



## The Home of Love

*Written for the Sentinel.*

He dwelleth there my Lord Divine,  
Within the little curtained shrine,  
His voice calls forth, "Oh come to me  
All you, who heavy burdened be."

When the heart with sorrow is opprest,  
Before the home of Love there's rest,  
Oh, at the Altar steps I'll lay  
My joys, my griefs, my wrongs each  
[ day.

He dwelth there my load to light  
To aid me in earth's dreadful fight  
To lift the burden when I stray  
Bewilder'd, wearied on life's way.

He dwelleth there to keep His child,  
When round the tempest rageth wild,  
To crush down Satan's fatal pow'r  
And aid me in that trying hour

Within that Home of Love each day.  
He dwells to wash my sins away,  
To feed me with His Flesh Divine,  
And let heav'n's light around me shine

