

## A priest's prayer to St Joseph.

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To thee, St Joseph, was consigned the care  
Of God's divinest treasures ; thou didst share --  
Nor count it Sacrilege — the purest love  
Of her, within whose heart the Mystic Dove  
Had built His nest ; and in thy meek abode  
Thou gav'st a father's welcome to thy God.

The Solemn liturgy, the Sacred page  
Of mystic rites, by which, from age to age,  
The Holy Ghost, the Lord of grace and prayer,  
Directs His Servants in their watchful care  
Of Christ's own Body, were not writ for thee ;  
Yet in thy plenitude of sanctity,  
Thou didst possess th'unerring tact of love,  
Which taught thee, sure as angel from above,  
The homage and the care thou shouldst bestow  
Upon a God whom love had brought so low.  
And as when first the Word appear'd on earth,  
Beneath thy shade He veil'd His wondrous birth,  
So, when He took His place at God's right hand,  
Thou wert the leader of the patriarch band,  
Who first beheld Him on th'Eternal Throne,  
Sharing His Fathers' glory as His own.  
Great Saint, thy office was to minister  
To God Incarnate ; and the priest, whose care  
Still centres round His Presence, looks to thee  
For grace to serve Him not unworthily.  
Oh ! thee, by all the joys of Nazareth,  
By all the merits of thy precious death  
In Jesus' arms, and by thy glorious crown,  
Upon thy priestly clients now look down,  
And make our hearts o'erflow with loving awe  
Whenever near His altar, steps we draw.

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