

AFTER SCHOOL.

When all my lessons have been learned,
And the last year at school is done,
I shall put up my books and games ;
“ Good-by, my fellows, every one ! ”

The dusty road will not seem long,
Nor twilight lonely, nor forlorn
The everlasting whippoorwills
That lead me back where I was born.

And there beside the open door,
In a large country dim and cool,
Her waiting smile shall hear at last,
“ Mother, I am come home from school.”