

Reader, thou, too, when a helpless child, was indebted to a mother's love, cherished by her care, prolonged through a helpless infancy. Hast thou ever grieved that fond heart? No tears can be too freely, too sincerely shed for such an offence against the sweet charities of home. If there was joy in the place at thy birth, oh! never let it be turned into sorrow by a violation of the sacred laws of home. Many of us were born in the country, and can recall bright and cherished scenes connected with our rural homes. There is earnest poetry in this part of our life. We remember with delight the freshness of the early morn, the tuneful and sprightly walk among the dewy fields, the cool repose amid the sequestered shades of the grove, vocal with the music of nature's inimitable warblers, the tinkling spring where we slaked our thirst with the pellucid waters as they came from the hands of the Mighty One; the bleatings of the flocks, the lowing of the herds, the humming of the bee, the cry of the whip-poor-will, the melancholy, monotonous song of the night bird, relieved only by that single note which he uttered as he plunged from his lofty height into a lower region of atmosphere,—these are among our recollections of home. And they come softened and sobered through the medium of the past but without losing their power to touch the heart, still endear that word home.

There, too, perhaps, we saw a father die; having attained to a patriarchal age, he bowed himself on his bed, saying, "Behold I die, but God shall be with you," and was gathered to his people.

Nor can the memory ever forget that mother in her meek and quite old age, walking through many a peaceful year on the verge of heaven, breathing its atmosphere, reflecting its light and holy beauty till, at length, she has left the sweet home of earth for her Father's home in heaven.

Bright, happy, sacred scenes! long shall ye dwell in memory—long be as bright stars hovering over the horizon of after years, which though dim and dark in themselves, must needs form some ray of light from the reminiscences of "*HOME, SWEET HOME.*"