

INTERMISSION.

Childhood's sweet companionships,
Are wedding in the paling light,
Beneath the fostering tenderness
That clothes the ancient site,—
Where low of old the drooping eaves
Drew softness through the long long day,
And looked with love paternal down
Upon our lightsome play.

The only village church, still keeping
Thought of holy Sabbath hour,
Stood near ; so near, her pointed gable
And the lofty square built tower
Threw shadows down upon our green,
Wherein both natures sweet and rueful rude
Met in one little comedy
Of light vicissitude.