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HOME AND COUNTRY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener  
light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night;  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
There man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and scepter, pageantry and  
pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, father,  
friend.  
Here woman reigns; the mother, daugh-  
ter, 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!  
On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kam-  
schatka's plains,  
In pale Siberia's desolate domains,  
Where the wild hunter takes his lonely  
way,  
Tracks through tempestuous snows his  
savage prey,  
Or, wrestling with the might of raging  
seas,  
Where round the Pole the eternal billows  
freeze,  
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale,  
In vain  
Plunging down headlong through the  
whirling main;  
—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye  
Than all the flowery vales beneath the  
sky;  
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,  
His cavern shelter and his cottage home.

—James Montgomery.