



Of such is the  
Kingdom of Heaven.

(Written for "The Sentinel.")

(Continued)

O mother-love solicitous,  
Of thy offsprings so amorous,  
Guard well these timorous little nestlings  
In first attempt of untried wings  
Upon the unknown air. O then  
My Heart shall e'er a refuge be  
A nest where bruised wings may flee  
The unshorn winds. For mothers, too  
This saving refuge gives full true  
A glimpse of love beyond our ken.

O tender mothers learn from Me  
Who lovest thine so tenderly.  
Before the name of parents dear,  
Before the name of those most near  
May Mine be lisped in childish prayer,  
And then of her immaculate,  
My Mother. Let not love abate  
In childish years but increase come  
With fuller, richer service gladsome  
In maturer years of lives all fair.

For the Eucharistic feast of love  
When Jesus from the heights above  
Descends to earthly hearts so lowly  
Preserve these little ones all holy,  
Above whom on the solemn day  
When He abides in regal state  
With those who gladly Him await  
Angels triumphant spread their wings  
Of flame for He above all kings  
Of earth within their hearts doth lay.

(to be continued.)