



THE SACRED HEART

BY M. I. HENRY

*An oasis in life's wide, barren plain,
 The light of safety, guiding all to rest,
 A monument of love—of all the best,
 The harbor, safe from sin's tempestuous main,
 A source of love whose virtues never wane,
 A spring of youth, whose waters, happ'ly blest,
 Give youth to souls fatigued in life's long test.
 Triumphal arch to heaven, burning flame!
 O Jesus, loving Saviour, when distressed
 Or grieved by trials—result of chastisement,
 To Thy pure Heart, in this Thy month, alone,
 With hope we'll fly to be by Thee caressed.
 We'll plead a grace—our sins to soon repent,
 And make Thy sweet Heart our eternal home.*

