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."

—Fidelis Conlon, O. P.


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.