clear voice. 'Is there any one within to whom I

can speak ?"

very different emotions. Mountmarvel flushed again an angry

red, and clutched convulsively at his rifle. Mr. Geraldine smiled a grave ap-

proval of the methodical precision with which the assailants of the Castle con-

which the assantants of the hall ducted their campaign. Lilias, sitting at the back of the hall with a group of frighted woman-ser-vants huddled together near her, vants started at first at the sound of the voice and leaned forward anxiously. Then shedrew back again, a shade paler than before, and leaned her head against the wall with a look of pained weariness.

The voice was not the voice of Mac-Murchad — that she knew at once, though she did not recognize whose it was

Of the other occupants of the hall, the constables remained the most impassive. Mountmarvel's own servant's stood together in a little group, and

whispered to one another excitedly. "Must I speak to the fellow?" Mountmarvel said, in a low, angry tone to Mr. Geraldine. It was curious the way in which Mr.

Geraldine had quietly stepped into the position of leader of the defence. The grave student and scholar displayed in the moment of emergency a firm composure and prompt decision of

voice and action to which the other inevitably yielded, as weaker or lessdisciplined natures always give place to strength or training at a time of erisis. The days of his old experiences

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ines-rofula, , etc. when he was a young man and a daring traveller in the distant East, seemed to come crowding back upon him, bear-ing with them something of his lost youth

His slightly stooped form straightened, his eyes brightened, he was once again the adventurous Frank whose ready tongue and strong will had served him in such good stead with the wild brethren of the desert.

He gave no thought to the cause of quarrel between the two opposing forces. He only knew that he was on one side of a wall which was being attacked by others, and which it was his duty to defend. He regarded the whole business with the absolute im-partiality which a modern German tactician would offer to the kriegspsel, the war-game. If chance had placed him in the ranks of the assailants he would have devoted his energies with the same cheerfulness to breaking his way into Mountmarvel Castle as he now employed in doing his utmost to defend

He replied promptly to Mountmar vel's question. "Certainly," he said, "open the

shutter and talk to him. We must look upon this young man, whose face seems familiar to me."

### TO BE CONTINUED.

# The Priests Hard-Working Helper.

Catholic Review.

The Catholic journal is in the strict sense the helper of the mission priests sense the helper of the mission presso in the work of keeping the people in the faith. It prints nothing but what interests the Catholic. It is the pur-veyor of Catholic news, local and gen-It gives the sermons and leceral. tures of great prelates on important subjects, the official documents of the Holy See and the Bishops. It explains the difficult questions of the time to the ommon mind, defends Catholic prin-

### CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

### soldiers to rob or elude them. His descendants still live in this village, windows before him, said, in a low, THE HOLY PLACES OF PALES-TINE.

By Joseph Wallace.

can speak ? "O, tis This question, audible to all inside the hall, thrilled the little garrison with From the Levant, hath crept into his cave, And the broad moon hath brightened" THE HILLS OF PALESTINE.

purses. He had been previously in-formed through his secret agents at Jaffa, that a large sum of money was deposited for the Father Custodian of that Our slumber was broken at intervals and we sighed for daylight. Restless and nervous from the strain of excitethe Holy Land at Jerusalem, and that ment, we felt the hours of midnight drag it soon would be conveyed to him, misslowly and heavily along. The feeble taper which served us in the early trusted the poor monks being the bearers of the treasure. The monks, part of the night began to spurt and bearers of the treasure. one and all declared that they had no money—" neither gold, or silver, or the to represent money," beflicker ; it had run its course and left us in total darkness and ill-humor. Thoughts of the day, thoughts of the any value to represent money, longing to themselves or in trust for morrow came crowding into my mind others. at once and while trying to reduce them to place and order, I dozed a few This did not satisfy the murderous villian, for he made a rigid search of their clothing and even their sandals The cool breeze fanned my moments fevered brow and restored a measure without finding a coin or valuable. of composure. The impression that I had pictured to myself on the eve of Becoming enraged at his failure and disappointment, he shut them up in a another day's journey, came with all hot oven where they were smothered to death. Tradition has marked this their real and imaginary force while to death. the power of the mind was suspended. place as the one where the Ark of the I thought it was Good Friday—the day Covenant rested twenty years before above all the Saviour had offered Him-David took it to Jerusalem ; but some self a victim of explation. I can never forget His sweet face so full of mercy, Biblical scholars claim Kirjath Jearim. Here too, it is said, Jeremiah was born, and here stand the ruins of a fine old church dedicated to his name.

benignity and tenderness while the excruciating pains from the rough nails passed through His quivering fiesh; His sacred head torn and bleeding from a crown of thorns ; His tender side pierced by a spear ; His agonized mother sustained in her afflictions by divine grace, His sweet lips moving in prayer for His executioners and persecutors. How lovingly and tenderly and with what filial devotion He looked down upon His Immaculate Mother and then up to heaven to assure her of a place of felicity with her Son ! And as His last words were borne to those around the cross, it was answered by the crash of thunder, the trembling of earth's foundations and the rendering of its surface in the centre, to mark heaven's displeasure that the Son of God suffered an ignominious death at the hands of those He came to save.

Starting from my dream with fear and trembling, I awoke just as a peal of thunder shook the foundation of the belonged, they were at first treated rudely, but Dismas struck with the old Khan. For some moments I struggled between fear and doubt that my dream was real. The darkness of the room contributed to my fear for the moment. I looked out on the barren and desolate hills and then on the cloudy sky with the moon buried behind huge inky scrolls rolling up from the Mediterranean. The hoarse whisper of the distant storm was borne along by every gust of wind and soughed through the valley with mournful cadence. Darker grew the sky, lightning leaped from peak to peak and the sullen rumbling of thunder from the rampart of clouds, forebode a fierce storm. I watched the changing features of the heavens with much in I watched the changing terest and dreaded the approach of the storm lest it would occasion delay. Half smiling half in tears fair Luna peeped through the dripping of clouds the gusts of wind carried slight showers and, changing their course, expended their force in the direction of the Jordan and Dead Sea.

It was yet a full hour before dawn but muleteers had been astir and busy preparing a kettle of coffee. Soon our Syrian host entered with a lighted taper and carrying something like an abacus under his arm. He was dressed in a long flowing robe of gaily figured cloth and his head incased in a Turkish fez. He offered an apology for his rather early appearance, but the guide and dragoman assured him an early start. By the aid of his mathematical instrument he contrived to make out an extortionate bill for lodging, pro-

like jewels on the vegetation and roots. The road was slippery and treacherous,

panions made some notes of the situa-

Gibeon ; and thou moon, in the valley

of Aijalon !" And the sun and the moon stood still while Joshua was

# FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday After Epiphany.

descendants still not in the fortune. To robbery, Abou Gosh added the erime of murder. One day he stopped a party of poor monks on their way to the Holy City and demanded their purses. He had been previously in-THE INGRATITUDE OF CHILDREN. Brethren: owe no man anything. (Epistle f the day.)

We are all debtors, brethren, for we all have some accounts to settle up. There are debts we shall never be able to redeem, debts that are just, pressing, and lasting as long as we are in this life. Such, for instance, is the debt we owe to God. The fact of His having created us, of

having brought us out of nothing, of having given us immortal souls imaged after Himself, would alone put us under the gravest obligations to Him; but what is that compared to the debt we owe God for having redeemed us at a nameless price, by nothing less than the Precious Blood of His own beloved Son; and, furthermore, what is all this in comparison with the debt we owe God for our sanctification, for the priceless gift of II is Holy Spirit dwelling within us, breaking away the mist of error and ignorance that clouds our intellect and hides from our vision the eternal truth ; that gift that endows us with strength and fortitude, with the courage that comes from conviction, with the power that makes us triumph over every weakness, every unruly passion, every snare of our enemy the devil, over every thought, word, and action that makes us unworthy of sonship with God, brotherhood with Christ, and the heritage of an eternal crown This debt, dear brethren, is in general obvious enough; but, while we recognize it, how often do we find in our experience that men neglect, and shamefully neglect, debts that are dependent on and derived from the debt they owe Almighty God ; men who neglect debts that are as grave and binding as those which are due to the God from whom they are derived ! Now, brethren, if there is any injus

tice in this world more flagrant than all others, more worthy of condemnation and detestation, more certain of the visitation of God, it is this: the neglect of our duty to our parents. "Owe no man anything." Do we owe them anything? Do we not owe them much? Is there a time in our lives when that debt is not binding?

Ah ! dear brethren, and what do we see in the world about us? Ingrati tude, the vice of monsters, forgetful-ness of ties that are nearest, dearest, and holiest. Young men, growing up into adult age, who, in their vain seeking after pleasures, become so blinded to duty, so debased in their appetites, so completely transformed into the incarnation of selfishness, as not only to disregard the law of God, but the very instincts of nature - sons who would rob and starve their parents to satisfy their mean and low appetites.

The ingratitude of children to parents is a crying sin of our times. Let us be alive to it. Let the young men and women of our day remember that they are bound to satisfy these grave and serious obligations; that they are not to heedlessly put them-selves into any state that will debar them from redeeming the debts they owe, from recompensing for all the care, toil, and money expended upon them.

"Owe no man anything." Take heed of this warning also, all you who contract debts without the slightest hope of paying them ; see to it that the clothes you wear, the food you eat, the pleasures you indulge in are paid for ; see to it that they are not purchased by the labor and money which belong to others. You who live in fine houses, who keep yourselves in costly array,

# Sick leadache

IS a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the

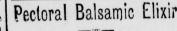
cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills. "I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most re-liable remedy."-Eanuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass. "After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartie and liver medicine-sustaining all the claims unde for them." -W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas. "Ayer's Pills are the best medicine-known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a dis-ordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, in-digestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time in the process of the same time. "Ayer's Pills, and at the same time of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself. I was completely cured." - Pinlip Lockwood, Tepeka, Kansas. "I was troubled for years with indi-

- Philip Lockwood, Topera, Kansas, "I was troubled for years with indi-gestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."-W.H. Strout, Meadville, Pa.

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general." Montreal, March 27th 1889. N. PATALD, M. D. Professor of chemistry at Lavel University.

ut Laved United silv "I have used OPECTORAL BALRAMIO "ELIXIR with success in the different enset for which it is advertised, and it is in th "fleasure that I recommend it to the public." Montreal, March 27th 1889. Z. LABOQUE, M. D.

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What We Should Read



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ciples and personages when attacked, and leads the attacks on error when occasion requires. Because of its con-nection with the work of the Church, it is limited in its choice of news, its is limited in its choice of news, its selection of advertisements, its adop-tion of business methods. It cannot enter a parish without the counten-ance of the pastor, no more than a strange priest might enter to do the pastor's work. If it offends the head of the nexist, without reason of the parish, with or without reason, its influence and its subscription list in that particular parish disappear to-gether. These circumstances serve to how that the religious journal is considered an assistant in the parish but without the consideration that attaches to a common servant. The position hampers the Catholic journal considerably, and does not confer upon it any benefit. Of the ten thousand priests in the country probably onetifth are ardent supporters of the Cathwhich are ardent supporters of the Cath olic press to the extent of introducing journals into their parishes. The re-mainder are willing to admit the good work of Catholic journalism, but do not see any great need of working for its proper success.

# A Philosophical Family. A mella has pimples, and sores in the head, From humors internal her nose has grown red. She's a boil on her neck that is big as a bell, But in other respects she is doing quite well.

And pa has dyspepsia, malaria and gout, His hands with salt-rhoun are all broken out; He is prone to rheumatism that make his logs swell, But in other respects he is doing quite well.

And ma has night-sweats and a troublesome

cough, That all of our doctors can't seem to drive off ; She wakes every night and coughs quite a

spell, But in other respects she is doing quite well. There is nothing like philosophy to help one bear the ills of life, but in the case of this family what is most needed is a good supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It would cleanse Amelia's bad blood, cure pa's ailments, and check ma's cough. The "Golden Amelia's bad blood, cure pa's ailments, and check ma's cough. The "Golden Medical Discovery," by its action on the liver, cleanses the system of impurities. It sures humors, ulcers, boils, scrofula, salt-rheum, erysipelas, and all kinds of sores and swellings. The only guaranteed blood-purifier. Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. "You'll never be shot for having

extortionate bill for lodging, pro-visions and light and though we probrains.' tested against the excess, he was as obdurate and inflexible as a Mede.

went off and moped. After several weeks—during which time I had drawn 820 a week—I went to the managing editor and says, "I'm going to quit you!" Breakfast being over, we filled our pipes, examined the saddles and girths of our horses and soon were on the

A little further on is the village of

Latrun, the home of Dismas, the Pene-tent Thief. This hamlet is composed

of some straggling houses along the

vated by the poor villagers; many of whom beg of the pilgrims who tarry

for a few moments to examine the in-teresting place. The Fathers and

early writers of the Church have re-

lated many episodes of his life, which show that Dismas was not totally bereft

other noble traits. Saint Anselm, in a

letter to his sister, relates a touching

legend which appeared in the Poor

Souls' Advocate some time ago. "Dismas had already become a thief

when the Holy Family were ficeling to Egypt through the desert. On meet-

ing the band of brigands to which he

majesty of the features of our Lady

and St. Joseph, and won by the super-natural grace and lovliness of the Child Jesus, offered them shelter in

his hut and served them with refresh-

ments. Dismas had a little son who was a leper. The Blessed Virgin,

after bathing the Divine Infant, took

the sick child and washed him in the

same water and returned him to his

mother perfectly healed. Such a won-

der filled Dismas with awe ; he threw

himself at the feet of the strangers, adoring them as divinities, and be-

sought to the Virgin Mother to allow him to hold her child for a moment in his arms. "O happy Child!" he ex-

his arms. "O happy Child !" he ex-claimed, "Thou art too beautiful and too powerful to be the son of a woman.

commend myself to Thee ; vouchsafe

to remember me !" The Holy Family

departed the next day, but he insisted

on escorting them for a considerable distance. — Poor Souls' Advocate.

When He Was a Journalist.

Alf. Hayman, the theatrical mana-

ger, says: "I came pretty near being a journalist once. It was in Philadel-

phia. The managing editor was city editor and everything else. One day

he sent me out to interview some one.

of honor and compassion and

Vines and olives are culti-

some

steep hills rising from the Valley

Aijalon.

you !" "Where are you going? What are you going to do? What do you know how to do? Hey?" He said it all in one breath. I told road to Jerusalem. We reached the foot of the next hill as the gray mists of dawn were darting in the east. The clouds having dispersed, the sun rose brilliantly and the rain-drops sparkled

him I was going into the show business. "Show business?" he grunted. "What do you know about the show business? What do you know about anything? How much have you been steep and stony along fearful chasms. The guide rode in advance while we joined in chat whenever the road would favor a lax rein. Having degetting here ?"

I made a home run on that last one. scended a steep hill with a broad valley I said, "Twenty per." before us, the guide shouted : Here is the Valley of Aijalon ? "Hail Aijalou !" was the response. We reined in our horses and scanned

"What are you going to get in the show business, hey?" I got there again. I said away up in C, "Fifty per to start on." He got up from his dosk, took me by the head and said in modified tones.

the whole valley and adjoining hills with field glasses. Our reverend comthe hand and said, in modified tones, "I didn't suppose you'd ever get that much. Still, I advise you to take it, tion and topography of the place which agree with Biblical geography This valley is a famous Bible landmark, take it—take it, young man. It is probably the best you'll ever do." I have always been grateful to that made famous by Joshua's pursuit of

the five kings and their armies; by his commanding the sun and the moon to stand still : "Sun, stand thou still upon dear old man for making his first remark to me. It drove me out of a profession I wasn't fitted for, and put me into one where I have done remarkably well. - Chicago Tribune. done

hewing them and hail-storms from the hewing them and hartstoring riom the sky were pelting them. Yonder is the Cave of Makkedah, where the five kings took refuge; which, in a few hours, served for their fortress, their Eminent physicians everywhere recommend Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the most reliable remedy that can be had for colds, coughs, and all pulmonary disorders. Ask your drugprison, and for their sepulchre. It is a dreaded place to-day and many gist for Ayer's Almanac ; it is the best a areaded place to-day and many superstitions cluster about it. It was a favorite retreat for robbers from the

favorite retreat for robbers from the days of Dismas to those of Abou Gosh. Climbing the next hill, the guide announced the village of Abou Gosh, or Abu Gash, so called after the noted robber chief, who defied Turkish power for a full quarter century, and lived like a potentate. The situation of the place overlooking the long and deso-nate road, and the innumerable secret caverns in the vicinity. have been very favorite retreat for robbers from the averns in the vicinity, have been very advantageous to these robbers in them. Call on your druggist and get a watching the approach of travellers or bothe at once.

who deny yourselves no pleasures, however extravagant, take heed Whose money pays for it? Can you stand up and with a clean heart proclaim that this is honest. As you sit here to day, do the words of the Apostle offer no rebuke to you, do you not feel their sting?

O brethren ! let us be sparing in our debts; let us owe no man anything. The man without debts exalts himself in the eyes of his fellow-men and secures for himself a good conscience.

All tobaccos except the finest Virginia have a pungent effect upon the tongue and will smart it if the smoking is long continued. Some of them even will blister it, or at least destroy its outer skin at the point where the smoke impinges upon it. The "Myrtle Navy" is entirely free from this defect, which, together with its fine full there makes it a great favorite with smokers. Good Deeds Deede.

flavor makes it a great favorite with smokers. Good Deeds Done. The good deeds done by that unequalled family liniment, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, dur-ing the thirty years it has been held in ever-increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot here enumerate all its good qualities, but that it can be relied on as a cure for eroup, coughs, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

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