

ORDER OF EXERCISES

SIXTH SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATION

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

AT SALEM:

MONDAY AND TUESDAY,

JULY 20TH AND 21ST, 1857.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, JULY 20, 1857.

Commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M.

—0—
Div. D. ARITHMETIC. Miss Brund.

" B. MECHANICS. " Weston.

" A. ASTRONOMY. Mr. E.

Advan. SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY. " "

—000—

AFTERNOON SESSION,

Commencing at 1½ o'clock, P. M.

—0—
Div. B. ENGLISH LITERATURE. Miss Brund.

" C. GEOGRAPHY. — " Smith.

" C & D — GEOMETRY. — " Weston.

Div. A. ENGLISH LITERATURE. Mr. E.

TEACHING EXERCISES.

Miss Mary Koring-jump. Miss Peabody & Miss of the School.
—0000—

SECOND DAY,—TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1857.

Commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M.

—0—
Div. B. — ARITHMETIC. — Miss Smith.

" C. PHYSIOLOGY. — " Brund.

Advanced ALGEBRA. — " Weston.

Div. A. HYDROSTATICS AND OPTICS. Mr. E.

Advan. LATIN;—CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR. " "

Remarks by Rev. Mr. Northrop Agent of the
Board of Education.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Commencing at 1½ o'clock, P. M.

EXERCISES OF GRADUATING CLASS.

HYMN.

Miss Mary A. Abner

A little band of sisters twelve
Is gathered here to-day,
To humbly crave thy blessing, Lord,
Before we go away.

We're going forth as twelve of old
Went at their Master's word
To spread the glorious Gospel's light
On all the earth abroad.

O! Father, wilt thou grant to us
As to the twelve of old
Thy favor, which is blessedness,
More precious far than gold.

And grant that of our little band
No one may treacherous prove,
But all with cheerful heart unite
In this, our work of love.

O! fill our hearts with holy fear
And faith the end to see;
And grant us power to work Thy will
Whate'er the cross may be.

Gladly we'll tread the chosen path
All rugged though it be;
Though snares and thorns beset us round
It ever leads to Thee.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING.

READING OF ESSAYS

DISSERTATION,

BY MISS L. T. LARKINS, OF RYFIELD.

POEM,

BY MISS LUCY KINGMAN, OF WEST BRIDGEWATER.

HYMN.

Miss L. J. Larkins

Music by Mr. E. R. Blanchard.

How often these familiar walls
Have echoed to our song,
When only notes of joy gushed forth
From gladsome hearts, and young.
To-day its plaintive accents swell
Upon the listening ear,
And tell us what we know full well,
We may not linger here.

We may not linger, oh! the thought
With sadness fills each heart,
That we must leave this much-loved spot
And from each dear one part;
Must part from those whose fellowship true
We've deemed a precious thing,
To whom our hearts in love are bound.
And our affections cling.

Hark! as the voice of memory true
Recalls each sadde ning thought,
What gentle harp-notes on the air,
Unto our ears are brought!
"Come in my vineyard, labor ye,"
They breathe in accents low,
"Point weary wandering ones to me,
And soften human woe."

Dear Lord, we know thy plain command
And we would fain obey,
With cheerful hearts and willing hands
We'll tread the rugged way;
Thy words like sweetest music fall
Upon the listening ear,
With joy our hearts receive the call,
We will not linger here.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS,

BY MISS ANNA L. COFFIN, OF NEWBURY.

