Then he excited grasped her hand, And kissed her cheeks ere she could move.

With impulse he could not command,
Urged on by strong paternal love,
And tenderest ties close interwove,
The young priest now gazed just like
one

Who meeting thus with her once loved, Found that his heart was not a stone, For its fast beating pulses proved The tender passion was not gone, Though uselessly that passion moved, Agnes embarrassed vainly tried To seem indifferent at the time, And curb the sense of maiden pride, She had once had felt in other days, When, with a love almost sublime, She sought to win the smile and praise, Of him she here now recognized In priestly garb, as if disguised, She felt how fatal was the vow, Which held him bound as she was

A bond to which they both must bow, Some moments passed, a mutter'd prayer

Was heard, the old priest bent his head,

And with closed eyes seemed to pre-

To meet a dear beloved one dead, He spoke a name—"O Ella be With me once more in this last hour," He smiled as if felicity
Came to him with oblivious power,
Patiently waiting his release.
He bowed and smiled as if at peace,
Just then the Dean relaxed his hold
Of Agnes' hand, and backward fell,
She screamed, she saw his look grow
cold,

With death-like symptoms she knew well,

Her father's spirit passed away, As deep tolled the cathedral bell Just at the dawning of the day; Those praying heard the solemn knell; But why it then tolled none could tell.

There is a resting place afar, Where oft is seen by solemn night, The rays of the fair evening star, Mingled with moonbeams softly bright Shining upon a lonely tomb, Beneath which two sleep side by side, By day sweet flow'rs around it bloom, And many pilgrims seek that spot Where Father Ambrose rests in peace.

And pray that it may be their lot, As years pass on, and cares increase, Like him to have their troubles cease, Still oft is seen with brow of care Poor Agnes by that grave in prayer; And roses oft are scattered round On Father Gabriel's holy ground.

