



At the Foot of the Tabernacle.

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*THE poor, the weak and the tempted  
Find their hope and their refuge there  
They who kneel at the feet of Jesus  
And silently breathe a prayer.*

*For He, the great Master of Heaven  
The King whom the angels adore  
Can give balm to the wounded spirit.  
And peace to the heart once more.*

*Can aid them and shield them and guide them,  
In the devious ways of life  
Till they bear themselves as heroes  
Through its burden and its strife.*

*He will give in is mercy forever  
The aid of His wondrous grace  
Till they see in the beauty of heaven  
That sweet Lord face to face.*

*They who come in the golden morning  
Or at evening calm and fair  
Will find while the years are fleeting  
Still the Master waiting there.*

*T. D. S.*