

HOME.

WHERE burns the loved hearth brightest, Does pure religion charm thee Cheering the social breast ! Far more than aught below ? Where beats the fond heart lightest, Wouldst thou that she should arm thee Its humble hopes possessed i Where'er the smile of sadness, Of meek-eyed patience born, Worth more than those of gladness, Which with the starth Against the hour of woe? Think not she dwelleth only In the temples made for prayer; For home itself is lonely, Unless her smiles be there. Which mirth's bright cheek adorn ? Pleasure is marked by fleetness To those who ever roam, While grief itself has sweetness At Home, dear Home! The devotee may falter, The bigot blindly roam; If worshipless her altar At Home, dear Home ! There blend the ties that strengthen Our hearts in hours of grief, Love o'er it presideth, With meek and watchful awe; The silver links that lengthen Its daily service guideth, Joy's visits, when most brief; And shows its perfect law; If there thy faith shall fail thee, There eyes in all their splendor Are vocal to the heart, If there no shrine be found, And glances, gay and tender, What can thy prayers avail thee. With kneeling crowds around f Fresh eloquence impart; Then dost thou sigh for pleasure i Oh, do not wildly roam i But seek that hidden treasure Go, leave thy gift unoffered Beneath religion's dome, And be her first-fruits proffered At Home, dear Home! At Home, dear Home!

X