

## THE FEAST OF THE FIRST COMMUNION.

"Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me."

*[Dedicated to the Children of the First Communion.]*

Sweet sight to gladden the angels,  
As bending before their king,  
They bear on their snowy wings to His feet,  
The song that the children sing.  
Like lillies swayed by the south wind,  
These white-robed innocents kneel,  
And offer to Him their homage,  
Who has placed on their souls His seal.

The seal of their first communion,  
Sweet gift of gifts Divine,  
And a still small voice speaks low to each heart,  
"Thou art mine, my child, all mine."  
Answer that voice in your innermost souls,  
Promise with holy joy,  
That the love of your lives and each pulse of your hearts,  
Shall be spent in His sweet employ.

'Mid starry lights and incense clouds,  
And the fairest flowers of Spring,  
He comes, in humblest mystic guise,  
The dear Christ, Heaven's King—  
He comes to gather the little ones—  
The little ones in His train,  
This kingly guest, who fain would shield  
Their souls from sin and stain.

Oh, bright and fair as an angel's dream,  
May the memory of this day,  
Cling to your hearts, dear children,  
As you journey on life's brief way;  
May the joy of your first communion  
Never lose its blessed power,  
Till you stand with the dear Lord, face to face,  
In that dread but happy hour.

—AGNES BURT.