

The fainting flesh with meat, the mind
With truth substantial must be fed,
In Thee alone such food we find,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

The deathless soul claims nobler food
For Thee it craves—Thy life-blood shed
Thy Body slain, on Calvary's Rood—
"Give us this day our daily bread."

That Flesh and Blood in lowliest guise
Now clothed, immortal from the dead,
And visible to Faith's keen eyes,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Still thanking Thee for countless gifts
Upon our ample board outspread,
Weak Want its helpless voice uplifts
"Give us this day our daily bread."

D. F. S., S.S.S.

