

The Gracious Guest;

OR, JESUS IN THE HOME.

How highly honored, and how richly blest,
Must be that home where Jesus is a Guest ;
How little need it covet aught beside,
If He but deign within it to abide.

How blest the day in Mamre's favored tent,
When heaven's messengers to it were sent ;
Grand hopes were Abram's ere those guests depart,
And strange delight filled Sarah's bounding heart.

But sweeter rapture Nazareth's home did thrill,
And deeper joy did Mary's bosom fill,
When He, whom heaven adored as Son and Guest,
Made that glad home of all on earth most blest.

A wondrous joy pervaded Bethany's home,
Whenever its most welcome Guest would come :
But O, what sorrow gathered day by day,
When He, the most desired, remained away.

"Hadst Thou been here," the sobbing sisters cried,
"Your friend, our brother Lazarus, had not died ;"
When, lo, the sympathizing "Jesus wept,"
And cried, "Come forth !" and he came forth that slept.

Sad was the home of Jairus, where was laid
The marble form of that young, beauteous maid,
Till Jesus came, and saying, "Maid, arise !"
Gave joy for tears to gladly wondering eyes.