

Well the traitor's kiss foreknowing—
 Miracle of love divine—
 See his hands himself bestowing
 In the hallowed bread and wine.
 Holy body, blood all precious,
 Given by him to be our food,
 With them both he doth refresh us,
 Formed like him of flesh and blood.
 Born, a brother dear he gave us ;
 At his board the banquet he ;
 On the cross he died to save us ;
 Reigneth our felicity.

(O salutaris Hostia.)

Mighty Victim, earth's salvation,
 Heaven's own gate unfolding wide,
 Help thy people in temptation,
 Feed them from thy bleeding side.
 Unto thee, the hidden manna,
 Father, Spirit, unto thee,
 Let us raise the loud hosanna,
 And adoring bend the knee.

R. Campbell.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

Sing forth, O Sion, sweetly sing
 The praises of thy Shepherd-king,
 In hymns and canticles divine :
 Dare all thou canst, thou hast no song
 Worthy his praises to prolong,
 So far surpassing powers like thine.

To-day no theme of common praise
 Forms the sweet burden of thy lays—
 The living, life-dispensing food—
 That food which at the sacred board,
 Unto the brethren twelve our Lord
 His parting legacy bestowed.

Then be the anthem clear and strong,
Thy fullest note, thy sweetest song,
The very music of the breast :
For now shines forth the day sublime
That brings remembrance of the time
When Jesus first his table blest.

Within our new king's banquet-hall
They meet to keep the festival
That closed the ancient paschal rite :
The old is by the new replaced ;
The substance hath the shadow chased ;
And rising day dispels the night.

Christ willed what he himself had done
Should be renewed while time should run,
In memory of his parting hour :
Thus, tutored in his school divine,
We consecrate the bread and wine ;
And lo—a Host of saving power.

This faith to Christian men is given—
Bread is made flesh by words from heaven ;
Into his blood the wine is turned :
What though it baffles nature's powers
Of sense and sight ? This faith of ours
Proves more than nature e'er discerned.

Concealed beneath the two-fold sign
Meet symbols of the gifts divine,
There lie the mysteries adored :
The living body is our food ;
Our drink the ever-precious blood ;
In each, one undivided Lord.

Not he that eateth it divides
The sacred food, which whole abides
Unbroken still, nor knows decay :

Be one, or be a thousand fed,
They eat alike that living bread
Which, still received, ne'er wastes away.

The good, the guilty share therein,
With sure increase of grace or sin,
The ghostly life, or ghostly death :
Death to the guilty ; to the good
Immortal life. See how one food
Man's joy or woe accomplisheth.

We break the Sacrament; but bold
And firm thy faith shall keep its hold :
Deem not the whole doth more enfold
Than in the fractured part resides :
Deem not that Christ doth broken lie ;
'Tis but the sign that meets the eye ;
The hidden deep reality
In all its fulness still abides.

Behold the bread of angels, sent
For pilgrims in their banishment,
The bread for God's true children meant,
That may not unto dogs be given :
Oft in the olden types foreshowed ;
In Isaac on the altar bowed,
And in the ancient paschal food,
And in the manna sent from heaven.

Come then, good Shepherd, bread divine,
Still show to us thy mercy sign ;
Oh, feed us still, still keep us thine ;
So may we see thy glories shine
In fields of immortality :

O thou, the wisest, mightiest, best,
Our present food, our future rest,
Come, make us each thy chosen guest,
Co-heirs of thine, and comrades blest
With saints whose dwelling is with thee.

J. D. Aylward.