

And children's happy home above,
 And night and morn to God they pray—
 In love and duty pass each day.
 The birth of babes, the growth of youth,
 Bring back lost innocence and truth.
 Dear parents, guard this happy state—
 On it depends their life and fate—
 O! lead them to the God of truth;
 The time to do so is in youth.

Nothing so dear this world can bring
 As hearing infant voices sing
 Of Jesus, and his home of love,
 Where babes and sucklings praise above.
 They seem new come from Canaan bright
 To charm us to their home of light.
 I saw this sight, so sweet to me,
 Dear Agnes and her daughters three,
 All seated on a Sabbath day
 To learn to read, to chant, to pray :
 With peace, and love, and every grace,
 Their eyes fixed on their mother's face,
 With lessons suiting size and age,
 Went o'er and o'er the tiny page,
 Teaching all three to learn and know
 Of heaven above and earth below—
 Filling their infant hearts with love
 To father, mother, God above!

When evening's shadows lengthen round,
 And gloaming's pall spreads o'er the ground,
 Unknown, our fancy steals away
 Back to a young and early day.
 Our ever sleepless, deathless mind,
 That nothing here on earth can bind,
 Delights to wander back and roam
 Around our childhood's early home—
 To meet dear friends long, long away,
 Join them in cheerful sport and play.
 How sweet to have, in our old age,
 This dear green spot in life's dull page.
 The morn of life is dear to all;
 It clings to man like lime to wall;
 Implanted in our inner heart,
 It nestles there till life depart.
 It is a plant of heavenly birth,
 It lives, but never dies on earth;
 A little sun around our soul
 To cheer us as we near life's goal;