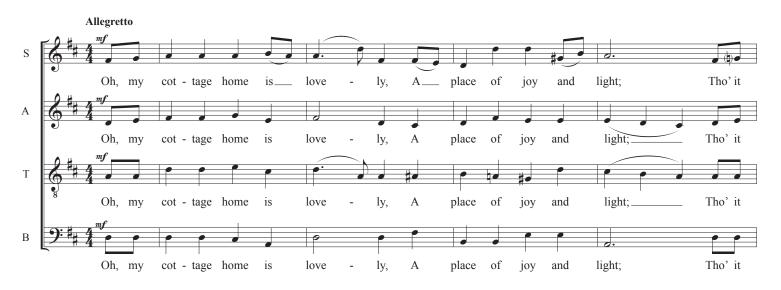
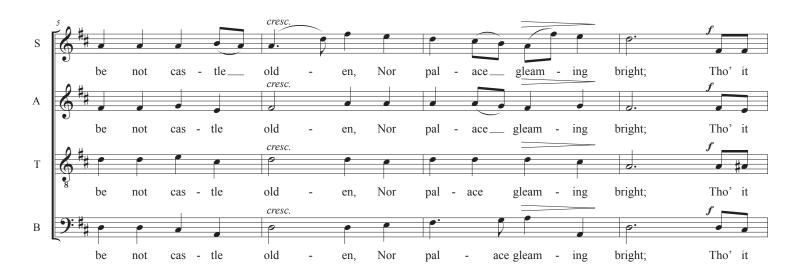
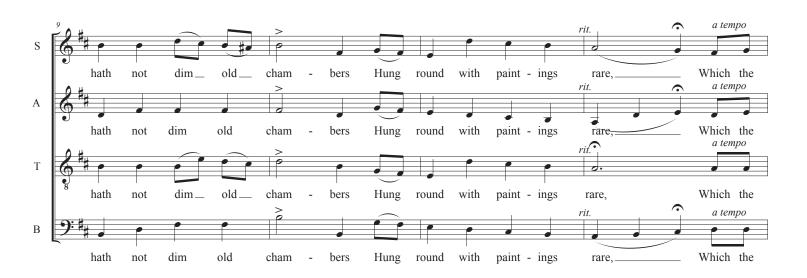


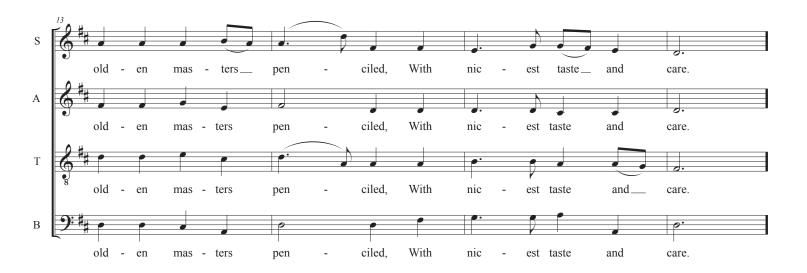
## J. M. Stillman (1834-1917)

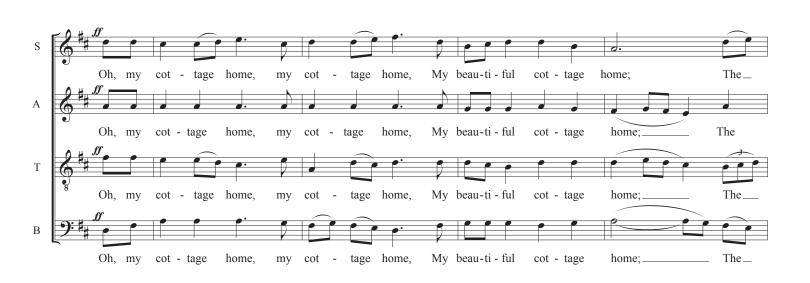


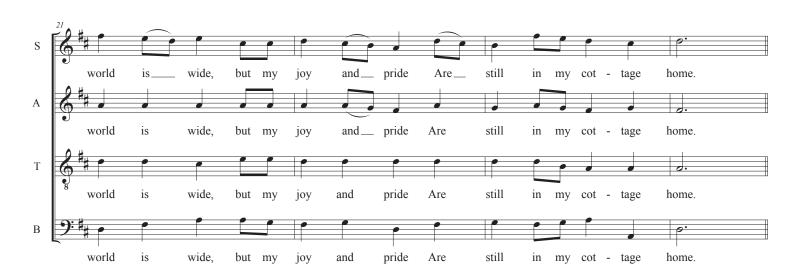


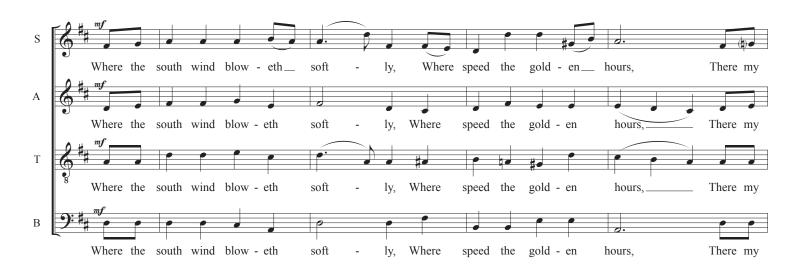


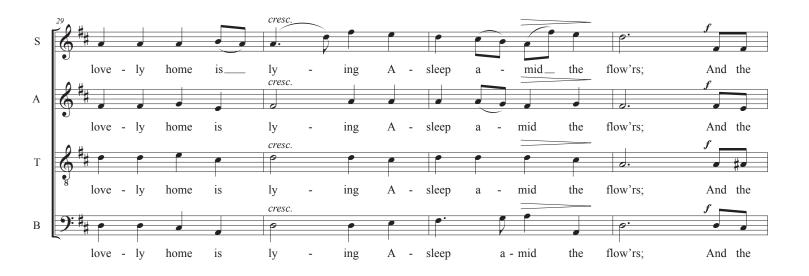


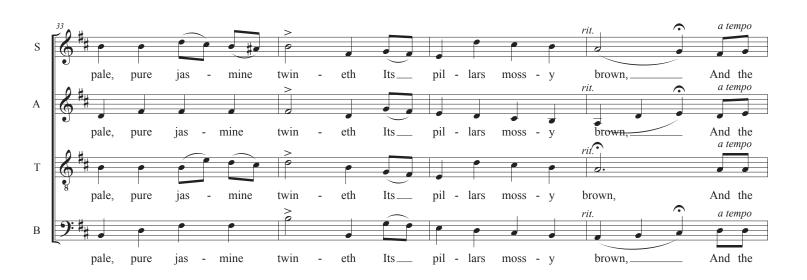


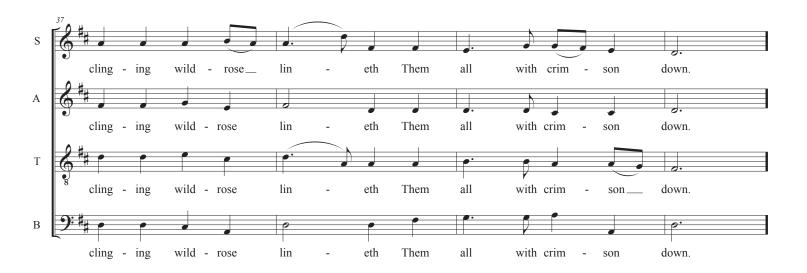


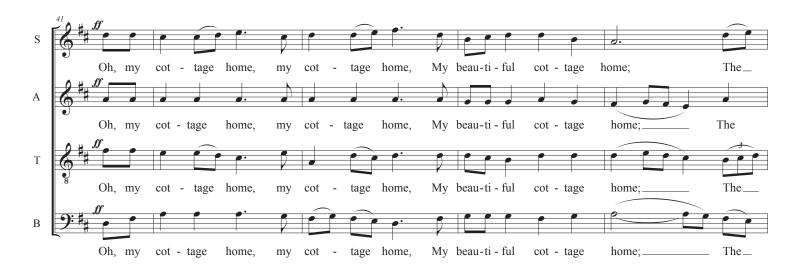


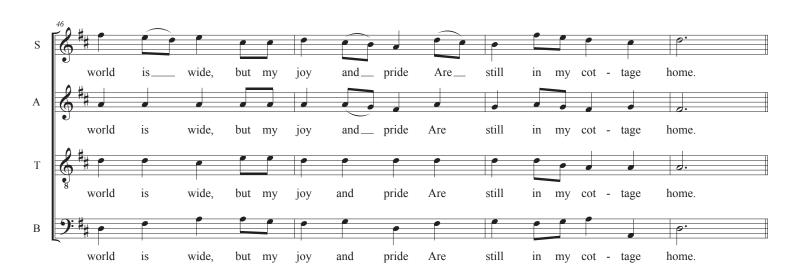


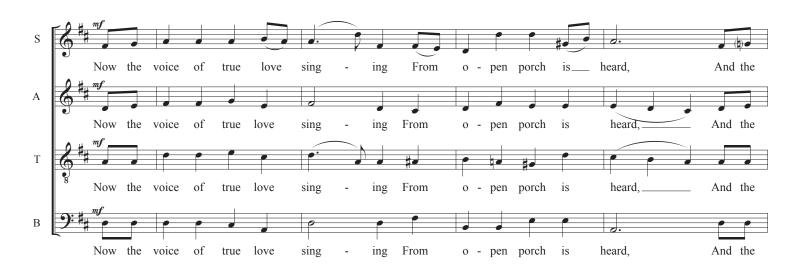


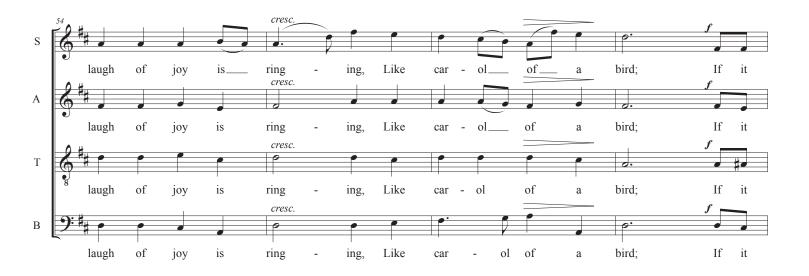


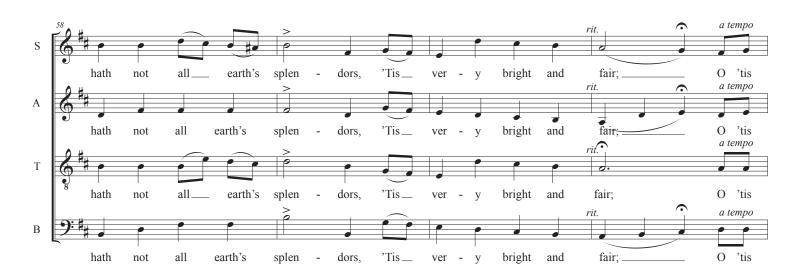


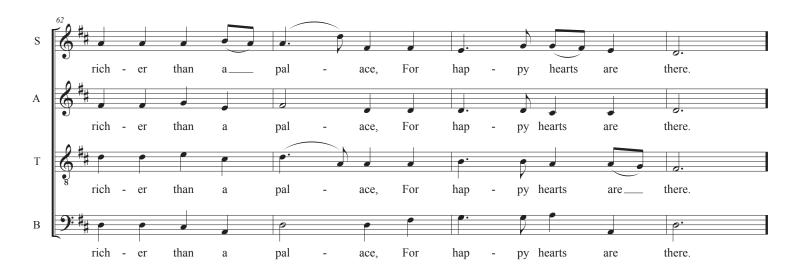


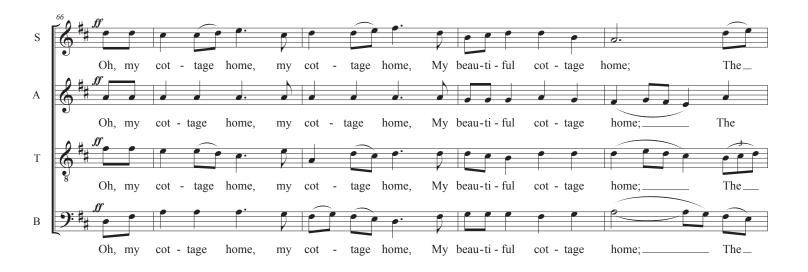


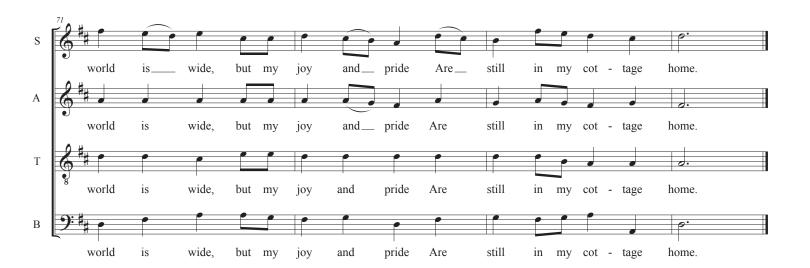












Root & Lewis (1874)

Jairus Maxson Stillman (1834-1917) was born in Alfred, New York. His father was a singer, directed the choir of their church, and taught singing schools in the area. He went to the singing schools with his father and attended singing classes at Alfred Academy. At age 20, he became leader of the church choir, began teaching in the singing schools, and studied music at Alfred University. He moved to North Reading, Massachusetts and studied under Lowell Mason at the Normal Music Institute. He also studied at the Normal Institute at Genesee, New York, and the Normal Music Institute at South Bend, Indiana. He was a pupil of Dudley Buck. He taught singing schools in Shelby and Logan counties, Ohio; led the Lutheran church choir in Bellefontaine, OH, and the Seventh Day Baptist church choir in Jackson Center, OH. He was professor of music at Hopkinton Academy, Rhode Island, and became head of the music department at Alfred University. He finished his career as professor of music at Milton College, Wisconsin. He conducted many music conventions and institutes throughout the upper Mid-west, his work extending to thirteen states: Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and South Dakota. He authored many singing school text books. His compositions include works for singing schools, hymns and anthems.

Oh, my cottage home is lovely,
A place of joy and light;
Though it be not castle olden,
Nor palace gleaming bright;
Though it hath not dim old chambers
Hung round with paintings rare,
Which the olden masters penciled,
With nicest taste and care.

Oh, my cottage home, my cottage home, My beautiful cottage home; The world is wide, but my joy and pride Are still in my cottage home.

Where the south wind bloweth softly, Where speed the golden hours, There my lovely home is lying Asleep amid the flowers; And the pale, pure jasmine twineth Its pillars mossy brown, And the clinging wild-rose lineth Them all with crimson down.

Now the voice of true love singing From open porch is herd, And the laugh of joy is ringing, Like carol of a bird; If it hath not all earth's splendors, 'Tis very bright and fair; O 'tis richer than a palace, For happy hearts are there.

Mary B. Clark

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