

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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Holy Thursday.

I wish I were the little key
That locks love's Captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the chalice fair
That holds the Blood of Love,
When every flash lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His Mother's breast,
Christ nestles like a child, fore'er
In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh! my God, I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me!

FATHER RYAN.