

FROM LONELA

of pall drapes our little world. We begin to long for the old curiosity to return; and so travel is suggested as a way of renewing our youth by the attraction of new things.

Earth's fulness is but seen and temporal; and what wonder that the transiency at the root withers the flower while we are yet admiring it. What wonder that even England's and Scotland's charms have to stand aside as the traveler is seized with the thought of home? Man is human: more, he is divine; and is not false to nature when he holds in his soul a warmer nook for a deeper love than any ramble over the earth can give—HOME.

We never know how soft we are, till the dear old vision comes back to us in a foreign land. The holy dream fills the soul till the eyes o'erflow, and then we give the wry look to all other. When the blink "o' oor ain fireside" glints on the memory, we come dangerously near being poets, babies, or something else for five minutes—more or less. Oh, for the power to will the thing and it is done! for we would be yonder and not here this very minute, and not need the slow thud of the Labrador to carry us over.

Again we are in the roar of Liverpool and ready for old ocean's mercy or otherwise. England and Scotland will please excuse our undemonstrative leave-taking. It is the time for putting the bairns to bed; and too much noise might forfeit the good-will of the mothers. So we'll just slip away. Goodbye!