



Thy Sacrament.

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WHEN the golden gleam of morning  
Lightly dwells on hill and stream,  
And when heaven's bright adorning  
To the earth transcendant seems ;  
Then my heart's first glad adoring,  
And my waking thoughts are sent  
To the One, who never sleeping,  
Watches in the Sacrament.

When the sun has reached its zenith,  
Shining on the mart of life ;  
On a busy world of turmoil,  
Joy and sorrow, care and strife.  
Still my thoughts are straying upward  
And my weary heart is rent  
With the longing to be near Thee,  
Jesus in Thy Sacrament.

When the twilight shadows deepen,  
And the toiler homeward turns ;  
Still my heart with hope unceasing,  
Watches where the red light burns.  
At the altar step I'm kneeling,  
All my soul's deep forces spent,  
Trustful of the might and power  
Saviour in Thy Sacrament.

CLAIRE M. CARBERRY.