

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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A Call from the Tabernacle.



Poor, erring one, whose feet have long been straying,
Thy deep unrest has kept thee far from Me ;
Wilt thou not come, My earnest call obeying ?
For in My Heart there is a place for Thee.
When others tired, because of thy unheeding ;
When harsh grew hearts that once were as thine own :
My love for thee was still for thy love pleading,
Thou hadst one friend—that Friend was I alone !

The world is cold, its love false show and glitter ;
Its flow'rs have thorns that pearce the tending hand ;
Its fruit looks fair, but foul is it, and bitter :
Its safest spot a trap of quick'ning sand.
Oh, leave it all, its pomp and fleeting pleasure —
Come unto Me, and learn of Love Divine ;
Within My Heart there is unstinted Treasure,
Which has been, is, and ever shall be Thine !

AMADEUS, O. S. F.