

By the side of this chimney a square little room
 Excluding the light and the noise,
 Was used as a place for the poker and broom,
 And for turbulent mischievous boys.

The school furniture may be easily named,
 Consisting of desks high and low,
 And rickety benches most clumsily framed,
 Worth little for use or for show.

Despite these hard benches and comfortless desks,
 In our studies swift progress we made,
 For with diligence most of us *stuck to our tasks*,
 Each striving to *get to the head*.

"INSPECTION DAY."

You will never forget our *Inspection day*,
 Nor the hopes and the fears it inspired,
 Nor our desperate efforts to make a display
 Of the learning that each had acquired.

How we studied our lessons till late in the night,
 Long after the hour to retire,
 Though oftentimes favored with no better light
 Than the flickering blaze of the fire.

When the long looked-for day was at length ushered in,
 The district was all in commotion,
 A mighty upheaving was everywhere seen,
 Like the uneasy swell of the ocean.

Anxious mothers flew round with purpose intent
 To deck out their darlings in splendor,
 Not a garment was used with a patch or a rent
 For the boys or the *feminine gender*.

And then there were presents, or prizes, in view,
 For diligent scholars intended,
 For all—from the least to the greatest—we knew
Twenty shillings had thus been expended.

There were books of all sorts for boys and for girls,
 To amuse, to instruct, and to please,
 And jack-knives, and penknives, and pencils and toys—
 All to come through the *Parish Trustees*.