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## THE HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Belov'd by Heaven o'er all the world beside,  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light  
And milder moons emparadise the night:  
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
Time tutored age, and love exalted youth.  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,  
Nor breathes a spirit of a purer air:  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles at that pole:  
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest—  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest—  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword, and sceptre, pageantry, and pride;  
Within his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:  
Here, *woman* reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews, with fresh flowers, the narrow way of life;  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye  
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees, domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?  
Art thou a man? A patriot? Look around.  
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land—thy *country*, and that spot—thy *home*.