

No doubt, it was inward voices that did his mind  
employ,

And radiate his countenance with beams of holy  
joy ;

The children ! how fond they loved him ; like  
Christ of Galilee,

They gathered 'round the pastor, and to them he  
spoke in glee,

And for Christian education what sacrifice he hid ;  
Oh children of St. Mary's bright, forget not what he  
did.

"Ego te absolvo," confessor, yes, of Christ's true  
choice ;

The sinner's heart is melted at the Holy Spirit's  
voice,

When pain and suffering centered upon the bed of  
death,

His presence, so like an Angel's, cheered up the flee-  
ting breath.

Oh, Lord ! upon thine altar, how pure, and how true  
he stood ;

Sure, his edifying priesthood inspired us all with  
good.

As citizen, a chieftain fair, among mankind he  
spoke,

Ever honored for his wisdom, his counsel and his  
joke.

His virtue, learning, genius—as his sanctity and  
grace,