



Of such is the
Kingdom of Heaven.

(Written for "The Sentinel.")

(Continued)

O like unto the fragile flower
Broken by the breezes power
Is the heart of a little child,
Safeguard it pure and undefiled,
O mothers. Like a crystal rare
And finely cut in pattern clear
It holds of earthly gifts so dear
The sacred innervating wine
Of a celestial love divine.
Lest it lose these gifts, beware.

May it be full oft love's boast
That immaculate as the Sacred Host
These souls have been preserved for this—
A faint foretaste of heav'nly bliss—
The Eucharistic feast. And ye
O mothers, do I now invite
To this sacrament of light
That ye may be refreshed in him
That ye may be refreshed in heart
To faithfully fulfill your part
In the scheme of God's divine decree.

Translated from "Devant le Tabernacle."