

## LOVE OF HOME AND COUNTRY.

[Paper read before Paradise West Grange No. 706, Annapolis Co., by Mrs. W. E. Starratt.]

SINCE my connection with the Patrons of Husbandry, I have passed many pleasant hours within the walls of our little Grange room; but, on reviewing the past, I notice that one of the most important features of our organization, viz., literary effort, has received very little of our attention.

'Tis true we have a literary committee who have very kindly exerted themselves for our benefit and amusement, but I am of the opinion that every member of our Order should assist in doing what they can to interest its members when business does not claim our time, thus, in a measure, relieving the committee, and giving variety, which is termed "the spice of life."

There is one power which every individual should cultivate according to his or her ability, but which is much neglected, and this is the power of utterance. The mind was not made to be shut up in itself, but to give it voice, and to exchange views with other minds. By so doing we understand ourselves better, and our conceptions grow clearer in the very effort to make them clear to one another. To those who from modesty cannot orally communicate their thoughts, we would suggest the pen, and tho', as is too frequently the case, the pen is laid aside with our term of school life, save for business or friendly correspondence, yet, by dint of industry and patience, we may gather up the fragments of youthful genius, and from under the rubbish which the increasing cares of life have heaped upon it, bring to light pure gems of thought, sentiments both true and beautiful. By calling upon our mind for its highest stretch of intellectual capacity, we shall find we have done ourselves a kindness, and each day we may make greater demands, and receive each day a more ready response. Some may interest us by their experience in cultivating flowers, and some may give recipes useful to the matrons, and those gifted with the melody of song may stimulate to greater achievements in agriculture by the inspiring songs used in the Grange; thus, by all adding their mite, much interest would be aroused, and our brethren would have less cause to complain of intellectual starvation. I have said we should all do something, and trust it is plain that not one of our members but could in some way benefit the order; and altho' I do not presume to favor you with an essay, such as our learned Sister "Ceres" would write, but only a few

thoughts which present themselves in connection with our own loved homes.

It is an undisputed fact that the love of country and home is strong in the breast of all, no matter what nation or clime, whether in our own beloved land, in the "sunny south," or in the remote regions of the Pole.

"There man deems his own land of every land the pride,

Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,  
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

There is something in the word home that wakes the kindest feelings of the soul, and quickens the slumbering pulsations of the human heart. It is no wonder that it has been the theme of the most touching ballads, and that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of "Home, Sweet Home." We love our favored land where we have enjoyed so much peace under the gentle sway of our beloved Queen, and in our loyalty and patriotism, point to "Merrie England" as the land most highly prized and dearly loved.

"Great God! we thank thee for this home,  
This bounteous birthland of the free!  
Where wanderers from afar may come  
And breathe the air of liberty."

There are many instances on record of deep devotions to home and country, but none more touching to English hearts than that of the late lamented Princess Alice of Hesse, who, though truly wedded to the land of her adoption, remembered, with emotions of keenest attachment, her native land and loved home, and in her last hours requested that her children should be taken thither and instructed in all that pertained to their mother's early home; also, that the flag of her country should cover the casket which contained her remains.

In Switzerland they have an ancient but simple air called the "Rans des Vaches." The music of this air produced an effect so powerful on the minds of the Swiss soldiery that the playing of it was prohibited by the French generals. It is imagined that the "Rans des Vaches" imitates the lowing and bleating of the cattle, which made the blood boil in the veins of those soldiers, recalling to their minds the valleys and mountains of their own dear land, their early life, their first loves and other associations, which caused them to desert, that they might again mingle in the scenes of early days.

We read that some Greenlanders were, in the course of the last century, brought to Copenhagen, where they were most kindly entertained. They beheld the magnificence of the Court of Denmark with extreme indifference, and in attempting to return to their homes in an open boat lost their lives.

The African robbed of his freedom, torn from his hut in the cocoa-land, from his wife and little ones, and borne to a

land of strangers and toil, weeps as he thinks of his home far away; and tho' strife and toil may crush his spirit, and hope long deferred almost die in his bosom, yet the love of home cannot be quenched, and in his dreams he visits his old land, and a smile born of happier days flits over his care-worn brow, but alas! it is a dream!

The dusky Micmac, in whose melancholy history there is much to awaken our sympathies, is not devoid of this characteristic, "The Love of Home." Two hundred years ago the Indian lived in peaceful possession of the forest and the stream. His unerring arrow whistled through the forest, the smoke of his wigwam rose in every valley, the warrior stood forth in his glory, the shout of victory rang through the mountain and glade; but where are they now? They have almost withered from the land, and what few remain, how changed, how unlike their bold, untamed progenitors.

"They die not of hunger or lingering decay,  
The steel of the white man hath swept them away."

But not without a struggle has the red man relinquished his native village. There is something in his heart which passes speech, as he remembers that here he lived, here he worshipped the "Great Spirit," and here are the Graves of his Fathers—here, indeed, was his home!

We might briefly refer to some of the requirements necessary for the promotion of comfort and happiness in those cherished spots we so fondly designate "Our Homes," and the position woman should occupy in that department. That a good home is one of the first requisites for human happiness, all admit, and it should consist in a comfortable family homestead, adorned with all those beauties, and perfected with all the conveniences which ideality, intellect and affection can suggest. This home-providing principle, pervades the entire animal and vegetable kingdom. The foxes have holes; squirrels, rabbits and reptiles excavate their habitations in the earth, in which to shelter themselves from the merciless storms and pinching cold; bears have their dens in the deep hollow tree, where they snugly lie in their cozy beds, and sleep through the long winter, awaking only with the returning spring. Fowls and birds choose their domiciles, and most ingeniously construct their habitations with twigs plastered with mud, and softened with down from their own breasts. The soaring eagle builds his home in the rugged crag, the hawk in the high tree; even fish deposit their spawn in crevices among the rocks, which serve as temporary homes for their young.

In the vegetable kingdom, every tree has its home in the cleft of the mountain, or by the rich banks of the stream; every