

THE LURE OF THE HEAVENS.

VII.

IF, to our home, a worthy youth
Come from the distant West
To claim a bride—is 't not the truth
We grudge, though 't is the best,
To let her go? Yet without ruth
She leaves the parent nest.

But, from that hour, that Western land
Has charms we could not know
Before. Its lofty mountains stand
And call; its rivers sing and flow
For us. The fingers of its hand
Clutch us where'er we go.