



O Fount of Life !

Thy waters quench the thirsty soul,
When faint and parched with earthly strife
Refresh us till our Heavenly goal.
O Saving Host!

O Star of Peace !

Death's vale illumine with Thy soft ray
Dispel the clouds, bid tempests cease,
And cheer us in our last dread fray.
O Saving Host!

O Joy of Blest !

White veils now hide Thee from our sight,
But, when we reach our Heavenly Rest,
Wondrous will be that Vision Bright.
O Saving Host!

(Written for the Sentinel.)

M.I.R.
Trevandrum.