

*I bring before Him the crowded day ;  
I try to hear what His voice would say  
If others are right, and if I am wrong,  
Am I the weak, and they are the strong ?  
I pass my thoughts and my feelings o'er  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

*He, so calm and untroubled still,  
We so tossed by our wayward will,  
So often sinking, so prone to fall,  
He watcheth, He heareth, He knoweth all ;  
Give me, O Lord, of Thy wisdom's store  
While I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

*I only ask for one word to show  
The way Thou wouldst have my footsteps go ?  
One little beam of Thy truthful light,  
For the path grows dark, it will soon be night,  
And the hour is coming when never more  
Shall I gaze on the little Golden Door.*

## I want to be a Blessed Sacrament Priest.



O be a priest, yes, that's my greatest desire, my highest ambition ; but the kind of priest I want to be, is, a Religious-Adorer of the Blessed Sacrament and if you care to listen I'll tell you what induced me to form that decision.

When I went to college I had only one wish: to become a priest. High and holy ideal, but no longer attractive when compared with this other, no less sublime, Religious Adorer, which according to my idea, is the most perfect life on earth. And to think, O Jesus Sacred Host, that thou hast given me the ardent desire thereof.

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