which led to it, and she believed most truthfully it had cost her nothing.

I remember with what glowing earnestness she used to repeat a poem on "the unspeakable majesty of duty," duty to be done though the heavens fall, that chimed in with the high fidelity of her steadfast nature. "Maud Muller" was among the favorites which she often quoted. The relation of soul to soul, the sweet outgoing of kindred natures in recognition of their kinship—and then the hard, cold barriers hurled between by worldliness and conventionality. It touched the chord that was ever so true to the real and essential, that felt the mistake and pain and discord wrought by self-love and pride and heartless ambition. I think there are some who will recall with me her frequent quotations from "Hiawatha." There was something in the

"Homely phrases . . .

Full of hope and yet of heart-break,

Full of all the tender pathos

Of the Here and the Hereafter "

that found in her one of those

“ Whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
 Who have faith in God and Nature,  
 Who believe, that in all ages  
 Every human heart is human,  
 That in even savage bosoms  
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
 For the good they comprehend not,  
 That the feeble hands and helpless  
 Touch God’s right hand in that darkness  
 And are lifted up and strengthened.”

But the hour came when the more purely spiritual poetry was oftenest upon her lips, and seemed most fit and welcome.

“ Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh,  
 When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;  
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
 Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee.”

This was the verse with which she loved to greet these mornings “ when suffering became her worship.”

“ When winds are raging in the upper ocean,  
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,  
 ’T is said far down beneath the wild commotion  
 That peaceful silence reigneth evermore.

“ So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest,  
 There is a temple, sacred evermore,  
 And all the babble of life’s angry voices  
 Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.

“ O Rest of rests, O Peace serene, eternal,  
 Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never,  
 And in the secret of Thy presence dwalleth  
 Fullness of joy forever and forever.”

This she wished to hear from lips she loved in those last hours when this “ Rest of rests ” was so near to her.

"If Mara must be Mara,  
He will stand beside the brink,"

were among the lines that brought solace and elevation to her spirit. But dwelling on these loftier heights, face to face with these deeper realities, how she enfolded her helpful arms about those who dwelt below, lifting them too.

How she remembered the details of their life, the threads they were to take when she dropped them! And how strongly and lovingly she strove to pass them on without entanglement or fracture or loss! She wished "to make things easier for them after she was gone." O wise, large, helpful soul! How little she dreamed in her self-forgetfulness the great boon and blessing her life had been, and how much clearer and easier the way must henceforth be because she had lived it before them! Among my happiest hours I recall those leisurely drives through the green, quiet lanes of her neighborhood, when we drank in the sweet influences about us. As factory girl or day laborer returned her pleasant good-morning or good-evening, how their brightening faces expressed the esteem in which they held her! And how plainly I could read a recognition of kindness done in some hour of need!

She was full of interest and suggestion, knew so much woodland lore, every flower seemed familiar and hinted some old association, and she was on most friendly, sympathetic, terms with the nature about her. There was one spot where she had discovered the delicate harebell. Every season after she rode there in happy consciousness that it awaited her. "There they swung as if the chimes of peace they rung beneath." And how she always welcomed them, and gathered some to grace the home!

I thought of the fancy that some flowers reveal themselves to certain people, while they shyly and successfully



evade the ordinary seeker. The fair flower seemed to know how sincere and true a lover she was, how faithfully she always kept her promise, and felt a human pride and satisfaction in offering the greeting she expected so confidently.

Sometimes we spent our bright morning hour so, and its sparkle and freshness found in her an answering spirit. But her duties were such that the evening drive was more frequent. "Come, girls! we will follow the sunset to-night," she would say in her cheery way. And so in the peaceful hours of the waning day, in the sweet bloom and verdure of the summer, we recalled our common memories, which ran back through so many years, talked thoughtfully of the years to come, discussing the present often with sparkle and merriment. Once I remember she spoke of the changes a few years must inevitably bring to her home in the order of nature; but she would not shadow the blessing she was privileged to hold so long by dwelling on that inevitable future with depressing, dismal thoughts. How little we then thought how that change was to come!

Within a few weeks I have ridden through those quiet lanes, and looked upon another sunset. As the orb descended in glory, we stood, tearful and bereaved, beside the new-made grave. She was not there in the flesh to brighten and glow in the sweetness and beauty of the hour she loved; but those most dear to her, whom she had helped to form and inspire and influence from earliest childhood, were with us, and her spirit filled and hallowed the hour and place. We had seen the form we loved laid there in the flush and beauty of a rare June day, the birds singing as gayly as they had ever sung to her listening and sympathetic ear. Loving hands had converted the grave into a bed of roses, and all was beauty and brightness without, all so harmonized with the life transplanted before weariness and weakness

had darkened it, — mercifully spared the pain that would seem incident to her disease, — the dear home with father and mother even to the end, the spirit all strengthened and attuned for its passage, and strong enough to uphold and comfort those who were to stay. The flowers that shed their fragrance about her coffin were chosen by friends, whose feelings found fittest expression in these emblems of immortal bloom and beauty. But one fair rose seemed holier and sweeter than the rest. It lay alone in that hand that had done so well its work of helpfulness and blessing, and seemed to have gathered to itself all the fragrance and beauty of the roses that had bloomed where it grew in the years gone by. The rose tree that bore it had been a legacy from dear ones gone before, and she had tended its transplanting from the garden so tenderly associated with them. In the hours of illness these roses seemed to breathe a sacred perfume, not only from the bright, dewy morning, whose beauty her sufferings did not obscure, but from that dear old past with which they were linked in affectionate and reverent interest. It was meet that that flower so fragrant with some of the dearest memories and affections of her earlier life should hold the place given it by those who knew so well its history.

As we returned from the grave on our recent visit to the home so permeated and blessed by her spirit, we could but say, even in our hour of loss and loneliness, "Thrice happy" such a life, such a death! And now may we not count ourselves happy, dear friends, to have known such a friendship, to have held such a presence so long, to hold such a memory now? Happy the home, though bereaved and lonely, in whose atmosphere such a character has grown and ripened till it became a ministering spirit, flowing out and beyond to other homes and to the homeless.

The little friend she loved so much (and who can doubt that he will be nobler and manlier for her love and teaching?) said, in sweet, childlike fashion, to his mother, "he was trying hard not to be sorry, as auntie Eliza told him he must not be." May not we older children, who have not yet learned to surrender gladly the gifts that brighten and bless our lives, take a lesson from his artless words? She would not have us sorrow that she has gone to that home of "ineffable light" of which she spoke so trustingly in her illness. Shall we not try, too, to lose our sense of loss and pain in the assurance of her infinite gain and felicity?

In my last interview with her she spoke of our Class meetings; hoped they would not be given up, as I expressed the feeling which possessed me at that sad trial hour that they would be. "Perhaps we would not feel like meeting this autumn," she said; but she should not like to feel we were to meet no more as a Class.

These ties that have borne so well the stress of years of change and separation, shall they not receive a new consecration "as the warm light of our morning skies again smiles" through the shadows, and

"In sweet sympathies of mind,  
In founts of feeling which retain  
Their pure fresh flow we yet may find  
Our early dreams not wholly vain?"

Will not the memory of our loved ones on the other shore make "our common landscape fairer?"

As we wave our farewells at each gathering, the query, Who will smile their greetings at our next? comes more readily to our hearts each year. But our hearts may answer, —

"Thou, Eternal Source and Goal,  
In Thy long years will make life's broken circle whole."

“ Loving hands we may not clasp,  
Shining feet that mock our haste,  
Gentle eyes we closed below,  
Tender voices heard once more,  
Smile and call us as they go  
On and onward still before.  
Guided thus, O friends of mine,  
Let us walk our little way,  
Knowing by each beckoning sign  
That we are not quite astray.  
Chase we still, with baffled feet,  
Smiling eye, and waving hand :  
Sought and seeker soon shall meet  
Lost and found in Sunset Land.”

Since this last entry in our Record Book three more of our number have joined the invisible company on the other side, sending no more their word of greeting, or making us glad by their presence. One, Mrs. Susan Usher, lived too remote to meet with us, her home being in Wisconsin; but that she remembered her old friends of Lexington memory, and was absent from their gatherings only because her home and duties were so far away, we had ample testimony, even if we did not remember so well her gentle, loving nature. I think no meeting has passed when we have not seen her sweet, expressive face shining among those bodily present, and to-day we will surely not forget its shining as we feel ourselves consecrated anew to the old ties, too strong for distance or death to sever. I wish we might know and welcome her children. I am told they are worthy of her.

Our dear old friend Mrs. Hannah Blodgett has been with us so recently that we had watched with painful interest the decline from what seemed radiant health to pain and suffering, ending in the great silence and mystery of death. We have seen, too, how beautiful such decline may be, —

how the severing of dearest ties may be borne with a cheerfulness of spirit gained by strongest faith in reunion and most confiding trust in the "bestness" of every event of God's ordaining. We take warmly to our hearts her only child, the object of her tender care and solicitude, and shall always welcome her not only for herself, but for the mother of whose character and virtues she will so forcibly remind us.

A rumor has come to us of the death of Mrs. Abbie Chandler. She has been lost to us for years by changes and removals we have been unable to follow. I remember her as one of the most cheerful of the company at our earliest meeting, when she brought some promising children. She was always cheery and energetic, with a bright face and word for the occasion, and, as you may remember, often quoted her favorite Burns with an aptness and quickness that was very pleasant. Cold and prosy natures do not quote Burns with such affection and heartiness, and I feel very sure that, whatever the fortunes and condition of our old friend, she has remembered us and the dear old days through all the years' vicissitudes, as we will remember her to-day with tenderness, while we regret that we know so little of her later years and the circumstances of her death.

## TWENTIETH MEETING

OUR Twentieth Class Meeting was held in Boston, September 1, 1881, at the Crawford House, Scollay Square, corner of Brattle Street.

Nine classmates were present, and the whole company numbered fifteen.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. Lydia H. Morton and grandchild, Helen Morton Packard . . . . .	Halifax.
Mrs. Almira L. Johnson . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Kate G. Lamson . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Sarah W. Drummond . . . . .	New York.
Mrs. Maria L. Thompson . . . . .	Woburn.
Mrs. Sarah E. Richardson . . . . .	East Boston.
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . .	Portland.
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . .	Cambridge.
Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . .	Boston.
Mrs. Adeline Blodgett Allen . . . . .	Boston.

### Invited guests : —

Mrs. Elvira Rogers Gould . . . . .	North Billerica.
Miss Harriet B. Rogers . . . . .	Northampton.
Miss Catherine P. Wyman . . . . .	New York.

### ACCOUNT OF THE MEETING BY MISS DAMON.

Seven years followed, in which the members were widely scattered, not only in the United States, but in Europe, and an attempt at a meeting would be likely to end in disappointment; but in 1881, some of the wanderers having

returned, Mrs. Lamson, Miss Harris, and Miss Damon constituted themselves a committee of arrangements, and called our Twentieth Class Meeting, Mrs. Lamson assuming the responsibility of making the hotel arrangements, and Miss Harris taking upon herself the necessary correspondence. During the seven years past four of the classmates — Miss Rogers, Mrs. Usher, Mrs. Blodgett, and Mrs. Chandler — have passed from this mortal life ; Mr. Lamson, too, whose presence many times has added dignity and interest to our meetings, has during the same interval gone “the way of all the living.” Therefore we who still remain came together not only perceptibly older, but sobered and saddened by these and other experiences and vicissitudes. Nevertheless, we felt that it was good to meet again and renew our knowledge of and interest in each other.

Mrs. Lamson was at our parlor in the Crawford House early, ready to receive the others as they arrived. At noon, when all were assembled, she read to us the letters of those who were unable to be present, — one from our venerated mother, Mrs. Peirce ; one from Mrs. Adams, whose sick son kept her at home ; and one from Mrs. Davis, whose pressing home duties would not permit her to be with us. Lastly, she read a letter which Mrs. Drummond had recently received from Rev. George M. Rice, now of Dublin, N. H., but of Lexington in our Normal School days, and well known to us there. The letter contained references to some of his old Normal School friends, and called up to us many amusing reminiscences, so that we felt greatly indebted to Mrs. Drummond for contributing it to our entertainment. Then Miss Harris read from the Record Book two entries made therein by herself, — the former soon after the deaths of Miss Rogers and Mr. Lamson ; the latter very recently, in which she pays fitting tributes to the characters of sev-

eral of our dear departed ones. Heartfelt thanks were given to Miss Harris when the reading was finished for this contribution to the Record Book and the meeting. These exercises over, we adjourned to a private dining-room, where, seated at one table and attended by one accomplished waiter, we enjoyed with quiet sociability an elegant, excellent, and plentiful collation. On our return to the parlor, Miss Damon was appointed to report the meeting in the Record Book, and correspondents were selected to write Mrs. Peirce, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Adams an account of the meeting. The remainder of the time was spent socially, and we felt that our reunion had proved very satisfactory and had been a real success.

## LETTER FROM MRS. PEIRCE.

NANTUCKET, August 28, 1881.

MY DEAR MRS. LAMSON, — A few days since I received a letter from Louise Harris informing me of the intended meeting of the Class, and requesting me to write if I could not attend. I cannot certainly attend, but I will attempt some sort of an answer to her request. But first please thank her for the very interesting letter, full of just such information as I wanted.

If I should see either of you, the first question would be, How is your health? — important, certainly, at my age. In answer I must say that, applying a quite common phrase, I am outwardly quite demoralized, the framework being very much shattered, so that bad work in attempting to walk is inevitable; consequently in the very short distances I occasionally go to see my friends, I have to take the arm of some one to steady me. My head is apt to get a little muddled; my sight is good, and I have the enjoyment of reading as much as I wish, for which I am truly thankful.



The lady with whom I boarded when you were here died last winter, since which time my home has been with a very pleasant lady in Main Street. So while I have some troubles I have many blessings.

I do not expect to need any earthly home long, and endeavor so to familiarize myself with the idea, that when I am called to leave it, I may have the cheering hope of an enduring home with the many friends who have left to go up higher.

The time is long since you met, and the absence of dear ones will bring an alloy to temper your festivities; but you have all lived long enough to realize that such is life. As Louise said, I hope it will be a cheerful gathering, and that one will write me an account of it. Each and all accept my assurance of love and interest in all that concerns you and yours.

With love,

H. PIERCE.

## TWENTY-FIRST MEETING

ON June 27, 1884, eleven of the surviving thirteen members of the Class of '39 met at the Quincy House, Brattle Street, Boston, the number being increased during the day to twenty-one, by the children of classmates. Unusual interest marked the gathering, as a few days would bring the Forty-fifth Anniversary of the formation of the First Normal School in America, of which we were the first Class, and very naturally informal congratulations with allusions to the past occupied the morning. Letters were read from Mrs. Peirce, Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Drummond, who were prevented from meeting with us, the first by infirmities of age and the last two by sickness. At noon an elegant dinner was served in a private dining-hall, to which eighteen sat down. An original poem was then read by Miss L. E. Harris, recalling the early school days; and by special request Mrs. Channing read with admirable appreciation a poem by Miss Damon, entitled "Change," written for the first Normal gathering at Lexington, three years after graduation. A vote was passed that the Record Book and photograph of Father Peirce should be given by the last surviving member of this Class to the Framingham Normal School. Also to accept the invitation of Mrs. Morton for a meeting of the Class at her home in Halifax, Mass., on the seventeenth of June next. Various members were appointed to write accounts of the meeting to Mrs. Peirce and absent classmates. Three lovely daughters of members of the Class had been removed by death during the past year, — viz., Mrs. Jennie Lind Burbeck, daughter of Mrs.

Thompson; Mrs. Alice Phelps Merriam, daughter of Mrs. Davis, and Louise, daughter of Mrs. Drummond.

The meeting was a very successful one, due in large measure to the efforts of Mrs. Lamson, who secured for us a place of meeting and presided during the day. As we parted, each felt that the tie uniting us had been strengthened, and that these gatherings as a Class had added very much to the interest and richness of our lives.

NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . . Halifax.  
 Mrs. Almira L. Johnson . . . . . Boston.  
 Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
 Mrs. Sarah E. Richardson . . . . . Somerville.  
 Mrs. Rebecca P. Dean . . . . . St. Paul.  
 Mrs. Lydia S. Adams . . . . . Fall River.  
 Mrs. Mary A. Davis . . . . . Lexington.  
 Mrs. Susan E. B. Channing . . . . . Jamaica Plain.  
 Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . . Boston.  
 Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . . Portland.  
 Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . . Cambridge.

Children : —

Mrs. Helen Lamson Robinson . . . . . New York.  
 Mr. Gardner Swift Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
 Mrs. Gardner Swift Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
 Miss Kate G. Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
 Mrs. Nellie Davis Patch.  
 Miss Florence Davis.  
 Mr. Herbert Davis.  
 Master Walter Patch.  
 Mrs. Addie Blodgett Allen.  
 Miss Eva Channing.  
 Mrs. Elvira R. Gould, a guest.

ORIGINAL POEM BY L. E. HARRIS.

How pleasantly within those walls  
We lived — a group of merry girls !  
How potent is the spell that falls  
As from old fires the smoke new curls !  
As there we laughed and strove and thought,  
The earnest men who led our time  
Oft graced our halls and brightly taught  
In friendly converse truths sublime.  
The sage of Concord sometimes came  
And made our youthful minds aspire ;  
Brave Horace, with his soul aflame,  
Enkindled ours with sacred fire.  
His wit was keen as his of Rome,  
His eye as clear to read his times ;  
He wrought to make his land a home  
For virtue, knowledge, love sublime.  
And he, the Bayard of our day,  
As poet called him, in whose face  
We read romance and courage gay,  
And knightly service to his race.  
The saintly Follen, sweet and strong,  
His kindly critic word bestowed,  
Alert to right e'en schoolgirls' wrong,  
Pure leader on the upward road.  
And that was deemed a joyful day,  
When came as guest to grace our board,  
The earnest, gentle, genial May,  
The saint by young and old adored.  
And he whose polished speech allured  
The lovers of the silver tongue,  
His service gave, and thus assured  
A willing ear to cause unsung.  
Rantoul of Essex, Stetson, Sparks,  
Putnam of pulpit fame so rare,  
And many bearing honored marks  
From life's great battlefields were there.  
The guide who led our youthful feet  
Along the steep and rugged way,

Amid the burden and the heat  
Gave strength and purpose to our day.  
"Live to the Truth" — his motto high  
Was no vain badge to grace our walls.  
We deemed him strong to dare and die  
For truths he taught within those halls.  
Of kindred aims with those rare men  
Whose high discourses charmed our ear,  
As from the past they rise again  
He stands beside them as their peer.  
And she, whose sweet and steadfast soul  
Was linked with his in each high aim,  
Who swayed our hearts by love's control,  
Is now a dear and honored name.  
With gentle mien and eyes of light,  
With accents low but sweet and clear,  
She moved, a presence pure and bright,  
With words of wisdom and good cheer.  
The love that cheered him on his way,  
And shared his weight of care and thought,  
Undimmed into this later day  
To human need its wealth has brought.  
That was the bright awakening hour,  
When strains heroic filled the air;  
A grand, resistless cleansing power  
Was rousing men to do and dare.  
To some old truths men waked anew,  
The Nazarene taught long ago.  
The human then diviner grew,  
And love for man found richer flow.  
A wave swept o'er the inner life  
Of souls of truest fibre wrought,  
And stirred amid the worldly strife,  
To finer issues, sweeter thought.  
A wave, too, swept o'er selfish creeds,  
And cleansed from Superstition's power,  
And left along its path the seeds  
Of purer faith's consummate flower.  
The voices since familiar grown,  
The prophet voices of our day,

Rang out a fresh and youthful tone,  
Prophetic of their grander lay.  
Their "words half battles" later grew,  
As giant wrong its crest high reared,  
And wrought for Freedom conquests new,  
Averting woes the timid feared.  
The spirit of this newer time  
On us descended ; ardent youth  
Is prone to follow and obey  
The voice of pure, unselfish truth.  
These voices reached our calm retreat  
Within the old heroic town,  
And mingled with the brave drum-beat  
Our later voices could not drown.  
We read upon the engraven stone  
The story tyrants trembling hear ;  
The soil so sweet and sacred grown  
Reschoed Freedom's latest word.  
Though not all loyal have we proved  
To fair ideals that charmed our youth,  
The visions that our hearts then moved  
Have helped our "living to the truth."  
Those fair ideals so cherished then,  
Though never reached, still lure us on ;  
'Mid sternest Real, they shine again,  
Though "Youth's sweet purple light" is gone.  
The web of friendship woven there  
Has borne the test of changing years ;  
Its texture firm, its colors fair,  
Through all their conflicts, toils, and tears.

Our laugh is not so light and gay  
As when we parted years ago,  
Nor yet so glad as on that day,  
When last we met, our spirits flow.  
Sequels of pain and change and loss  
Are added to our last review,  
New calls to bear the heavy cross  
Have tested love and faith anew.  
Great grief is born of greater love,

And love remains, and richer grows  
Through loss and sorrow ; for above  
Our earthly mists it soars and glows,  
And burns away all selfish dross,  
And dries the fount of bitter tears,  
Finds heavenly gain in earthly loss,  
And triumphs o'er all faithless fears.  
"The best bides still, whate'er betide,"  
God's angels come in guise we know,  
And in our hearts and homes abide,  
"Safe folded " from all earthly woe.  
As memory comes with holy calm  
When pain has spent its fiery force,  
The wounded hearts shall drink the balm  
Distilled from Love's divinest source.  
Nor age nor care nor mortal grief  
Shall furrow brows we knew so fair ;  
Youth's raptured dreams, so sweet and brief,  
No harsh awakening hour shall bear.  
Each heart that beats a welcome here  
Knows deeper draughts of joy and pain,  
Knows larger hope, more anxious fear,  
Knows heavier loss and sweeter gain,  
Than when, in breezy schoolgirl hour,  
It rose and fell with changing mood,  
Now dewy fresh as new-waked flower,  
Now drooping 'neath dark Fancy's brood.  
The march through weary toil and strife  
Like that the Grecian hero knew  
Must bring the rapturous sparkling life  
Of God's full sea to greet our view.  
We 're nearing now the sunset's glow,  
Our eastern sky grows pale and dim,  
Our morning chimes sound faint and low,  
And near and sweet our vesper hymn.  
Now for a brief, reviving hour  
Our broken ranks again we fill,  
As swayed by memory's magic power  
Dear vanished forms are with us still.  
Hushed voices wake again to-day,

Dear hands long folded clasp our own ;  
From eyes long closed, again the ray  
Of love shines forth as erst it shone,  
With grateful hearts we own the sway  
Of influence strong and deep and pure  
That helped to brighten all our way  
And shaped our friendships to endure.  
Among the golden threads that run  
Throughout the web the years have wrought,  
This friendship counts a shining one,  
Inwoven well with love and thought.  
Our trysting days are rarer now,  
But not less cordial than of old ;  
If Time has furrowed cheek and brow,  
It has not tarnished hearts of gold.  
If I could sing as poets do,  
How gratefully to you I'd bring  
A song as sweet and fresh and new  
As tuneful birds in May-time sing.  
But please accept my faulty rhymes,  
Which strive to voice my loving thoughts,  
And nearer bring the dear old times  
When we together lived and wrought.  
The guiding hand we know divine,  
Whether it lead through smiles or tears,  
And having pledged to auld lang syne,  
We also pledge to coming years.  
Those years will lead through sober ways,  
Where later autumn's fading leaf  
Will usher in the wintry days,  
The sunlight growing pale and brief.  
But we will pledge them yet anew,  
And trust a peaceful inner light,  
As sweet as springtime's dawning new,  
May keep our souls from wintry blight.  
Hail and farewell are quickly said,  
And then our paths diverge once more,  
But when these trysting hours are sped,  
May Hope shine brighter than before.  
Hail and farewell are quickly said ;



The fairest day has fleetest hours,  
As in old poet's line we 've read,  
How light Time's footfall on the flowers.

LETTER FROM MRS. PEIRCE.

NANTUCKET, June 26, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — In answer to your kind letter to attend your Class Meeting, I must simply say, I have done writing letters. Though my health is quite good considering my age (this is my ninetieth birthday), I am very much troubled with a dizziness which renders it almost impossible to write, and my hand trembles so that I can only wish you a pleasant meeting and repeat Father Peirce's

“Live to the Truth.”

## IN MEMORIAM: HARRIET PEIRCE

SINCE our last meeting, in 1884, our dear old faithful friend, Harriet Peirce, has passed on to join him who was our "Father Peirce."

Her brief note in acknowledgment of an invitation to join us then, written on her ninetieth birthday, by its evidence of failing strength, prepared us for the change which came three months later. Her illness seemed to be only the breaking up of nature and increasing weakness and weariness, which, however, left her brain unclouded to the end.

Though we have not seen her since our memorable Class meeting in Nantucket, 1871, yet we shall miss her kindly greeting, which she has always sent us, and no longer will it be our pleasant privilege "to write her all about these meetings." She has ever taken a deep interest in each member of the first Class, and in my last conversation with her said, "You struggled together and fought the battle for Normal Schools, and I feel personally grateful to each one of you girls." This feeling was reciprocated, and the ties which bound us have strengthened with advancing years. We appreciate what she was to us forty-five years ago far better to-day than we then did.

Shall we ever forget her gentle, quiet manner, which seemed to have power to calm the most perturbed spirits? Eminently were the words true of her: —

"For in her smile there is a charm  
That touches all she sees with calm."

We acknowledge gratefully the impression made upon

our lives by her patient persistence in work, her readiness to lend the helping hand, her unselfishness, her devotion to her husband's interest, and unceasing efforts to lighten his cares. Truly do we, her children of that first year of the Lexington Normal School, "rise up and call her blessed."

In her later years, when her work for husband and school was finished, with the same sweet spirit she bore her loneliness and devoted her time and strength to helping the unfortunate, until the infirmities of age overcame her.

Not by accident, but rather with a never failing modesty, her trembling hands penned, as last words to us, not her name, but the motto sacred to us all, "Live to the Truth."

We copy from the "Woman's Journal" a most appreciative biography of Mrs. Peirce:—

"The announcement of the death of Mrs. Harriet Peirce, of Nantucket, will sadden many hearts far and near, and the words, 'It is finished,' will come to them with a sort of surprise, for though her life has been of unusual length, her friends, all younger than herself, had somehow begun to feel secure that for years she was yet to be spared, and there are many who looked forward to their yearly visit to her in her island home as yearning pilgrims to a sort of Mecca.

"Her life has been of such rare and noble worth that I am sure its lesson is most appropriate for the columns of the Journal.

"Mrs. Peirce was born in Nantucket, June 26, 1794, married April, 1816, and died the 29th of September, 1884, at the age of ninety. Her father, William Coffin, was a prominent citizen of Nantucket; her mother a woman of worth, and her early home a home of culture and refinement, which influenced her whole life.

“Among her ancestors were Tristram Coffin, first of that name in the country, the Huguenot Bunker pilgrims in the Mayflower, and Quakers of later date. It is not too much to say that in her were combined the best characteristics of both sects.

“Mrs. Peirce was one of those rare spirits who never grow old. Faithful to every known duty, elastic in her temperament, with a heart lifted above the petty interests that make up the whole of most ordinary lives, her mind attained a balance that preserved the natural forces in their normal condition, kept her responsive to new impressions, and ever impelled her to new activities. To the last, her chief intellectual delight was in botany, which she studied from a girl of sixteen, when, with a few others of her own age, she began to collect, observe, and record her conclusions. At eighty-four she helped to form and joined a new botanical class. I have before me a valuable contribution written by her at that time and read at the meeting; and this summer, at the age of ninety, rare specimens brought from Minnesota by loving hands were received and examined with great delight.

“She was among the first to cast her vote for school committee in Nantucket after our legislature gave school suffrage to women.

“Mrs. Peirce was widest known in her connection with the first State Normal School in America, of which Rev. Cyrus Peirce, her husband, was principal. Much of its success was due to her hearty coöperation with Mr. Peirce, to her counsel and unpaid assistance while the school was struggling for existence. While the early Normals of Lexington and West Newton live, her name will be revered equally with that of ‘Father Peirce.’

“After the death of Mr. Peirce, in 1860, Mrs. Peirce re-

turned to Nantucket, and has since been identified with its charities and its religious and temperance work. In her religion she was simple and childlike, and to her friends as to herself, her departure has not seemed a death, but an entrance to a higher life.

E. N. L. WALTON."

The following lines were read by Miss Harris at a meeting in Framingham in 1893, at which a portrait of Mrs. Peirce was presented by the Class of 1839 to the Normal School:—

We thought our farewell word was said  
 Four years ago,  
 When here our proffered scroll was read  
 At sunset's glow.  
 A long, eventful day had passed,  
 Of fifty years,  
 Among the Ancients we were classed,  
 Ripe for Fate's shears.  
 But Atropos has spared a few  
 With silvered hair  
 And sobered mien, who here with you,  
 This June day rare,  
 Recall one ripe October day,  
 Long years ago,  
 When other maidens blithe and gay,  
 Whom well we know,  
 Had met to walk one common way,  
 The way of Truth.  
 Now that red-letter autumn day  
 Looms fair as youth,  
 We, remnant of that youthful band,  
 Your call obey,  
 And greet you from that Morning land  
 So far away.  
 Though seen through the long, fateful years,  
 So bright it looms;

For us, though seen through misty tears,  
    Afresh it blooms.  
In visions of that Morning land  
    To-day so clear,  
Beside our merry youthful band,  
    Grave forms appear.  
Within the ancient church we heard,  
    That day we met,  
The silver voice and potent word  
    Of stately Everett.  
Majestic men of noble mien,  
    Pillars of state,  
Within our lowly walls were seen, —  
    Men good as great.  
With pure ideals for their race  
    And faith as pure,  
They built in that historic place  
    Foundations sure.  
“They builded better than they knew,”  
    Those men of old,  
Whose courage high and purpose true  
    Events controlled.  
These statelier halls wherein you meet  
    Echo their fame,  
For through red conflict’s sterner heat  
    For *you* they came.  
“Where are the Fathers? Forever  
    Do the prophets live?”  
Yes. From the world’s heart dies never  
    The life they give.  
Successors here have prayed and wrought  
    With kindred zeal,  
But they that early battle fought  
    To triumph’s peal.  
When last we met, I did essay  
    In feeble rhyme  
To bring to you that bright array,  
    Those Bayards of our time.  
The valiant leader in the fight  
    Stirred knightliest men

To join in service for more light  
    With tongue and pen.  
These names, writ large, we gladly meet  
    In annals of to-day,  
Where worthy sons with steadfast feet  
    Still keep the fathers' way.  
In Court and Council, holy fane,  
    In Learning's halls,  
They served their state with heart and brain,  
    As duty calls.  
When fortune's tides seemed ebbing low,  
    Brave Horace Mann  
Would Heaven's highest seat bestow,  
    The story ran,  
On him who to the rescue came  
    In hour of stress,  
And prompt his friend of honored name  
    Assured success.  
Among the bright and shining deeds  
    By Quineys wrought,  
This quick response to Normal needs  
    Rich fruitage brought ;  
And generous Dwight stood in the van  
    Of helpers brave,  
Both heart and purse to inspire and plan  
    He freely gave.  
I'll waive the privilege of age  
    Itself to repeat,  
Nor name again each knight and sage  
    Who with us meet.  
Yes, with us meet! And here to-day  
    Two forms appear,  
Than all among that bright array  
    More rev'rend and dear.  
For us they breathe their daily prayer,  
    "Live to the Truth,"  
And by their lives, so rich and fair,  
    Inspired our youth.  
Their faces looked down from your walls  
    Benignant, calm,

With those who in your later halls  
Have won the palm.  
And does our fancy cheat our sight,  
If on *one* face  
We see to-day a strange new light  
A finer grace ?  
Might not the pictured semblance  
Meet her saintly face,  
And yearn to haste an hour like this  
That gives it place ?  
The light within her lustrous eye  
No artist can portray,  
Till genius catch the charms that lie  
In this June day.  
But well our artist's hand has given  
The lineaments we know,  
And with true artist insight striven  
The spirit's charm to show.  
We thank her for the patient care  
Each hint has caught,  
That helped to make our picture wear  
The truth we sought.  
And now in your Valhalla here,  
This speaking face,  
Among your best the kin and peer,  
Finds fitting place.  
The ever womanly look down,  
To you so dear,  
Who wove for them the laurel crown  
With love sincere.  
Those ever womanly will greet  
Our lovely friend,  
As one whose spirit true and sweet  
With theirs must blend.  
A strain of sadness trembles through  
Our greetings here,  
As two who shared our last review,  
To us most dear,  
Have passed beyond our mortal sight ;  
But well we know



That somewhere in the realms of light  
     Sweet grace shall flow  
 From lives so fair and gracious here.  
     As memory's holy hymn  
 We chant, brave looks and words of cheer  
     Come thronging in.  
 They kept their faith in sorrow's night,  
     In God's great love ;  
 Through Grief's dark cloud discerned the light  
     Still shine above.  
*One* graced your halls in later days  
     As teacher, friend,  
 And for her gracious gifts and ways  
     Our thanks will blend.  
 The *other* with an open mind  
     And noble aim,  
 Beneath home's roof-tree true and kind,  
     Love's touch kept aflame.  
 They sowed good seed in youthful mind  
     With loving care,  
 And characters enriched, refined,  
     Show fruitage fair.  
 Now, in our hearts, they live with those,  
     Our early dead,  
 On whose dear faces light still glows  
     From Love's torch shed.  
 And other faces greet us here,  
     The true, the kind,  
 Who absent, yet are very near  
     In heart and mind.  
 "A wizard of the Merrimack,"  
     Old legends say,  
 To wintry branch could summon back  
     Spring's dewy spray.  
 Could we but own his magic power,  
     What tides should flow  
 Of health and strength richly to dower  
     The love we know.  
 A tragic poet of old Greece  
     We 've somewhere read,

Poet, whose song may never cease  
    Where hearts have bled,  
Came forward to the judge's seat  
    To bear his scroll,  
In friendly contest to compete ;  
    But at the goal  
He met the youthful Sophocles  
    And smiled on him.  
But with surprise he also sees  
    His scroll, and judgment win.  
He who at Salamis and Marathon  
    Had nobly fought,  
And in great poet's contests won,  
    The meaning caught.  
No more he came with proffered scroll  
    To Athens' judgment seat,  
But to Sicilian's lands his hanghty soul  
    Turned from defeat.  
We are not poet-classic Greek,  
    But Yankee rhymers,  
But none, I think, will vainly seek  
    This moral for "old timer."  
Newcomers may well take the stage  
    And we retire.  
One seeks not in the heart of age  
    Poetic fire.  
Of one we know who yet can sing,  
    At fourscore years,  
Such songs as to the heart can bring  
    Youth's smiles and tears ;  
But he we know was poet born,  
    And if the last  
Among his peers, no minstrel lorn  
    Singing a doleful past.  
And he who sang the martial songs  
    In manhood's prime,  
That burned to right a people's wrongs  
    And haste the time  
Of God's pure kingdom here below,  
    In age could sing

Such songs as in sweet Maytime flow  
From birds of spring.  
But few with poet's sacred gift  
So richly blest.  
There comes not the discordant rift  
That hints of rest.  
Lest we be like that Mademoiselle  
Of the French stage  
To whom was flung the Immortelle  
To remind of age,  
We 'll bring no more our ancient rhymes,  
But leave to you,  
Our sisters of the newer times,  
The next review.  
You till a broader, richer field  
Than ours of old :  
New truths fair Science has revealed,  
New wonders told ;  
But aim and spirit are not new,  
Or highest truth,  
And best ideals that you pursue  
Allured *our* youth.  
To those who labor and aspire  
In the new day,  
Between achievement and desire,  
The same long way.  
The stately ship that lately came  
To greet our shore,  
Worthy the English hero's fame  
Whose name she bore,  
No higher mission can unfold  
To this new day,  
Than those quaint caravels of old  
That near her lay.  
But caravels have had their day,  
And we would hail  
The nobler craft, with pennons gay,  
That breasts the gale,  
Remembering the Normal Hall  
Of *our* school day,

With its equipments few and small,  
That led the way  
Across that vexed and billowy main  
New things must dare,  
Before proportions they attain  
Generous and fair.  
We fain with you would psalms sing  
To the *new* day,  
And wreaths to crown its heroes bring  
Of choicest bay,  
And now, farewell! Eve's sober gray  
For us is nigh,  
When sunset's last receiving ray  
Must fade and die.  
But evening has its gladsome hours,  
Its tender strain,  
And faith discerns our waning powers  
New life attain.

## TWENTY-SECOND MEETING

THE Twenty-second Meeting of the Class took place at the home of Mrs. Morton, Halifax, Mass., on June 17, 1885, ten members being present.

### NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT.

Miss Hannah M. Damon . . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. Almira Johnson . . . . . Boston.  
Mrs. Lydia H. Morton . . . . . Halifax.  
Miss Louisa E. Harris . . . . . Portland.  
Miss Adeline M. Ireson . . . . . Cambridge.  
Mrs. Sarah E. Richardson . . . . . Somerville.  
Mrs. Mary S. Lamson . . . . . Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thompson . . . . . Woburn.  
Mrs. Lydia A. Adams . . . . . Fall River.  
Mrs. Sarah W. Drummond . . . . . New York.

Four children of members were present:—

Mrs. Nellie Patch . . . . . Roxbury.  
Mr. Herbert Davis . . . . . Jacksonville, Ill.  
Mrs. Lucy W. Packard . . . . . Halifax.  
Mr. Thomas D. Morton . . . . . Halifax.

Two grandchildren were present:—

Helen Morton Packard . . . . . Halifax.  
Edith Davis Packard . . . . . Halifax.  
Mrs. Winslow, a guest. . . . . Halifax.

It was a comfortably cool morning when we assembled at the depot in Boston, and took the train to South Hanson. There a barge was in readiness to convey us to Mrs. Morton's house, four and a half miles distant. Upon arriv-

ing there we were cordially greeted by our friend and her children. After assembling in the parlor, almost the first words of our hostess were, "I have been preparing for this for a year." Thereupon she took from a writing-desk some old letters written over forty years ago, which she read to us. These and general conversation occupied the time till noon. About one o'clock Mrs. Nellie Patch and Herbert Davis, children of our classmate, Mrs. Mary Davis, arrived from Kingston, where they were visiting their bereaved brother-in-law, and dined with us. At the dinner-table Mrs. Morton read a story written by one of our class at school. After dinner, Mr. Thompson having engaged the barge, we all went to ride, and called to see Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Morton's mother, who was one hundred years old on the first day of last March. On our return we walked through a beautiful pine grove, planted by Dr. Morton thirty-six years ago, and for which he received the county prize.

After tea we again assembled in the parlor, when Mrs. Lamson read a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Peirce. Then followed the reading of the record of the last meeting, some newspaper notices of Mrs. Peirce's death, and a poem by Miss Harris. The remainder of the evening was occupied with interesting reminiscences of the early days of the school, Miss Damon giving a graphic account of her examination, with two others, by Horace Mann, Jared Sparks, Robert Rantoul, and Father Peirce.

The next morning, after breakfast, the barge came to take us to the depot, and thus ended our delightful visit to a charming old home, where the beautiful spirit of its mistress seemed to draw us all more closely together.

POEM BY MISS LOUISA E. HARRIS.

We read on history's storied page  
Of loyal subjects to their king,  
Who leave their land, and spurn the stage  
Where rebels "Yankee Doodle" sing.

They sail with Howe to seek that land,  
Still holding to the right divine  
Of recreant kings, whose sceptred hand  
Could strike at Freedom's holy shrine.

They go to Halifax, we're told,  
And leal to the old régime,  
Garner their flocks in that new fold,  
Unvexed by patriot's sanguine dream.

The name they bear is stanch and true,  
And loyalists we claim to be,  
Who, with our Halifax in view,  
This morning launched old friends to see.

Unlike the elders, we have left  
No land divided, wounded, sore,  
Nor come as exiles sad, bereft,  
To seek a strange and alien door.

We find *our* Halifax to-day  
A dear, familiar, friendly place,  
Where loyal hearts may have free play  
And yet no ancient ties efface.

We find a hostess whom we knew  
When life was fresh and hearts were gay,  
And dear old comrades, tried and true,  
Who greet with us this fair June day.

When twoscore years or more ago  
We laughed and talked with careless glee,  
Then parted, busier ways to know,  
And sail upon life's deeper sea,

We scarcely hoped this tryst to keep  
When locks were gray and eyes grown dim,  
To feel again the pulses leap  
As memory chants her holy hymn.

Amid the season's flush and prime,  
As we recall life's radiant spring,  
And strive in vain our thoughts to rhyme  
And voice the song we fain would sing,

A strain of sadness trembles through,  
And other voices thrill the ear,  
And through the misty years we view  
A larger band than greets us here.

Clear eyes now dim, words kind and bright,  
Come back and mingle with our cheer,  
And seen through memory's softened light,  
How fair and strong our lost appear!

Our latest lost, our elder friend,  
Who lured and led the upward way  
No more her gracious word doth send  
To grace our messages to-day.

Within the "bright and silent land,"  
Beside the waters still and sweet,  
'Mid pastures green, by zephyrs fanned,  
Two dear and yearning souls now meet.

To us they gave their love and truth,  
And are they not our guests to-day?  
As real as when in that far youth  
"They lured to heaven and led the way?"

We see the light their faces wear  
As round this hearthstone here we greet;  
And "if in heaven there yet is care"  
For those on earth, they with us meet.



And all their children gathered round,  
As when of old our band complete,  
Give welcome audience to the sound  
Of counsels gracious, wise, and sweet.

The weekly newspaper makes the following comment on this celebration :—

“ Mrs. Lydia H. Morton, of Halifax, Mass., widow of the late Dr. Cyrus Morton, celebrated, June 17th, 1885, at her home, by inviting and entertaining there, with abounding hospitality, till the following day, her old Normal schoolmates — the first graduates of the first Normal School in the country. Of the original twenty-five schoolmates, thirteen are still living, and nine were able to join Mrs. Morton in Halifax the morning of the 17th. Five other guests were present — Mr. Leonard Thompson, of Woburn (husband of one of the schoolmates), Prof. Herbert Davis and Mrs. Patch (son and daughter of another schoolmate), Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Packard, sister and daughter of Mrs. Morton, — the whole company, including the hostess and her son, Mr. Thomas D. Morton, who resides with his mother, numbering sixteen. The literary exercises of the occasion were an appreciative tribute from Mrs. Mary S. Lamson, of Boston, to the memory of Mrs. Harriet Peirce, of Nantucket, — who was a gratuitous and efficient co-worker with her husband, Rev. Cyrus Peirce, in the first Normal School during its infancy, and dearly beloved by its earliest pupils, — and a graceful poem from Miss Louisa E. Harris, of Portland, Maine. In the afternoon, Mrs. Morton took her guests to call on her mother, Mrs. Sarah Drew, of Halifax, a venerable woman now in her one hundred and first year. Mrs. Drew occupies, with a son and his family, the house in which she was born, and in which her father was born, and of which her grandfather was the builder.”

## SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

A SEMI-CENTENNIAL Celebration of the Framingham (originally Lexington) Normal School was held at Framingham, July 2, 1889. Eight members of the surviving eleven of the Class of 1839 attended, namely : —

Hannah M. Damon.  
Maria L. Smith (Mrs. Thompson).  
Lydia A. Stow (Mrs. Adams).  
Almira Locke (Mrs. Johnson).  
Mary A. E. Davis (Mrs. Davis).  
Rebecca M. Pennell (Mrs. Dean).  
Louisa E. Harris.  
Adeline M. Ireson.

The "Semi-Centennials" had a very happy time at Framingham, six of them remaining over night and attending the evening reception. This Class was invited to contribute to the Literary Exercises of the occasion, and Misses Damon and Harris did so. Their contributions were read at the evening reception.

### A GREETING FROM THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CLASS.

BY MISS DAMON.

Forth from the dim and shadowy past,  
"Weird sisters" wan, we come to view,  
In this brave light, the structure vast  
Which from one temple grew ;  
For we were Vestals of that fane —  
Alack ! we come, a feeble few ;  
We were a score and twain.

We bowed before that altar lone,  
 And kept our little lamps ablaze ;  
 On this high noon, we come to croon  
 Our ditty of those days.

Our Priest and Priestess wise, revered,  
 A wedded pair with virtues rare,  
 Forever to our hearts endeared.  
 They taught us there the way,  
 Through toil and pain, through cloud and rain,  
 To this consummate day.

We come to bring our glad "All hail!"  
 To Priestess and to Vestals here,  
 To all who to this altar's pale  
 Are come from far and near.

"All hail!" Anon, adieu! adieu!  
 We go to come no more to you.  
 Our sister Vestals gone before,  
 Our Priest and Priestess kind,  
 They call us, we shall soon cross o'er  
 Unto their veiled and sacred shore,  
 Our hallowed dead to find.

The poem contributed by Miss Harris to the Exercises of the Semi-Centennial was mainly the same as that written for our Class meeting in 1884, and may be found in this book under that date. Only the *new* lines follow here:—

And as we now in sober gladness,  
 Salute this younger, gayer throng,  
 Remembering that tones of sadness  
 Make discord with their matin song,

We fain would ask for them the boon  
 We cherish from our Normal days,  
 Friendships as true beyond life's noon  
 As in its earlier morning rays.

We find not here our early shrine,  
But in the old heroic town,  
Where firmly planted was the vine  
Whose purple grapes your borders crown.

We helped the planting of that vine,  
Grown vigorous on this golden day,  
And drink with you the generous wine  
Pressed from its vintage while we may.

We do not come with golden spurs  
To greet this bright, rejoicing throng;  
None deems the victor's laurel hers,  
Or dares essay the victor's song.

We see a host beyond your ken,  
And voices hushed before your time  
Come to our ears from noble men  
Whose fame was in its glorious prime.

Great hearts, with anxious, fond desire,  
Watched well the germ they planted here,  
And stirred us nobly to aspire,  
And helped to bring this golden year.

Names written large upon the roll  
Of those who served with holy zeal  
The State we loved, and whose control  
Helped on our country's truest weal,

To us were pleasant household names,  
Recalling men whose presence brought  
Something beside their stately fames,  
Beyond their stern majestic thought.

## IN MEMORIAM

THE meetings of our Class have been less frequent these later years than we had thought they would ever be, while even a feeble few were left to hold an informal meeting. For many years the same familiar faces were seen at our gatherings, or cheerful friendly greetings came in the old, familiar hand, telling us why the writers themselves could not be where loving thoughts would bear them. We had missed — sadly missed — many of our early band, whom we recalled with loving affection, and we were, perhaps, nearer to each other for our common love to those so near in the earth-life now hallowed in our memories. But Death had not visited our ranks in very recent years, and we had come to this meeting with a cheerful confidence that we were to travel together a much longer way.

We were all painfully surprised when the death of Mrs. Sarah E. Locke Richardson was announced to us. She had been one of our happy number at Halifax, who met in Mrs. Morton's home, June 17, 1885, and some of us remarked upon her fresh and youthful look, thinking her in excellent health. Not one of our company entered more heartily into the pleasures of that bright day. Her death occurred at Wilmington, Mass., January 6, 1886, after a few days of severe illness. As we knew her in the school-room, — faithful, steadfast, quiet in manner, studious and thoughtful, — so we have known her since, the good, devoted wife, the mother of sturdy, manly boys, whose minds she directed and trained to profit by the advanced teachings they afterward received. In their successes they may

well be grateful for what she gave them in character and guidance, and we may well remember her as one who helped to make our meetings true and genuine reminders of what was worthy in our Normal teachings.

Mrs. Lydia H. Morton died at her home in Halifax, Mass., May 15, 1887. As she had been in feeble health for two or three years, the news of her death was not so startling as that of Mrs. Richardson's. At our gathering in her home June 17, 1885, none could have welcomed us with more cheer and brightness. We had reason to know that she herself thought her time here very brief. But no shadow from the "dark angel's wing" disturbed the light of her home or her spirit that day. The quiet rural town, arrayed in such a wealth of green and gold on that fair day, the fragrant pine grove where we sauntered in her company, her face reflecting the joy she felt to have us, one and all, in her home together, her musical laugh at some reminiscence of our early Lexington days — shall we ever forget that rare June day in Halifax? When she came to school we looked on her as one of larger experience, for she had come from the Institution for the Blind in South Boston, standing well with Dr. Howe as a teacher. She at once found a warm place in the hearts of those younger, and became one of the best influences in our Normal Hall. She sang to us in the twilight hours in a voice so sweet and sympathetic that we looked forward to her song as among the pleasant recreations of the day. When she married Dr. Morton, she returned to her native town, and who can measure the influence of such a woman, as the good physician's wife, the loving mother, the large-hearted member of an intelligent rural community, with a listening ear to the cry of sorrow and glee or the note of joy? Her death occurring on the same day with that of

her beloved grandchild, Helen Packard, a rare girl of fifteen years, their funeral in the church of their love and worship was a most touching and impressive service, and all hearts yearned with sympathy for the bereaved mother and daughter.

Again our ranks were broken on March 3, 1890, when Mrs. Mary E. Davis died at her home in Lexington. Her death seemed very sudden to us who had seen her but a short time before, apparently in her usual health.

Her illness was of an acute nature, lasting about one week, a week of great suffering. Living much of her life in the old town where our friendships were born, her home had been for some of us the central point of interest in our visits there, and during her few years' sojourn in Andover, where she filled a large place and won warm friends, we found the same attractive home. Retaining her fresh, youthful looks and alert, well-balanced mind, gentle and serene in manner, a stranger would not suspect the great sorrows that had come to her life during its later years. But through all her griefs the loving, refined home was never lost, though Death removed so many of its dear ones. She kept her faith and trust undimmed through all her bereavements, and left to us, as to her family, the memory of a true, strong, and lovely woman, whose home was always a centre of gracious hospitality.

When some of our number attended the funeral of Mrs. Davis, they received the news of the death of Mrs. Rebecca M. Pennell Dean, which took place at her sister's home in New York, March 5, 1890, two days after that of Mrs. Davis.

At our Fiftieth Anniversary, at Framingham, Mrs. Dean was one of the most honored guests of the occasion, having been a teacher in the school since our Lexington school

days. She seemed to us a gracious hostess, entering so warmly into all the day's proceedings, and I remember none more happily associated with the occasion. When we parted from her, she planned meetings with us during the weeks she was to remain in New England, with the lively, affectionate interest she had always shown. We had some fears about her health, though she did not complain. Her appointments were not kept, and we soon learned of her severe illness while on a visit to Walpole. She rallied and started for her New York home, resting for a time with friends in Providence, and after reaching New York was so much better as to give hope of recovery, but her trouble proved serious, and after weeks of great suffering she died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Marcia Hersey, with those dearest about her. She had filled a large and honored place in educational circles, teaching in colleges in Ohio and Missouri; she was a welcome and gracious presence in the best social circles, a loving and most loyal friend to us, her Normal sisters, and in more than one home among her kindred is mourned and missed as those who make homes cheerful and delightful. After the death of her sister, Mrs. Eliza Pennell Blake, also one of our number, whom we recall as lovely and beloved, she adopted that sister's son, who, with his family, became her dear children. She made her home at St. Paul, Minn., after the death of her husband in the early years of her married life.

Mrs. Susan E. B. Channing, another member of our Class, died January 8, 1894. She had been ill for many months, suffering from disease of the heart, and we were somewhat prepared for the announcement of her death. Though living in the vicinity of Boston, we had perhaps seen less of her than of any other member whose home was in this region.



After leaving the Normal School she attended Mr. Emerson's private school in Boston, and later she was principal in high schools in New Bedford and Lowell, and made the brilliant successes we could have prophesied from her fine intellect and thorough scholarship. After her years of teaching she married Dr. William F. Channing, and has led a varied, active, and most useful life during all her later years — interested in the noblest causes and working faithfully for their success. She spent some time in Europe, giving her daughter the advantages of foreign travel and study, while she added to the wealth of her own resources. At the time of our Semi-Centennial at Framingham, she was about starting for Europe, and expressed regret that it so happened, and at our more recent meeting she was too ill to be present. She had made a reputation as a superior scholar in her native island, Nantucket, before she came to Lexington, and sustained it fully while there, and went out to her work equipped as few women were in those earlier days, and was among the first to attain an honored place in the higher walks of her profession, and give assurance of woman's power to scale the heights so long thought beyond her endeavor. She leaves one child, a daughter, of high aim and consecrated talent worthy of the mother so devoted to her welfare — and we, her mother's old classmates, must rejoice over all the success she may achieve, while we deeply sympathize with her irreparable loss.

## TWENTY-THIRD MEETING

ON October 3, 1895, an informal gathering was held at the home of our friend and classmate, Mrs. Almira Locke Johnson, to celebrate her eightieth birthday. There were present Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson, their daughters, Mrs. Arabella Nichols and Miss Almira Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Miss H. B. Rogers, of North Billerica, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thompson, of Woburn, Mrs. Edwin Lamson, Boston, Miss Louisa E. Harris and Miss Adeline M. Ireson, classmates of Mrs. Johnson. After pleasant greetings and reminiscences of Normal days, Mrs. Johnson gave the following address : —

Most heartily I welcome you, my classmates, to this my home. Fifty-five years since first we met on hallowed ground. According to my recollection, I was the seventh scholar to enter the school; then came another, and we eight were there some time without more. Often have I thought of the privilege we there had, — so few of us to have all the teacher's time. Upon this point I might enlarge, but you all know. To me, as to most of you, Father Peirce's methods, the whole school arrangements, were a great treat. That was the school in which to be benefited for one's own sake, were she never to teach. *Much* has not been improved upon and can never be improved. I refer to things like this: "Never lose a chance to make a good, moral impression; rather let the *lesson* go." In relation to the matter of improvement, I wish to hear from the rest of the Class.

I have been told that Framingham Normal School stands higher than any other in point of moral training. *This*, you know, is our school. Back of our teacher, high as he stood, was the dignified, refined woman, his wife, to whom we are indebted for the controlling sweetness of disposition which was ever present to influence, not only us, but husband and all who came within its range. And now, after these fifty-five years, what must we consider our duty? You will say, "Live to the Truth."

A very elaborate and appetizing dinner was served, and the day proved one of rare enjoyment in the meeting of old friends. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson at Tyngsboro is situated just at the most picturesque bend of the Merrimack and surrounded with delightful scenery. With best wishes for many added years to the life of our friend and her husband, the party separated.

## SPECIAL CELEBRATIONS

MR. and Mrs. Leonard Thompson celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day at their pretty home, 60 Warren Street, Woburn, Wednesday, May 26, 1897. The function, which lasted from eight till ten o'clock, was wholly informal, and was marked by the modesty and unassuming manner which has characterized the lives of this worthy and honored couple.

About fifty guests attended. The changes of fifty years have spared a few of the witnesses of the marriage ceremony so fittingly remembered this week.

In July, 1839, the first State Normal School in Massachusetts was established at Lexington. The first graduating class was that of 1840. Mrs. Thompson, then Miss Smith, of Lincoln, was a member of this Class. Among her classmates were: Miss Adeline M. Ireson, of Cambridge, who afterwards taught in that city for fifty years, having as pupils the late Governor Russell and, later, his son; Mrs. Mary S. Lamson, of Boston, prominent in the Young Women's Christian Association work, and Miss Louisa Harris, of Dedham. These three ladies were among the guests on Wednesday evening.

So closely is the life of the host, Mr. Thompson, interwoven with that of this old town and present city, that a paragraph of personal data is not amiss. Mr. Thompson comes of an old and long-established and influential Woburn family, being in the eighth generation from the family founder, James Thompson, one of the original settlers of Woburn, and one of the thirty-two signers of the

noted Town Orders in 1640. James Thompson was a member of the first board of selectmen, serving the town in that capacity for twenty years. Mr. Leonard Thompson was born in Woburn, 1817, and for fifty years was engaged in business in this city, and has served on the school committee, on the library directorate, as town treasurer, and for two years represented the town in the General Court.

In spite of business cares and the demands of the various offices to which he has been called by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, he has found time for historical research. He is a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society; a founder, one of the principle donors, a trustee and active member of the Rumford Historical Association, a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, and of the American Library Association. On the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Woburn, 1892, he announced that he had donated \$6000, to be known as the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund, and since that time the people of Woburn have enjoyed the opportunity afforded by his thoughtful generosity. Again, on the evening of this golden wedding, he informed the trustees of the Burbeen Fund, who were present, that he had added a further gift of \$5000. (Condensed from newspaper account.)

A large number of friends gathered on the afternoon of June 22, 1897, at the home of our friend and classmate, Mrs. Mary S. Lamson, to celebrate her seventy-fifth birthday. The house was adorned with flowers in great profusion, the gifts of many friends, — a bouquet of seventy-five Jacqueminot roses having been received from a former classmate, Mrs. Drummond, of New York. Those present of the Class were Mrs. M. L. Thompson, Miss L. E. Harris,

and Miss A. M. Ireson, while our former beloved classmate, Eliza A. Rogers, was represented by her two sisters, Mrs. Gould and Miss H. B. Rogers, of North Billerica. Prof. Gardner S. Lamson, of Ann Arbor University, Mich., Mrs. Helen Robinson, and Miss Kate G. Lamson, son and daughters of Mrs. Lamson, received with her, and a social and artistic tea was served by them. Our classmate's seventy-five years have passed lightly upon her, and it was difficult to believe that she had filled out three quarters of a century.

On September 16, 1897, was celebrated the golden wedding anniversary of our classmate Mrs. J. B. Johnson and her husband. Mrs. M. L. Thompson and Miss A. M. Ireson were the only classmates able to be present. Mrs. Drummond, of New York, sent a box of fifty yellow roses, and other flowers were received in great abundance. An original sonnet was sent by a classmate, Miss H. M. Damon, of Brookline.

Mrs. Johnson spoke briefly as follows:—

“Most cordially we greet our relatives, classmates, and schoolmates, and all others on this fiftieth anniversary of our marriage. These anniversaries, the twenty-fifth and the fiftieth, are as landmarks in our progress through life, and it is a source of gratitude that we have enjoyed so large a measure of health and retain our faculties to this age.

“Accept our heartfelt thanks for the interest indicated by your presence here.”

Many were the loving wishes expressed that the couple, who have already passed the fourscore mark, might be spared to each other and to their friends.

SONNET.

TO MR. AND MRS. J. B. JOHNSON, ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR GOLDEN  
WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897.

Now is the golden Autumn of the year,  
And this the golden day that marks the date,  
Oh happy bride and groom! when you, elate  
With golden hopes, and love which knew no fear,  
Just fifty years ago, in wedding gear,  
Plighted with vows your lives to consecrate  
Each to the other, in wedlock's holy state.  
Blest union! closer drawn by offspring dear.  
Blest parents of leal daughters, loyal son!  
Whose love has cheered you as the years have run,  
And brightens still with starlike, heavenly rays  
The calm and peaceful evenings of your days.  
God's peace be ever with you here below,  
His peace supernal when you Heavenward go.

## IN MEMORIAM

OUR classmate, Mrs. Almira Locke Johnson, whose golden wedding has so recently been recorded, died at her house in Tyngsboro, December 2, 1897.

To those of us who had seen her in Boston within a few weeks, the news came as a painful surprise, as she had seemed bright and well, keenly interested, as in the old days, in all that concerned her old Normal associates, showing her affection and loyalty in her efforts to meet those in the suburbs of the city. Her interest in "Father Peirce" and his teaching, and in all educational work and progress, seemed as lively and earnest at eighty-three as when she graduated from Lexington, with Father Peirce's word and benediction falling so deeply and so vitally into her responsive heart. Only two of her old classmates, Misses Ireson and Harris, were able to attend her funeral, which took place at Tyngsboro. A large company of relatives and friends assembled at the home whose deep sense of loss was most fittingly expressed by her pastor, Rev. Mr. Brown, who knew and appreciated so well the sterling character of our friend, her deep sense of duty, her unswerving integrity, her ever-ready kindness and Christian charity, her devotion to church and family, and the warmth of her zeal towards the needs of the larger world beyond her own narrower circle, not usually kept so active at so advanced an age. We who had known her fidelity and kindness at school were grateful for such expression of our own feelings by one who had known her in later years. Her husband and three children, one son and two daughters, survive,—loving, loyal



children of a loving, loyal mother ; and all her family were privileged to minister to her in her last illness. As we took our leave of the sorrowing, bereaved household, it was with a sober consciousness that another member of our loyal Class had joined the larger company beyond, and only seven of us were left to recall together the dear unbroken circle of our bright Lexington days. But I think we were grateful for the consciousness, felt more keenly at these services over our dead, that the years and new ties, and all the bewildering interests of this later day, have left our hearts warm towards each other.

Our classmate, Miss Hannah M. Damon, died at Cambridge, November 19, 1901, at the age of seventy-eight.

When the death of Miss Hannah M. Damon was announced a few weeks ago, few, perhaps, remained among a host of admiring friends to whom she was a familiar and welcome presence through the years of youth and maturer womanhood. During years of invalidism her life has been so withdrawn from her once familiar world, that only kindred and privileged intimates have continued to enjoy, in these later days of weakness and suffering, the treasures of her bright, original mind, and the glow of her large, generous heart. She was as zealous a lover of truth as one often meets. No deviation from it escaped her discerning eye.

Even in small matters which a careless narrator would deem of no account, she would deplore any violation of the great laws she held so sacred, though she had no hard, bitter word for those whose moral sense was less exacting. Who that knew her does not recall her bright, beaming face as she entertained her friends with some spicy relation of interesting experiences in her intercourse with people

or with books? And when her bright thoughts or noble sentiments found expression in writing, how regretful we all felt that health and a keener self-appreciation had not favored that devotion to literary work which would have won delight and approval from those whose verdict she would have valued.

Miss Damon was daughter of Rev. David Damon, for several years the beloved minister of the Unitarian Church of West Cambridge, now Arlington, a genial, reverend, scholarly man, who died suddenly, being attacked by illness in a neighboring pulpit at the close of a funeral service over the remains of a friend. He was the kind of man to be a wise and helpful friend to such a daughter.

She came as one of the first candidates of the first Normal School in America, established in Lexington, Mass., in 1839, the school for whose establishment Horace Mann labored and besought influential men in high places to "lend a hand" to what he deemed a vital work. Miss Damon came well equipped and earnest, and it was to such scholars the school owed its success in its early, anxious days. She taught in Worcester, where she won esteem and interest among its best people, taking part in its literary and social life. She afterwards taught in Boston, till needed to minister to home and kindred, and was long consecrated to these duties, where her loving loyalty found an ample field, till failing health compelled her to relinquish former active duties, while suffering so seriously as to be confined to her room in later years, yet companionable and cheerful to those who found her there. And among those who were so privileged she will be mourned and missed, as are ever mourned and missed the kind and good who have enriched our lives with the gracious gift of wit and wisdom and sweet good-will to all. We rejoiced that, with

her warm heart so loyal to all her kindred whose lives she had helped to form and inspire, she knew their presence and companionship to her latest hours. Of all our loyal classmates gone before, or lingering a small and feeble remnant, none was more true to the highest ideals we brought from our old Lexington *Alma Mater*.

L. E. HARRIS.

## A RECORD OF THE FIRST CLASS

BY MRS. MARY S. LAMSON

MRS. LAMSON, having been asked by the Committee of Arrangements for the Biennial Meeting of the Alumnae of the Framingham Normal School, July 1, 1902, to prepare a brief sketch of work done by its first Class, presented the accompanying paper : —

ALUMNÆ, SISTERS: We welcome to-day, July 1, 1902, at this Biennial Meeting of our Alumnae, the new catalogue.

We recognize the great amount of labor that the committee in charge have given to it, and rejoice in the success which has crowned their efforts, making it an invaluable book of reference for present, past, and future years. Accept our hearty thanks. Already its effect has been to make us desire, beside the good things which you have given us, that some plan may be devised by which we may know more of the work done by the Alumnae, believing it would greatly increase the interest of us all in the scholar as well as the school.

Have we a record that would supplement this fine catalogue and tell us what has been done by our Alumnae, so many of whom have become distinguished in various fields, but are not recognized as graduates of *our* Normal School?

DO WE NOT NEED A ROLL OF FAME?

Partly by way of experiment, your executive committee has asked the first Class, 1839-1840, and also that of

1892-1893, to prepare a brief sketch of what they have done in their respective sixty years and ten years since their graduation, especially in educational directions.

Valuable histories of the origin of Normal Schools and their early struggles are in print, and we know all about those three frightened girls who braved the entrance examination. But what if those legislators who took such care of the public treasury should appear before you to-day, and question you as to what those same girls had done to further the cause of education in this State, reiterating their original queries—Have you taught? And, in this State? And for five years? Or have you been disloyal and, as we feared, married and left Massachusetts?

In order to satisfy these honest doubters of the need of Normal Schools, let us have our records ready for use.

#### OPENING OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL, JULY 8, 1839.

A few days, which included the Fourth of July, were spent in the parlor of the *Lexington Academy*, as it had been known, while repairs were in process of completion in the old schoolroom which was destined to be the abiding-place of this new class, the remainder of the house being devoted to boarders.

A table, some chairs, a blackboard, a sofa, a terrestrial globe were the furnishings of the room set apart for the use of the seven girls and their teacher, Rev. Cyrus Peirce, of Nantucket.

Simple, and lacking most of the comforts of life, its emptiness was yet to be filled with a power that should reach throughout our country.

The lessons of those days taught us our new position and what it would mean to us that we were the first Class of the first Normal School of the country, — called as we were

to decide the question, "Shall there be such schools or not?" All must rest with this "Trial Class." "The foundations must be thoroughly laid and we must be content to spend much time in reviews."

There we were taught the motto so dear to all in this school, "Live to the Truth," with its explanation, and so were made ready for the schoolroom and its lessons, not one of us with a thought of failure, and ready to work harder than we had ever done before.

Such was the power of that remarkable man whom we had yet to learn to love as our Father Peirce.

#### COMMENCEMENT AT HARVARD.

Soon after the routine of work was established came Commencement at Harvard, and this was made a memorable event to some of us. Mr. Peirce gave us an invitation to Cambridge to take what was *then* a delightful country drive, and attend the exercises — a never to be forgotten day by us girls of sixteen, who had scarcely been outside our schoolrooms. It must be remembered that even with the advanced ideas of Mr. Peirce, in this first year of the school, 1839, we hardly knew the word "exercise." Surely no provision was made for it. Saturday's half holiday gave us only time for necessary repairs, and seldom did we take a walk beyond the "Clark" house of historic fame.

But you must not think of us as belonging to the company to whom "All work and no play" applies. A happier, gayer hearted group of girls it were hard to find, for we had some brilliant wits among us.

#### FALL TERM.

A very pleasant addition of twelve to our number came with October, 1839, followed in January, 1840, by three

more, making good the number of those who had fallen out by the way, and we were still twenty-five. These newcomers having been selected after the applications were more numerous, the result was a decided improvement in the scholarship of the Class.

#### OPENING OF THE FIRST MODEL SCHOOL.

The excitement of the year was the opening of the first Model School of the country in a pleasant room under the Normal schoolroom. Mr. Peirce chose Mary Swift as principal and Mary Stodder as assistant, to hold office a month, and to be followed by each member of the school in turn. There were thirty-three pupils from six to ten years of age, twenty-one boys and twelve girls. This school drew its pupils from the town of Lexington, and was discontinued only after the removal of the Normal School to Framingham.

#### CLOSE OF THE FIRST YEAR OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL, 1840.

The year closed with its record of success, and the next legislature, by a vote of 245 to 182, decided to continue Normal Schools, and — *to pay* for them — a proof of conversion.

The graduates, with few exceptions, took positions as teachers, conscious of being closely watched by those who had the interests of education at heart and had sacrificed so much for the cause. Our ways parted at the door which we had entered a year before. We went out into widely divergent paths, leading literally from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and in those days of difficult travel and few postal privileges we must have been lost to each other had it not been for an observance which, originating in our Class loyalty, came to influence many lives.

## THE ALUMNÆ GATHERING.

Ten years passed — the school had been removed to West Newton, Lexington being outgrown. Its Alumnæ had increased from twenty-five to several hundred. Rev. Mr. Stearns had become its principal, and now made great efforts to celebrate the tenth anniversary by a full gathering of the Alumnæ. The first Class, 1839, had the largest representation of any present, and the largest meeting of the Class itself since its graduation.

We fully enjoyed the day, but a feeling crept over us that *Newton* was not *Lexington*, followed by a longing that we might have a yearly meeting to which all the Class might look forward and attend if possible, and that it be held first in Lexington.

Gathering in a corner of the hall, the proposition was made and enthusiastically received, and we parted with high hopes for the future, after passing a vote that husbands and children be invited as *guests* and Father and Mrs. Peirce as *members*.

## BEGINNING OF CLASS MEETINGS.

The morning of September 25, 1850, saw twenty-five of us on the road to Lexington, sixteen of whom were members of the first Class, and came bringing nine children with them. The record of the day adds, "with Father Peirce and dear Mrs. Peirce to welcome us" at the door of the Lexington Hotel.

The first thing we found wanting was a Record Book, that the names of all present, old and young, might be remembered. We little thought of the value of such a record sixty years later, but we had learned at Lexington how to keep a journal, and, fortunately, began to practice



it then, every line of this large book being valuable as historic material.

Four little ones were brought to make the acquaintance of the new aunts, and to fill the places of those in the Class whose names had been starred in the ten years past, or who had made for themselves homes so distant that we could only send them a greeting to keep alive their love.

And so began our Class meetings. A year passed and another happy day came, and many more followed in its train, continuing annually without a break until 1857.

The story of these meetings must be briefly sketched and the many interesting pages in their records omitted for want of time. They were held in Lexington for seven successive years, when, on account of the inconvenience of reaching that town, they were removed to Boston.

Nine years had passed, when, just as we were making plans for our tenth meeting, came a most unexpected summons to attend the funeral of Mary H. Stodder (Loring).

We had been too busy, and all of us too strong and well, to think that death might come, and only once in seventeen years had we parted with one of our family. How could we spare *her*? — this, the most highly gifted one and best beloved of us all?

Our tenth meeting was held in Boston, at the home of Mrs. Lamson, and was a memorial service.

1860 was saddened by the death of Father Peirce. His pupils at once opened a subscription for a monument, a cross of Italian marble, to be placed over his grave at Nantucket. It was completed before the end of the year.

July 1, 1864, was celebrated the quarterly centennial of the establishment of Normal Schools in America, and ours, the first Class, omitted its own meeting and joined in the festivities.

In 1871 the first Class received an invitation from Mrs. Peirce, who then resided in Nantucket, to hold their approaching meeting on that island. She was too feeble in health to take the journey to Boston and wished to see us once more, and, also, that we should visit the grave of Father Peirce. This invitation was accepted, and the celebration of the thirty-first anniversary of our graduation, being the eighteenth Class meeting, with sixteen members and seven guests present, lasted two days, and was deeply enjoyed.

As we stood by the grave of our honored teacher, there came to us memories of his enthusiastic, unselfish devotion to his high calling, which led him to consider nothing too trifling for his attention, if it helped the cause of education. That pathetic love for his pupils we can better appreciate at eighty than we could at sixteen.

In illustration, will you pardon a personal narrative, which is told to show his loving self-denial? One day, when the days were at the shortest and crowded full of work for teacher and pupil, he asked me to wait, as he had a proposition to make to me. Having been a pupil in his private school in Nantucket, before the opening of the Normal School, he continued to take interest in my studies, and now told me he regretted that I should, in this year in the Normal School, with only English studies, forget what I had previously done in Greek. "For Latin he had no fear," but, and he asked as if it were a favor to himself, would I be willing to prepare three lessons a week in Greek, and he would hear them recited in the *evening* when he came from his own home to ours, to see that all was safe for the night! What a picture it would have made! that corner of the schoolroom nearest the black stove, with one candle on his desk, and the old man and the young girl

studying the Greek Testament! The Old Master might truthfully have written beneath it "Devotion."

The Nantucket journey suggested others, and in 1885 we met in Halifax, Mass., with Mrs. Morton, and in 1895 with Mrs. Johnson in Tyngsboro. This was our last formal meeting, the number of those able to attend having decreased rapidly in the last few years.

Maria Smith.  
Louisa Harris.  
Sarah Wyman.

Lydian Stow.  
Adeline Ireson.  
Mary Swift.

Six out of the first Class still live, but five of these are not equal to the fatigues of a day like this, and Mary Swift alone comes up to enjoy its pleasures, the first Class merging itself once more, as in the first ten years, in the great school. They send with me a most cordial greeting, and many thanks for all the loving kindness and courtesy they have ever received from you, with the hope that Normal Class meetings may be perpetuated through you.

But before closing let us turn once more to our Record Book, which, despite its fading ink, tells the story of the years, and with its accompanying correspondence enables us to make an accurate report of the work of many of this Class since graduation, the purpose for which this paper was asked. We have reminded those who are still with us that it is false modesty if we withhold that which may bring honor to our *Alma Mater*. Not boastfully, but lovingly, do we bring in our sheaves, asking that they may be received in the same spirit.

#### RECORDS.

HANNAH M. DAMON, Class Secretary. Taught in Worcester and Boston for several years, when she became an in-

valid and continued such until her death in 1901. She kept up her interest in the Class and did much literary work for it.

MARIA L. SMITH, still living, July, 1902. Taught in district schools parts of four years and the whole of two years. Children and grandchildren bless her. She married after six years of teaching.

LYDIAN STOW. Taught two sessions in Dedham, two years in Fall River; married; was elected a member of the school committee of that city and served four years, being the first woman to hold this office in that town. Her son has followed in his mother's steps, and has served nine years.

MARY H. STODDER. No record can be found of her teaching. She left three sons, one of whom, a brilliant journalist, met an untimely death at the hands of savages on our Western plains.

ALMIRA LOCKE. Most loyal to Normal teachings and methods, which were her guide throughout her life.

MARY A. E. DAVIS. Taught in Brattleboro, Vt., in South Reading, Newburyport, and East Boston, where she successfully managed a school of seventy-five boys.

SARAH E. SPARRELL. Married early, and spent most of her life in Illinois.

REBECCA M. PENNELL; ELIZA R. PENNELL, nieces of Hon. Horace Mann. Both began their teaching in New Bedford on graduating, and remained there three years, until the marriage of Eliza, who continued teaching in the Packer Institute for two years, until her death, which was the first in the Class for seventeen years. This is pronounced by authorities a most remarkable record.

Rebecca Pennell taught continuously at Westfield Normal School, at West Newton, in this school; a professor

in Antioch College until the death of her uncle, when she went to St. Louis, where she taught ten years, and thus rounded out her record of twenty-five years.

LOUISA E. HARRIS ; SARAH W. WYMAN, schoolmates in Roxbury. Sarah W. Wyman taught six years in the public schools of Roxbury and two years in a private family of four children.

Louisa E. Harris commenced teaching on graduating, and continued four years in a school a little removed from the centre of Roxbury, and partaking of the character of a district school. Its previous discipline had not been in accord with Normal teaching. Next, she trained boys as a nucleus for a new grammar school; next we find her head assistant in the Dearborn School for eight years; then a time of *rest* in a Young Ladies' Private School; next recalled to the Dearborn School, and later to East Boston, where she completed her thirty-three years of teaching. All this had been supplemented by literary work. She closes her record as follows: "But with no greater delight in any friends or happier memories than those connected with the Normal days, when we formed those sacred ties which are brightening our declining years with a glow of truest friendship."

SUSANNA C. WOODMAN. Taught until she married, lived in Wisconsin.

SUSAN E. BURDICK. Taught in New Bedford and Lowell high schools for ten years.

LYDIA H. DREW. The first teacher of the blind and deaf Laura Bridgman. Dr. Howe sent her to Lexington to learn some of the Normal methods, with the hope that they would assist in her difficult task of teaching.

ELIZA A. ROGERS. Taught, in the Institution for the Blind, Oliver Caswell and Laura Bridgman, both blind and

deaf, and for four years later received into her own family as a pupil a feeble-minded boy.

**HANNAH P. ROGERS.** Taught in Billerica and Chelmsford for several years in district schools.

**MARY SWIFT.** Her first invitation to teach came, immediately on graduation, from Dr. S. G. Howe, who desired assistance in demonstrating to the world that a blind man can do something better than sit at the street corner and beg. When, a year later, Joseph Smith entered Harvard and Merchant Sturtevant Dartmouth, both blind, that work was done. This was followed by five years' teaching of Laura Bridgman at the Institution for the Blind, and after Dr. Howe's death she published the "Life and Education of Laura Bridgman." For nine years, under appointment by Governor Claflin, she served the State on the Board of Trustees of the Lancaster State Industrial School, and the town of Winchester, Mass., on the school committee. For thirty-six years she has been engaged in work for the Boston Young Women's Christian Association.

And now we bring this list to a close, waiting only to introduce to you our most distinguished member,

**ADELIN M. IRESON.** What think you of one who has taught from 1842 to 1892, fifty full years in the public schools of Cambridge? Do you wonder that she is confined to her room, and can no longer write for us in the beautiful handwriting that adorns our precious Record Book? Patiently and cheerfully she is suffering, but interested in all we do here to-day. Imagine the satisfaction she has as she reads the daily papers, and among the names of the good and true finds those of governors, mayors, and aldermen, of whom she can say "he was once my pupil." She it was who kept constantly before her boys the idea of making preparation when young, that they might be

ready when the city wanted them, and she is a graduate of our Normal School after Father Peirce's own heart.

Legislators of 1839, we have laid before you a faithful report of one Class, the first, of the First Normal School in our country. You will notice its great variety of educational work successfully done, and we wait your verdict. Do Normal Schools repay their cost?

## NECROLOGY

Sarah Hawkins *	Unknown
Louisa Rolph *	1843
Eliza R. Pennell (Blake)	October 5, 1857
Mary H. Stodder (Loring)	September 12, 1859
Sarah E. Sparrell (Clisby)	September 1, 1873
Eliza A. Rogers	June 25, 1876
Susanna C. Woodman (Usher)	January 7, 1880
Abby M. Kimball (Chandler)	May 19, 1880
Hannah P. Rogers (Blodgett)	July 28, 1880
Sarah E. Locke (Richardson)	January 6, 1886
Lydia H. Drew (Morton)	May 15, 1887
Mary A. Davis (Davis)	March 3, 1890
Rebecca M. Pennell (Dean)	March 5, 1890
Susan E. Burdick (Channing)	January 8, 1894
Almira Locke (Johnson)	December 2, 1897
Hannah M. Damon	November 19, 1901
Margaret O'Connor	Unknown
Amanda M. Parks *	Unknown

\* These were connected with the school for a short time only.



## APPENDIX

FREDERICK W. LORING,

SON OF MARY HALL LORING.

AMONG the names of the sons and daughters who were present at our Class meetings none appears so frequently as that of Fred. W. Loring. Not only in the days of his childhood, but in his after life, he retained his interest in his mother's friends and classmates.

It was with the feeling of personal loss that we received the sad news of his untimely and cruel death. He was sent out in an expedition to Arizona under Lieutenant Wheeler, as correspondent for "Appleton's Journal" and the New York "Tribune."

Having passed through the "Death Valley of California and Nevada," he was returning, happy to have escaped its terrors, when the stage was seized by Apaches, and, with five companions, he was massacred.

The opinion held by the press of his literary work is given in extracts from contemporary papers below. His last work was the description of this valley, and was published in "Appleton's Journal" November 18, 1871.

A notice to the Associated Press under date of San Francisco, November 20, 1871, reads as follows: "A coroner's jury at Wickenburg, Arizona, in the case of the recent massacre of stage passengers by Indians, found the following verdict: 'We, the undersigned, summoned as a jury to hold an inquest on the bodies of the following named persons, found murdered in a stage coach about six miles from the town of Wickenburg, on the La Paz Road, on the morning of the 5th of November, 1871, from all the evidence obtained from the two surviving passengers, find that C. S. Adams, John Letz, Frederick W. Loring, Frederick W. Shoholm, W. G. Solomon, and P. M. Hammel, came to their death by gunshot wounds received from the hands of Indians, who have been trailed toward the Date Creek Reservation.'"

"If the promise of early years be safe foundation for hopes of greatness in maturity, American literature has lost one of its greatest in

Frederick Wadsworth Loring. Charles Reade spoke of him as the young man of greatest promise in all America; but before that somewhat authoritative utterance the same had been said no few times by those who had marked the solid worth and already rapid rise of this young writer. His works stamped him as one of Nature's noblemen, worthy to have been born in free America, and his personal bearing and appearance gave confirmation of his birthright. He was of a distinguished Massachusetts family — a nephew, by the way, of the publisher Loring — and was born at Newtonville in 1849. He prepared for Harvard at Phillips Academy and was graduated in the college class of '70.

“He wrote even while at Andover, but first made his mark in contributions to the *“Harvard Advocate.”* We remember well conjecturing who might be the author of the many clever poems in that college journal, which went the rounds not only of the few college periodicals of that day, but, in more than one instance, of the press at large. Since leaving college he has been a contributor to many leading periodicals, — the *“Atlantic,”* *“Old and New,”* the *“Independent,”* *“Appleton's Journal,”* *“Every Saturday,”* and the Boston *“Advertiser.”* It was while engaged as correspondent for *“Appleton's”* — as also for the *“Tribune”* — on Lieut. E. W. Wheeler's expedition in Arizona, that he finished the work that it was given him to do. His last piece of literary work, strangely enough, was a graphic description of the *“Valley of Death,”* Arizona, published in *“Appleton's”* of November 18. Since their safe passage through this dreaded pass, nothing had been heard of the expedition till the news came of the massacre by the Apaches, in which it is but too certain Loring met his death. He died, like Winthrop, at the very outset of a bright career. He was much like Winthrop in his writings, having the same freshness and glow which made that lamented soldier-author one of the most American of American writers. To his deep earnestness and faith there was added a playful humor which made lighter writing a successful recreation to him. But in other work he was nobly pathetic, as in his *“Two College Friends,”* which is perhaps of all his writings the best index to him. It will be a sad while before we have an opportunity to welcome another author of such glorious promise as young Loring.”

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## A REMEMBRANCE OF FRED. W. LORING.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THE Autumn moon lay round us as we passed  
 O'er the old common, the familiar streets,  
 Our talk of thy new story, modest, young ;  
 The soft September airs, some falling leaf,  
 Murmurs of music on the city's tide ;  
 And thou, Loring ! boy of the Roman face,  
 The sweeping locks, and that expression stern,  
 Sweet in its early manhood.

Much I prosed  
 Of the deep sage of Weimar and his book,  
 That strange and marvelous Wilhelm Meister.  
 As thy thought was of thy partial life,  
 Not yet unfolded to the perfectness  
 Thy tastes enforced, child of a generous blood.  
 And we saw Minnie hurrying home from school,  
 And Nellie with her curls, rich as thy own,  
 Yet clustering more, and more becoming thus.  
 Laughing, we mocked at those cold city streets,  
 And how one born and bred within those walls  
 Might, like a pilgrim, go unwept, unknown,  
 While strangers from all quarters of the earth  
 Are gathered in at fabulous cost.

I said :  
 Loring, life is before thee. I must prose,  
 But yet can remember some such thoughts  
 As you express. Time hath a wallet on his back ;  
 In this you yet shall gather alms. Still work.  
 What if your story of these college lads  
 Be not all you could wish it, and you still  
 Must with laborious pen rewrite,  
 And yet once more rewrite the painful void ?  
 Think not too strait of facts ; build up your verse,  
 Such as that pure and touching melody  
 Of queenly love, or ballads from your heart,  
 Light and impulsive as your variable moods ;  
 For you know truly that you never quite  
 Have yet loved any one for good and all.

And pray, who were those beauties in your songs?  
 Julia's too blonde, and Gertrude's most too dark.  
 We hastened to the studio where he dwelt,  
 Half eager, brimmed with hope, and yet content  
 To be forgotten.

Much of him I dreamed.

Alone of all our youth, or seeming thus,  
 He sought a poet's fate, resolved to win  
 A poet's fortune, cultivate that art,  
 And seek it for itself, himself forgot.  
 No richer life methought the city pulse  
 Held to its beating veins, no prouder hope,  
 Loved by his friends and garnered in their hearts.  
 So fared he forth!

And there on those far plains,  
 Those wasteful regions of untraveled wealth,  
 Where golden rivers glide o'er golden sands,  
 And far away the purple mountains soar,  
 There in some vale, that dark and bloody vale,  
 Thy burial vault, that Arizona vale,  
 With all thy youth and promise, and soft heart,  
 And generous nature, wishing good to all,  
 Killed, murdered, trampled out, destroyed!  
 Loring, I should have wept thee hadst thou lived  
 And never won the poet's crown; and now,  
 At this — this bitter parting, this recoil,  
 I see once more the soft September day,  
 Thy sweeping locks, and hear thy modest voice,  
 And think, this was a world thou loved and sang,  
 A world unkind for thee; and blend my tears  
 With those who loved thee, thou sweet poet-boy,  
 And feel the Autumn sunshine touch thy form,  
 So fleet and vigorous, we can see no more.

#### IN MEMORY OF MARGARET O'CONNOR.

(The name Margaret signifies a pearl.)

MARGARET, dear Margaret, precious pearl,  
 Where art thou hidden from my longing eyes?  
 Does the earth still hold thee living, yet so changed

In form and lineament through time's disguise  
 That seeing I could not thee recognize,  
 Or does the grave thy mortal form embrace  
 While thy freed spirit through heaven's boundless space  
 From star to star wings its immortal way,  
 Born to the splendors of Eternal Day?

Though sixteen summers with their warmth and light  
 Had dyed thy burden rich of ringlets bright  
 With the rare auburn hue that artists love,  
 Still in thy heart in form and mien a child,  
 Shy as a fawn within its native wild,  
 Yet loving, loyal as the gentle dove,  
 And ever busy with thy book and brain,  
 The only Margaret of our schoolgirl train.  
 Thus I remember thee, dear, long-lost pearl.

Ah! if thou dwellest yet as I in clay,  
 Soon must thy bonds be riven, "dust unto dust" be given.  
 For we are old and soon shall "go the way  
 Of all the living," whither thy flight has led,  
 Follow on new-fledged pinions our dear dead  
 Into the realms where life and love abound,  
 Into the light where all the lost are found.  
 There shall I find thee, Margaret, precious pearl.

H. M. D.

#### MISS IRESON'S FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE.

PREPARED BY JOHN W. FREESE, MASTER OF THE WASHINGTON SCHOOL.

ON the occasion of the retirement of Miss Adeline M. Ireson from the profession of teaching, after an experience of fifty years of successful work, a public testimonial in honor of her long and faithful service was given in Sanders Theatre on the evening of July 1, 1892.

The presentation exercises were opened by the master of the Washington School, in a brief speech assuring Miss Ireson of the high esteem and kind regard of both teachers and pupils, and expressing on his own and their behalf the wish that, in her retirement, she might find a happy serenity commensurate with her long and faithful labors as a teacher.

He then introduced Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, the committee in charge of the school, who in turn presented the superintendent of schools, Francis Cogswell, who spoke as follows: —

"My acquaintance with Miss Ireson began, not fifty years ago, but nearly forty. I came to Cambridge in 1854, having been appointed master of the Putnam School. Before entering upon my work, at the request of a member of the school committee, I visited the Washington School, then under the charge of Mr. Daniel Mansfield. No reason was given for making this request, but after visiting the school I understood why it was made — the committeeman would show me in the most effective way the quality of the work I was expected to do. At that time Miss Ireson was not a teacher in the Washington Grammar School, but taught a middle school in the same building. Her teaching, however, affected the standing of the grammar school not less than when, years later, the middle and grammar schools were united.

"Of Miss Ireson's work during the past eighteen years I have personal knowledge, and I wish to say to her in the presence of her friends and pupils, 'Well done, good and faithful teacher!'

"Miss Ireson, it must be a great satisfaction to you to see so many of your former pupils here to-night, and know of the high esteem in which you are held. Think how many have become a blessing to themselves and to others. Nor is this all. Remember that no one knows the full measure of his influence. In my own experience, the two teachers who exerted upon me the strongest influence for good never knew that I was anywise affected by them. Even now I find myself influenced in the selection of teachers by the memory of the sweet voice and gentle ways of one of them, a teacher of a primary school. The other was a preceptor in a New England academy. Were I a painter, I could place on canvass his thoughtful face, for it has been as distinctly before me down through the years as when I looked upon it as his pupil; and all my thoughts of him have made me feel that 'Life is real, life is earnest.'

"Miss Ireson, as the years roll on — the endless years — this picture will grow brighter and brighter, and you will learn what it is so hard to realize here, that no faithful service is ever lost or fails of its reward."

Governor Russell, at one time a pupil of Miss Ireson, had been expected to take an important part in the exercises, but as imperative engagements prevented his coming, Mrs. Ellen A. Goodwin, of the school committee, read two letters from him, as follows:—

PROFESSOR A. B. HART.

*My dear Sir,* — I find, very much to my regret, that I shall not be able in all probability to be in Cambridge on the evening of July 1st,

to attend the exercises of the Washington Grammar School, whose interests are very dear to me, especially because of my early associations with it. Please express my regret at being absent; also express to my old friend and teacher, Miss Ireson, my congratulations on her fifty years of most useful and honorable work; my thanks, as one of her pupils, for her influence and guidance, and my earnest hope that God may give her long life and prosperity.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

DEAR MISS IRESON, — It is with the greatest possible regret that I find I cannot get to the exercises to-night. I should love dearly to be there and, in presenting to you the testimonial which you have so well earned, express my appreciation of your very faithful services, and my gratitude to you for your kindness and assistance to me in my boyhood days. I never shall forget the patience, the ability, and interest of my old teacher, nor shall I forget how much I owe to her for any success that has come to me in later life. With kind regards, I am sincerely,

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

Letters were also read from Mr. E. S. Dixwell, for many years head master of the Latin School, Boston, and from Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer.

The reading of letters occupied the place in the programme that had been assigned to the governor. Professor Hart, of the school committee, then presented Miss Ireson with the valuable testimonial in behalf of her many friends. The following is a portion of Professor Hart's speech: —

“That it has fallen to my lot to make this presentation is due to no desert, but to the unavoidable absence of others who would have been glad to enjoy that dignity. The governor of the Commonwealth, as he informs you in the letters that have just been read, had hoped to pay this tribute. The mayor of this city would have taken this place but for another imperative engagement; and our venerable Dr. Peabody would have been the worthy spokesman of the occasion had he not been on the point of leaving town. I am the spokesman of more than one hundred of Miss Ireson's friends and neighbors in Cambridge and elsewhere who have wished to express their appreciation of her lifelong work. A list of all the subscribers to the testimonial will in due time be sent her. It includes men and women, business men, arti-

sans, and fellow-teachers, high officials of the city government, the president of the University, and the governor of the Commonwealth. It includes especially many old pupils who gratefully remember their study with Miss Ireson.

“I offer you this tribute, Miss Ireson, because of the quiet, self-respecting life which you have passed in this community, a lesson to your scholars and to us all. I offer it because of your patience during fifty years. Some of the little pupils in the audience think a day's school life a long time. What would they think of ten thousand days of school? But ten thousand times has Miss Ireson gone through her daily duty. I offer this, Miss Ireson, because of the interest in your pupils to which the letters which have been read testify, and which is as active now as at any time during the fifty years. When, some months ago, you came to say that you had made up your mind to resign from the Cambridge schools, I replied that Cambridge had no desire to lose your services.

“It gives me great pleasure to offer, in the name of your pupils and friends, this document, an annuity entitling you to the sum of \$129 yearly during the remainder of your life. The paper lies upon a silver salver bearing the following inscription: ‘Presented to Adeline M. Ireson by her former pupils and other friends, in grateful recognition of her Fifty Years of faithful service in the Washington School, Cambridge, July 1st, 1892.’

“The gift itself is the lesser part and the part which you will value the least, for with these tangible evidences goes the good-will of your many friends, and the respect of the community which for fifty years you have served so faithfully.”

In accepting the gift Miss Ireson said: —

“Friends and former pupils, — I sincerely thank you for the beautiful and valuable gifts which you have bestowed upon me. They will make life easier for me in my retirement, and be a constant reminder to me of your generosity. Nor is it for their value alone that I prize them, but the names of the donors, the names appended to the circular, are of themselves a testimonial of which any one ought to be proud. I have never realized so fully before my unworthiness of the honor you have done me. The wise man says, ‘Let not him that putteth on the harness boast as he that putteth it off.’ But as one drops the harness who has any high standard of duty, and realizes the immense power for good in the opportunity of influencing so many young and plastic minds, he can but be very humble in view of the small results accomplished. True I



have given the best of my life and strength to the work, but I have had a genuine love for it and thoroughly enjoyed it, and only wish that I were ten years younger that I might continue in it. I recall many of my pupils who have filled and are filling honorable positions in the world, and as I hear of them from time to time I wonder whether my influence has been any factor in their success. I well remember the fair-haired, full-browed boy, with his clear voice and prompt answers, and am proud to have had a small share in the education of one who has so admirably filled the highest offices in the city, the state, and I had almost said, in the land. But that will come later. (Applause.)

"Allow me to thank our honored superintendent and committee for their consideration and their constant support, and especially for the interest and earnestness they have manifested in giving me this recognition of my services. The recollection of it will go with me through life, and give others confidence to feel that their work is appreciated."

Brief remarks by the Rev. Dr. McKenzie concluded these interesting exercises.

#### "LIVE TO THE TRUTH."

[A CONVENTION of the Graduates and Undergraduates of the West Newton (originally Lexington) Normal School was held at West Newton, August 12, 1845. Father Peirce's motto, "Live to the Truth," wrought on a wristband of perforated cardboard, was the badge worn by all on the occasion. Some of the graduates were invited by Father Peirce to send contributions to the literary exercises of the occasion. The following poem he especially honored by reading it himself. For this reason and because his motto was the subject chosen by the contributor, it is given a place here.]

Never hath man so lived.  
 Partial obedience only hath he rendered  
 To that "still small voice" which ever whispers  
 To his striving soul — "live thou to the truth."  
 Obedient to this heavenly inmate, man,  
 From innocence and Eden, had arisen  
 To virtue and immeasurable bliss.  
 God's laws and mysteries had, one by one,  
 Been opened to his vision, and his soul  
 Had gathered wisdom almost infinite,  
 For to the doer of the Almighty's will

Is given the wondrous knowledge of his ways ;  
 And hand in hand with wisdom had come power.  
 To glorify this child and heir of God,  
 To fill the measure of his happiness.  
 Then had this earth, the garden given to man,  
 That he might "dress and keep it," beguiling  
 With sweet labor hours which else were weary,  
 And the while holding delightful converse  
 With his Maker's all-pervading spirit,  
 Then had this earth, which bears upon its face  
 The seal of man, the impress of his nature,  
 "Blossomed as doth the rose" and gathered grace  
 And beauty to its primal loveliness.  
 With God, with Nature, with himself at peace,  
 Man's lot as man had been a foretaste sweet  
 Of that diviner bliss, his heritage  
 When death, to him a messenger of love,  
 Should gently loose his mortal bands of clay,  
 And bid him soar in angel wings to heaven.  
 No, man hath never lived a truthful life.  
 Hence all the nameless, countless miseries  
 That mar his being here, reflections all  
 Of the dark falsities within his soul.  
 That first law of his being, "Thou shalt love  
 The Lord, thy only God, with all thy strength,"  
 Comes to a willful not a willing mind,  
 And ever idol worship is the sin  
 That alienates him from his Lord and heaven.  
 Nor hath he made his Maker's claims alone  
 Of none effect, for, ever "from the ground  
 His brother's blood cries upward to God's throne"  
 Of selfishness, neglect, and cruel wrong.  
 "Am I my brother's keeper?" is man's plea  
 Ever when self-accusing conscience chides.  
 In vain that plea, for conscience whispers still  
 His sin and sorrow on thy soul must rest,  
 His burdens, thou must with thy brother share.  
 Well may life be to man a "vale of tears,"  
 And death a darker vale of shadows dim,  
 Illumed with only gleams of a life beyond ;

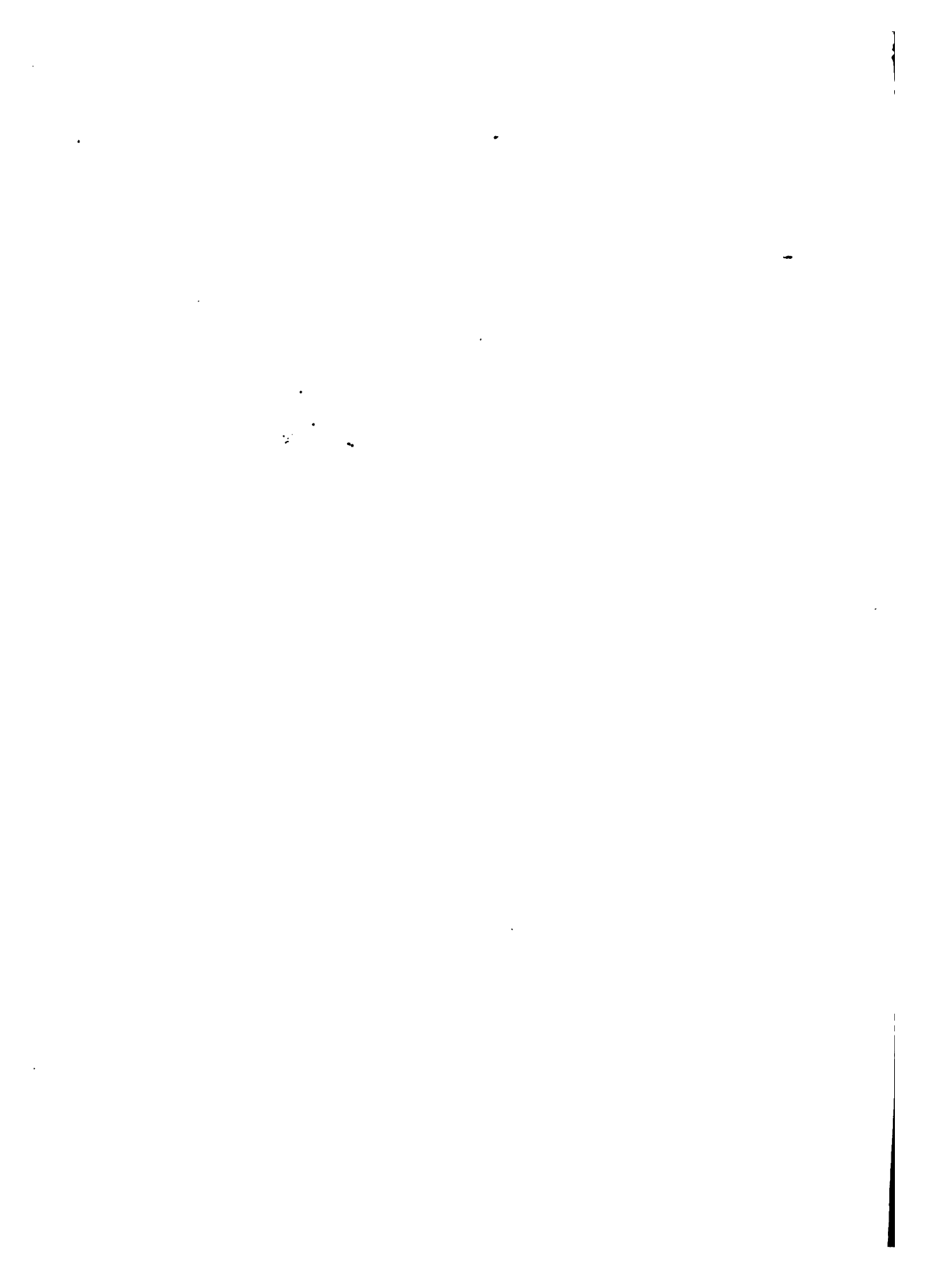
For never will heaven's kingdom come without  
Till it has come within, till innocent  
And trustful man has grown, childlike in soul,  
As those "whose angels ever do behold  
In heaven the Father's face," till he hath learned  
To be a doer of that Father's will.  
"Why stand we idle?" Let us hasten on  
The dawn of that blest morning when the prayer  
Which "centuries ago" arose to heaven  
From lips which spake but truthfulness divine —  
"Father, thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
On earth as it is done in heaven above" —  
Oh! let us hasten, if we may, the morn  
When this prayer shall be answered. Lives of truth  
Will bring this consummation in due time,  
And make men fit partakers of its bliss.

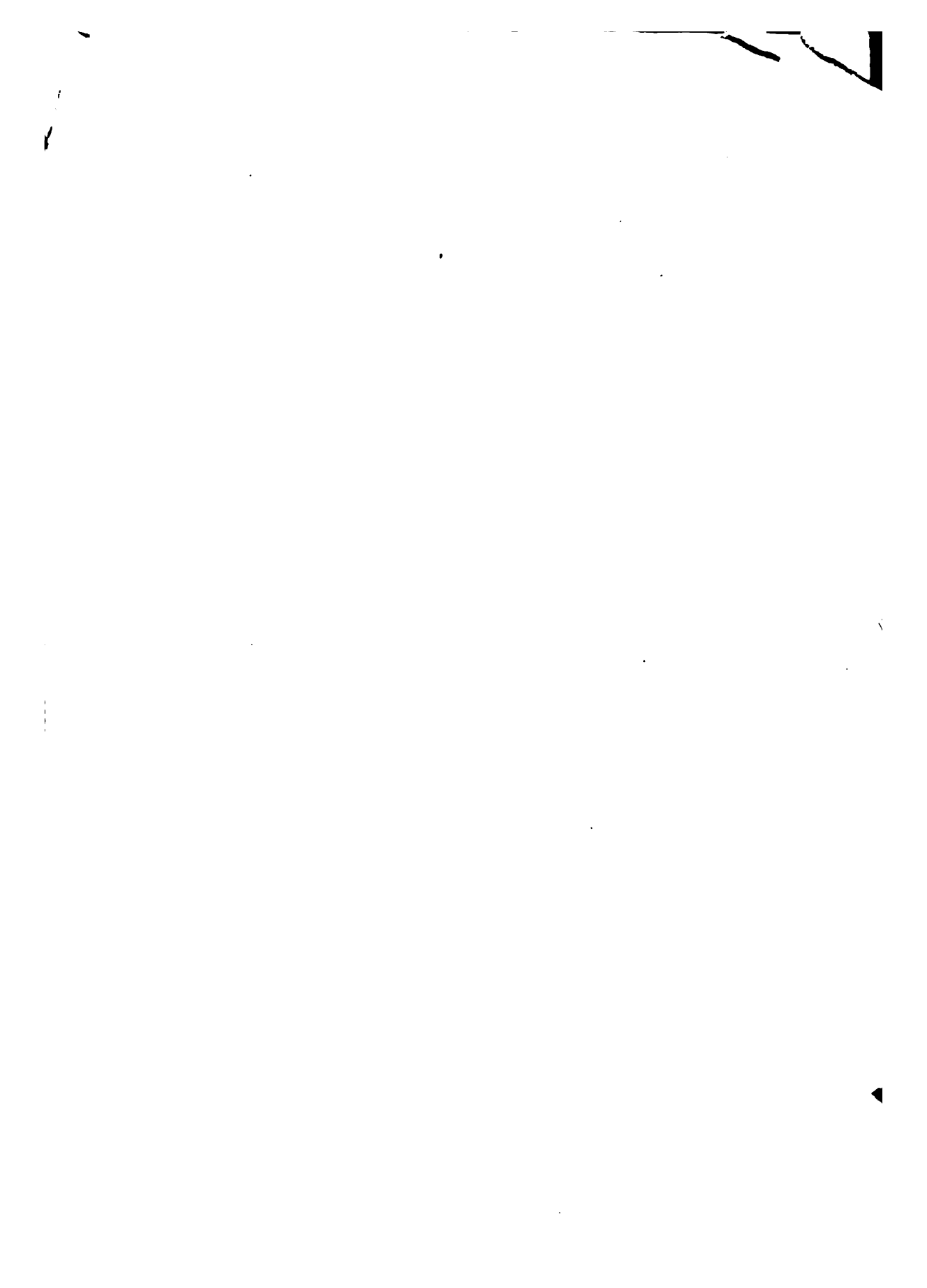
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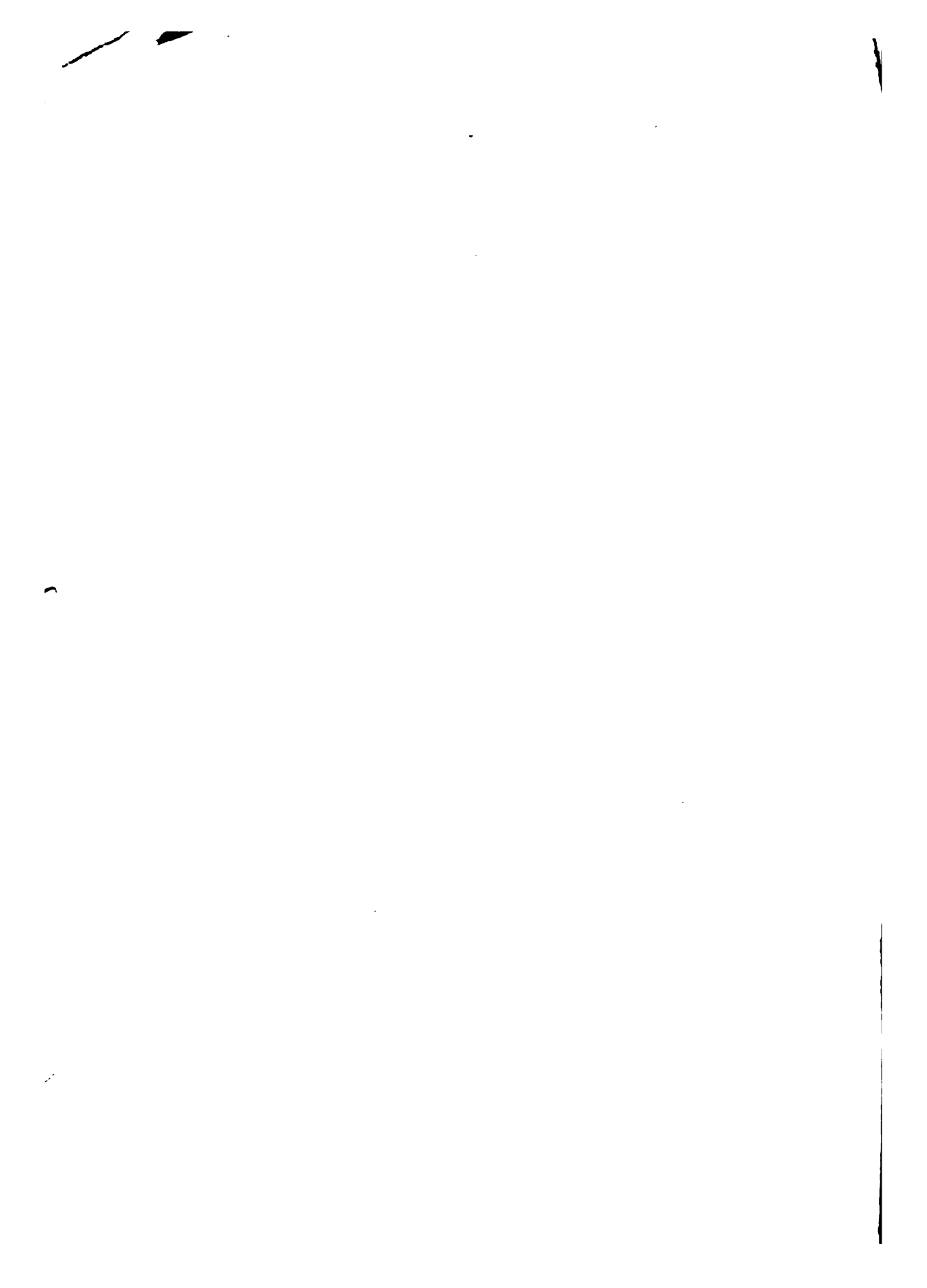
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