CHARITY.

When you meet with one suspected Of some accret deed of shame, And for this by all rejected As a thing of evil fame, Guard thine every look and action, Speak no word of heartless blame, For the slanderer's vile detraction Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing Ways the lost have wandered in, Working out his own undoing With his recklessness and sin, Think, if placed in his condition, Would a kind word be in vain? Or a look of cold suspicion Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers, Not because the soil is bad, But the summer's genial showers Never make their bosom glad; Better have an act that's kindly Treated sometimes with disdain, Than by judging others blindly, Doom the innocent to pain. - Ex.

# The Mystery of Killard.

PART II.-THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

CHAPTER XV. Continued.

His son's adopted father had come to the Island, no doubt, by mysterious agency, but he thought this had been a fire to bring ships ashore. This intruder had no knowledge of what the real object had been. Nothing could be better than this, and he'd effect sorrow for having in-tended what never crossed his mind, in order that Lane might have no suspicion of the truth.

Martin wondered what further he should do. He object so far had been accomplished, but it would not answer to have such a villain on the coast. He might repeat this awful crime the very next gale. What could be done to rid the place of such a monster? It was not likely he'd make another fire to-night; could not be replaced easily.

He'd go back now and inform the

might have seen the light on the spray that followed me; and if he once more went to that Island. Lane would kill him on the spot, or seek him afterwards and do him harm. I did not want company or questions, until I saw how matters the herical transfer and the following harm. or questions until I saw how matters the beginning, and often made no adwere. I hope Cahill kept his promise—I vance on the former stage. But, bit by

from their minds. Mary was terrified at own father had given him to understand the appearance of her father; Caluil was about an unavoidable obligation on such lost in astenishment. For the last few minutes he had completely forgetten the strange manner and departure of the upon his return, related his god-getting fisherman; he had been completely out of the earth, and that those who departure of the out of the earth, and that those who departure of the last few is snatches, filled with ampleasant departure of the completely out of the earth, and that those who departure of the last few is snatches, filled with ampleasant departure of the last few is snatches, the could not sleep, except in snatches, filled with ampleasant departure of the last few is snatches, the last fittle or not should be snatched be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the last fittle or not should be snatched by the snatched by the last fittle or not snatched by the last fittle or not snatched by the absorbed in his own hopeless-seeming found it so were at perfect liberty to love for the girl. In this girl's breast there waged a coullet between relief. The gold so found—he had questioned from Cabill's pleading and alarm at her Tom closely and made certain -not in the had been before the expulsion -came

twice. He got warm water and washed or fine, like sand—any one might keep his hands, and then sat down by the fire who found it: his son dug up sach gold and leaned wearily against the wall, and kept it. So he often since he heard

But the baliff's son did not seem disposed to stir.

one off the boots, turned the hobnailed

sparkling fragments of yellow metal.

up into Martin's face with an expression of certainty, saying, "You've been to the Bishop's Island, Edward Martin."

no wrecker's fire.

in a stone of fascination and conviction, had thrown away from him, alienated but Lane making gold with the help of forever, in a delusion, the only being he Darkness; and there some of the gold loved on earth?

have found a mine on the Island." mines, do they, Edward Martin? An-

swer me that.'

For the second time uninvited feet had touched the Bishop's Island, and David Lane was sorely perplexed to find that all his precautions could be set at naught by a line, grappling-iron, a resolute will, steady eye, and strong arms. He was now somewhat shaken in his belief that his son had anything to do with either of these visits. He had learned from the from these visus. He mad tearned from the Fool that his son was a long way from home, and not expected back for a considerable time. No doubt Edward Martin had seen his fire, and thought it had been kindled with a view of luring ships to destruction. He knew that often when sudden storms came on by night and the Killard boats were at sea the people made fires near the opening of the rect extend-ing across the bay, to show the fisher-men where they should run for. He had more than once lighted such fires as that of to-night, but never except in bad weather, when he could be sure none of the boats lay off the land so as to be able to see the fires, and when the chance of people on the downs was infinitely small. He had not desired that man, apprehension if certain he had been observed. Now he had been observed, and by the man most trusted and respected in Killard. But this tall man attributed the fire to wrong motives, and he had willfully encouraged the error, What would come of that discovery he did not pause to consider. The chief

If his son knew of the gold, it was plain, so far, this tall man was not curious, although on the Island, and—supposing he knew all from his son-within easy reach of certifying the communicathe stones had all been east over and tions of the boy. Yet, instead of making search or displaying curresity, he had crossed from the mainland, been on the police of Clonmore to-morrow that there table of the Island twice, and still made was a wrecker on the Bishop's Island. A no attempt to corroborate such a com-wrecker! Yes, that was the secret of David Lane's gold, and might account of search. This tall man had seen what for the expulsion of the son.

Again he awaited moonlight and then at great risk, come and extinguished it. he believed to be a wrecker's fire; had, made signs to the deaf man that he, at d gone away without showing any fur-Lane, was not to stir from his place until ther interest in his island. It was quite he, Martin, had gained the summit of plain to him now that fuls tail man knew the Island. To this Lane eagerly consented, and the fisherman climbed labors was no one whom his sen would be iously up and-after much toil and fremore likely to inform of it than this very

iously up and—after much total and frequent waits—gained the summit, whence he returned to the mainland as he had come, and struck out for home, leaving the grappling-iron and rope behind him.

"I'll get them to-morrow." he thought, "I'll get them to-morrow." he thought out of the house or even pulled back the curtain of the southern window, he might have seen the light on the spray.

father's appearance.

Both Cahill and the girl asked Martin where he had been, but he would not tell, and he was not the man to be asked gold—gold in irregular pieces like gravel. Such the dream halted and he awoke. Opposite him was Cahill, and in the corner inside himself his daughter.

"I kept you too long. Christie Cahill; but I could not help it. I'm very tired, more work of the kind could could not help it. I'm very tired, but I could not help it. I'm very tired, more work of the kind need d. His and will go to bed; you cant't do better father before him mast have known

about the finding and keeping of gold.

His son had long lived with Martin. The fisherman put on a dry coat, and and never once personally sought to rehaving taken of his boots, placed them visit the Island since that norming of the expulsion. If there had been an obligation laid by fate on the boy, why had be not redeemed it before now?

This additional reasoning was also the not able to burst down the wall of his near the fire to dry, with the soles facing the expulsion. If there had been an obtained. Then he sat down again, ligation laid by fate on the boy, why had cahill stretched over and, taking up he not redeemed it before now.

sole towards the light. All three uttered result of months; and then, one morning exclamations of surprise, for wedged in in early spring, it suddenly rushed into between the nails were several small the dull, obscure mind of this solitary, prived of all posibility of motion? How arkling fragments of yellow metal. For a time the three sat regarding no such obligation did tie on his son: Cahill's discovery.

"It's gold!" cried Cahill at length. him, he might now have the young man at his side.

"It's gold!" Then suddenly he looked at his side.

A look of profound perplexity was on thought a thousand times, but could not the fisherman's face. A doubt seemed get further. It had built a black wall to spring up in his mind. Perhaps after across the course of his speculations, and all he had wronged Lane, and it had been he could see no further; he seemed to feel that beyond it stood the loving boy "I have," he answered. And then he he had cast away, grown into the careld them all.

"It was no wrecker's fire," said Cahiil entreated on his knees. Could it be he

on your boot. What good would a wreek be to him? There's no beach but at Killard, and all the village could see a agination he took it from her, and fonagination he took it from her, and fonship or things stranded there. Nothing dled it, and pressed it to his breast, and could come ashore at the Island; there's kissed it, and felt it wind its little arms no place for it to land."

"That is true," returned Martin, in still deeper perplexity. "I did not think of that. Whatever he may have been do-being gone away forever, across the dim and the main-between the island and the around him, and then smiled to find it and I'd have no right to say it was, or to land, into the dimmer one of the grave. say anything about it to the police of He saw the boy gambol and leap in the hands. They have Clommore, as I thought of."

He saw the boy gambol and leap in the hands. They have common and his crime. "It was David Lane making gold with this fair young forehead. Later still the the help of Darkness."

I don't believe that. But he may and could bait a hook or tie one on a he could throw a line to the boy. But

infallible evil coming to him, should a child of his be able to receive messages through the ears.

Then a new aspect of the affair arose to his mind. Could it be that the evil predicted by his father had been this separation, this estrangement, this desert of the heart? Perhaps he had, by sending the boy away, only anticipated what the boy would do of his own accord, sconer or later. Perhaps, because his boy got messages through his ears, they two could never live together when the boy had grown up. Wee! woe! Woe on all sides—overhead, behind, and be-

But he might have waited until the boy went of his own accord, and now he

would never return.

So this poor, dark soul, blinding about in a bereaved body, ate the flesh off his bones, and as the months went by he grew into feeble health. Tom, his old friend, was now once more with him. and grieved to see the change in the once swarthy, powerful man. Lane lost all caring for food, often went whole days ither affort or ashore, could see his fires, without breaking his fast. He had In fact he would have been filled with grown quite headless about everything. and wondered nimbessly, often neglecting

to bait the hooks. His strength had diminished, and he could no longer go up and down that cliff-path with his old alertness. In all his lonely broodings he had never felt any resentment against Martin. After the fisherman had left the island that thing had been gained; this tall man night, he was so pleased to think no possessed no clue to the real purpose of worse had arisen, that he could not harbor resentment. Martin had not come about the gold, or because of anything communicated by his son, but because he had believed the fire to be a false beacon; Larie was then so pleased to find such was Martin's belief, that he would cross his path. Now matters had taken another turn; instead of an unkind senhisson, when he himself had string that may have absorbed the leve he had spurned, but then he Late) was now humble enough to take a share in his son's heart.

The spring passed into summer, and summer into winter once more, and be grew worse in health.

One wild morning, in going down the path, he slipped, shd a few paces over the rugged way, recovered his footing, and reach the bottom without further accident. But on endeavoring to ascend, he found his knee painful; however, it was not bad, and he arrived at the but in safety. But the next morning the knee was stiff and sore. It was with the greatest difficulty he could walk, and he durst not dream of going down to draw the lines. He examined the limb, and tound a slight scratch and a large livid

dreams indely broken.

In the droam which agenized him most, he thought his son, -still the boy to him and begged for a liftle gold, and Again he slept and took up the

dream. He was on the fedge in a gale. huge yellow sun against the dark giantcliff. A ship on that awful ice-shore and the domes of the fire leaping and

furnace and fling the ficreo core into the sea? Why was he powerless there, dewas it that the fire seemed togain in intensity and volume, although no fresh fuel was added? What dead weight of at his side.

The dawn of such a thought had he cert come upon him before, and now he sat titre leaping and dancing as it had never leaped and danced before! See! The flames shot up the sides of the clift and thought a thousand times between the sate of the sides of the clift and the sides justice by upon him like a laden-sheet? itself! And there, in the eye of the wind, sat the ship, sliding overthe placid sea like a guil on the air in a calm; and here was his fire on that Jedge, and here was he powerless, the weight of a thou-sand feet of sand pressing him down!

With prodigious speed the ship drew near. It was now possible to distinguish the men on deck forward. On she came, never lorger it, never remember it. right in the eye of the wind. A peculiar light hung around her, and clothed her as a sea-mist clothes a rock. Oh!

Would not the merciful cliffs fall upon him and crush him that before he should

angry faces to him and threatening hands. They had now realized their fate

Although the wind was wild, the sea ine, or fix a sinker. Even then the these men knew the boy's father had ines, do they, Edward Martin? And a sinker. Even then the three men knew the boy's father had ines, do they, Edward Martin? And lay in the bright sunlight looking at the lay in the boy's father had knew the boy's fathe

"No; John Lane told us gold is got in dust and lumps."

John Lane! John Lane! Cahill's interest suddenly wandered. He looked at the golden head and white neck of Mary, and with something between a groan and an execration he rose, bade good-night and left.

CHAPTER XV.

DAVID LANE'S WILL.

For the second time uninvited feet had

But his boy did not see him, and the men jeered.

And tremendous shock, and great trembling of the rock! The ship had struck, bounded back, almost uninjured, from the cliff. He looked over, and saw a pitcous,

lood-stained, dead face upturned! The heat of the gold had now reached his knee, and his suffering of mind and body became exeruciating. He made a

desperate plunge forward to end both, and with a shrill, scared scream awoke. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't Feel Well,

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

Your Vocation.

between you and fool. We have the example of St. Stanislaus, a boy of sixteen when Our Lord called him to be a Jesuit, His father, a rich nobleman. thought it would bring dishonour on the family for him to become a Jesuit. But he, although a saint, left his father's house and travelled from Germany to Rome in order to follow out the call of God, and you remember how on that journey across the Alps to Italy Our Blessed Mother appeared to him, and how heaven poured its richest blessings on his actions. His father had no right to interfere in his vocation. The same timent towards the fisherman, he began | way with St. Aloysius. St. Aloysius had to feel a dull, ili-defined graticule. Had to become a Jesuit in spite of his lather, not this tail man taken and befriended and even at this day how many have to and even at this day how many have to leave their father's house because they son from him? Somewhere in this feel, wish to become priests and nuns, and ing of gratitude lurked a seed of jeulous, how many have to leave Protestantism. ly, but it never grew. This tall disherman and become Catholics in order to follow Cout their vocation

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In a short Time.

Mr. Andrew Browes, Alma House, Drontielo, Derbyshire, Eng., writes; "For many years I had been sorely afflicted with rheumatic gont; some of the time so badly I had to get up stairs on my hands and knees. I could not walk or do any work. I had tried a great many remedies without obtaining any fasting benefits. I employed medical men, but they did not seem to do me any good. My feet were at times swollen to twice their natural size, and I suffered the greatest agony. I had about father before him most have known wild rate. Far away, near the horizon, a fored the greatest agony. I had about something like what Tom had told him large ship swept towards the coast. A given up all hope of ever being well large sup swept towards the coast. A sgain, when my attention was directed hung with a ship! a ship! and his are burning like a significant, to your infailable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied with most marvellous effects. I was in a very short time free! from pain, and I have, in a large meastire, regained the use of my feet and limbs.

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