

THE SENTINEL
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➤ *The Sacred Host.* ◀

O mystery too deep for thought,
Too high for reason to attain,
Too wondrous vast to be enwrought
In any finite, human brain!
No mortal mind could e're this Truth conceive,
Nor earthly power compel men to believe.

"A clean oblation to the Lord",
Is offered now on land and sea,
Fulfilling thus the Prophet's word,
Predicting this Great Mystery:—
"From rising sun to setting of the same,"
This pledge is offered to God's holy name.

O Sacred Eucharistic Heart,
Not understood by mortal ken,
God only could invent the art
Of dwelling in the hearts of men,
Blessing their lives with Promise all sublime,
To be with them 'until the end of time."

O Heavenly Host! O generous Friend!
Make us to heed Thy loving call,
Thy Sacred Banquet to attend,
Whence graces flow to one and all.
Then ours Thy promise—when this life is o'er—
To see Thee, know Thee, love Thee, evermore.

MRS. S. B. ELDER.