



## The Thabor of Prayer.

“ Lord, it is good for us to be here.”



*Sweet Presence that attends our prayers,  
Invisible yet near ;*

*O patient Listener awaiting ever,  
And never weary to hear—*

*On the breath of petition my spirit upsoars,  
To be lost in the love of the God it adores.*

*Lip-words are tokens for men : for Thee, Lord,  
Form the speech in my heart.*

*Read there what Thou likest, as Thou likest—content  
I, to be where Thou art ;*

*To be as Thou willest, these few moments at least,  
When, with Thee communing, all things else have ceased.*

*Is it Peter that says : let us build an abode ;  
It is good to be here ?*

*Nay, sweeter than Thabor is Thy whisper, O Lord :  
“ It is I, do not fear.”*

*And I feel as I kneel at the call of Thy voice  
All my being rejoice—*

*At the glow of Thy grace, at the flow of Thy peace,  
All human cares cease ;—*

*And Thy presence unseen encompassing me,  
My Lord and my God ! in sweet converse with Thee,*

*Be my life all its days  
Only this : Thy praise.*

ALBERT REYNAUD.