

Homes Are God's Purest Shrines
Clarence Felton, 1921.

Homes are God's purest shrines
Where His love strongest speaketh;
In these loved walls we've felt all the days,
That which the heart e'er seeketh.

Words that were wise and pure
Down thro' the years resounded;
Sent us all forth with purposes strong
Because in Him we're grounded.

Our paths of service course
Thro' many fields and nations;
But all the roads lead on t'ward His home,
Blest of all habitations.

The calls to duty come,
Bringing their joy and sorrow;
And when they come we love to obey,
Trusting in God's tomorrow.

Here we shall meet no more
In this home filled with mem'ries;
'Tis God's good will, for each of us best;
He will reveal more glories.