

THE SENTINEL  
OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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The Precious Blood



When roses bleed in the garden,  
And petal-drops crimson the grass,  
The world is made sweet with the fragrance  
From breezes that over them pass.

And ever from garden and meadow,  
A memory comes on the breeze,  
Of the Heart that bled with the sorrow  
Of love, 'neath olive trees.

Of the Heart, that broken with anguish  
In silence and solitude there,  
Anointed the earth with its chrisim  
When the Saviour had finished His prayer.

Then scatter, O breath of the roses  
The scent of the olive-grove  
Till the hearts of men shall grow tender  
With the thought of Christ and His love;

Shall ask for the touch of His life-blood  
For the healing of wounds that have bled  
In the month when roses are bleeding  
And the garden with petals is spread.

C. C.