

## O House of Gold.

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HOUSE of Gold ! In temple dim  
 Whose peace draws weary souls to Him,  
 The thorn-crowned Christ, thou hast a home  
 Beneath the Tabernacle's dome ;  
 Around the spot, their love outpouring,  
 Angelic hosts are now adoring.

O House of Gold ! Before thee sways  
 The crimson light, its quiv'ring rays  
 E'er pierce the gloom, like Bethl'em's star  
 That led the Wise Men from afar ;  
 With longing deep beyond earth's measure  
 My soul cries out : " Show me thy Treasure ! "

O House of Gold ! My fervent prayer  
 Is heard and granted,—opens there  
 The little door, unveiled, behold !  
 The Mystery thou dost enfold ;  
 In answer to my heart's appealing  
 To me Christ is Himself revealing.

O House of Gold ! How sweet and clear  
 His words fall on enraptured ear :  
 " My child beloved come to Me  
 That I may give myself to Thee ;  
 My heart with love of Thee is burning,  
 To dwell in Thee, its fondest yearning. "

O House of Gold, what wonder this !  
 My spirit thrilled with perfect bliss  
 Can find no voice wherewith to say  
 A welcome meet for Him to day ;  
 And yet He comes ! His love caressing  
 My trembling soul with every blessing.

O House of Gold, He is all mine !  
 A palace for the King divine  
 This heart unworthy,—may it be  
 A home for Him, alway, like thee  
 Through life till death, my sweetest pleasure  
 To guard thy Sacramental Treasure.,