

When we have nourished feelings while beholding
 Some sun-eyed flower, that centre of our love,
 And while we watched its gradual unfolding,
 The angels came and carried it above.

Scenes gay and gladsome as the golden glory
 Which decks the death-bed of departing day,
 And many an old and spirit-stirring story,
 Whose memory is fading fast away,

Flash o'er the spirit at the oft repeated
 And ne'er to be forgotten accent, Home!
 Friends whom a thousand times our-love hath greeted,
 With whom our merry boyhood loved to roam ;—

A father's joy, a mother's deep devotion,
 Untiring energy, and constant care,
 The reverential love, the pure emotion,
 The evening hymn, the heavenward wafted prayer ;

The Sabbath bells, whose glad and gentle pealing
 Falls on the spirit like the early dew,
 Evoking every high and holy feeling,
 All that hath "power to chasten and subdue ;"

Sisters and brothers fondly loved and cherished,
 Our comrades *then* in the stern march of life,
 The early called who fought, and fighting perished,
 And left us single-handed in the strife ;

The words and waters where our childhood flourished,
 The hoary hills our wandering footsteps trod,
 The fairy prospects which our fancy nourished,
 The old church spire which pointed us to God ;—

Such are the visions which are ever stealing,
 Around our spirits wheresoe'er we roam,
 Full fraught with beautiful and hallowed feeling,
 Evoked like phantoms by the spell of Home.

Needs there a beautiful ancestral mansion,
 To mark the spot where household joys abide,
 Bounded on all sides by a broad expansion
 Of lawns and verdant vales and woodlands wide ?

No ! Home is not confined to halls of pleasure,
 To regal pomp and dwellings of the great,
 It is not meted to us by the measure,
 Which appertains to things of low estate.

Where'er we find warm hearts and fond affection,
 Whether in straw-thatched hut or gilded dome,
 We find what claims our notice and reflection,
 We find the primal elements of Home.