

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Sinner and the Sacred Heart.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
O sacred Heart, that dazzle shine
From out the Sacred Heart divine.
Come, flood this dusky soul of mine,
And fill it with your light!
Reveal to me each spot and stain
That in its guilty depths remain,
Illumine, as with a fiery rain,
My spirit's murky night!

O Holy Wound, whence floweth free,
The Precious Blood poured out for me,
Give me the sorrow born of thee,
A sorrow deep and true;
A supernatural, sovereign woe,
(Beyond all grief that mortals know),
Which, day by day, shall mortal grow,
And rend my heart anew!

O thorny crown, O cross, the crest
Of this brave Heart, beloved and blest,
Implant within my feeble breast
A purpose from above.
A resolution firm and strong,
To shun all sin, to hate all wrong,
And persevere my whole life long
In God's pure grace and love!

ENVY.—THE SACRED HEART.
Come, now, dear child—confess thy guilt within
My sweet tribunal. Dost the deed deplore?
Repentance! For this, thy sin,
Do penance! Go in peace and sin no more!

An Irish Squire's Last Words.

When one speaks of O'Connell's popularity a qualification or distinction needs to be noted. It was almost exclusively confined to one section of the nation, though no doubt, counting heads, that was the overwhelming preponderance of the nation. Not only was O'Connell unpopular with the Irish Protestants, he was absolutely a terror to them. Many other Irish national leaders before his time, in his time, and since his time, might be named whose following was somewhat distributed through the various sections, creeds and classes of Irishmen; notably Henry Curran, John Martin, and Isaac Butt. But to the Protestants of his day O'Connell seemed a combination of Guy Fawkes, the Pretender, and the Pope of Rome. While his trial was proceeding, or rather concluding, in 1841, an old gentleman, named Ffolliott—a good type of the staunch old Tory gentleman of the day in Ireland—lay dying in a southern country. "Do you rest all your hopes in the merits of your Saviour, Mr. Ffolliott?" asked the rector, who stood by his bedside. "Yes, I do, all," murmured the dying man. "And are you directing all your thoughts at this moment to the heavenly Jerusalem, Mr. Ffolliott?" "And no where else." "Above all, I trust you forgive everyone and feel at peace with all men?" "With all mankind," responded the genial old fox-hunter. There was a solemn pause. "Mr. Halliday," he half-whispered, "is the Dublin mail in yet?" "Yes sir, about an hour ago." The dying man roused himself instantly and said with eagerness, "How about the trial? Is O'Connell convicted?" "Found guilty, sir." Thanks be to God! "The last pious ejaculation of the worthy old squire.—A. M. Sullivan's New Ireland.

My Little Server.

BY FATHER WILLIAM.

I wish you knew my little server. Between ourselves, I think he is one of the brightest chaps that ever counted ten birthdays, and one of the truest altar boys that ever donned cassock and surplice. He was ten years old last Valentine's day. And a sweet valentine he is to his mother, you may be sure, for he tries to make her happy all the time. And he is a good boy, too, for his merry face and amiable temper spread sunshine wherever he goes. "I am ten years old to-morrow," he said to me on that particular birthday, and I am glad of it. I was tired of being nine all the time.

Now, this little server of mine, besides attending to the daily Mass, has another good quality: he is a diligent scholar of the parish school. Nine o'clock every morning, rain or shine, finds him at his desk, and when the class is dismissed, you will find him the first in those sports and games in which good, healthy boys of his age delight to indulge. But just as soon as it grows dark he follows the example of the birds who return to their nests, and after he had finished supper, out he brings his books and slate, and so earnestly does he work that you would not think he had ever guided a coasting bob down a steep hill in winter, or raised the highest kind of a paper fly in kite-time.

But, of course, he is not at all perfect, with no failings at all. Oh! no: he is only a boy, after all, not an angel. His answers to some of the questions given him at school are not always correct, but they are sometimes very amusing.

The other day, as I was making my daily visits to the classrooms, I was surprised to see that his face wore a look of indignation, and evidently something had happened in the classroom that ruffled his spirits. In fact, he was as full of "mad" as his little body could hold.

"The boys in the class laughed at me," he said, in answer to my question as to the cause of his troubled look. "Yes; they went and laughed right out loud."

"I guess you did something to make them laugh," I said.

"No, Father William, I didn't do anything."

"Well, how did it happen?"

"It was in geography class, and Sister Mary asked me what was the principal production of the Sandwich Islands, and I just said 'sandwiches,' and they all laughed."

But my server is a good, sensible boy in the main, and before class was over he had forgotten about his troubles, and was as light-hearted as ever.—The Orphans' Friend.

A Lesson for the Young and Old.

Some time since in a Western village a few workmen were busily engaged in cutting down an oak tree. One of the workmen, whose cottage was close

at hand, called the attention of his fellow-laborers to the singular shape into which the oak had grown. From about half its height it had divided into what looked like two distinct trees, which stood quite apart from one another, forming a "grippingin," or fork like a gigantic clothes-peg. Now it happened that a child, a boy of about four years of age, the son of the same workman, in his play had thoughtlessly crept near them without being perceived. Chop, chop, went the hatchets: a crack was heard. "There it goes; look out!" cried the men as they stood clear, when, oh! horror! what does the father see standing immediately in the line the tree was taking for its fall but his little son! One cry, and then they cover their faces with their hands; there is no time to do more before crack, crack, crack, and down falls the tree with a thundering, smashing noise. It is a moment before they dare to uncover their eyes to see the piteous sight that they imagine must await them. But see how it is. What is it that has happened? There stands the child, pale indeed, and looking very scared, but quite uninjured. The two tops of the tree form, as it were, a wall on each side of him, whilst he stands in the fork between the branches, untouched by either side.

Now, notice this. That very morning his mother, when saying their morning prayers, wished to omit some, because she was very busy with her household affairs and wanted to set to work; but this little boy had called out loudly: "Oh, mother! but I must pray to my Angel Guardian!" and so concluded his customary devotions. Let older folks who go into the woods and elsewhere learn a lesson from this little child.

THE MASONS.

A Little Light Thrown on Their Ways by a One Time Member.

An ex-Mason writing in the *Lutheran Standard* (non-Catholic) relates a case in which Masons defeated Justice. He says:

Our story takes us back to the year 1870, and is located in one of the mountainous regions of a neighboring State. I was living then in the town of S., which was the capital of the county in which it is situated. Some time previous to the event I am about to relate, I had become a member of the order of Freemasons. At this time I held official position in the lodge to which I belonged. A railroad was in process of construction through the county, and hundred of men were employed upon it as laborers.

Among the many contractors was a Mr. M. from Ohio. It happened that one day two of his laboring hands, whilst in a state of intoxication, took it into their heads that they would have some sport. They went to Mr. M.'s house, M. himself being absent, to ask the loan of two horses, intending to visit a neighboring town. The request was refused, and some sharp words passed between the parties. When the horses were denied them the men went and took them without permission, mounted them and rode off.

When M. was told of the occurrence, which was soon after, he at once started in pursuit of the men, and soon came up close to them. When they noticed his approach, they dismounted and fled, taking refuge in a farm-house near by the road. Coming up to the house M. noticed one of the men at the window, drew his revolver and shot and killed him. The offence committed by the two men was a provoking one, but not such as deserved death. The killing was an unjustifiable act of homicide, and was so viewed by all just and reasonable men, at the time.

The case came up for trial in court in the town of S. With many others I attended and watched the proceedings. The trial attracted a great deal of attention, and was largely attended by people from the town and country. As usual, the sentiment as to the degree of the guilt of the accused was somewhat divided. There were those who pronounced the act one of willful and premeditated murder, while others judged of it with more leniency. There yet was third party, who demanded the man's acquittal, these were the Freemasons. M. himself belonged to the Masonic order. He was a brother of theirs, and, guilty or not guilty, they were bound to have him acquitted. Being myself a member of the Masonic lodge in S., I had every facility of knowing all the tricks and intrigues that were resorted to by the Masons to clear this murderer.

The sheriff of the county was a Mason; M.'s attorney was a Mason, and the foreman of the jury was a Mason. All these were instructed to know and do their duty, and they did it. While the trial was in progress, the Masons were busy working up sentiment in favor of the accused. They packed the courtroom to impress the jury; they visited hotels and stores, and stood on street corners, to talk up the case of their client. When the final pleading was done they were again at hand, and, with a view of influencing the jury, showed their approval or disapproval of all that was said or done.

Meanwhile, few if any of the uninitiated knew or suspected anything of these secret proceedings. All was done in such a manner that no one but Masons knew that anything was going wrong. The end aimed at was accomplished. The murderer was acquitted of the charge against him, and then was congratulated and applauded, as if he were a martyr and a hero. When all was over, the Masons made no concealment of their share in this transaction. They even made it a subject of boast and glorification.

The affair shocked my moral sensi-

bilities. I asked myself, Is it possible that you are identified with an order that aids and abets the crime of homicide by shielding and protecting the murderer? The occurrence opened my eyes to the enormity of the iniquity of this secret oath-bound society. But I somewhat condoned it by thinking it was an isolated case, the unauthorized work of a few conscienceless men. I have, however, learned better since then. To dispose of a case in the manner above related, is a universal practice among Masons, and not in conflict with Masonic law. It is the next thing to impossible to convict a secretist of crime, no matter how guilty he may be. Men wonder why justice so often miscarries in our civil courts. Here is the secret. The work is done by the dark and unseen intrigues of oath-bound fraternities.

FATHER LOCKHART.

London Catholic News, May 24.

One by one we are losing the survivors of that great movement which shook the law established Church in this country to its foundation, and opened to so many a path into the true Church. Father Lockhart, who died on Sunday last, was a typical specimen of the Tractarian convert, but there was an additional feature of interest attaching to him by the circumstances under which he entered the Church. He had entered Oxford in 1828, much as many another young English gentleman had done, without anything in his earlier training that disposed him to Catholicism. Passing down the High street one day with a friend, the latter pointed to a remarkable figure walking along the street with a peculiar gait, "like a man walking very fast in slippers and not lifting his heels." To continue, in Father Lockhart's own words, "It was not dignified; but you saw at a glance that he was a man intent on some thought, and earnest in pursuing some purpose, but who never gave a thought as to what impression he was making, or what people thought about him." It was Newman. The young student had heard of him as one of the great men of the University, but had never seen him before. By degrees he became attracted into the circle, which was ever growing wider, of followers of the future Cardinal. At first, drawn purely by curiosity, he went to listen to the parish sermons preached every Sunday evening at St. Mary's—sermons which were attended by the flower of the University, and which have been described in glowing language by Sharp and Gladstone. The impression made on young Lockhart was deep and lasting. His impression of them, given fifty years after, were as vivid as if but a few weeks had passed since hearing them. "They were wonderful, not because of any studied rhetoric or acts of eloquence, not because of their quiet earnestness. They spoke of God, as no man, I think, could speak unless God were with him, unless he were Seer, like the Prophets of old, and saw God." It was but a short step further to become an ardent disciple of Newman, advancing with him and relying upon his wisdom and inspiration. By the time Tract 90 had been published, the conviction was growing stronger every day on young Lockhart and others that Rome was, after all, in the right, and that the Church they belonged to was wrong. Dr. Pusey's sermons on Baptismal Regeneration had awakened queries in many minds to which no response could be found in the Church of England, but to which the Catholic Church offered satisfactory and convincing assurances. A friend—

who is now known as Father Ignatius Grant, S. J.—gave Lockhart Milner's *End of Religious Controversy*. Father Grant received it from a priest in London, and soon after he became a Catholic. Lockhart read the book, and for the first time realized what Catholic doctrine was, and that "in the Church of England Prayer Book the whole doctrine of the power of absolution conferred by Christ on the priesthood was plainly down in the *Ordnation Service*, and that the practice of auricular confession in order to obtain absolution was set forth in the *Office for the visitation*.

No other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself. As a cure for cold in the head and catarrh Nasal Balm is endorsed by prominent men everywhere. Dr. Derbyshire, resident of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: "Nasal Balm beats the world for catarrh and cold in the head. In my own case it effected relief from the first application." Sold by dealers sent by mail on receipt of price—50 cts. and \$1 a bottle. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

A. A. Des Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

Mr. G. W. McCully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c."

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Messrs. Scott & Jory, Chemists, Bowmanville, writes: "We would direct attention to Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, which is giving perfect satisfaction to our numerous customers. All the preparations manufactured by this well-known house are among the most reliable in the market."

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with little effect, I was at last advised to give Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery a trial. I did so with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and a third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored, and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced."

of the sick." A revolution was effected in Lockhart's mind, but still he hesitated. He, like others, was under the sway of Newman's learning and his conscientiousness, and for his sake was desirous of remaining in the Church of England as long as he honestly could. When Newman commenced his semi-monastic community at Littlemore, Lockhart was, with Dalgairns, the first to join him there. The chief aim of their life there, which still remains but scantily described, was a course of prayer, fasting, and study. They rose at midnight to say the Divine Office. They fasted always until noon, except on Sundays and great festivals, and until five o'clock during Advent and Lent. For a time Lockhart remained, but the strain became at last insupportable. He tells us, "At last I could bear the strain no longer, and with great grief I left my dear master, and was received into the Catholic Church in August, 1843. Newman and my friends at Littlemore and Oxford were dreadfully pained by my secession. Newman considered himself so compromised by it that he immediately resigned his parish of St. Mary's, and preached his last sermon—his last sermon in the Anglican Church—at Littlemore. It is entitled 'The Parting of Friends.' In more than one place Newman alluded to the shock caused to him by Lockhart's departure. He looked upon it as giving color to the assertions of his opponents that he was leading his disciples out of the Church of England. The shock was no less severe to Lockhart himself. 'Few of the friends we had,' he says, 'cared to associate with us. We had become, I will not say 'the scorn of men,' for most men believed we were sincere, however mistaken; but we were the outcasts of the people.' Lockhart went straight to the fountain-head—to Rome. Here he studied for a time, and entered the Order of Charity, after his ordination coming back to England, where he was almost immediately sent on a mission through the country.

His life since that date, has been one well known to our readers. A model of all that a Catholic priest should be, he has worked zealously for nearly half a century in the service of his fellow-men. He was responsible for a splendid object-lesson when he purchased the old church and crypt of St. Etheldreda's, in Ely-place, where for many years before the "Reformation" the Bishops of Ely had had their chapel, and which afterwards coming into the possession of the Welsh Episcopalians, had by them been put up for sale. As a writer and preacher, Father Lockhart had a lucid and persuasive style, while his kindly and courteous manner gained him a wide circle of friends.

There is something very consoling in looking back on this long and well-spent life, and comparing it with what might have been, had not the fervor of the young Oxford student, aided by the figure, been what it was. His recall, while he moved amongst us, recalled the heavy trials and perplexities by which so many noble minds were beset at the epoch of Tractarianism. The living witnesses of the epoch are fast fading away—Lockhart himself must be looked on as one of the last—but the memory of the great fight which they won can never be forgotten. The Law-Established Church reeled under the stroke of their secession, and can never again occupy the position it once held. History now records that large numbers of her best and most learned sons, after long and arduous enquiry and heart-searching, were convinced that they were not in the one and only true Church; and that record cannot be obliterated. The paths by which the Tractarians travelled are plainly marked out for all men to see. Many have since scanned them and followed them to an identical conclusion. Many more are still following them out, and who can say what the future may not bring. The work of men like Father Lockhart may seem to be over, but truth is eternal, and no human power can shut it out forever. He was one who strove after the truth and found it, and no wish could be dearer to him than that what was his gain might be the gain of all his fellow-men. May he rest in peace!

ALWAYS TRUE.

RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLLIE, Brockville, Ont., writes: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand, rubbed them with ST. JACOBS OIL. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES DONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

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