

RECOLLECTIONS

OF SCHOOL DAYS, AND SCHOOL GIRLS' PARTINGS.

I'm thinking of the brightness, of our early summer sky
Of youth's fair morning, when our hopes were rising fast
and high;

When life's gay landscape lay outspread a rich parterre
of flowers,

And pathways seeming but to lead to pleasure's fairy
bowers.

I'm looking back with tearful eye to yonder happy throng,
Bright in the loveliness of youth, impatient to be gone;
Impatient each to tread those paths whose flowers are so
bright,

Fresh with the dew of happiness and love's own sunny
light.

I'm thinking of that parting, it was curious to see,
Bright expectation on those faces, full of joyous glee;
It was a study of delight to watch them setting forth,
For each one seemed to think her home the "dearest spot
on earth."

I've thought of them while wand'ring on in doubt and
weariness,

And wondered if but one had found a bower of happiness;
One kindly shelter from the storm, a place of peaceful
rest,—

If one of all that youthful group could say that she was
blest.