

at our cost. "Home, sweet home." Our tenderest recollections cluster around that word ; and who amongst us can ever forget the hallowed memories of that sweet spot. We look back upon it as the one green bower in a waste and howling wilderness. How often, with sad and chastened thoughts, do we contemplate, in the dim vista of the past, this green isle of childhood's early day. How often will memory, from its clouded throne of three score years and ten, send back a ray of light through the intervening gloom of years, till it rests, like the swallow in its eaves, on that spot called *home*. How often will the aged man live o'er again his boyish days—will climb again his native hills, and revive and warm his time-dried limbs over the decaying embers of a fire which will flare and flicker to his latest breath. Like the subtle electric fluid, influences will come mysteriously down the track of time ; and sympathies, like golden beams, which the lapse of years cannot dim, nor the cold Atlantic wave ever quench, will flash back again from memory's faded shrine, till, longingly and lovingly, they rest upon the spot called *home*. Even as the setting sun, so often in this western land, leaves behind him a firmamental glory—a light o'er hill and dale—which no pencil can portray. Home is like the placid lake in an Indian sea, surrounded and defended by its coral reefs from the commotion and storms of the rude main beyond. And though these stormy waves may everlastingly rage and lash into foam against its rocky barrier, yet, upon its adamantine reefs, they will but sing their own requiem, and the still lake will ever calmly and sweetly smile. So around the inheritance of our fathers, God hath drawn a moral bulwark, which can never with impunity be broken down ; and how stern must be the necessity which ever impels ruin's ploughshare through such a fair scene ! How wicked and vain must that first act of covetousness be, which, in the long run may rob us of a spot like this, and turn those dear to us as our own blood, adrift upon the cold charity of the world ! It is peril, just the more imminent, because it is so often done and so lightly thought of ; and no man can be justified in entailing such a calamity upon his children. I am far from saying that there are not many noble hearted men and women amongst us ; but, as a general rule, let but unfortunate turns of business bring in the world upon you like a flood, the averted eye and the cold calculations of a worldly profit and loss will plainly tell you where that world's sympathies are too often to be found. That small yet cunning piece of mechanism, the human hand, will guide a Leviathan over the waves. The movement of one lever