



June's Offering.

CLUSTER and twine thy roses high,
 Sweet month of the Sacred Heart ;
 Shower the earth with their petals white
 And crimson, thou month of song and light,
 God's month of love thou art ;
 Breathe of His love in the cloudless sky,
 Till the dews from thy verdure part.
 Come, wreath them thick about His feet,
 Frail blooms for the Host Divine,
 Their lips the morning dew begems,
 But thorns lie hid on their slender stems.
 Sweet Heart, the earth is thy shrine :
 The roses are fragrant emblems, meet
 Of Thy love, but the thorns of mine.