

Still as there we lingered,
 Far across the lea,
 We heard the low murmur
 Of the distant sea.

As we passed the cottages,
 Roses still were there,
 With the sweetest fragrance
 Filling all the air.

I. H. S.

Jesus Hominum Salvator.

(Jesus the Saviour of men)

Jesus ! my Saviour ! now I come to Thee,
 Seeking the pardon that Thou givest free ;
 And while I linger on Thy threshold dear,
 Unto my pleading, wilt Thou lend thine ear

World-worn and weary ; laden with my fears
 Wilt Thou receive me after these long years ?
 After my wandering far away from Thee,
 Wilt Thou forgive, and pardon even me ?