

As different talents every one enjoys,  
One voice untuned, others soft, clear and full,  
Both these we find among the girls and boys,  
That meet together at the Singing School.

Some throw the gift of music in the shade,  
They have not will combining with the power;  
They listened not to what their teacher said,  
They only went to while away the hour.

There Jock, the Dunce, sat quietly in his place,  
One might as well teach music to a stone;  
The learned bear could growl as sweet a bass,  
Low murdering sound—half singing and half groan.

There sat another, laughing o'er his book,  
He has the talent, but he wants the will;  
From side to side he turned a roguish look,  
To fun and frolic he employed his skill.

There were a few with will and power combined,  
They went to learn and learned with aptitude,  
Because the aim of their whole heart and mind  
Was self-improvement, their reward was good.

But as the rainbow various colors disclose,  
Or flowers appear in variegated hues,  
So different shades of mind the pupil shows,  
Could I but paint them in poetic muse.

One went, for there was music in his ear,  
Another went, he had a charming voice,  
And still another just to see and hear,  
Or with the crowd to make a little noise.

There sat that girl, but oh, how meek and mild,  
Her mouth well shaped to strike the alto key,  
Just at that moment one sly look from Jim  
Goes to her heart—then a dumb mute is she.

And yet one more, all perfect in her part,  
Strikes in, her voice melodious, soft, and clear;  
One smile from him she cherished in her heart,  
She stops; while blushes on her cheeks appear.

Sly, wily Tam, whatever brought him there?  
At music lessons he ne'er gave a sound;  
His pockets crammed with candles I declare!  
Among the girls how he did throw them round.

There's Jack the rover—well I know his aim—  
After the night falls he delights to roam;  
He knew the pretty nice young girls who came,  
And he was willing to escort them home.

The girls' presence acts like magnet stone,  
To draw the boys without a word or call;

But for their presence—ringlets and chignons—  
The singing classes would be very small.

'Tis true to nature we must all confess;  
Then hand in hand let love and music go,  
Deprive man of the greater or the less,  
No heart to love, no voice to cheer his woe.

If there is one whose heart does not rejoice,  
Whose very soul with heartfelt joy expand,  
While he sits listening to the silvery voice,  
Singing the sweet songs of his native land.

If such there be, he has no heart at all,  
Upon his brow, cold, heartless monster stamp;  
Send him to dwell where poisonous reptiles crawl,  
Within some jungle or a dismal swamp.

I see not one before me in this place,  
If from appearance I can judge aright,  
The pleasant songs brings smiles upon each face,  
As they are sung by friends that's here to-night.

#### I AM SOWING.

On the third of May, 1872, while I was sowing the last field of grain, I stopped as a serious thought flashed through my mind; that thought I cherished, and in a short time brought forth the following:—

I am sowing, will I reap it?  
That is more than I can say,  
Before these seeds can germinate,  
I may have passed away.

I know my life is fleeting fast—  
Those hands with which I sow,  
May both be clasped in Death's embrace,  
Ere the first green blade grow.

I am scattering who will gather?  
'Tis a mystery dark to me;  
Long before the full ear openeth,  
In the cold grave I may be.

As I watch the small seeds falling,  
Upon the fruitful ground,  
Ah, alas, while they are growing,  
I may sleep beneath the mound.

I am sowing, yes, and trusting,  
But my hopes may all be vain;  
Perhaps my hands will never bear  
The sheaves of golden grain.

I may sow, another reap it,  
'Tis the common fate of man;