


LOVE'S CRYST.

(Continued.)

 *R* like a lily pure, or rose half-blown
 I fain had stayed, forgotten and alone,
 To help adorn, or rest with adorous grace
 In some lone precinct of the holy place.

*In silence mute my prayer of praise out poured,
 In trembling awe the Godhead I adored,
 I prayed, I pleaded for the lorn, the lost,
 The moral shipwrecked, and the tempest-tossed.*

*Time dallied not ; too swift the moments sped ;
 Night's gloomy shadows were around me spread,
 When from the silence deep of which 'twas part,
 I seemed to hear the beatings of a Heart.*

*My own heart throbbed ; alone at Jesus' feet,
 I felt my being thrill with rapture meet,
 Like to the birdling in its narrow nest,
 That knows its mother's sheltering wing is best.*

*And yet I knew that not in worship lone
 Pierced my petitions to that altar-throne,
 The little lamp whose scintillating rays
 Dispersed the gathering shadows, offered praise.*

*Small flower-flame, by love kept glowing there,
 It lifts, for all our needs, perpetual prayer,
 While each adoring angel, bending low,
 Offers some human heart's enraptured glow."*

*Ah, sweet apostle of the Eucharist,
 We two shall henceforth keep that happy tryst ;
 Too long have I my Savior's love ignored,
 Too seldom His sweet Sacrament adored.*

*Thy glowing eloquence has won the day ;
 E'en now I feel myself impelled to say :
 'Outspread thy wings and thither fly, my soul,
 The Eucharistic Prisoner to console !'*

