

THE DESERTED SCHOOLHOUSE.

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 fell 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!