

*The Love that me predestined and created, wholly  
 gives  
 Itself; abandoned he my soul to God, who in it lives!  
 And Love at once the Victim is, and sacred, quench-  
 less fire—  
 With Love to be flame, holocaust, this Lord, is my  
 desire!*

*O God consume me, when 'tis I, that of Thy flesh  
 partake,  
 The Bread of Angels set in sight and symbol for  
 our sake,  
 True Aliment intangible, the splendor of Thy life,  
 The glory that inebriates, the God that makes it rise.*

*O Savior! Host unique and many, now together we,  
 The Cross will carry, which we dread, to greater  
 victory.  
 Without Thy help we tremble, fall, and fear to rise  
 again,  
 With Thee, for Thee, we would endure the suffer-  
 ing and the pain.*

*Thus all the martyrs on the day of Victory begun,  
 Communicated with the Lord, whose Cross the  
 glory won,  
 The God, whose cross and triumph, theirs also, was  
 soon to be—  
 Jesus, make not my song to cease for all eternity!*

*To-night, sweet Jesus, I but feel, my greater impo-  
 tence,  
 And yet, O Lord, do I perceive, a light divine,  
 intense.  
 Ineffable the mystery I taste within my breast—  
 O let them sing the Seraphin, the choirs of the blest!*

Trans. from French of G. Vuillier. by HON. McDONOUGH.