



The Sentinel
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The Prisoner of Love

A Holy picture bears this name :
'*The Prisoner of Love.*'
'Tis Thou Who reignest, mighty God!
In majesty above,
Yet hidest in this holy Shrine,
Love's Captive, for my sake.
Sweet Jesus, may my heart its home
Within Thy prison make!

Let not my cold and selfish heart
Earn this reproach from Thee :
'I was in prison once, and *thou*—
Thou didst not visit Me!"
Lord, Thou art here for my love's sake
And I am here for Thine :
Make me Thine own, as Thou wilt,
Dispose of me and mine.

I, too, a prisoner of love,
Will here in peace abide
Until Thy welcome Messenger
Shall call me to Thy side.
I place in trust within Thy heart,
Than mother's heart more fond,
My past, my future, life and death,
And all that waits beyond.

These fleeting hours lead quickly on
To the Eternal Years :
May each be filled with faith and love,
Meek prayers, and holy tears.
And while I linger like caged bird
That pines to soar above,
Captive Divine ! oh, keep me here
The captive of Thy love.