

THE SENTINEL
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BLESSED SACRAMENT

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Thy Sentinel

The weary day now sinks to rest,
The crouching shadows yield their quest,
And yet before Thy stars are bright,
Lord, lead us to Thy quiet Light.

Thy lamps which shine — yea, shines for me,
The stuated saints' white sacristy,
These never gleam o'er land and sea,
Where great winds strive in majesty.

Its tender light and rosy flame,
Have marked the sinner's guilt and shame,
The child who whispereth of Him,
The saint who sees the cherubim!

Thy Sentinel! How small our place —
Ere yet we end our fretful race,
Ere yet we sleep a little space,
O Lord, Thy gifts,, Thy light, Thy grace.

C. Decker.