

ward to some other bright world, where he hopes to have joys that shall be greater and more lasting—a world of sentiment and divine feeling. Clearing away the snow of time from the mirror of his memory, the writer sees the fair years of his boyhood uncovered, fresh and green; standing afar off, he has attempted to narrate something of those who have lived and were born in the good old Home.

HENRY SUYDAM,
51 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

MAY, 1882.