

## MOVING ON

WE foolish folk are discontented with things where'er we chance to dwell. "The air," we say, "is sweeter scented in some far distant dale or dell." And so we pull up stakes and travel to seek the fair and promised land, and find our Canaan is but gravel, a wilderness of rocks and sand. "Across the hills the fields are greener," we murmur, "and the view more fair; the water of the brooks is cleaner, and fish grow larger over there." And so we leave our pleasant valley, from all our loving friends we part, and o'er the stony hills we sally, to reach a land that breaks the heart. "There's gold in plenty over yonder," we say, "and we shall seek the mines." Then from our cheerful homes we wander, far from our fig trees and our vines; a little while our dreams we cherish, and think that we can never fail; but, tired at last, we drop and perish, and leave our bones upon the trail. How happy is the man whose nature permits him to enjoy his home, who, till compelled by legislature, declines in paths afar to roam! There is no region better, fairer, than that home