

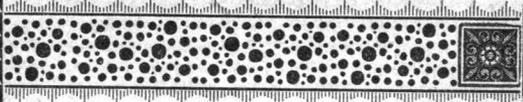
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DECORATION DAY EXERCISE.

PROGRAMME.

READING. First Decoration Day Proclamation. *John A. Logan.*

MEMORIAL ROLL CALL WITH QUOTATIONS.

SONG. Ark of Freedom! Glory's dwelling. *Haydn.*

RECITATION. The Bivouac of the dead. *O' Hara.*

READING. Decoration Day Speech. *Ingersoll.*

RECITATION. The Black, the Blue and the Gray. *Mary D. Brine.*

EXERCISE. Decoration Day Thanksgiving.

RECITATIONS. Where are They? *M' Lellan*

The Unknown Dead. *Holmes.*

SONG. Our Patriot Dead.

READING. A Tribute to Our Honored Dead. *Beecher.*

RECITATION. Sleep, Comrades, Sleep. *Longfellow.*

EXERCISE. I. Why Bring Flowers on Decoration Day?

II. Emblems of Decoration Day.

SONG. Flag of the Free. *Wagner.*

RECITATIONS. The Blue and the Gray. *Fitch.*

The People's Voice. *Tennyson.*

SONG. Hail Columbia. *Hopkinson.*

CLOSING SENTENCE.

amf 16 m 37

THE FIRST DECORATION DAY PROCLAMATION.

(Extract from the G. A. R. Commander-in-Chief's Order, May 5, 1868.)

We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverend visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ranges of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of Springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor: let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us as a sacred charge upon a Nation's gratitude—the soldiers' and sailors' widow and orphan.

John A. Logan.

MEMORIAL ROLL CALL.

I

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host.

Percival.

2

Their silent mounds have speech
More eloquent than men
Their tones can deeper reach
Than human voice or pen.

William Woodman.

3

To graves like theirs should pilgrims go,
With solemn tread and music low
And lightly scatter overhead
Their offerings to the valiant dead.

William Woodman.

4

Here, old men's voices, low and weak
Shall raise the patriots song
Here, children's voices sweet and strong
The glorious song prolong.

William Woodman.

5

Green sods are all their monuments ; and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them.

Percival.

6

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor.

7

Though these soldiers rest in slumber,
Still their spirits are not dead ;
Far beyond the inland rivers
Now their children's children tread.

DECORATION DAY EXERCISE.

8

Now a nation calls them blessed,
 For the freedom which they bought,
 And the world has been made better
 For their lesson, nobly taught.

Adapted from Brown.

9

Here rest the great and good—here they repose,
 A sacred band, they take their sleep together, while
 the year
 Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
 And gathers them again as nature frowns. *Percival.*

10

Tears for the days of deadly strife ;
 Tears for the young and brave,
 Who, fired by Freedom's battle-cry,
 Flung forth her banner to the sky,
 Content on battle-fields to lie,
 That they her home might save ;
 That chains from every hand might fall,
 And Love's wide arms encircle all !

Adapted from Palmer.

11

Here sleeps their dust : 't is holy ground,
 And we, the children of the brave,
 From the four winds are gathered round
 To lay our offering on their grave. *Pierpont.*

12

Beneath thy turf, O sacred ground,
 Their canopy the starlit sky,
 They sleep while years go round,
 And the slow centuries go by :
 Nor mind they battle's bugles more
 Nor heed the angry cannon's roar ;

But ever o'er their peaceful sleep
Their faithful watch the angels keep.

Adapted from Palmer.

13

The joy with which their children tread
The hallowed ground that holds their dust,
The peace that smiles on all they fought for,
And the wealth that closed the land they rescued—
These, though mute, are monuments more lasting
Than temples reared to kings and demigods of old.

Percival.

14

From the battlements of Heaven to-day there look down
upon us the spirits of both the Union and the Confederate dead.
I believe that as together in the clearer light of the spirit land
they see right from wrong, the confederate and the federal alike
join with us in gratitude and thankfulness to Almighty God that the
issue of the war was liberty and nationality and *not* slavery and
secession.

C. M. Depew.

15

Those days are past: the mountains wear no more
The solemn splendor of the martyr's blood;
And may that awful record as of yore,
Never again be known to field or flood!
E'en though the faithful stood,
A noble army in the exalting sight
Of earth and Heaven, which blessed their battle for the
right.

Hemans.

16

We know that all over this broad land this Memorial Day has
been dedicated to the beautiful custom of decorating with earth's
fairest and freshest flowers the graves of the patriot men who

died that we might possess in peace a united country and a government worth having. The fragrance of these flowers, rising to Heaven from such altars, cannot but prove an acceptable peace-offering at the Throne of Him who holds in his hands the destiny of all people.

W. T. Sherman.

17

And never may they rest unsung
While Liberty can find a tongue,
Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them,
More deathless than the diadem,
Who to life's noblest end

Gave up life's noblest powers,
And bade the legacy descend
Down, down to us and ours.

Sprague.

18

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Collins.

19

Go forth and bid the land rejoice,
Yet not too gladly, oh my song!
Breathe softly, as if mirth would wrong
The solemn rapture of thy voice.
Be nothing lightly done or said
This happy day! Our joy should flow

Accordant with the lofty woe
That wails above the noble dead. *Timrod.*

20

And as the years roll onward,
Through the ages yet to be,
As wider grows and wider
This empire of the free,
Grander shall grow the story
Of those men, true and tried,
Those noble and heroic souls,
Who bravely fought and died.

Adapted from Tarbox.

ARK OF FREEDOM! GLORY'S DWELLING!

Tune—Austria. Jos. Haydn.

I

Ark of Freedom? Glory's dwelling,
God preserve thee free!
When the storms are round thee swelling,
Let thy heart be strong in thee,
God is with thee, wrong repelling:
He alone thy champion be.

Chorus—Ark of Freedom! Glory's dwelling! Columbia,

God preserve thee free!
Ark of Freedom! Glory's dwelling! Columbia!
God preserve thee free!

2

Land of high, heroic glory:
Land whose touch bids slav'ry flee:
Land whose name is writ in story,
Rock and refuge of the free:
Ours thy greatness—ours thy glory;
We will e'er be true to thee.

3

Vainly 'gainst thine arm contending,
Tyrants know thy might, and flee,
Freedom's cause on earth defending,
Man has set his hope on thee ;
Widening glory—peace unending—
Thy reward and portion be.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

I

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo !
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few ;
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread ;
And Glory guards with silent round
The bivouac of the dead.

2

No rumor of the foe's advance
Nor swells upon the wind ;
Nor troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the warrior's strife
The warrior's dream alarms ;
No braying horn, no screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

3

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed ;

Nor War's wild notes, nor Glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those hearts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

4

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead;
Dear is the blood you gave—
No impious footsteps here shall tread,
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

O' Hara.

SPEECH FOR DECORATION DAY.

As we cover the graves of the heroic dead with flowers, the past rises before us like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voice of heroic bugles. We hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in the quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whispers and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and trying with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the

babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing; at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild music of war—marching down the streets of great cities, through the towns, and across the prairies, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among withered leaves. We see them pierced with balls and torn by shells in the trenches by the forts and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are at home when the news reaches us that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

Those heroes are dead. They sleep under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or storm, each in the windowless place of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of the conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

Adapted from Col. Ingersoll.

BLACK, BLUE AND GRAY.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

I

The steady tramp of martial feet
Was heard upon the village street.

Sweet music filled the fragrant air,
So sweet with breath of flowers fair,
Beneath the shade of stately trees,
Whose green flags nestled in the breeze,
Each soldier paused to bow his head
In presence of the soldier-dead.

2

Three little playmates left their play
And turned their eager steps that way.
Their aprons filled with daisies white,
And dandelions golden bright.
And one dear child was very fair,
With azure eyes and golden hair.
And one was dark with glowing eyes,
Whose birth had been 'neath Southern skies.

3

And one, the third, oh, black was she
As child of Africa could be.
And arm in arm they came to strew
The soldiers' graves; 'twas all they knew
Of Decoration day. And so,
With hearts and faces all aglow,
They scattered blossoms far and wide,
Where foe and friend lay side by side.

4

A soldier, smiling, turned to see
And jest a little with the three.
"Why, little Effie, don't you know
That Madge's father long ago,
Against *your* father fought? And here"—
Pointing to Topsy, standing near—
"Is the whole cause of all the fuss;
Her people got us in the muss."

5

The children lifted wondering eyes,
 Half tearful in their sore surprise.
 Then with a mutual impulse turned,
 The soldier's stately presence spurned.
 And standing closely side by side,
 And twining loving arms, they cried:
 "We don't believe a word you say,
 But, if it's true, why, now, sir, they

6

"Are up in Heaven, and God, I know,
 Forgets what happened long ago.
 And *we* don't fight, ah, no, for we—
 We *love* each other, don't you see?"
 Then hand in hand they walked away—
 The girl in blue, the girl in gray,
 And she for whose down-trodden race
 The soldiers perished face to face.

* * *

7

Oh, happy Decoration day,
 Which binds in love both blue and gray!
 May thy sweet blossoms never cease
 To bloom in love and trust and peace.

Congregationalist.

 DECORATION DAY THANKSGIVING.

*(Have each verse recited by a scholar, the third line of each verse by
 the whole school.)*

I

For mossy turf beneath our feet,
 For bursting bud and blossom sweet,
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

2

For cooling streams, for bright blue skys,
 For all the blessings that we prize,
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

3

For Freedom's banner floating free,
 For blessed peace, from sea to sea,
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

4

For loyal men and women too,
 Who love the red, the white, the blue,
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

5

For memories of a glorious past,
 Forever green while time shall last,
 Father in heaven, we thank thee!

6

For records of the valiant dead,
 For deeds they did, for words they said,
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

William Woodman.

WHERE ARE THEY?

I

Oh where are ye! O fearless men?
 Oh where are ye to-day?
 I call—the hills reply again
 That ye have passed away;
 That on old Lookout's lofty height,
 In southern field and northern ground,
 The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
 Above each soldier's mound.

2

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more ;
An army now might thunder past
And they not heed its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
In many a bloody fray,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

Adapted from M' Lillan.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

I

Now many a soldier slumbers,
His resting place unknown ;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o'er him strewn.
The drifting soil, the moldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown,
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone.

2

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or raining in the Summer's wind,
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled !

Adapted from Holmes.

OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Tune—America.

1

Our Patriot Dead, to thee,
Our homage full and free
 This day we bring,
Homage that's doubly due
To fearless men and true
Who dared the right to do,
 Thy praise we sing.

2

Our Nation's Dead, to thee
Who died for liberty,
 Thy name we love.
We love thy deeds to sing,
We love to tribute bring,
We love to garlands fling,
 Thy graves above.

3

As patriot's sons, may we
True, faithful, loyal be,
 Thy flag defend.
May Wisdom crown our land,
May Peace and Plenty stand,
And Right our land command,
 Time without end.

William Woodman.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village,

and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their name. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them, and the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips.

Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers' dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It *was* your son; but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. He who died from the family that he might live to the nation.

Not one man shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by and by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement.

Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives, because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives, and as the nation shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon

her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverend honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrances.

H. W. Beecher.

SLEEP, COMRADES, SLEEP.

I

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
 On this field of the grounded arms,
 Where foes no more molest
 Nor sentry's shot alarms!

2

Ye have slept on the ground before,
 And started to your feet
 At the cannon's sudden roar
 Or the drum's redoubling beat.

3

But in this camp of death
 No sound your slumber breaks;
 Here is no fevered breath,
 No wound that bleeds and aches.

4

All is repose and peace,
 Untrampled lies the sod;
 The shouts of battle cease,
 It is the truce of God!

DECORATION DAY EXERCISE.

5

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
 The thoughts of men shall be
 As sentinels to keep
 Your rest from danger free.

6

Your silent tents of green
 We deck with fragrant flowers;
 Yours has the suffering been,
 The memory shall be ours.

Long fellow.

WHY BRING FLOWERS ON DECORATION DAY?

1

Flowers are Love's true language; they do pray,
 Like the living rods of Magi, old,
 Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold,
 But love—strong love, that never can decay!

Benjamin.

2

Where falls the tears of love the rose appears,
 And where the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
 Forget-me-not, and violets heavenly blue
 Spring glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

Bryant.

3

The day's oration is in flowers;
 Sing, ye gardens! Speak, ye bowers!
 Let Flora's rarest banners wave
 And fold about the soldier's grave.

Hall.

4

Thy grave shall with rising flow'rs be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast,

There shall the worm her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow.

Pope.

EMBLEMS OF DECORATION DAY.

I

(Child with bunch of red roses recites.)

With slow and reverend tread,
I bring the roses red
To deck the soldier's bed
Emblem of blood they shed,
For this our native land.

2

(Child with bunch of daisies recites.)

And I, white daisies bring
A simple offering,
Emblems of holy peace.
Oh, may its reign ne'er cease
In this our happy land.

3

(Child with bunch of violets recites.)

I bring the violets blue
They say, "Be true, be true,
True to God above you
True to friends that love you
And to thy native land."

4

(All three recite together.)

For the brave and the true
We'll twine them together,
For the red, white and blue
Are united forever.

William Woodman.

FLAG OF THE FREE

March from Lohengrin, - - Richard Wagner.

Flag of the free! fairest to see!

Borne through the strife and the thunder of war;
Banner so bright with starry light,

Float ever proudly from mountain to shore.

Emblem of Freedom, hope to the slave,

Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,

Union and Liberty! one evermore!

2

Flag of the brave, long may it wave,

Chosen of God while His might we adore,

In Liberty's van for manhood of man,

Symbol of Right thro' the years passing o'er.

Pride of our country, honored afar,

Scatter each cloud that would darken a star,

While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,

Union and Liberty! one evermore!

 THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

I

By the flow of the inland river,

Whence the fleets of iron have fled,

Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,

Asleep are the ranks of the dead;

Under the sod and dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the one, the Blue;

Under the other, the Gray.

2

From the silence of sorrowful hours

The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers

Alike for the friend and the foe;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the roses, the Blue;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

3

No more shall the war-cry sever
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

Fitch.

 THE PEOPLE'S VOICE.

1

The people's voice! We are a people yet,
 We have a voice with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought and kept it ours.

2

And keep it ours, O God, from brute control
 O Statesman, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
 Of our dear land, keep our Columbia whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown.

3

For saying that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and laws be just.

4

But sleep no more in careless overtrust
 Remember them who led your hosts
 They bade you guard our sacred coasts.
 Their cannon's moulder on the seaward wall ;

5

Their voices are silent in your council hall
 Forever ; even if they broke
 In thunder silent ; yet remember all
 The noble deeds they did, the loyal words they spoke.

Adapted from Tennyson.

 HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail, Columbia ! happy land !
 Hail, ye heroes ! Heaven-born band !
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 We, now the storm of war has gone,
 Enjoy the peace your valor won.
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost ;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.

Adapted from Hopkinson.

 FUTURE DECORATION DAYS.

(Whole school in concert.)

When from this earth we've passed away,
 May others keep this holy day
 And children's children still proclaim
 Their noble deeds, their deathless fame.

William Woodman.

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