

AT HOLY COMMUNION.



KNOW Thou art near me, I feel Thou art there,
 By the throb at my heart, by the thrill in the air;
 And my soul leaps within me, as billows of ocean
 Heave brightening into the glory of morning.
 Till, grown to a spring-tide of mighty emotion,
 Its prayer-belt surge of the Day-Star gives warning.

O Dawn-Light of Love, my heart blushes before Thee,
 And the soul through my blood rises up to adore Thee.
 O Circle of Beauty! O Mystery tender!
 O white Sun of Glory, Thy living Light veiling
 In tenderest show of yon silver-soft Splendour!
 How how shall it hold thee—this heartfelt of failing?

He cometh! He cometh! He glides 'twixt my lips,
 The King of the angels, in wondrous eclipse!
 He lieth—O awful in sweetness!—a Lover,
 Here, here, heart to heart, in the finite He turns to,
 Not heaven, not Godhead, sufficing to cover
 Love's fullness, without the earth-image He burns to!

O, whelm thee, my soul, in the deeps of devotion!
 O, melt thee, my heart, in the Infinite Ocean!
 Through all my life's tide-ways the pulses beat, throbbing,
 Of Godhead Incarnate—a mystic outpouring.
 O mine, I am Thine! And my heart falls a-sobbing
 On Thine, and my spirit kneels down, Love-adoring.

FRANK WATERS.