



In the Temple



(Written for the Sentinel)

In the Temple long I prayed,
Yesterday :
And the Spirit to me said,
Come away !
Then I stood, light as air,
By a stream,
Culling flowers bright and fair,
In a dream.

In the Temple long I prayed,
Yesterday,
And the Spirit to me said,
With me stay !
Then in silence bowed, I knelt,
As before
There the Presence, that I felt,
To adore.

