



## To the Sacred Heart.<sup>1</sup>

### LOVE'S OFFERING.

**T**HERE'S a lonely Heart in the altar shrine,  
 The home His Love has won,  
 When the silent stars in the welkin shine,  
 And busy day is done.  
 For an erring world, through the weary night,  
 He keeps His vigil there,  
 From the eventide till the dawning light,  
 That wakes the morning fair.  
 With a yearning Heart, to His chosen spouse,  
 In Paray's distant clime,  
 All His woes He told, our souls to rouse  
 With fire of love sublime ;  
 The redress to make He so sorely needs  
 For sinners' poisoned dart,  
 By the daily gift of our thoughts and deeds  
 To soothe His outraged Heart.  
 May my heart, dear Lord, as the tiny gleam  
 That at Thine altar sways,  
 Alone for Thee always burn and beam  
 With clear and steady rays ;  
 And the livelong day, with its every beat,  
 Intone a hymn of praise  
 To The tender Heart, the guardian sweet  
 Of all its earthly ways.

—JOS. R. V. SWEENEY.

<sup>1</sup> See frontispiece.