

Corpus Christi has rarely been found than that of Archbishop Vaughan, O. S. B., who says: "He who lived at the foot of the altar and drank of the dew of heaven, he whose conversation was with the saints of God, had learnt, as no other, how to throw into human words an angel's song. He, the champion of the Blessed Sacrament, as if by heavenly inspiration poured out his numbers in a poet's prayer."⁶

—Fidelis Conlon, O. P.

⁶ Life and Labours of St. Thomas of Aquin, London, 1875, p. 484.

THE POET'S DREAM

An Allegory

In dreams I viewed a fair, but blinded youth
 Meander through a mead all blossoming
 With flowers fragrant, and sweet-scented herbs.
 Alone, thus wandering with unsteady step,
 He passed along. Attracted by a Voice,
 He hastened to a laurel, where beside
 In green profusion mossy myrtles grew;
 Here, by an instinct bidden forth, he plucked
 A garland of the thickest leaves, and kissed
 Them in a reverential awe; then fell
 Upon his knees, and prayed aloud to God
 That sight be given to his sightless eyes.
 Whereat he bathed with holy hyssop-dew
 His orbs, so large, and yet so lustreless.
 Betimes, his prayer was heard; all doubtful fear
 As mist, was scattered from his eyes—he saw!

—Chrysostom Kearns, O. P.