

we took to the plan of sketching a man  
drawing a house or a tree.

Dominie chanced to pass near the sent  
buff and the sleeve went to work on the slate.

• Old Parish School," tho' learning's seat,  
head quarters for frolic and play,  
a racket and rout as we all turn'd out  
n released at the hour of mid-day ;  
tumult of voices with caps in the air  
ounced that the prisoners were free,  
the loud shout of joy from each light-hearted  
boy

forth in a torrent of glee,  
n the wild out-burst to good order gave way  
formed in different parties for play.

ands was the cry for hide and go seek  
gst the broom where we cannot be seen,  
p hands, and hurra ! for the club and the ba'  
r old blindman's buff on the green.

e eagerly watch'd their kites as they rose  
racefully soaring away,

e at profit and loss gaming at pitch and toss  
r comrades were busy at play.

e minister's mare graz'd down in the vale,  
e youngster would mount with his face to the  
tail.

rs would oft for the river to swim,  
the youth was their leader and guide,  
was foremost to rush o'er the bank and the  
bush

could dive to the opposite side :

And then the beautiful sport and fun  
To sail in an old washing tub,  
And the loud laugh and scream when upset in the  
stream

Sprawled one of the boating club.  
Then the bare-footed races would start in their  
pride

When garments as cumber were all laid aside.

How free was the laugh that rang through the air,  
How happy and cloudless each brow ;  
But I ask with a sigh as the vision flits by  
Alas ! and where are they all now.  
The flowers of the grave have bloomed and de-  
cayed

For full many a spring time and fall,  
O'er the fairest and best in their mansions of rest  
And over one who was dearest of all.  
Death's low silent hall is the teacher's abode,  
And Jane's gentle spirit has return'd to her God.

When twenty years had silently passed  
Down the fleet gliding river of time,  
From a far away shore I returned once more  
To revisit my dear native clime.  
I sought the old school and the friends of langsyne  
For I long'd for their welcome embrace,  
But the friends of that day had all passed away  
And a change had come over the place.  
A new Parish School neatly slated and fair,  
A new race of scholars and teachers are there.