

AFTER MANY ROVING YEARS—*Continued.*

2 And though we have to cross the sea
 Once more to view the place
 That kindly shelter'd us from want,
 And heavenward turn'd our face,
 Yet when the voyage has been made,
 Though lured by scenes of beauty,
 Our steps will surely "Home" be led,
 By love as well as duty.
 Oh, after many roving years,
 How sweet 'twill be to come
 To the dwelling-place of early youth,
 Our kindly childhood's home !

3 And if God's smile should greatly bless
 The labour of our hands,
 And we in future years should gain
 More than our need demands,
 We'll think of all we owe to those
 Who help'd us like true brothers,
 And pay the debt by helping them
 To do the same for others.
 Oh, after many roving years,
 How sweet 'twill be to come
 To the dwelling-place of early youth,
 Our kindly childhood's home !

4 But should we never more on earth
 Greet those we leave behind,
 We'll not forget the truth they taught,
 But bear it well in mind ;
 And when we fill'd whatever place
 God's Providence hath given,
 We'll strive by Jesus' mighty grace
 To meet again in heaven.
 Oh, after many roving years,
 How sweet 'twill be to come
 To the dwelling-place of all the good,
 Our Heavenly Father's "Home !" !