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HOME, SWEET HOME.

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**H**OME! how that blessed word—thrills the ear.  
In it—what recollections blend!  
It tells of childhood's scenes so dear,  
And speaks—of many a cherished friend.  
—O! through the world, where'er we roam,  
Though souls be pure—and lips be kind,  
The heart—with fondness—turns to home,  
Still turns to those—it left behind.  
The bird, that soars to yonder skies,  
Though nigh to heaven, still seems unblessed;  
It leaves them, and with rapture flies  
Downward—to its own much-loved nest.  
When heaven—shall bid this soul depart,  
This form—return to kindred earth,  
May the last throb, which swells my heart  
Heave, where it started into birth.  
And should affection—shed one tear,  
Should friendship—linger round my tomb;  
The tribute will be doubly dear,  
When given by those of "Home, Sweet Home."