

THE LURE OF THE HEAVENS.

VII.

**I**F, 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.