Random Thoughts.

A recent visit to the State Normal School, at Monmouth, has called forth the following thoughts. If any subject is worthy of consideration above another, it is that of the cultivation of the physical, mental, moral and religious powers of the rising generation.

In May, 1855, I passed through that beautiful county of Polk, on my way from Olympia to Yreka; the hills and prairies of Polk were then covered with luxuriant growth of grass, and great herds of cattle roamed over them. Little did I think in May, 1856, when on the prairie, but a few miles from Monmouth, I counted out $600 to a man for cows, that I should pass through such changes in life as I have, and witness such changes in this country as there have been. I could not see into the future, or realize the advancements of civilization, or that in 1884 I would witness the iron horse snorting over those prairies, and that I should see a nice town sprung up on one of those hills, and that a capacious brick school-house should be built, and a Normal School established there by the State, with a faculty of excellent teachers; but I now realize this fact, and there are over 125 students (one of which is my daughter), who are endeavoring to climb the hill of science, fitting themselves for a high sphere of enjoyment and usefulness in this life, and, I hope, a happy sphere beyond the tomb. When I compare the present day books and present day mode of teaching with those of my boyhood I will say that those of the present are immensely in advance. When I studied geography within forty miles of Chicago, I did not think I would see this continent checkered all over from ocean to ocean in every direction with railroads, and that the city of Chicago should have a tunnel four feet in diameter run out into Lake Michigan, two miles off, to draw pure water for the city, or that I should be able to walk under the Chicago river with vessels floating over me, or that the telegraph would be carrying messages from the Russian possession to London. This age is wonderful in advancement, so that let what will be announced as possible, it seems as though it were already achieved, and the practical observer, with mind alert, judging of the future by the past, should look into the future with expectations of still greater discoveries, benefitting civilized society, making nature the servant of man, benefitting his temporal and physical condition, and giving him a higher conception both of nature and nature's God.

I did not think when I was a boy, while listening to a temperance lecture, in Crown Point, Indiana, delivered by Solon Robison, who was a great advocate of temperance, that forty-four years afterwards, in Polk county, Oregon, that I should listen to a temperance lecture that would bring back fresh to my memory language made at the close of his lecture, which is this: "I will ask no higher meed of praise, when I am dead and gone, than to have my friends stand round my grave and point to my lifeless form and say, Here lies a man, who, in this life, had an ardent desire to promote the happiness of his fellow creatures." The man who made use of the language quoted edited the agricultural columns of the *Tribune* for many years afterwards.

Twenty-four years ago, at the close of a school which I had taught in one of the mountain districts of Lane county, I made use of the following language, "I regard the world as a vast theater, constituted for action, in which happiness is the natural result of industry, morality and intelligence, and misery that of immorality, ignorance and sloth. Into this world man is a creature that comes destitute of all knowledge, but he is endowed with certain faculties by which he can learn all that is necessary for him to know, and it becomes the duty of the educator to develop those faculties harmoniously, and it is the duty of the law making power to see to this education."

When Oregon knocked at the door for admission into the Union, an editor of one of the leading political journals opposed article eight of her constitution on account of its provisions in support of the common school system of education, though he was educated in a State that had the best system of common schools; that State is one of the poorest in soil, but in manufacturing industry it is at the head, and the moral intellectual happy character of her people will compare favorably with any portion of the world. There is where Horace Mann, that great statesman and educationalist, was born, one who had no advantages only what he acquired in the common schools until he was twenty years of age, who afterwards graduated in Brown University, Providence R. I. The theme of his first oration was, "The progressive character of the Human Race." He spent the greater portion of his life in the cause of education. He labored for common schools and Normal schools; opposed corporal punishment in school discipline; wrote many annual reports on the subject of education, one of which, the tenth, the Edinburgh *Review* said: "This volume is indeed a noble monument of a civilized people; and if America were sunk beneath the waves, would remain the fairest picture on record of an ideal commonwealth." Mr. Mann superintended the erection of two Normal school houses, and drew plans for hundreds of others. His correspondence often amounted to thirty letters a day, was a great advocate of temperance, kind and genial, always helping the poor and afflicted, whose counsel was sought far and near on educational subjects. The effects of his teaching is felt to-day in the most remote county of the whole Union; and I am happy in the thought that Polk county, Oregon, has a Normal School, whose teachers are, in a great measure imitating his worthy course. But, as Pres. Stanley said to me, "the teacher cannot make the scholar, that work belongs to each student," yet under such influence and instruction as is there given, if the student does not make rapid improvement the fault is his own; but I believe in a great measure the students are employing the time well, and qualifying themselves for the various positions which a civilized and enlightened people have to fill, and which they will soon have to take.

Vox.

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"The doctors pronounced my case to be one of hopeless epilepsy," says our correspondent, W. C. Browning, Attorney at law, Judsonia, Ark., "and declared death to be my only relief. Samaritan Nervine has cured me." Get at druggists. $1 50.

Faith without works is like a bird without wings; though she may hop with her companions on the earth, yet she will never fly with them to heaven; but when both are joined together, then doth the soul mount up to her eternal rest.—*J. Beaumont.*

Prayer is the outlet of the saints' sorrows and the inlet of their support.

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No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

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HORACE FAIRBROTHER."

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."

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