

So priest-like was thy mission then  
While on thy breast He lay  
As now so oft He hidden lies  
While journeying on His way.

From day to day thy virgin knee  
A fitting monstrance proved,  
While throned upon thy mother lap,  
He blest the ones He loved.

Thy consecrated hands have clasped,  
The living sacrifice.  
The Victim of the first great Mass  
That paid Redemption's price

Our Lady of the Sacrament  
Thou art by right and name!  
Bless thou thy sons, Christ's ministers  
Who now thine office claim.

Thy priests-Christ's Mothers they are too,  
O, guard them from all ill  
And unto Him each loving task  
O help them to fulfil.

*Written for the Sentinel.*

S.M.F.  
Holy Angels' Convent'  
Trevandrum

