

# ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

## SECOND SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATION

OF THE

State Normal School, at Salem.

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First day, Monday, July 16, 1855.

COMMENCING AT 9 O'CLOCK, A.M.

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**Arithmetic and Geometry.**

**Arithmetic.**

**Natural Philosophy.**

**Reading...Scenes from "As you like it."**

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AFTERNOON SESSION—COMMENCING AT 1½ P.M.

**English Grammar.**

**Reading and the Principles of Music.**

**Discussion of Cowper's "Task," & Reading.**

**Teaching Exercise by one of the pupils.**

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### H Y M N .

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION, BY ONE OF THE PUPILS, MISS C. FORTEN.

In the earnest path of duty,  
With high hopes and hearts sincere,  
We, to useful lives aspiring,  
Daily meet to labor here.

No vain dreams of earthly glory,  
Urge us onward to explore  
Far-extending realms of knowledge,  
With their rich and varied store;

But with hope of aiding others,  
Gladly we perform our part;  
Nor forget, the mind while storing,  
We must educate the heart.—

Teach it hatred of oppression,—  
Truest love of God and man;  
Thus our high and holy calling  
May accomplish His great plan.

Not the great and gifted only  
He appoints to do His will,  
But each one, however lowly,  
Has a mission to fulfil.

Knowing this, toil we unwearied,  
With true hearts and purpose high:—  
We would win a wreath immortal,  
Whose bright flowers ne'er fade and die.

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Second day, Tuesday, July 17, 1855.

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**Arithmetic.**

**Mechanics.**

**Geography and Chartography.**

**Reading....Extract from Macaulay's "Virginia."**

AFTERNOON SESSION—COMMENCING AT 1½ PM.

**Discussion and Reading of Scott's "Lady of the Lake."**

**Descriptive and Physical Geography.**

**Discussion of parts of "Paradise Lost," and application of Rhetoric.**

**Teaching Exercises by the pupils.**

#### H Y M N .

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION, BY MISS L. A. TEVFT.

A summer sky above us smiles—  
And we are clust'ring now,  
Within this home of school-day joys  
Like leaves upon the bough.

Our hearts are warm,—our hopes are bright,  
And care but lightly falls:  
And every hour its pleasure brings,  
Within our hallowed walls.

But life has duties, stern and high,—  
Full fields of golden corn  
Are waiting now the reaper's toil,—  
And day begins to dawn.—

The fields are wide,—the work is great,  
To lighten human woe:  
But trusting in our Father's might,  
With willing hearts we'll go.

A few brief days of pleasant toil,  
Then these glad hours are passed:  
And we shall scatter far and wide,  
Like leaves upon the blast.