

# St. Jerome's Schoolman

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## The Homeland.

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Last night I heard the river moan along the gray coast  
line,  
And a strange, o'erpow'ring feeling came to this heart  
o' mine ;  
The *Wanderlust* was over and I longed to see again  
The hills and fields of Canada, the wide and grassy  
plain.  
I'd roamed for years, through other lands, from Erin  
to Japan.  
And felt again like coming home, a wiser, sadder man—  
The gold of life was in my heart, but O, I longed to see  
The little cot down by the hills, where Youth once  
played with me !

And, in a mist before mine eyes, I saw the old home  
place,  
The Summer wooed the stately hills, God's smile upon  
his face ;  
The scent of clover filled the air ; the birds were on  
the wing ;  
And, in the daisy meadows, fresh, the larks did blithely  
sing.  
I felt the press of the cool grass upon my burning feet,  
And I heard the children's voices ring up the village  
street.  
The music of the old school-bell stole on the morning  
breeze,  
And children of the long ago played 'neath the maple  
trees.

Where were the hearts that throbbed with mine in those  
white hours of peace?  
Where were the voices that joined in our youthful  
rhapsodies ?