

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Home Coming.

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Cold blew the bitter wind,
Fast fell the snow,
Loud howled the storm without,
The fire burned low ;
Dreary and desolate
Seemed that lone room,
Filled with deep darkness,
Shadow and gloom.

Save where a taper light,
Shed its faint ray,
And a pale woman watched
The long hours away ;
Swiftly her needle flew,
While through her tears,
Still gazed she on the scenes
Of vanished years.

There was her childhood's home—
There the bright bowers
Where, in her childhood, she
Spent the glad hours ;
There she was wooed and won,
There she was wed ;
Now all life's happiness
From her had fled.

These sad and bitter thoughts
Flash through her brain,
Reclining with weariness—
Maddened with pain ;
How came this fearful change ?
Sad tale to tell !
Sad—but how often told !
Known but too well.

Tale of the wine cup's power
To blast and destroy ;
Tale of temptation's hour,
Blighting each joy ;
Story of Cice's cup—
Bright, sparkling wine ;
Story of Cice's curse,
Making men swine.

Tale of the lover's fond
Feelings estranged—
Tale of the husband's heart
Woefully changed ;
Then to that happy home
Famine and Want
Came with their faces pale,
Ghastly and gaunt.

Therefore it was that she
Painfully wrought,
Mingled each blinding tear,
Each burning thought ;
Still the long hours drag on
Remorselessly slow ;
Colder the room it grows,
The fire more low.

Loud howls the wintry wind !
Hark ! on its swell,
Comes the soul-awing sound
Of midnight's bell.
Drearily, drearily,
Through the long night,
Still the sad hours pass by
With leaden flight.

When, hark ! that heavy tread !
Hear the loud tone !