



**BENEDICTION of the BLESSED SACRAMENT.**

Pure snow-white candles tongued with flame.

Upon the altar gleam,

Before the Lord consuming self

They true adorers seem.

And choicest flowers their fragrance shed

Around His altar-throne,

And bid us raise our thoughts to Him

For Whom they bloom alone.

Soul-stirring strains the organ breathes,

Or peals to thrilling song;

Its echoes fill the fretted vaults,

And hush the kneeling throng.

Now fleecy wreathes of incense smoke

Float o'er, like morning haze,

And rising to the monstrance play

Amongst its golden rays.

But hush! no more the organ swells,

And silence reigns profound,

In love and awe the faithful bend

Their lips betray no sound.

For Jesus raised on high bestows

His blessing from the Host,

As erst on Olivet He blessed

The twelve He loveth most.

Oh! who may count the acts of faith

Of worshipful desire

That winged their flight to Jesus' Heart,

From hearts with love afire.

What tongue can tell the grace unthought,

That Benediction gave :

The grace of strength and hope to them

Who strive their soul to save.     **D. F. S.**