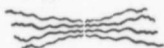


SONNET : The Deserted Schoolhouse.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

Again, I stood—the summer sky was fair—
 Before the old school on the grass-grown street ;
 The willows green were bending in the heat
 And shook their heads, sad drooping, in despair.
 The sparrows sat and nodded on the stair,
 I listened for the sound of anxious feet
 And longed once more loved faces dear to greet—
 I called in vain, for Silence, queen, reigned there.
 Then, in a dream, I saw the school again—
 The rosy morn full-bright upon her face—
 And through the Past, there stole sweet mem'ry's call,
 I heard glad shouts and laughter fill the plain ;
 The gray-haired master stood in his old place,
 I saw my youth—God's smile upon it all !



A SONG of SUMMER.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

The dew lies thick upon the brake,
 The robin's song is ringing ;
 I hear his voice steal o'er the lake,
 And O, the joy 'tis bringing.

He calls and welcomes o'er the hills
 The daylight, bright, adorning.
 That stoops to kiss the whisp'ring rills ;
 He stirs the heart of morning.

The rose-bud opens up its eyes,
 Upon its velvet pillow ;

The meadow-lark 'neath opal skies
 Sings matins on the willow.

The crimson gleams, with color, veil
 The sun's rays, in their blending,
 And over mountain, field and dale
 The warm beams are descending.

They wake the lily, in her bed,
 Upon the clear brook sleeping,
 And through my window, curtained yet,
 They're peeping, peeping, peeping.