

A PRIEST FOREVER.

*In the glad morning light
That burst athwart the hills and filled the
vale,
Sublime he stood. Around his features pale
His silver locks curled, and with rippling
flow
Fell o'er his woollen robe, that gleamed as
snow*

In the glad morning light.

*A golden salver bright,
With wheaten bread, was at his side. A cup
Of gold, containing wine, he lifted up ;
And visions of great glory he beheld—
God's type of priests, Melchisedech of end,
Pledge of His love and might.*

*In the glad morning light
That Christ spread o'er the earth, thou
standest now
But not as other men ; for on thy brow
Stream brighter rays, and nobler powers
are thine.
Thou hast been chosen by a King divine
To stand within His sight.*

*Thou art one of a few :
The wheaten bread, the gold-encircled wine,
At thy command become thy Christ and
mine.*

*Oh, pleader for thy people, may thy soul
Be pure forever ! Through the years that
Mayest thou be true !* [roll

—JOSEPH B. KERR.

