

SUMMA

(To Saint Thomas)

To gaze
Across the starry haze,
Through azure vault to soar—
Scan Heaven o'er.

To trace
The Authorship of grace,
Divinity's high throne,
Each Sanctus tone
Sprung from angelic lyre
In each celestial choir.

To range
Thought infinite and strange;
Coordinate divine
Ideas—make them thine;
For our created state
Illuminate—
Make clear,
Reduce to human sphere
Of thought
Intelligibly wrought;
Guiding the Christian race
To grace.

To penetrate
The hidden future's state,
(Scripture thy guide,)
To open wide
Each mystery—
Record salvation's history:
Man's loss
Redeemed upon the Cross;
Chronicle the effect—
How the elect
Shall reign in realms divine.

This privilege was thine
To whom came Christ's decree:
"Well didst thou write of Me,
Thomas!"

—Bartholomew Reilly, O. P.