

hymn of praise for benefits received. *Venient ad
omnes gentes, et dicent: Gloria tibi, Domine.*
All nations shall come to her, and shall say :
Glory to Thee, O Lord."

—000—

HEAR US, O SACRED HEART !

" Sacred Heart, " thy clients plead
" Hear and help us in our need."

Tepid hearts that faint and chill,
Feel no more love's fervent thrill,

Hearts whose weariness reveal
Lack of courage, lack of zeal.

Hearts that cling to earthly dross,
Flying from the saving Cross.

Hearts whose strength no more is found
In Thy true Heart's flaming wound.

Hearts that blindly turn away
Bowing low to gods of clay.

Hearts that through earth's darkness shine
With a beauty won from thine.

Faithful hearts with zeal aglow,
Plead Thy mercy on our woe.

Hear, O Saviour, and impart
Strength and fervor to each heart.

On our error-darkened ways
Turn, dear Lord, Thy pitying gaze.