

*On the priest his eyes long rested,
Hopeful bliss his bosom swelled,—
“ Oh, a priest, could I be ever ? ”
And the thought glad tears compelled.*

*When the Autumn sun rose mildly,
Youth had into manhood grown.
At the blessed altar stood he,
And his face with gladness shone.*

*In his hands, the heavenly wafer,
Trembling lips have spoke the word,
And his heart in loving wonder
Prostrate there his God adored.*

*Sweet delight his bosom flooded :
“ Bliss unthought,—Sacerdos sum.”
Tongue of angel could not tell
“ The joy that with this hour has come.”*

*There at heaven's portal standing
He is priest forevermore ;
E'er his lips, in prayerful motion,
Mercy for the world implore.*

