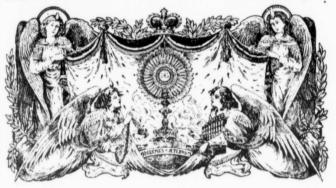
THE SENTINEL

FEBRUARY, 1906



The Purification.

AIDEN-she comes in matron's guise, Into the temple's holy place ; A mother's love-light in her eyes, A virgin bloom upon her face ; Lawless-she still obeys the law As did her Son when erst the flow Of Jordan's waters paused and saw The baptized Saviour from them go. Wealthy-she comes in pauper mien, Whose voice at Cana softly breathed A whispered word, and wine was seen Within the casks where water wreathed. Sinless-she comes in sinner's form Her stainless soul to purify. Seeing some lily which the storm Had beautified in passing by. O waxen tapers that are placed Upon her many shrines to-day, What happiness is yours to waste

For her dear sake yours to waste For her dear sake yourselves away ! Would that our hearts might imitate The sacrifices ye complete, And all our being consecrate

Itself to such a service sweet ! —Rev William D. Kelly.