

*Tate Glessa Gartnolmeu  
teaching the novices devotion to the Blessed Sacrament*

# THE SENTINEL

of the

## BLESSED SACRAMENT

Vol. XV.

FEBRUARY 1912

No. 2

### The Golden Door



It is not praise, it is scarcely prayer,  
I only think of It dwelling there,  
The Heart that is never strange nor cold,  
The Beauty new, yet ever old :  
Till cares and troubles can vex no more,  
And I rest at the little Golden Door.

He, so strong, and calm, and still,  
I, so tossed by my wayward will,  
So often sinking, so prone to fall,  
He, watching, knowing, pitying all ;  
Give me, O Lord of Thy Wisdom's store,  
While I wait at the little Golden Door.

Breathe but a whisper, to make me know  
The way Thou wouldst have my footsteps go ;  
Shed but a beam of Thy cheering light,  
For the path grows dim — it will soon be night ;  
And then, Lord, call me ! Oh, then no more  
To be hid by the little Golden Door.