

was almost impossible to believe such happiness was truly theirs.

"Yes, thanks be to God! Here is the money."

With these words he unbuttoned his overcoat and sought in its inner pocket for the treasure which was to lighten the cares of his hard-working spouse.

But, alas! how soon may rejoicing be turned into sorrow! The money was gone!

The worthy gentleman, in his excitement and haste to bring home the happy tidings, had probably not thrust his wallet into the pocket at all, but only in between the buttons of his coat, whence it had slipped down and been lost.

For a moment the old Frenchman and his wife regarded each other in silent dismay at the calamity that had befallen them.

Then Monsieur Pichard found voice.

"My poor Suzanne! what a miserable man I am, to have brought such misfortune upon you!" he faltered, in bitter self-accusation.

Either Madame considered this trouble too great for reproaches, or else his despair smote her to the heart; for, still without a word, she sank into a chair and began to sob hysterically.

The little dog which by various arts had been endeavoring to obtain notice at this moment brushed against her gown; and, having thus succeeded in attracting her gaze, stood upright on his hind legs as if begging her further attention, yapped in a peculiar way, and wistfully watched every change in the expression of her florid countenance.

Glad of something upon which to vent her wrath and disappointment, Madame sprang to her feet.

"Get out of my sight, you horrid beast!" she vociferated, making another dash at it with the umbrella.

"See there! the fellow has verily brought a bone—an odious, muddy bone—into the room. Out, rascal—out, I say!"

Still evading the blows, the unwelcome guest absolutely refused to be driven forth; and continued to caper about in an explicable manner, now and again standing up to beg, and giving a sharp, quick bark, as if doing its best to speak.

"Vexatious brute!" she ejaculated, pausing for breath, and pushing aside with the end of the umbrella the supposed bone which had dropped on the carpet before her.

Suddenly she caught it up with a cry of joy.

"Why, what is this? Charles, mon ami, bless God and the gracious St. Antoine—the little dog has been more careful of your interests than you were yourself! he has brought your money safe home for you!"

Her husband peered at the sorry-looking packet in her eager grasp, and incredulously felt for his spectacles; but Madame had already opened the wallet.

"Yes," she announced, trembling with agitation as she searched over its contents: "here are the banknotes all safe; is it not so? Thanks be to God! thanks be to God!"

Together they counted the money. Yes, it was all there. The clever little dog, having doubtless at some time been taught to fetch and carry, had seen the wallet drop, picked it up, and, despite all rebuffs, had insisted on restoring it to the ingenious couple, to whom the loss would have been so grave a disaster.

"Shut the door, mon ami," exclaimed Madame. "Surely your faithful follower has earned his place by our hearth! While there is meat for us there will always be a fine bone for him, and whatever else may be to his taste."

"Ha ha!" laughed Monsieur, rubbing his hands together in satisfaction. "And what shall we name him? Bouffon, I believe I styled him when I tried to reason with him in the street."

"Bouffon! By no means!" declared Madame Suzanne, scornfully. "No, it shall be Trouveur—the faithful finder."

Sagacious Trouveur, as he was called thenceforth, apparently fully understanding the situation and the turn of affairs in his favor, was all this time frolicking about and yelping in delight that his service had at last met with recognition.

"Ha ha ha!" chuckled Monsieur again, stooping to pat the engaging little animal. "Truly you are forerunner, little Trouveur; for you have won a place in the heart of Madame; and—you lucky dog—the best of good hearts it is, as I, of all the world, have good cause to know."

The smile of wifely devotion with which Madame greeted this courtly speech of her gaiter-aided husband was beautiful to see.

"Ah, mon ami!" she answered, wiping the joyful tears from her eyes, "you were ever gentle and patient and thoughtful for others; and the instinctive gratitude of this little creature that you befriended is but another instance of how kindness often brings a hundredfold reward."—Janet Grant, in The Ave Maria.

Was out of sorts.

"I was all out of sorts with loss of appetite and loss of sleep. I could not dress myself without stopping to rest. My kidneys were affected. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I now have a better appetite and am able to sleep soundly."

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GOETHE

The Great Poet's Beautiful Picture of the Workings of Catholic Doctrine.

In controversial discussions Protestants seem to experience a strange delight whenever they are able to procure from the works of famous thinkers, historians and men of letters generally a passage that can be construed as to constitute an impeachment of Catholic doctrine and principle.

They have not been always careful to adduce such utterances as are unambiguous declarations on the questions at issue.

But in their search for these potent weapons of attack they have been indefatigable. The time which they thus devote to the attack and vilification of the Catholic religion would be much better applied if they used it to strengthen their own position by adducing the maximum of evidence for the truth of their particular doctrines.

By destroying the foundations of the edifice of faith they have undermined the superstructure to collapse, and the negative nature of their fundamental principle prevents them from filling up that void which they have created themselves.

That their policy of doctrinal disintegration has been unwise, that it has resulted in a failure to hold the congregations together, that, far from strengthening the spiritual cohesion among men, it has rather initiated an era of sectarianism and indifference—these are facts which can be gathered from the extract given below, which is taken from Goethe's autobiography.

Every body knows that Goethe was born of Protestant parents and that he was brought up in the Protestant religion.

He never became a Catholic, but consoled, as he tells us himself, at an early date a great liking for the philosophical system of Spinoza.

Of course Catholics who are well acquainted with his works know that he has sometimes expressed views which they cannot endorse. But a mind like his could not fail to perceive the beauty and consistency of the Catholic system.

That the views of a man like Goethe, who is one of Europe's literary immortals, will always have a particular interest, is certain. Let us now see how he contrasts Catholicism and Protestantism.

After speaking of the Protestant sacraments, he continues:

"On this occasion I cannot forbear recalling somewhat of my earlier youth in order to make it obvious that the great affairs of the ecclesiastical religion must be carried on with order and coherence if they are to prove as fruitful as is expected. The Protestant worship has too little fullness and consistency to hold the congregation together. Hence it easily happens that members secede from it and either form little congregations of their own, or, without ecclesiastical connection, quietly carry on their citizen life side by side. Thus for a considerable time complaints were made that churchgoers were diminishing from year to year, and just in the same ratio, the persons who partook of the Lord's Supper. With respect to both, but especially the latter, the cause is not far to seek; but who dares to speak it out? We will make the attempt.

"In moral and religious as well as in physical and civil matters man does not like to do anything on the spur of the moment; he needs a sequence from which springs habit. That which he is to do lovingly he cannot represent to himself as single or isolated, and if he is to repeat anything willingly, it must not become strange to him. If the Protestant worship lacks fullness in general, let it be investigated in detail and it will be found that the Protestant has too few sacraments—nay, indeed he has only one of which he is an active recipient, the Lord's Supper; for baptism he sees only when it is performed on others, and is not greatly edified by it. In religion there is nothing higher than the sacraments; they are the sensible symbols of an extraordinary divine favor and grace, in the Holy Communion earthly lips are to receive a Divine Being embodied and partake of a heavenly under the form of an earthly nourishment. This sense is just the same in all Christian churches; whether the sacrament is taken with more or less submission to the mystery, with more or less accommodation as to that which is intelligible, it always remains a great, holy thing which in reality takes the place of the possible or impossible—the place of that which man can neither attain nor do without. But such a sacrament should not stand alone; no Christian can partake of it with the true joy for which it is given if the symbolical or sacramental sense is not fostered within him. He must be accustomed to regard the inner religion of the heart and that of the external Church as perfectly one, as the great universal sacrament which again divides itself into so many others and communicates to these parts its holiness, indestructibility and eternity.

Here a youthful pair give their hands to one another, not for a passing salutation or for the dance; the priest pronounces his blessing upon them and the bond is indissoluble. It is not long before this wedded pair bring a like before this wedded pair bring a like before the threshold of the altar; it is purified with holy water and so incorporated into the Church that it cannot forfeit this benefit but through the most monstrous apostasy. The child in the course of life practises himself in earthly things of his own accord; in heavenly things he must be instructed. Does it prove as fully done, he is now received into the bosom of the Church as an actual citizen as a true and voluntary professor, not without outward tokens of the weightiness of this act. Now he is first decidedly a

Christian, now for the first time he knows his advantages and also his duties. But in the meanwhile much that is strange has happened to him as a man; through instruction and affliction he has become aware of the dangerous state of his soul, and there will constantly be a question of doctrines and of transgressions, but punishment shall no longer take place. For here, in the intimate confusion in which he must entangle himself, amid the conflict of natural and religious claims, an admirable expedient is given him in confiding his deeds and misdeeds, his infirmities and doubts, to a worthy man appointed expressly for that purpose, who knows a way to calm, to warn, to strengthen him, to chasten him likewise by symbolical punishments, and at last, by a complete washing away of his guilt, to render him happy and to give him back pure and cleansed, the rest of his manhood. Thus prepared and purely calmed to rest by several sacramental acts, which on closer examination are resolvable into intricate sacramental traits, he kneels down to receive the host, and that the mystery of this high act may be still enhanced, he sees the chalice only in the distance; it is no common eating and drink that satisfies, it is a heavenly food, which makes him thirst after the heavenly drink.

"Yet let not the youth believe that this is all he has to do; let not even the man believe it. In earthly relations we are at last accustomed to depend on ourselves, and even there knowledge, understanding and character will not always suffice; in heavenly things, on the contrary, we have never finished learning. The higher feeling within us which often finds itself not even truly at home, is besides oppressed by so much from without that our own power hardly administers all that is necessary for counsel, consolation and help. But to this end that remedy is instituted for our whole life, and an intelligent, pious man is ever waiting to show the right way to the wanderers and to relieve the distressed.

And what has been so well tried during the whole life is now to show forth all its healing power with tenfold activity at the gate of death. According to a trustful custom, inculcated from youth upwards, the dying man receives with fervor those symbolical significant assurances, and there, where every earthly warranty fails, he is assured by a heavenly one of a blessed existence for all eternity. He feels himself perfectly convinced that neither a hostile element nor a malignant spirit can hinder him from clothing himself with a glorified body, so that in immediate relation with the Godhead he may partake of the boundless happiness which flows forth from Him.

"Then, in conclusion, that the whole may be made holy, the feet also are anointed and blessed. They are to feel, even in the event of possible recovery, a repugnance to touching this earthly, hard, impenetrable soil. A wonderful nimbleness is to be imparted to them, by which they spurn from under them the clod of earth which hitherto attracted them. And so, through a brilliant circle of equally holy acts, the beauty of which we have only briefly hinted at, the cradle and the grave, however far asunder they may chance to be, are bound in one continuous circle.

"But all these spiritual miracles spring not, like other fruits, from the natural soil, where they can neither be sown nor planted nor cherished. We must supplicate for them from another region, a thing which cannot be done by all persons nor at all times. Here we meet the highest of these symbols, derived from pious tradition. We are told that one man can be more favored, blessed and sanctified from above than another. But that this may not appear as a natural gift, this great boon, bound up with a heavy duty, must be communicated to others by one authorized person to another; and the greatest good that a man can attain, without his having to obtain it by his own wrestling or grasping, must be preserved and perpetuated on earth by a process of spiritual inheritance.

In the very ordination of the priest is comprehended all that is necessary for the effectual solemnization of those holy acts by which the multitude receive grace, without any other activity being needful on their part than that of faith and implicit confidence. And thus the priest steps forth in the line of his predecessors and successors, in the circle of those anointed with him, representing the highest source of blessings, so much the more gloriously as it is not he, the man, whom we reverence, but his office; it is not his nod to which we bow the knee, but the blessing which he imparts, and which seems the more holy and to come the more immediately from Heaven because the earthly instrument cannot at all weaken or invalidate it even by a sinful or vicious life.

"How is this truly spiritual connection shattered to pieces in Protestantism, part of the mentioned symbols being declared apocryphal and only a few cancelled? And how, by their indifference to some of these, will they prepare us for the high dignity of the others?"

N. B. For the German original see Reclam's edition of Sel. Works, vol. iv., part iii., pp. 52-55. I have on the whole, adopted the translation given in Bohn's "Autobiography of Goethe" (vol. i., pp. 241-248, ed. 1848). My endeavor has been, after carefully comparing that translation with the passage as it stands in the German original, to remove the few imperfections which I was able to discover in it.—"Montale" in Liverpool Catholic Times.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

One of the Best-Loved Heroes of '98.

Boston Pilot.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald is the subject of a graphic sketch by Miss I. A. Taylor, in the current number of the Nineteenth Century. "At first sight," she writes, "Lord Edward's career presents but another monument of failure, vowed as he was to the service of a cause predestined to disaster, and furthermore, dead before it had been granted to him to strike so much as a blow in its defence. But there is another reading to the story."

And she gives, in words so strong with the suppressed passion behind them that even a not very sympathetic reader may understand that this young patriot made a glorious success of his short life, by leaving a memory which has been the inspiration of thousands of other young Irish patriots, and which so until they come when strikes his fetter from Erin, and arouse a long-voiced her.

"—crowned and bound with bay. Thy strong sons 'round thee guard in vain."

Had the uprising of '98 been successful, we should have heard more of the high birth of Lord Edward, as now that the abolition of slavery in America has been accomplished, men delight to dwell on the social standing of Wendell Phillips. This young scion of a noble Irish house was the aristocrat among the leaders of '98. His noble qualities of person and mind are granted by foes, as well as by friends.

"On his courage," writes Miss Taylor, "his loyalty to the cause he had made his own, his unblemished integrity, the sincerity of his political ardor, and the rare and sunny sweetness of his disposition, scarcely a doubt has been cast; so that even the author of an account, published in 1799, of the foul and sanguinary conspiracy which had just been crushed, has nothing but praise for the young commander of that conspiracy, whom he describes as the 'delight and pride of all who knew him (this truly unfortunate circumstance of his life excepted).'"

The story of Lord Edward's scheme to attack the House of Lords on May 18, of its disapproval by the United Irishmen, of his betrayal by Magan, his desperate race for life and final capture of Major Sirr, is familiar to the readers of the Pilot.

The interest of Miss Taylor's article is largely in its study of the character of the man, and the causes which finally identified him with the '98 movement.

Lord Edward had served in the Revolutionary War against the young American colonies. He was wounded; and, when fifteen years later, dying in prison of wounds received in Ireland's cause, he was reminded of the old days in America, he replied—"was it with the sense of a debt wiped out?" asks Miss Taylor—that "then he had been fighting against liberty, now for it."

His visit to Paris in 1792, his openly expressed sympathy with the revolutionists, and his public renunciation of his title, earned for him his dismissal from the British Army.

Thenceforward the process of his identification with the cause of Ireland was rapid.

Miss Taylor gives a lovely view of Lord Edward in his family relations. His love for his mother seems to have been his strongest attachment. He writes to her: "You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in."

In thinking over with myself what misfortunes I could bear, I found there was one I could not—but God bless you!"

Lord Edward, as might have been expected, had a several ardent love affairs, before he settled down to a happy but sadly brief married life with Pamela, the foster daughter of Madame de Genlis. He was a devoted husband and father, and very pathetic is the story of his last visit to his wife, when he came in disguise, and with a price upon his head.

He had not the qualities for a military leader, brave and self-sacrificing though he was. He has been called a weak man, and the writer of the sketch before us grants that the charge may not be unfounded. "But in his adoption of the National Cause," she continues: "Not as it was understood by Grattan and his friends, nor by the brother he loved and the mother he adored, but as it was understood by men to whom he was bound by nothing but a common pity for the oppressed and a common enthusiasm for what he conceived to be the rights of a nation, he acted, so far as party, family, and class were concerned, almost alone. Singly he defied their traditions and embraced a cause in which he had everything to lose and nothing to gain. And to choose such a course and to carry it through with consistent loyalty is not altogether the conduct of a weak man."

Her description of his dying days in prison bears reproduction:

For the first few days his condition had caused little anxiety, his family being compelled to content themselves with second-hand reports, owing to the inexorable refusal of the Government to allow the visits of friends or relations. With regard to those who could claim to be neither the rule was less stringent, and Lord Holland cites, as an instance of his cousin's sweetness of nature, the fashion in which he took leave of one of his bitterest enemies, who had seen fit to visit him in his mangled condition.

"I would shake hands with you willingly," said the prisoner, "but mine are cut to pieces. However, I'll shake a toe and wish you goodbye."

But it was not, in spite of the absence of all rancor and resentment, to the men who were allowed access to him that he could confide his true anxieties—the hopes and fears and longings by which he was racked and it was only when his lips were unsealed by fever that he raved, not of his own peril, nor even of those he loved so well—of his mother and Pamela and his little children—but of Dublin in flames, of militia and numbers, and escaping in spirit from his prison-cell, found himself to be leading on the people to the flight, and was heard crying out, in a voice so loud that the shout reached the ears of his fellow-captives, and the people, mournful and sullen, gathered in the street to listen, "Come on, come on—damn you, come on!"

The end was not long protracted, possibly hastened by the culpable carelessness on the part of those responsible for the arrangement in allowing an execution to take place at the very doors of the jail the inmates sounds attending it being plainly audible within.

"What noise is that?" demanded the prisoner anxiously, and to great a shock was the answer that, praying earnestly that God would pardon and receive all who suffered in the cause, he fell a victim into the unconsciousness of delirium.

The last day was come. Again and again his relations had renewed their entreaties to be allowed access to him, but in vain. He was not, however, to pass away without the sight of a familiar face. On Sunday, June 3, warnings had reached Lord Henry of his dying condition, and once more, half maddened by the thought of his brother left alone in his hour of greatest need he had recourse to the authorities; while the prisoner's favorite aunt, Lady Louise Conolly, literally on her knees before Lord Castlereagh, strove to move him from the incredible harshness of his attitude. All was in vain. With the dogged obstinacy of a weak man he refused to cancel the orders which had been issued; and it was only by the intervention of Lord Clare that aunt and brother were at length admitted to take leave of the dying man.

The visit was well-timed. Delirium had given place to quiet exhaustion. That evening the surgeon had, at his request, read to him the death of Our Lord; he had, in Lady Louise's words, "composed his dear mind with prayer," and now recognized with tranquil satisfaction his brother and aunt.

"It is heaven to see you," he said, the words marking what the previous loneliness had been. "I can't see you," he objected soon after; then, on Lady Louise shifting her position, kissed her hand and smiled, she discerning the while death in his face.

She might well do so. He had already reached the limit beyond which the echoes of this troublesome world penetrate but faintly, and the violence of grief or joy is hushed. Though he had believed his brother to be in England, he expressed no surprise at his presence, only testifying a quiet content as the two kissed each other, falling back into silence as his visitors spoke to him of his wife and her safe journey to England.

"And the children too?" he asked adding vaguely, "She is a charming woman."

"I knew it must come to this," he pursued dreamily, "and we must all go; then, his mind wandering to the past, he rambled on, his brain again busy with military details, till his aunt begged him not to agitate himself by talking of such matters.

"Well, I won't," he said, and fell again into drowsy silence, his eyes resting in placid contentment on his brother's face.

The time came to leave him. Lord Clare, whose personal escort had been a condition of admission, was waiting. Nothing more was to be said; nothing done. "We told him," Lady Louise wrote, "that, as he appeared inclined to sleep, we would wish him good-night and return in the morning. He said, 'Do, do,' but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him." The pain of separation was for him past. Gently as he had lived, he was dying. Not three hours after Lady Louise had wished him good-night he was indeed sleeping well.

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Mrs. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario.

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