

THE SENTINEL
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BLESSED SACRAMENT

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AN HOUR WITH THEE

My heart is tired, so tired to-day—

How endless seems the strife!

Day after day the restlessness

Of all this weary life!

I come to lay my burden down

That so oppresseth me,

And, shutting all the world without,

To spend an hour with Thee.

I would forget a little while

The bitterness of tears,

The anxious thoughts that crowd my life,

The buried hopes of years;

Forget that woman's weary toil

My patient care must be.

A tired child I come to-day

To spend an hour with Thee.

The busy world goes on and on—

I cannot heed it now;

Thy sacred hand is laid upon

My aching, throbbing brow.

Life's toil will soon be past, and then,

From all its sorrows free.

How sweet to think that I shall spend

Eternity with Thee.

Wheaton LYON.