

THE VACANT SEAT.

I ENTERED school one summer's morn,
Vacation days were o'er ;
My little pupils, right and left,
Smiled greetings at the door.

The school-bell rang, and to their seats
The children hied away,
But glancing round the room, I found
A vacant seat that day.

A dear wee boy had often smiled
At me on morns like this,
But now he'd left this earthly school—
A better school is his.

He toils no more with book and pen,
As do his little friends ;
He's passed beyond the river, where
Vacation never ends.

I placed a sweet flower on my desk—
An *in memoriam* flower ;
For, like dear Melville, it will soon
Come to its dying hour.

I miss the dear child's* pleasant smile
In school and on the street,
But I'm content to know he's filled
In heaven a vacant seat.

* Melville Courtemanche, drowned in Gull River, at Norland, while playing on a raft.