

## A Poem.

SUGGESTED, ON SEEING REV. BERNARD GILLIS, CELEBRATE HIS FIRST MASS, IN THE CHAPEL OF THE GRAND SEMINARY, QUEBEC, MAY 22ND 1910.

The little chapel was flooded,  
With the mellow light of morn,  
And the air was sweetly scented  
With roses newly-born.

A priest stepped on the altar,  
His features were firm but pale,  
And his fingers trembled slightly  
As he smoothed the Altar veil.

At the altar steps as he whispered,  
The words of eternal truth,  
I looked from my time-worn missal  
And beheld the friend of my youth.

I knew that his soul was happy,  
Though his eyes were moist with tears,  
For, to him this mass was the blossom  
Of a hope that had grown for years.

"God bless him," I fervently whispered  
"And give him fulness of time  
To work in God's great vineyard  
A minister of Thine."