

J. Albert.

The Mission of the Apostles.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

Vol. XVI, No 10,

Montreal,

October 1913.

The Last Communion Day

Will you go to the door, alanna,
And watch if the priest is near?
It's weary the hours are dragging
Till the time he'll be coming here.

Sure, I never have slept the night long
But just to lie here and pray,
To think that the Lord is coming
To my humble home this day,

I've counted the years, alanna,
From my first Communion morn,
When I was a bit of a coleen
In the land where I was born.

That's seventy years this summer,
And often my heart was sore,
But the monthly Duty blessed me,
And soothed the grief I bore.

Thank God for that faith, alanna!
What mattered the work and strife,
When there at the altar-railing
I could eat of the Bread of Life?

These seventy years, alanna,
I went to Him faithfully,
Seventy years, alanna,
And at last He's coming to me.

Look out of the window, daughter;
He's coming at last, you say?
Long life to the darling soggarth,
That brings me my God this day!

Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, in the Sacred Heart Review.