



The first Mass.

*BEFORE the altar stands the vested priest,
 His face illumined with the spirit's light,
 Though conscious, awed by his exalted right
 To offer sacrifice. From sin released
 Through prayer and fast, his strength by grace increased,
 He pours the Wine of love into the chalice bright,
 Lifts from the paten Life's Bread pure and white,
 Invokes the Presence for the Sacred Feast,*

*Adores the Lamb of Whom the Saints are fed.
 The heavens part, rejoicing Angels see
 Uplifted eyes, anointed hands outspread
 O'er silent worshippers, while fervently
 A blessing falls with peace upon each head.
 O miracle sublime! O mystery!*

E. B. S.