

The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

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THE UNFAILING FRIEND

When the world is cold and dreary,  
When the soul is sunk in grief,  
When life flows sad and weary,  
With none to give relief.

Oh! let not thy poor heart falter,  
There is One to calm thee still,  
Upon the silent Altar,  
Dwelling there by His own Will.

Go, when with grief thou'rt laden,  
Thy load cast at His feet,  
He'll lighten thee, thy burden,  
With His yoke so light and sweet.

With His love, that heavenly balm,  
He'll heal thy pains and woes,  
Thy distress'd spirit, He'll calm  
And dry the tear that flows.

S. M. F.

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