


Like some tired bird, whose homeward flight
 Reseeks its distant nest ;
Ah, let my song once more alight
 Upon my country's breast ;
There let it rest, to roam no more,
 Awaiting the decree
That lifts my soul, its wandering o'er,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

Then break, ye circling seas, in smiles,
 And sound, ye streams, in song ;
Ye thousand ocean-girdled isles,
 The joyous strain prolong—
In one grand chorus, Lord, we pray,
 With Heaven and Earth and Sea,
To consecrate our land to-day,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

SAM ALLEN'S LITTLE JOKE.

 blithe cheery woman was Mrs. Lanigan, albeit that the battle of life was a hard one for her and circumstances were dead against her. Left a widow while still young, with three little children dependent on her for support, her days were spent in hard toil from Monday morning till Saturday night, and this she bore without a murmur, thanking God for the good health that enabled her to work for the children she so fondly loved. The only thing that troubled her was the hard necessity of going out on certain days to work, and so leave her little ones all day long without protection.

It was her custom, on those days, to give the children their breakfast and prepare their little mid-day meal before leaving them in the morning. On her return in