



Enclose the saint's *Laudate* or the  
sinner's humble prayer.

I love the angel faces that from wall  
and window gaze

In adoration towards Thy throne, or  
lift their voice in praise.

And when I kneel here at Thy feet,  
amid the mystic gloom,

I love the sacred silence where sweet  
flow'rs the air perfume :

In that still hour no sound doth fall  
upon the list'ning ear,

But in my heart Thy gentle words of  
hope and strength I hear.

What is the charm of painted wall, and  
arch's light up-spring,

Of carven altar, pictured saint, and  
sculptured angel's wing?

'Tis not alone the grace of form and  
hue on wall and dome,

But 'tis the beauty of *Thy* house, the  
glory of *Thy* Home!

—JOHN F. MALLOY.

