



Home

"I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14:2)

"I'm going Home!" What blessed thoughts this tender word conveys
For nowhere on this earth is found a sweeter, happier place.
No matter where on earth we dwell, in tent or mansion fair,
What draws us to this hallowed spot is this—our love is there!

Though humble be our dwelling place, we would not change with Kings—
For wealth or fortune cannot buy the happiness love brings.
What matter though the furnishings be rather old and bare,
We would not change for anything they're wealth beyond compare.

The care-worn weary traveller who o'er the world must roam
Knows nothing more enchanting than the blessed light of Home.
The child will cry and languish of "illness" he will moan,
But the root of all the trouble is a longing to be "Home!"

And after hours of travail throughout a busy day
The peasant with a cheerful heart will wend his homeward way.
Free from his toil and labour he can with pleasure rest,
For Home is the place we grumble most and yet are treated best!

Oh! blest anticipation! According to His Word
There is a Home prepared in Heaven for those who love the Lord.
No home on earth is like it nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy nor could be happier there.

No sin or shame or sorrow shall mar that Home so bright
Where Jesus is 'tis Glory and joy and peace and light.
Oh!, how our hearts are yearning to see His lovely face,
To hear His voice so gentle to be in His embrace.

We'll worship and adore Him
The Lamb for sinners slain
And sing His praise for ever
No more to part again.

. . . E. S. Haddow, M.A., Ayr.