

# The Sentinel

of the

## Blessed Sacrament

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### A Child's Plea for Holy Communion

"I hear them, Lord, though they may try to keep the words  
from me,

Saying I'm too small to know You, calling lovingly.

'Suffer all the little children, let them come and see,

Taste and know their God, whose kingdom just of such shall  
be.'

"Gentle Jesus, tell me truly, what's the reason why?

Why can I not know You now, but only bye-and-bye?

You were once a little child, and just as small as I,

And all the while You were the little Son of God most high.

"And if You were a little child, You surely meant it so

That I could love and know you,—but they say I cannot go

To your Holy Altar-table, where You whisper low

Love and kindness; yet, they tell me, Lord, I do not know.

"I know this Host, so round and white, is Your own Self  
divine.

I know that this, dear Jesus, is Your Blood where once was  
wine,

I know You long to make Your Body, gentle Jesus, mine,

I know that I am longing to be only, only Thine!

"Do not know! O Lord, I know you and I love You, too:

This I know—could I receive You—all the whole day  
through

Morn to night—I'd do the very best that I can do.

For Jesus, You'd be'side of me, and I'd be'side of You."

C. L. BERNHARDT, S. J.