



OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Sweet Mother, Mistress of the Sacred Spring
Whence flow abundant grace and every blessing,
To thee our empty hearts we humbly bring,
Their parching lips, their burning thirst confessing.
First favored, Thou didst sip the generous flow
That issued down the side of Calvary's mountain
When Pilate's soldier dealt the inhuman blow,
Which loosed the flood-gates of that Sacred Fountain.
To thee, whilst standing, weeping, loving, there,
The Keys of this unfailing Source were given ;
The dying Master made this Fount Thy care ;
Thou art its Guardian still, as Queen of Heaven.
Dispenser of the riches of that Heart
Whose life is love, whose only aspiration
Is one of bounty, let us not depart
Without, at least, one drop of consolation.

—*Sacred Heart Review*, Boston.