

Formed in the mould of Her of whom was born  
The Perfect Man; and, day by day, transformed  
Into His Image, till he should attain  
The Measure of His Stature, and become  
Like to the Son of God:—the Saints of Christ  
Are many, and are known to Him alone  
Who knowth all things, and is glorified  
In all His servants.

Thus, through many a year  
The servant lived, but now, his head was bent,  
While with the snows of age, and, on his face,  
Was written plainly, so that all might read,  
That the dear Lord had need of him, to be  
Forever with Himself.

It so befell,  
That once, at early morning, as he bent  
Before the lowly Altar, to receive  
His Well-Beloved, and, once again, he made  
His humble act of thanks, alone with God,  
All on a sudden, lo! the church was filled  
With glory brighter than the sun at noon;  
Filled with a Presence, sweet, ineffable,  
Surpassing word or thought; and then, behold!  
A countless throng of angels, who adorned  
The Blessed Host upon His altar-throne;  
And all the air was thrilled with angel-songs  
In praise of Love Divine, content to dwell  
Amid the sons of men: then he, made bold,  
By utter self-abasement, by the love  
Wherewith his heart o'erflowed, upraised his eyes  
And gazed in wonder;—as the angel-songs  
Were hushed in silent awe; the ang. heads  
Bent lower, yet, in reverence—for he saw—  
Oh bliss unspeakable! The Gracious One,  
His Well-Beloved. Lo! His Sacred Hands  
Bore yet the nail-prints; on His kingly brow  
Were still the scars the Crown of Thorns had made  
In His Most Bitter Passion; yea His Feet  
Were wounded too, and, underneath the robe  
That wrapped His Form, burned, as with living fire,  
The Heart the lance had pierced, but, on His Face,