

HOME.

BY N. K. ROYSE.

Home is the *mould* of character, in a geological sense, not in a mechanical. 'Tis the *slough*, or chrysalid *pod*, which so minutely describes the snake or butterfly inmate. One's room is an interdicted spot to all but those whose self-interests permit no gossip, for there live in nudity the elements of *self*. No word is necessary to set forth the qualities of housewife: chairs, carpets and cup-boards are enough representative. Our homes, like the spider's, are tissues of our own substance and spinning. According as one be savage, rustic, or lord, is the domicile a lodge, cabin, or palace. Yon robin red-breast, which for days has been plying between tree-top and all the world beside, suffusing field and wood with soul-stirring song, bearing, on each return to the leafy summit, a minim of moss, or hair, or foliage, is building a home which, some sunny day hence, will discover to the curious eye a curvature in perfect fitness to the graceful convexity of its emerald contents. Like fabrics are our homes. They fit us as bays, gulfs and oceans do the scalloped and angulated mainland. We deserve no better homes than those which contain us; for we make them what they are, and we can make them such as we would. The houses we inhabit are but prison-walls, unless our spirits be domesticated therein. Such mutual envy subsists between poor and rich,—either half-inclined to an interchange,—that, could a see-saw be brought about semi-annually, we believe it would be of reciprocal benefit. They are surest of a good roof who, like the *Argonauta*, wear one whithersoever they go. From the *heart*—that well of being—flows every sweet or bitter stream, and whatever be the channel, the water throughout all its meanderings retains its fountain tincture.

Home—modern usage anticipating lexicographer has