

MASS

ON a gray morning, fasting to be fed,
I hasten slowly, thinking of this Bread
Which none but God could have conceived and
given;
And down the ages those quiet altars spread.

The soul's one hunger is not eloquent.
Knowing it knew not what to ask, God bent
Towards the mouth that so towards Goodness
turns,
A comprehending Answer and Consent.

Because the mind's mouth is as prone to slip
As the babe's eager yet sleep-faltering lip,
Stumbling its tender supper to pursue,—
He *gives* us breakfast from His Heart to sip.

Oh, not to speak with Thee! What shall I pray?
Far too immense the words Thou hast to say!
But with Thy Body's silent mercy come
And break this Living Bread for us to-day!

So, white as pearl of price, there waits the Host,
Where Faith finds all that to our sight is lost.
The bare, full, blessed banquet freshly spread.
For me, God's emptiest, waits each day God's Most.

CECILY HALLACK.