

view. We perhaps, however, owe an apology to *Prose* for giving such prominence to *Poetry*—but as we have seen Poetry is more of an Art than Prose, and may fairly invite criticism, while Prose may afford to despise it, or at least regard it with an exalted independence. Prose, however, becomes an Art in the hands of an Addison, and from his time has fairly come within the province of the critic.



AD TE, DOMINE!

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

In gloomy doubts and fears,
'Mid sorrows dark as night,
I cry, my God, to thee:
Answer my prayers, my tears;
So shall thy presence bright
Bid grief and darkness flee.

Metu obscuro implicatus,
Angore gravi jam oppressus,
Ad te clamo, Domine!
Plorantem, flentem me inspicie,
Doloris tenebras dispelle
Vultus tui lumine.

My hardened, stony heart
Hath long withstood thy grace,
And 'gainst thy mercy striven:
Let not thy grace depart;
Hide not in wrath thy face;
Leave me not unforgiven.

Cor meum diu obdurescens,
Omniue gratiæ resistens,
Fuit ingratum tibi:
A me non oculos averte;
Peccata omnia benigne
Tandem remitte mihi.

Bowed low now in the dust,
No human aid I seek
To bear this load of sin:
Give me an humble trust,
Teach me with spirit meek
Christ's pardoning love to win.

Supplex, in pulvere prostratus,
Criminum onere afflictus,
Nullum quero hominem:
Spiritu penitus contrito,
Animo toto nunc demisso,
CHRISTUM rogo veniam.

His tender, pitying hand
Breaks not the bruised reed,
The smoking flax still spares:
Beneath his Cross I stand;
His sufferings I plead;
On Him cast all my cares.

Arundini quassatæ parcit,
Nec linum fumigans extinguit,
Ejus manus tenera:
Per supplicium Ejus salvus,
Ad Crucem cruentatam gressus
Mecum fero crimina.

Father! for His dear sake,
Blot out the dreadful past:
Hear from thy throne on high,
My guilt-stained soul to make
Pure as a child's at last:
Father! to thee I cry.

Pater! per Filium dilectum,
Dele judicium horrendum;
Audi alto in cælo:
Ut mea anima polluta
Culpæ omnino expurgata
Sit, Pater, te imploro!