

The Sentinel
...of the...
Blessed Sacrament

Vol. XV.

MARCH 1912

No. 3

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE

Thou gazest down with loving kindness,
Dear Lord, upon Thy suffering child ;
And into light is changed my blindness,
As night before the sunbeams, mild.
With many wounds, with deep, deep sadness,
I come before Thee, Lord to-day ;
But all is changed to heavenly gladness,
And at Thy feet sorrow has passed away.

Thy love sheds blessings all around us,
As once in far Judea's land ;
With many graces Thou hast bound us
Thy captives in a holy band ;
And, oh ! Thine eyes, with lovelight shining,
Console my griefs, and make me know
That I can rest, till life's declining,
Within Thy care Who lov'st me so !

How sweet Thy Presence on Thine altar !
How near, how near, Thou art to me !
Oh, never let me change or falter,
My heart shall live alone for Thee.
Here let me kneel in adoration,
Here at Thy feet, beneath Thy gaze.
This is my rest, my soul's safe station,
Be Thou my all, through all my days.

S. L. EMERY.