

The Village School.

See toward yon dome where village science dwells,
 Where the church-clock its warning summons swells,
 What tiny feet the well-known path explore,
 And gayly gather from each rustic door.
 Light-hearted group!—who carol wild and high,
 The daisy cull, or chase the butterfly,
 Or by some traveller's wheels aroused from play,
 The stiff salute, with deep demureness, pay,
 Bare the curled brow, and stretch the sunburnt hand,
 The home-taught homage of an artless land.
 The stranger marks, amid their joyous line,
 The little baskets, whence they hope to dine,
 And larger books, as if their dexterous art
 Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part!—
 Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame
 To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

—Mrs. Sigourney.



Pat's Reply

As Pat, an old joker, and Yankee more sly,
 Once riding together a gallows passed by;
 Said the Yankee to Pat "If I don't make too free,
 Give that gallows its due, and pray where would you be?"
 "Why, honey," said Pat, "faith, that's easily known;
 I'd be riding to town by myself all alone."



Kindness.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
 Let no harsh term be heard;
 They have enough they must endure
 Without an unkind word.

—David Bates.