

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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I STAND AND KNOCK

(See frontispiece)

The night was dark, the rain did pour;
He stood beside the fastened door,
But none would come unlock:
So loudly swelled the noised din
Of wanton revelry and sin
That filled the festive house within,
They did not heed His knock.

Morn broke and midnight pleasures fled;
Remorse upon a sleepless bed
Tortured their soul of sin.
At length, ere morning crow of cock,
They heard the waiting, patient knock
And gladly hastened to unlock
The door and take Him in.

D. S. s. s. s.