

**THE ANGEL WITH
THE CENSER, AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649394876

The angel with the censor, and other poems by B. M. Gronow

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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BY

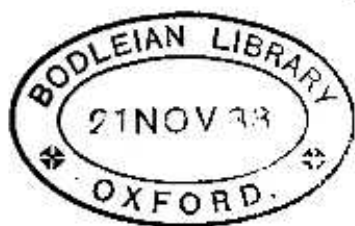
B. M. GRONOW.

London:
REMINGTON AND CO.,
NEW BOND STREET, W.

1883.

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147. 2. 749.



THE ANGEL WITH THE CENSER.

Within a dimly-lighted Church,
All decked with festal flowers,
An Angel stood—on Christmas Eve—
'Twas in the silent hours,
When vesper-prayers were over
And the worshippers gone home,
To wait until the midnight bell
To Mass should bid them come.

The Angel stood with folded wings,
And in his fair, white hand
He held a golden censer bright ;
Obeying God's command
Not to return to Heaven,
But to wait in patience there
Till he could bring the incense
Of one faithful humble prayer.

2 THE ANGEL WITH THE CENSER.

And one poor sinner still remained
Within the Church to pray,
When all the other worshippers
Had homeward turned their way ;
On whom the Angel's gentle eyes
In love and pity dwelt,
But, though he waited for a prayer,
The man in silence knelt.

He could not see the Angel
With his mortal earth-bound eyes,
Nor knew that he was waiting
To return unto the skies.
The message sweet of " Peace on Earth "
Had touched his heart that day,
Making him wish for better things—
And yet he could not pray.

He felt no peace within his soul,
This man by sin defiled ;
And yet for him the Saviour
Had been born a lowly child.

THE ANGEL WITH THE CENSER. 3

'Twas hard for him to grasp this truth,
And yet he wished for light ;
So kneeling there, he tried to pray
To God that Christmas night.

And when within the Church's walls
The midnight bell was rung,
And worshippers came back again
And holy Mass was sung,
With folded wings and patient eyes,
Obeying God's command,
The Angel still stood waiting
With the censer in his hand.

He knew his Master would complete
The work He had begun,
And that the service of the Mass
Had caused hot tears to run
Down the poor sinner's cheeks ; and then,
At last, he heard the cry—
" O God, be merciful to me
A sinner, ere I die." .

4 THE ANGEL WITH THE CENSER.

The Angel's work was done; he smiled,
And—gliding bright and fair—
On to his Master's throne up-bore
The incense of the prayer;
And God received the incense,
And the Angels sang in heaven
For joy, because a sinner's heart
Was to the Saviour given.

**“JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE
ANGELS.”**

St. Luke xv., 10.

When Death comes tenderly, with gentle footstep,
 To take some little child,
Whose robes—just washed in pure baptismal
 water—
 Are by no sin defiled,

Does not the Guardian Angel there attending
 Rejoice that he should come
To take the child in such unsullied beauty
 To his celestial home ?

Just born into the world to be baptized,
 And made the child of God—
Then his pure soul borne homeward, and his body
 Laid calm beneath the sod :