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A Visit



Lord Jesus, Thou my all, Lord,
When first Thy home I saw,
The brightness of Thy little door,
Thy splendor, there, could awe ;
But faded is all childish love,
I now scarce hear Thy call,
I'm torn, I roam, I bleed, I faint,
Lord Jesus, Thou my all !

Lord Jesus, Thou my all, Lord,
I sought Thine eyes at dawn ;
By many a smile Thy lips shed
I felt in gladness drawn,
At dusk, I come to Thee, Lord,
Bleeding from many a fall,
In need of Thy sweet hand and word
Dear Saviour, Thou my all !

HUGO S. HEALEY. S. J.