

No fleshly weakness sways,
But every energy is fired
To supplicate and praise.

His last *Amen* was yet unsaid,
When lo! a radiance bright
Around San Jago's Altar shed
A pure, unearthly light.
Silent, the pilgrim bent his head,
And wondered at the sight.

A voice of tone divinely sweet
Fell softly on his ear.
And now his wondering glances meet
A figure standing near
In knightly armour clad complete,
With buckler and with spear.

White was the plume that nodded o'er
His helmet's shining crest;
A crown upon his shield he bore—
A Cross upon his breast,
The trembling pilgrim bows before
San Jago's vision blest.

"Pilgrim," he said, "thine earnest prayer
"Hath favour found on high.
"No more shall death and famine wear