

AN IDEAL HOME

Nor humble walls, nor mansions grand
With portico and dome,
Nor yet our penates, nor our lares,
Can make for us a home.
Nor all the wealth, nor all the power,
Can buy this thing so blest;
The secret of a happy home
Lies deep within the breast.

Just as within the casket's fold
The gem doth hold the worth,
So doth the spirit reign within
That gives the true home birth.
Nor can one faithful heart alone
This blissful state afford;
Two wills must work in unison,
Two hearts beat with accord.