



LOVE'S PRISONER.

Reposing in His altar-home —
Imprison'd there for love of me —
My spouse awaits me ; and I come
To visit Him awhile and be
A solace to His loneliness —
If aught in me can make it less.

But is He lonely ? Bend not here
Adoring angels as on high ?
Ah, yes ! but yet, when we appear,
A softer glory floods His eye.
Tis earth's frail child He longs to see ;
And thus He is alone — for me !

His Heart, how piningly it aches
With love unheeded, love despised !
O happy soul ! that comes and takes
The gift as something to be prized :
The lavish graces it receives
From that full breast its prayer relieves !

Then, best of lovers, I'll draw near
Each day to minister relief,
For tho' the thought of year on year
Of sin should make me die of grief,
Yet day by day my God I see
"Sick and in prison" — all for me !

— *Rev. E. Hill, C. P., in Emanuel.*