

WORTHINGTON
Salem, Mass.

TWELFTH

SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATION

OF THE

State Normal School at Salem, Mass.,

AND

SECOND TRIENNIAL CONVENTION

OF ITS

Graduates and Members;

WEDNESDAY—FRIDAY,

JULY 25TH—27TH, 1860.

Wednesday.

A.M....PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE; LATIN; ARITHMETIC AND ALGEBRA.

P.M....GEOGRAPHY; GEOMETRY; ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Thursday.

A.M....PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY; MENTAL ARITHMETIC; HISTORY AND ETYMOLOGY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; CALISTHENICS; HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES; MENTAL PHILOSOPHY; ANALYSIS OF SOUNDS; NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

P.M....THEORY AND ART OF TEACHING, AND SCHOOL LAWS.

DISSERTATIONS.

BY MISSES ANNA M. BATES, OF SALEM; SARAH J. MILLS, OF SOMERVILLE; AND LUCY M. NEWHALL, OF LYNN.

POEM.

BY MISS REBECCA GRAY, OF ANDOVER.

Hymn.

"TEACHER,"—high and holy office!
Blessed title! sacred name!
JESUS was himself a Teacher,
And are we to be the same?
Oh, let's follow in His footsteps
Closer still than e'er before,

Journeying on and upward ever
Toward the heavenly, happy shore!
His example e'er before us,
And His precepts e'er obeyed,
We shall meet in that sweet region
Where adieus are never said.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

BY MISS EMMA J. FULLER, OF SALEM.

Parting Song.

Must we breathe our farewell chorus?
Are we now so soon to part?
While the thoughts of separation
Waken anguish in each heart!
Fondly we've each moment cherished;
Ah! how oft will Memory call
To our minds the sweetest visions
Of the days passed in this Hall!
Classmates we have toiled together
Through the richly gilded past,
While each sunny, golden moment
Told of joys too pure to last.

Friendship has been busy, weaving
Round us wreaths of fadeless flowers;
E'er their fragrance will refresh us
Through Life's bright or shaded hours.
Part we? Nay, it is no parting,
Though our paths dissevered run;
What though hands must cease their clasping,
Still in heart we'll e'er be ONE!
And, when this brief scene is ended,
Then on high our songs we'll swell,
Round the Throne in one blest circle,
Nevermore to say "Farewell!"

The Exercises on Wednesday and Thursday commence in the Forenoon at 9 o'clock, and in the Afternoon at 2 o'clock. Essays by the Graduating Classes are read on both days.

The Hymn and Song assigned for Thursday have been written for the occasion by Members of the Senior Class; those assigned for Friday, by Graduates of the School.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

CANDIDATES FOR THE FIRST DEGREE:—HELEN E. ABORN, Salem; SARAH E. BABBIDGE, Salem; ANNA M. BATES, Salem; SARAH H. BROUGHTON, Marblehead; EUNICE G. BURNHAM, Essex; HARRIET E. CHASE, West Newbury; HARRIET M. E. CHOATE, Salem; SARAH E. CROSS, Marblehead; JANE B. DEARBORN, North Reading; CLARA A. FLETCHER, Lowell; EMMA J. FULLER, Salem; REBECCA GRAY, Andover; LAURA A. GRIFFIN, Annisquam, Gloucester; LUCE P. HADLEY, Swampscott; JOSEPHINE M. HANNA, Boston; MARTHA W. HARRIS, Marblehead; ELIZABETH G. HUNT, Lowell; SARAH F. LEWIS, Lynn; SARAH J. MILLS, Somerville; LUCY M. NEWHALL, Lynn; MARY C. NICHOLS, Salem; CEMANTHA NICHOLS, North Reading; ELIZABETH P. NOURSE, Salem; FRANCES R. SHATTUCK, West Andover; MARGARET G. STANLEY, Salem; ELLEN FRANCES WHEELER, Lowell;—OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

CANDIDATES FOR THE SECOND DEGREE:—ANNIE M. BROWN, Lynn; ELIZABETH CARLETON, Salem; CAROLINE J. COLE, Salem; LUCY M. HAVEN, Lynn; EUNICE T. PLUMER, Newburyport; AMANDA L. TRASK, Lynn;—OF THE ADVANCED CLASS.

ADDRESSES, PRAYER, AND BENEDICTION.

Friday.

MEETING OF GRADUATES AND PUPILS, AT 9½, A. M.—NORMAL HALL.

W y m n.

We come to-day with grateful hearts,
From all New England's hills and dells,
To meet where this loved place imparts
New pleasure to the joy that swells
Each happy breast,—in haste to greet,
With clasping hand and beaming smile,
The friends that we so gladly meet
And tarry with a little while.

How many memories, thick and fast,
Come crowding o'er our minds to-day,
Of those dear ones who, in the past,
Walked daily with us in the way!

Some work on yet with zeal and truth;
For some, the sun of life went down,
Their labor done, in early youth;
They left the cross, to wear the crown.

O God, go with us when we part;
Give each one strength her work to do;
Reanimate each weary heart;
Be with us all our journey through.
Be thou our guardian and our guide,
Protect us till life's storms are o'er,
Be with us when we cross death's tide,
And bring us to the farther shore.

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES, AND PRAYER.

S o n g .

The summer's perfumed breath
Has kissed the sunny hills,
Unrolled the floweret buds,
Attuned the joyous rills.

Has let, with lavish grace,
A flood of beauty fall,

To bless our meeting paths
Within the "Normal Hall."

Her harp, the winged breeze,
Pours forth a glad "Amen!"
As sisters here we come,
And swell our "Home again!"

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY MISS CAROLINE J. COLE, OF SALEM.

S o n g .

How blest the hours to mortals given,
Like glimpses of the joys of Heaven,
When friends long parted meet;
When eye meets eye with fond delight,
And memory bids all hearts unite
In one communion sweet!

Such are the joys these hours afford,
As, gathered here in blest accord,
Our songs to Heaven ascend

In deep thanksgiving for the Love
That, through the years, doth constant prove
To guide us and defend.

And, as the sun unfolds the flower,
So may the influence of this hour
Open our hearts in love;
And, like the sun's reviving light,
Shine on the darkness of our night,
Till breaks the morn above!

CLASS MEETINGS, & c.

COLLATION, AT NOON.—HAMILTON HALL.

PUBLIC MEETING, AT 2½, P.M.—CROMBIE STREET CHURCH.

Hymn.

From Life's broad, busy harvest plain,
A laboring hand we come,
As reapers from the fields of grain
At twilight hasten home.
With happy heart and cheerful voice
Each one her labor leaves,
Although, as yet, we can rejoice
In but few golden sheaves.

We come to grasp each friendly hand,
And gaze in each dear eye ;
To greet each one of our loved band,
Then part, and say "Good-by."
Yet, ere the parting hand we yield,
Our hearts we fain would raise
To Him who called us to the field,
In one glad song of praise.

TRIENNIAL REPORT, BY THE PRINCIPAL.

ESSAY.

BY MISS ELIZABETH W. FOOLE, OF KEENE, N. H.

POEM.

BY MISS LUCY KINGMAN, OF WEST BRIDGEWATER.

Song.

Hopes fair pennon waves above us,
Joy and peace are round our way ;
We would win young hearts to love us,
Love the truth and God alway.
Joy and gladness,
Joy and gladness
We'd to every heart convey.

We would show to student vision,—
Opening wide the gates of truth,—
Vistas fair as dreams elysian,
Tempting thither wandering youth ;
Wisdom's pleasures,
Wisdom's pleasures,
Free to all who seek in sooth.

Peace to rest on heads grown hoary,
Comfort for the mourning one,
Pleasures from the song and story,
For the children loving fun,—
These the blessings,
These the blessings
We'd bestow, till life is done.

Then, as fades the rainbow's beauty
In the sky's increasing light,
When we've ended life's brief duty,
Vanish, Earth, for Heaven all-bright !
Blending praises,
Blending praises,
May our voices there unite !

TRIENNIAL ADDRESS.

BY RICHARD EDWARDS, ESQ., OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

Hymn.

Father, we bend before Thy throne,
As low our sheaf we lay
At Thy dear feet, and blush to own
'Tis withering away.
We thought, when in the golden morn
With dew it sparkled bright,
It surely would the hand adorn
That bore it to Thy sight.
But in Thy presence, Holy One,
Who scannest all the heart,
We find how little real grain
Doth in it share a part.
Perchance the love we bear to Thee,
Though poor the offering,
May with celestial fragrantcy
Perfume the worthless thing.

Thou wilt not cast it quite away,
Again our hearts repeat ;
Dear Lord, we for Thy blessing stay,
Low bending at thy feet.
We thank Thee that Thy tender love
E'er called us to Thy fold,
And pray Thou ne'er, in this blest work,
Wilt let our hearts grow cold.
So, when ye leave the golden field
At Life's pale twilight close,
No more the sickle bright to wield,
But seek Thy blest repose,—
We, who full oft have sown in tears,
Oh ! bliss without alloy !
Shall reap the fruit of these swift years,
In rapt eternal joy.

PRAYER, DOXOLOGY, AND BENEDECTION.