



THE HOLY HOST

By Rev. C. W. B.

*Why dost Thou dwell, O Saviour dear,
 So still in that lone house of Thine,
 Without one ray of light divine,
 One sound to tell us Thou art near ?
 Faint though the halo round Thy head,
 Should bring all nations to Thy feet,
 And bid them know that heavenly meat,
 Thy voice that called, Thy hand that fed,
 Thine ever-blessed Heart that bled.*

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