

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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INNOCENT CHILDHOOD



Written for the Sentinel.

Fragrant lilies on the banks of life
Kissed by the pearly dew.
With souls so white, and undefiled
Though hidden from earthly view.

Pure as the Angels that in Heaven dwell
As dear to the Heart Divine;
Bright little beams from Heaven sent,
On this dreary world to shine.

O! that those hearts so pure but frail,
Might ever sinless be
Living thrones for the God who said
Suffer the little ones to come to Me.

CARMEL.