



To the Sanctuary Lamp.

THOU faithful sentinel before the throne
 Of Him who made the stars, 'tis thine to mark
 "The clouds that are His covering:" happy spark!
 All tremulous to find thyself alone
 And by thy humble gleaming to atone
 The world's misusage of the hours of dark.
 The stars fade out before thee; and the lark
 At "heaven's gate singing" sees thee watching on.

Oh, that the oil of charity were mine!
 Detached from earth and poised in middle air,
 Like thee I'd live and love, and burn, and shine,
 And draw all hearts to vigilance and prayer,
 And guard with thee the place where Jesus lies
 Till shadows flee and Easter gilds the skies!