



**THE SENTINEL**  
OF THE  
**BLESSED SACRAMENT**

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**A VISITE TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT**

I enter softly the hallowed place,  
And kneel for a moment before His face;  
I know, though my eyes are too dim to see,  
With pitying love He is looking at me.  
So I lay my burden down at His feet,  
My sin and woe, and a feeling sweet  
Of peace steals into my restless heart,  
For I feel I have chosen the "better part."

I tell Him my troubles one by one,  
I speak of the good I have left undone;  
Of hopes and fears, of each anxious care,  
For I know He is waiting and listening there;  
I pray for my loved ones and ask for all  
The grace to be faithful to His sweet call,  
And then with a stronger soul, I go  
Back to my daily tasks—and lo !

The rough is smooth and the crooked straight,  
And duties that irksome seemed of late  
Are light and easy since His dear voice  
Has bid me take my cross and rejoice;  
Yea, for I carry it not alone,  
But He has taken it for His own;  
And so I can happy be and gay  
Throughout the round of the busy day,  
For He is beside me, my love divine,  
Light'n'ing each labor and care of mine.