

SOUNDS OF HOME.

IOTA NORTH.

A kettle singing on the fire
 Is one of the things I much admire,
 A cheerful voice and a happy look
 And a pair of chairs in a cosy nook ;
 While the pendulum swings in airy arcs
 And ticks the clock as the time it marks.
 " The storm is high ; the ground is white :
 Home is the place for a winter's night."

A book or two, a magazine,
 To fill the pauses in between ;
 But a pleasant fire a happy home
 Don't need a pen to make a poem.
 While purrs the cat in her pleasant way
 And these are the words she seems to say :
 " The storm is high ; the ground is white :
 Home is the place for a winter's night."

The snow is whirling round the barn,
 The ice is thick on the mountain tarn ;
 So grim and drear is all the wold
 That earth herself seems blue with cold.
 But back and forth my rocker creaks,
 And this is what I think it speaks :
 " The storm is high ; the ground is white :
 Home is the place for a winter's night."

The shutters closed and the curtains drawn,
 Have hid the snow upon the lawn,
 So high the storm, the blast so keen,
 That travellers envy me I wean.
 The wind is loud at the chimney's top,
 And the fire roars on with never a stop.
 " Full many things may bid men roam,
 But what they miss who stay not home."