



THE TABERNACLE DOOR.

Sister M. Agnes, O. P.

*The soft, gray twilight ne'er doth rest
On yonder gleaming door,
But in my weary, trembling breast
I feel the joy of yore.*

*As when a guileless child I knelt
When day began to die,
And felt my heart with rapture melt
Beneath His watchful eye.*

*He whispered, or I thought it so—
And held me closely to His breast,
While tears adown my cheeks did flow,
That I should be thus blest.*

*My eyes still seek that gleaming door,
Though years have passed away,
And every joy and burden sore,
Is laid there, day by day.*

*Then was my brow with roses bound,
But now there's many a thorn—
The portion, as 'twas ever found,
Of man, a sinner born.*