

## TO THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

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Oh happy Lamp! how sweet 'twould be,  
If I could day and night like thee,  
Within this holy temple stay,  
And burn my weary life away  
With love of Him who for us died,  
And on our altars doth abide  
To be our comfort, food and stay,  
Our Life, our Truth and only way.

How oft, sweet Lamp! I've envied thee,  
Thy chosen place, so dear to me,  
When kneeling at the sacred shrine,  
Illumined by no light save thine,  
As day is drawing to its close,  
And nature sinks in sweet repose,  
'Tis then I love to linger there,  
And with thee thy sweet office share.

But if, dear Lamp, I cannot stay  
And watch with thee both night and day,  
Oh may my heart the vigils keep,  
E'en while my body's wrapped in sleep  
So should the Bridegroom come at night,  
He'll find my lamp still burning bright,  
And may I hear the summons sweet:  
"Come rest forever at my feet!"

My God, forever at Thy Feet!  
May I then hope for rest so sweet?  
Oh yes, if in that little shrine  
Thou dwellest Prisoner Divine,  
And even in this faithless breast,  
Dost sometimes deign to take Thy rest  
I know Thou'lt not refuse to hear  
A lonely, homeless orphan's prayer.

My spirit longs to be with Thee.  
Thy Heart my only home can be,  
Yet, if near Thee both night and day,  
Within Thy temple I might stay,  
My exile here would be so sweet,  
Although no Father's smile I greet,  
And though no Mother's form I see,  
This earth would be a Heaven to me.

But since such bliss cannot be mine,  
I ask dear Lord thine aid divine,  
Oh save my soul from dark despair,  
Then trusting to a Father's care,  
"Thy will be done" my prayer shall be,  
Though dark the way, Thy hand I'll see  
And leaning on Thy sacred breast,  
There find one day eternal rest.