

Beneath which a God's blood flows ;
 And the white is the white of a sunlight
 Within which a God's flesh glows.

Ah ! words of the olden Thursday !
 Ye come from the far-away !
 Ye bring us the Friday's victim
 In His own love's olden way.
 In the hand of the priest at the altar
 His Heart finds a home each day.

The sight of a Host uplifted !
 The silver-sound of a bell !
 The gleam of a golden chalice.
 Be glad, sad heart ; 'tis well ;
 He made, and he keeps love's promise,
 With thee, all days to dwell.

From his hand to his lips that tremble,
 From his lips to his heart a thrill,
 Goes the little Host on its love-path ;
 Still doing the Father's will ;
 And over the rim of the chalice
 The blood flows forth to fill.

The heart of the man anointed
 With the waves of a wondrous grace ;
 A silence falls on the altar—
 An awe on each bended face—
 For the Heart that bled on Calvary
 Still beats in the holy place.

The priest comes down to the railing,
 Where brows are bowed in prayer ;
 In the tender clasp of his fingers
 A Host lies pure and fair,
 And the hearts of Christ and the Christians
 Meet there—and only there !

Oh ! love that is deep and deathless !
 Oh ! faith that is strong and grand !
 Oh ! hope that will shine forever,
 O'er the wastes of a weary land !
 Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven
 In the palm of the priest's pure hand.