

LA TENTATION DE SAINT-ANTOINE.

IN mystic dolour wrapt, the ascetic turns
His vague untutored thought to love, and sees
Himself exalted at the amber knees
Of God the father; his bowed forehead burns
With chastity's white star; no spirit yearns
More keenly from the abyss; yet, God! are these
Subtle star-sparks of spirit chastity's?
These deep-set shiverings saint nor sage discerns?

Laughter and love are over him, entice
His life to sweeter scent of sacrifice.
She knows God's will, not he! Her ardour licks
Flowers from the dust. O fool! that, heavy of breath,
Dost rot in worship at the shrine of death!
O mystic rapture of the crucifix!