

OFFICERS.



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HOMING.

When the vernal days are done
And the sultry summer sun
Its languor o'er the mortal brings,
Then a shady, cool retreat
From the torrid glare and heat
Hath health and healing in its wings.

REFRAIN :

We've been roaming far and wide,
Now we're homing with the tide ;
We are singing glad and free ;
We are keeping jubilee.

On this home-returning day
Tears and want are far away,—
We laugh at weariness and woe ;
Friends and comrades by our side,—
Hope, the watchword, love, the guide ;
Our lives with gladness overflow.

They who can may conjure gloom,
We will sing of birth and bloom,
Of hills and valleys, shores and isles ;
While the echoes all prolong
Music, laughter, shout and song
And life's not measured by the miles.

(So, where Barleigh's waters wake
Choral hymns for Stony Lake
And joy doth in each bosom reign,—
Mid the mental after glow
Of the golden long ago,
We blend our voices in the strain.)