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My Friend Across the Way

FROM my little study-window
I can see a lamp's faint ray,
'Tis the ever-faithful watcher
Of my Friend across the way.
Through the day I oft look over,
"All for Thee" is what I say,
And I fancy it's a comfort
To my Friend across the way.

When the sky is bright and cloudless
And my heart is also gay,
In my joys I'll not forget You,
Comrade mine, across the way.
If the day be dark and dreary,
Drifting round me mists of gray,
Then I whisper: "Don't desert me,
Dearest Lord, across the way."

Let the years be hard and toilsome,
Still my life is one bright May,
For my burdens all are carried
By my Friend across the way.
When I leave my study-window
At the close of life's short day,
Through the gates of death I'll take Him,—
Take my Friend across the way.

DAVID P. MCASTOCKER, S. J.