

"Set wide thy door, and do not fear—
He will not turn to go."

I am not worthy, Lord, I know,
That Thou shouldst enter here.

"Not evening dusk, not shades of night
Have made Me miss My way—
With mortals I rejoice to stay,
Yea, this is My delight.

"For thee I left my Father's Breast,
His many mansions bright
Throughout thy life by day and night,—
I ask to be thy Guest.

"To seek the sinners I still come,
With sinners still I eat."
Then, Lord, my place is at Thy feet—
Make, make this heart Thy home!

Irish Monthly.
