

THE SENTINEL  
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BLESSED SACRAMENT

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St. Joseph

A cloistered garden was the place  
Where Mary grew God's perfect flower;  
One, only one, discerned her grace,  
And visited her bower.

God's choice was his, by love made strong  
To guard the Mother of the King;  
No heart, save hers, had e'er a song  
So sweet as his to sing.

Yet, lives there on the sacred page  
No record of a word from him;  
God's Ark he guards, a silent sage,  
Pure as the Cherubim.

But sweeter than the sweetest word  
Recorded as the wise and good  
His silence is as music heard  
On high and understood.

Blessed are those who take their part  
Amid the carol-singing throng;  
Twice blest the meditative heart  
Whose silence is a song.

A. Gurney,