

*A tender nursling on his mother's breast,
Unto the hallowed temple of the Lord,
She bore him daily in her visits blest
To worship (sinless babe !) our souls' Adored.*

*The little one assisted gravely there
At Eucharistic functions ; with delight
Beheld the Mass, the Host, the Monstrance fair,
The flow'rs and tapers on the altar bright.*

*His infant heart, aglow with fond desire,
Would fain have pierced that mystic Dwelling—
To nestle close to Jesus — all a-fire, [place,
To listen to the whispers of His grace.*

*For there he learned the secret of the King,
The Master calling to the Marriage-feast ;
And heard the Holy Spirit summoning
To serve Him as His own anointed priest.*

*And there, in time, our Blessed Lady came,
A radiant vision, to dispel his fears,
And manifest to him in words of flame
The glorious mission of his riper years.*

*" The mysteries " (she said) " of Christ, my Son,
Have honored been by blest Societies :
The Holy Eucharist alone hath none—
Be thine to do It homage like to these ! "*

*'Twas thus began at Fourvières' old shrine
The life-work of this pure and gifted soul :
To give adorers to the Host divine,
And spread Its love and praise from pole to pole.*

*A burning thurible, his glowing heart
Sent forth its odorous sweets by day and night,
Employing every power with tender art
To win all men unto the Lord of Light.*

