

SONNET.

HOME, home, sweet home! no spot on earth so
 dear;
 Life's fondest recollections centre here.
 Here dawned my earliest dreams of hopeful life,
 In childhood's golden tints of sunlight rife.
 'Twas here my infant lips first learned to frame
 Sweet words of prayer, and lisp the Saviour's name;
 While kneeling at my precious mother's knee,
 In innocence, and true simplicity.
 O sacred spot! O sweet abiding place,
 Where love delights to show her smiling face,
 It matters not, with her dear presence there,
 If home's a lowly cot, or mansion fair.
 Home's where there's one we love, and one to love us,
 A faint resemblance of the home above us.

