



The Living Bread.

How lovely are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts : my soul
longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.

To steal away—away—and contemplate
(Not hidden from the world, but in my heart)
They wondrous love, that serves to compensate
For all the ills that Heaven then bids depart.
To hold Thee, O my Jesus, to my breast,
And find in loving Thee, my purest rest.

Forgetting my surroundings—see no face
In all the faces that encompass me,
Nor to remember aught of human race,
But kneel alone, and silent, worship Thee.
Oh ! let earth's tempest rage, and dangers threat
So I may love, and loving, pay my debt,

Alone—alone—and Thou hast come to bless
My waiting heart—that hungers for the touch
Of Thy dear Self in mute, in sweet caress,
So I am know Thou knowest I love much
Love Thee, my Jesus ? Ah, my tongue would fail
To put my passion into worded tale.

Love Thee, my Jesus ? Yes—with love so deep
Filled with such ecstasy that never fear,
Nor doubt nor tempting o'er my mind can creep,
When I am worshipping Thy altar near.
Never afraid, O Jesus, for I know
Thy love o'ershadows me where'er I go.

GRACE KEON.