

## THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S HIGHWAY," ETC.

## I.

**O**UTSIDE yon gates of pearl,  
 Patient, I lie;  
 Body long turned to dust,  
 Waiting, I sigh:  
 Yet, 'mid my sighs, there come  
 Songs on the air,  
 From rings of choristers  
 Glorious and fair.

## II.

Glory and light, I greet  
 Crimson and pale,  
 Streaming in golden rays  
 Over this vale:  
 Fruits of Creation here,—  
 Calvary's prize,  
 Triumphs o'er Death and Hell  
 When Darkness dies.

## III.

Bend within angel forms  
 Through heaven's bars,  
 Where gleam their tapers pale,  
 Where glow the stars:  
 Moving the censer-chain  
 All out of sight  
 Deepens my joyous pain—  
 Brings me delight.

## IV.

Though slow the creeping hours,  
 Slower the years,  
 Surely these pains decrease,  
 Weaker my fears,

Lighter the gloom now lies,  
 Rosier the sky;  
 When will our morning break  
 And shadows fly?

## V.

Silent the songs awhile,  
 Now they swell loud,  
 Now their plaint dies away  
 Through the sweet cloud.  
 Only the censer-chain  
 Heard as it swings,  
 Only the incense-breath  
 'Mid folded wings.

## VI.

Silence ineffable  
 Through Heaven's shrine;  
 Light unapproachable,  
 Three—the Divine:  
 Glory to Father aye,  
 Praise to His Son,  
 Glory to Paraclete,  
 God, Three in One.

## VII.

These the adoring words,  
 Or silence reigns,  
 When curls the incense-breath,  
 When move the chains.  
 Ages to ages add,  
 Still they adore  
 Sire, Son, and Holy Ghost,—  
 God evermore.