




IN AN ORATORY.


*the blest silence of this quiet room !
 I love its solitude, its sweet half-gloom,
 Where, like a faithful star in tranquil space,
 The taper burns before His Holy Face.*

*I draw the curtain, and we are alone,
 My God and I; and thus my prayer or moan
 May rise, or tears may fall, unheard, unseen;
 No careless word or idle thought between.*

*Or, in the fulness of some grace renewed,
 I can pour forth my heart in solitude;
 Or, contrite for a fault, my soul abase
 Before the deathless sorrow of that Face.*

*So in the solemn stillness of this room,
 Where ivy twines and roses always bloom,
 The taper burning in its ruby shrine,
 Before that God-like Face and Host Divine,*

*I feel 'twere blest to linger all day long;
 Here sing my soul its glad or mournful song;
 Here lay my woes at Jesus' nail-pierced feet,
 Where cares dissolve, and even pain grows sweet.*