



## Before The Tabernacle.

Ah, list ! the evening bell doth ring ;  
Attend ! Celestial choirs sing  
Sweet strains of music ; I can hear  
Those distant sounds, they seem so near.

Behold ! A gentle zephyr breathes  
More fragrant not o'er balmy wreaths,  
Than now a cherub downward swings  
And to our Saviour greeting brings ;

The cherub kneels all full of love,  
He rests there like a timid dove ;  
His face now beams just as on high  
For to his Bridegroom he is nigh.

The noon-day sun throws not to earth  
More warmth, nor fills the heart with mirth,  
Than Jesus with His heart aglow  
His grace doth shed, and love bestow.

The hours elapse, the night doth pass,  
The early bell invites to Mass ;  
And parting from the Heavenly Manna  
The cherub sadly sings "Hosanna."

O Love, pierce Thou with swiftest dart  
My stricken, unconsolated heart.  
O Heart of Love, I do implore  
That I may love Thee more and more.

Edwin Ruthven.