

THE HOMELAND.

LAST night I heard the river moan along the gray
 coast line,
 And a strange, o'erpow'ring feeling came to this
 heart o' mine;
 The *Wanderlust* was over and I longed to see again
 The hills and fields of Canada, the wide and grassy
 plain.
 I'd roamed for years, through other lands, from
 Erin to Japan,
 And felt again like coming home, a wiser, sadder
 man—
 The gold of life was in my heart, but O, I longed
 to see
 The little cot down by the hills, where Youth once
 played with me!

 And, in a mist before mine eyes, I saw the old
 home place,
 The Summer wooed the stately hills, God's smile
 upon his face;