

RA FOR REFERENCE

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Adult

Cat



NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE ROOM

Jan. 1897-c. 1



THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

MY home is my castle, I hear you say,
Where a man has a right to his own,
Where he can smile or rest awhile,
Or dwell with his grief alone.
For a weary man such a home is sweet,
Fast closed from the great world's roar.
Shut fast if you will, but keep awake still
For the pilgrim who knocks at your door.

You may be small in the eyes of the world,
Unnoted in thought and act ;
But live on in hope—you will yet find scope
For love and for kindly tact.
And though obscure the place you dwell,
And common and scant your store,
Wake and listen well—you never can tell
Who will come and knock at your door.

For the children of want live all around,
And the hearts that are sad are many ;
And 'tis like a king, though an easy thing,
To open your door to any.
For who can say with what doubtful hand,
Bruised heart, tired frame, feet sore,
In dread of fate, there may tremble and wait
Some pilgrim who knocks at your door ?

And should no one come, and your waiting seem waste,
Wake still and your watch endure ;
The vigil of love is never in vain,
The knock of the pilgrim is sure.
When your lamp is low, and your hearth is cold,
And hope tells its tale no more,
To your lonely home there is One Who will come
With a knock of love at your door.

1897