

In Cana's home, when failed the needed wine,
 "The conscious water owned" His power divine;
 And gladness grew to wonder, when 'twas learned
 That Jesus water into wine had turned.

Once at the home of Zaccheus, on the road
 Through Jericho, Jesus awhile abode;
 And henceforth, lo, that home of grinding greed,
 Noted became for kind and generous deed.

Thus homes of grief, with gladness Jesus filled;
 In homes of hatred, He His love distilled;
 In homes of guilt, He full forgiveness gave,
 And only, ever came to bless and save.

To lighten toil He came, and lessen care;
 Breathing His gracious Spirit everywhere:
 Making each heart more generous and kind,
 Stirring to nobler aims each sordid mind.

Nor from the Homes that want Him will He stay,
 Whatever sins or sickness bar His way:
 He comes to minister, to help, relieve;
 Glad only if the needy will receive.

Weary, He asks for shelter and for rest,
 But gives to those He asks from far the best.
 Hungry, He asks a crust, then He provides,
 And with the givers a rich feast divides.

He asks a cup of water for His thirst,
 Then gives a "well of living water" first.
 O Jesus, come, and be our constant Guest,
 And home with Thee will be supremely blest.

W. H. P.