

## Heart Longings.

ANNE MORRIS.

If the pleasure of city and country  
And the gems of earth and sea  
Were mine, they could fill me, never,  
This awful void in me.  
For blossoms and flowers would wither  
And palaces crumble to dust  
The glare of the jewels weary me,  
And the silver and gold would rust.

If the love of countless thousands  
Of hearts which this world contains  
Was mine, it would bring me nothing  
But heart aches and weary pains  
And I at this shrine might worship  
For years in one single day  
To find all my bright hopes vanished  
And fallen my ideal to clay.

Take the shell from the sea and listen I  
Do you hear it mean and sigh?  
Pluck the flower from the field, the tendered,  
'Twill droop and wither and die,  
As the shell belongs to the ocean,  
And the little flower to the sod,  
So the soul belongs to Heaven  
And the heart to its maker - God.

So my soul may be filled with longings  
And yearnings for things to be;  
But God and his dear love only,  
Can fill this void in me.  
Yes safe from the world and its turmoil,  
I and my heart may be,  
Forever and ever in Jesus,  
And Jesus forever in me

## Legend of Maid of Orleans.

"Gate of Heaven," prayed the young girls of Lagny.

They knelt in the Lady chapel, wearing white gowns and white veils, as on the day of their First Communion. There were lights on the altar, and tiers on tiers of April flowers, tall spikes of white and yellow broom, and boughs of pink almond blossom. In front of the altar lay a little dead child, a babe whose life had only been measured by days. His tiny fingers were crossed rigidly on his breast. The afternoon sunshine could not change the gray pallor of his small, set face.

"Gate of Heaven," whispered the young girls. "Queen of Sorrows, have compassion on the sorrow of a mother whose child has died without baptism."

Three days the babe had lain there in the little linen gown that his mother had spun before he was born, his dark, downy little head never moving on the small pillow of home-made lace. Three days the young girls had prayed.

The church door opened. Another white-robed boy entered softly to relieve their companions, who had prayed since noon. A shaft of sunlight and fresh air followed them through the open door. With it came a breath, a whisper that passed in a second to those round the altar: "The maid is in Lagny."

Each rose from her knees. There was a murmur, a rustle, and moved as it were by one impulse, the young girls all streamed into the green churchyard like a flock of white doves. They pulled off their little wooden shoes that they might run the faster down the long street of the little town and over the bridge that crossed the Marne, till they came in sight of the broad space of meadow land, where the troops were preparing to encamp for the night. The men were busy pitching the two or three tents they had with them, watering their horses at the river, or leading them back again towards the camp. Not one offered a light word to the young girls or lifted disrespectful eyes as they passed, their long veils fluttering behind them in the soft spring wind like wings of silver; for these were the soldiers to whom the maid had said:

"No man shall follow my banner who has not been first to confession."

Before the gate of a farm-house close by, a milk white charger stood, from whose high peaked saddle, one, clad in white armor inlaid with gold, was about to alight. Her head was bare. The Western sun touched as with gold the brown, curly hair cut short like a boy's. She had already thrown aside the clinking, cumbersome gauntlets. Her little sunburnt hands lay

light as a leaf on the arched, glossy neck of the tall charger as she leaned forward in her saddle to caress him. A few steps off her standard bearer, the Sire d'Aulon, just dismounted, still held her banner, its sheening folds spreading and drooping and spreading again on the warm, flower-scented breeze—the white-silk banner, with the lilies of France embroidered in gold, and above them her motto: "Jesus Maria."

The young girls gazed upon her with a wonder that was well-nigh worship. No need to tell them that they stood in the presence of the maid, the maid who saw the visions, the maid who heard the voices, the shepherd girl of Domremi.

Thronging 'round about her they made known to her whence they came, entreating her to return with them and pray beside the body of the little one, that so the Lord God might restore him to life and permit him to receive baptism.

She looked at them with her deep, clear eyes, that, for aught they knew, had seen that day, though no other eyes had seen, the glorious St. Michael riding by her side.

"My sisters," she answered in the gentle, girlish voice that the Lord de Laval has described so prettily in his letter to his mother, "your prayers are as good as mine. In the name of God, go you and pray."

But they kissed her hands and the scabbard of her sword and the housings of the charger till she put back into the stirrup the foot she had withdrawn, and, gathering up the reins again, turned the horse's head and went across the bridge with them and between the murmuring poplars into Lagny.

A rumour reached the pastor, pacing the quiet presbytery garden while he said his office, that all the town-folks who were not at work in the fields had gathered in the church. He went there also and saw Jeanne kneeling in the midst of the maidens. Through a window above her head a ladder of light, colored with the first flush of sunset, floated down upon her and made her white armor glisten like mystic silver, powdered with gold dust. Her young, pure, steadfast face was upturned to the tall statue of the Mother of God. He knew in an instant that this was La Pucelle.

She seemed unconscious of everything around her. Those nearest her fancied they heard her whisper the names of her great patron, St. Michael, of "Madame St. Catharine," and "Madame St. Marguerite."

As she prayed the rigid little body at the altar stirred almost imperceptibly. The color of life crept back into the ashen cheeks. The dark-fringed lids flickered. The dark eyes opened.

Quickly the priest went into the sacristy, and returned in cotta and stole. Quickly he stepped in among the kneeling people, and, lifting the little one from the altar steps, laid him warm and living in the mailed arms of the maid.

Cries of "a miracle! a miracle!" began among the people, and died away the next moment before the bent brows of the maid. Even the porch was full as she stood in the church door, while the priest, laying the end of his stole upon the babe "bade him enter into the temple of God." She held him while the sweet and solemn rite was gone through. In his name she begged baptism, in his stead she received the lighted candle.

"Go in peace," said the priest to the infant, concluding the ceremony.

The little one, lying restfully on Jeanne's arm, yawned three times. Then his dark eyes closed again forever.

She stooped and kissed his pretty head, wet with chrism water.

"Already," she whispered, "he holds God."

Humbly as any little village child Jeanne knelt down to ask the priest's blessing before she turned to leave the church. She hoped to slip away quietly without notice, but already the path was thronged with people.

Mothers held out their little ones that she might lay her hands on them. The aged and the cripples pressed forward to touch her.

"La Pucelle! La Pucelle!" the cry went everywhere. "The miracle! the miracle!"

"In the name of God," said Jeanne with her wonted energy, and using the formula that was habitual with her when she spoke earnestly, "good people do not please me. Please Jesus and Mary. I am only the poor serving maid of the gentle king, my Lord of France."

They fell on the ground before her, embracing her knees kissing her feet. She drew her purse from beneath her armor, and distributing all its gold pieces among them, made her way gently through their midst and sprang to the horse again.

The children ran and pushed their offerings up to her, long stems of broom flower, the white and the golden, the branches of red and white horse-choat-nut flowers. She heaped them in front of her across the saddle bow, a sheaf of blossom, and so she rode away as she had come, bareheaded.

The people of Lagny stood and looked after her as she rode on beneath the rustling poplars till she seemed but a moving speck against the sunset—the red, flaming sunset, faint presage, as it were, of the dreadful day that waited for her at Rouen, presage, too, perhaps, of another day still to come, when, at the voice of the Supreme Pontiff the altars of the Church shall burst into a sudden blaze of lights and blood-red flowers, and the maid's fair, stainless name be found in the calendar of canonized saints.—*May Probyn in the Catholic Fireside.*

## Winter Care of Trees.

There is no better time than the present to examine groves and groups of trees in order to determine whether they are becoming overcrowded, and to designate those which should be removed to make room for the rest. The axe is the only remedy for crowding among trees, and when this heroic treatment is necessary, no consideration of sentiment should be allowed to interfere with its use. At this season, too, it is easier to find where branches are growing too thickly on a tree, where they are rubbing each other, then it is when they are in full foliage, and in the warm days of midwinter pruning can be done to advantage. When it is necessary to remove large branches they should be sawed close to the trunk and the edges cut smooth with a sharp knife. Coal tar applied to the wound will keep out moisture and fungi, and thus prevents decay. Any kind of ochreous paint will answer almost as good a purpose, and it can be easily applied with an ordinary brush. All sprouts should be cut from the trunk and all suckers from its base, but the dead twigs in the heads of the trees can be more easily detected in the summer.—*Garden and Forest.*

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."—*Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass.*

We regret to have to announce, also, the early death of Miss Anastasia Tobin, daughter of Mr. John Tobin, and principal teacher in Coolusmeear National School. She was a general favorite with all those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. For some time past her health was not the best; but her death, which took place on February 10th, though not altogether unexpected, came as a surprise upon all who heard it. On the 12th the funeral took place, and was one of the largest that has been seen in the neighborhood for some time. Deceased was about six years teaching in Coolusmeear, and was about 28 years of age.

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