

THE SENTINEL  
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*The Lilies of the Fold.*

(Written for the Sentinel.)

Up to the altar-rail they flock  
From all else their thoughts apart ;  
The little ones, so dearly loved  
By the Eucharistic Heart.

Just a childish prayer is lisped ;  
Just a child's wish to adore,  
But just because that heart is pure  
Jesus loves it only more.

Just a little soul is pleading  
For a favor from its Guest ;  
Just a little heart is seeking  
To obtain another's quest.

Just a gift of self is offer'd  
A lily cast at God's feet,  
Just one last wish, that the morrow  
Would renew their union sweet.

Just farewell ! but Jesus treasures  
More than else that childish love,  
Which lingers like some rare perfume  
O'er His heav'nly throne above.

CARMEL.