The Angel of Prayer

Sandalphon, Angel of glory and of prayer,
With radiant wings and tender, outstretched hands,
Before the Golden Gates in patience stands.
To him, with purple garlands,
through the air,
Through silver hosts of seraphs,
hearing far
Their fragrant burdens
from the Sorrowful Star.
These are the prayers of saints, upgathered all
By guardian spirits through Earth's weary Lent,
Bedewed with tears purpled with repentence.
Yet never
bud nor blossom
there so small,
But hath its
special place in
that vast sheaf
The which Sandalphon
carries, flower
and leaf.
Into the very Presence of the King,
What time the Easter bells
their gospel ring.

Not one so small
but in the Heart of Christ
It hath its fragrance
and its worth unpriced.

Bessie Gray