

## Our Janitor

**E**ACH morning up to school he goes,  
To sweep the cobwebs from the hall,  
Before we're up and donn'd our clothes,  
He tolls the bell—Good morning all.  
We hurry up and breakfast take,  
In haste we tog, and comb our hair,  
His warning call in time to make,  
He tolls—we struggle up the stair.  
As we make the last long flight,  
His hand is closing on the rope,  
He sees each one in his place a-right,  
And pulls again the bell's last stroke.  
We go to class about our work  
In spirits gay, with fun mixed in,  
He turns to his, no task to shirk,  
From top to bottom to keep things trim.  
He rakes the fire that keeps us warm,  
For sunny days he builds it low ;  
On colder days defies the storm,  
And makes it hot, to temper snow.  
When at noon-day out we pass,  
He bids good-bye our babbling horde,  
And hastens up each lad and lass  
With jingling keys, and A-l-l aboard.  
Often-times we're very still,  
He wonders why our mood is solemn,  
With a look or word, in all good will  
Sets us laughing in a hearty volume.  
He trudges on ; in the afternoon  
Adorns the boards by craft of hand ;  
One wonders how that all so soon  
His broom and duster make spick and span.  
Our days are light with bubbling youth ;  
The mist is thin, the clouds not thick,  
Let us wish him well—In truth,  
Our own, our faithful, honest Dick.

B. H.