



A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

*If the Blessed Sacrament were better known, earth would be bright and Heaven nearer.*  
E. FABER.

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## O SACRAMENT !

(for the Sentinel)

Not for herself doth winter hide her store,  
Of unknown beauty, that concealeth more ;  
Nor for herself doth spring true promise give,  
Of life now struggling in all things to live.

Not for herself doth radiant Summer bloom,  
And with essential sweetness all perfume ;  
Nor for herself doth Autumn yield her fruit,  
In glad fruition giving up pursuit.

Not for herself doth Nature life receive ;  
Nor for herself the soul a garment weave,  
Of seamless love, pure in divine intent,  
But for her Lord, on whom her love is spent.

O Sacrament, Thy veil of winter white,  
Doth purest faith of Christian soul invite,  
To Spring's fulfilment, Summer's destiny,  
And Autumn's fruit of perfect love in Thee !

HONORA McDONOUGH.