A Lay Sermon.

Brother, do you love your brother?
Brother, are you all you seem?
Do you live for more than living?
Has your Life a law and scheme?
Are you prompt to bear its duties,
As a brave man may beseem?

Brother, shun the mist exhaling From the fen of pride and doubt; Neither seek the house of bondage valling straightened souls about Bats! wno, from their narrow spy! Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no staguant shallow— Trust the wide and wond roust sea, Where the tides are fresh for ever, and the mignty currents free, There, perchance, oh! young Columbus Your New World of truth may be.

Favor will not make deserving— (Can the sunshine brighten clay ?) Slowly must it grow to blossom, Fed by labor and delay, And the fairest bud o profusice Bears the taint of quick decay.

You must strive for better guardons; Strive to be the thing you'd seem; Be the thing that God nath made you, Channel for no borrowed stream; He hath lent you mind and conscienc see you travel in the team! See you scale life's misty hands
By inis light of living truth!
And with bosom braced for labor,
Breast them in your maoly youth;
Eo when age and care have found you,
Shall your downward path be smooth

Fear not on that rugged highway, Life may want its lawfur zest; Sunny gires are in the mountain, Where the weary feet may rest. Cooled in streams that gush forever From a loving mother's breast.

"Simple heart and simple pleasures," So they write life s golden rule; Honor won by supple baseness, State that crowns a cankered fool. Geam as gism the gold and purple On a net and rancid pool.

Wear no show of wit or science, But the gems you've won, and weighed; Thetis, like iyy on a ruin, Make the rife they seem to shade: Are you not a thief and beggar, In the rarest spoils arrayed?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape, Making brighter all the bright, So my brother! care and danger On a loving nature light. Bringing all its latent neauties out upon the common sight.

Love the things that God created Make your brother's Leed your care Scorn andinate repei God's blessings, But where Love is, they are there; As the sunbeams ligat the waters, Leaving rock and sand bank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
Festing noce and loving all;
For the true man needs no patron,
He shall climb, and never crawl;
Two things fashion their own channe
The strong man and the waterfall.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER LI.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S TALE. In one of the courtly apartments o Dablin Castle, with sundry papers and dispatches apread on an open cabinet before him, cat Lord Heathcote. His face wore an anxious, disturbed look, and his hands nervously turned over the docu-

ments. One, a recently dated letter, came to his grasp, and though he had evidently pursued it before, he canned it again with more than an ordinary interest, reading aloud the following portion :

Captain Dennier is still in Tralee ; he has been more than once in company with a Outholic clergyman and a young laty was a repriced to be the ward of the latter, and the eister of the Fenian prisoner, Carroll O'Donoghue. He was also present in the court during the trial of the Fenian prisoner, Carroll O'Donoghue. What his business in Tales is I have been unable

The nobleman put down the missive without reading farther, and threw bim-self back in his chair as if he would yield to some painfully absorbing reflection. There was a signal for ingress at the door, and to his response a servant entered with a note. The nobleman hastily tore it To His Honor, Lord Heathcote:

Will your lordship kindly consent to see a Catholic clergyman on business of vital importance—the unfolding of a tale which dates back more than a quarter of a century, and which will disclose at this late date the perfity that has separated two faithful hearts, and sent one broken of his to the grave?

I have the honor to remain Your lordship's obedient servant, Rev. Charles O'Connor

Again and again Lord Heathcote read the brief missive, his face darkening, and his manner growing strangely excited.
"I will see the gentleman," he said, at leng h, to the attendant in walting.

Conduct him here."
The servant withdrew, and in a few minutes Father O'Connor stood in his lordship's presence. With no diminution of his wonted case and grace of manner, the priest courteously, bu calmly, saluted the noblem in; and save for an unwonted color in his cheeks, and a strange sparkle in his eyes, one would little have dreamed that he was inwardly the prey of violent emotions. Lord Heathcote had simply emotions. Lord Heathcote had simply inclined his head, not deigning even to motion his visitor to a chair; but the latter's own in ffable grace, and the sweetness of a countenance which combined the charm of physical and spiritual beauty, gained insensibly upon the nobleman; he found blusself, somewhat to his own surprise, requesting the clergyman to be

"Pardon me, my lord," answered the l am only here for the purpose of un folding to you this tale; I have nought to do with the result—that will remain with your lordship.

Tais tale?' repeated Lord Heathcote. straightening himself in his chair, and speaking coldly, that he might hide his agitation; "why do you ask to unfold it

Because it directly concerns your lordship-because you alone have the power meting out justice to the injured "Speak on!" commanded the noble.

man, shading his face with his hand.
"Have I your lordship's permission to
tell the tale in my own way—to go back
to the beginning, and give you the dates and the facts as I received them?"

gentleman named Dougherty. Only one member of his family remained to him—a daughter. This girl, Marle, who had not yet reached her seventeenth year, was famed throughout the little district in which they lived for her devotion to her father, her kindness to the poor, and her extraordinary beauty. Educated by her accomplished father, her culture rivaled that of more richly nurtured ladies, and her kind and simple manner won for her universal affection. Near them lived a young man named Mortimier Carter; he had scarcely attained his twentieth year, but natural tharpness and an education which had been the boon of a wealthy, decased uncle, had fitted him for schemes demanding rare skill of brain and atrength of nerve. The last of a family which early decay brought at youthful eges to the grave, he was the trusted and cherished in mate of an abode that comprised a newly wedded couple as youthful as him self. The husband, Richard Sullivan, lived but for his wife, and devoted every energy to making for her a comfortable livelshood. Soringing from an honest. tt would excite little wonder or doubt, could it be made to appear that he was another victim of the mysterious band. Carter was familiar with their signs, and it required but little time to effix to the corpse the paper which should tell of another crime by the nightly marauders. They hurried from the spot, the deadly secret buried in both breasts.

"Carter's russ succeeded; there was not a suspicion that the bailiff was murdered in any other manner; but Sallivan was haunted by a horrible remorse; safe though he was, his fears gave him little pesce, and the love for his child alone retrained him from some desperate act.

"Letters from England requesting young Berkeley's return had become frequent; letters which contained ardent expression of the old lord's desire for his son to contract a befitting alliance, and there

sion of the old lord's desire for his son to contract a befitting alliance, and there was mentioned the name of the lady so designed. But Berkeiey gave little heed, returning evacive replie:—now citing his health as demanding a longer stay, now expressing a desire to prosecute at further length some researches. And thus matters continued for a little more than another year, when a third child was born—a girl; it was christened Marie. Then, when the young mother was still born—a girl; it was christened Marie. Then, when the young mother was still too weak to clasp her baby, a letter came demanding young Berkeley's instant presence in England—his father was dying. The young man, selyad with remorae for his long absence, hurried his departure, leaving to the care of the still trusted and cherished friend, Mortimer Carter, his little household. He tore himself from his babes and his wife, teiling the latter not to fatigue herself in her weak state by writing to him—hat Mortimer would do all. And thus he departed."

Again Father O'Connor paused, but

Again Father O'Connor paused, but there was still no motion from the statue-like form in the easy chair; and there was no remark, further than a brief descend to him on his father's death, but until then the young man, who was simple in his tastes and preferred quiet and obscurity to the estentation of wealth, chose rather to be known by his own plain name of Berkeley. Accident brought Marle Dougherty to his notice, and disclosed sufficient of her cultivated mind to win the young stranger's heart. He found his way to the cottage, and by his address obtained the favor of the old gentleman; a few weeks more, and bis love was reciprequest to proceed. The clergyman drew forth his little pocket tablets, and holding them in a convenient manner for fre

quent consultation, resumed:

"Now was the time for Carter's work;
he had never ceased to love Marie
Dougherty, wife though she had become, Dougnerty, wire though she had become, and jealousy of the youthful husband, combined with his own unrequited passion, made him skilful to plot, and strong to execute. Mrs. Barkeley, instead of recovering, seemed to grow daily weaker; indeed, she was in no condition to answer her husband's affectionate letters, which came with every mail, and upon Morticame with every mail, and upon mer devolved entirely the task of aman-ueness. She would not suffer him, how-ever, to state truly her feeble condition; she insisted rather that he would ascribe it she insisted rather that he would ascibe it to her perfect obedience to her husband's request regarding her fatigue. So Mortimer, by the young wife's own feebly accorded permission, had ample opportunity to read each English letter when it came, and from them he learned that the illness of the old lord, fatal as was certain to be might till measuratively to the tain to be, might still protract itself to the duration of months, and that young Berksduration of months, and that young Berkeley, owing to the slight tenure upon which his father's life was held, could not tell him of his marriage—that he was even, for the sake of that frail life, compelled in a measure to feign assent to a future alliance with the lady whose name, from past letters, was familiar to Marie. But all gave the devoted wife little concern—sha loved her hushand so truly she con-

she loved her hu-band so truly, she con-filed in him so surely, that nothing short of his own sworn statement would con-vince her that she had snything to fest. Carter studied to imitate Berkeley's hand writing; he succeeded admirably, and then, intercepting the next English letter which came, he opened it, and substituted

to the home of her husband; instead, she

and there kept in seclusion till Carter could join her. Carter insisted that such

could join her. Carter insisted that such a course was absolutely necessary, in order

from the few servants in the little house

was to be conducted to a different part,

had been turned to stone—not a tremor being visible even in the hand which shaded his face. The priest resumed: of his undiminished affection, but it re-peated in unmistakable terms the terrible fact. Marie, with sudden supernatural "Young Berkeley was not in possession of much fortune; his father was a hard of much fortune; his father was a hard man, and ill disposed to gratify youthful extravagance; still less would he, with his strong Eaglish and Protestant prejudices, brook the thought for her marrying an Irish Catholic. So the young man deemed it best to write nothing of his alitance in his letters home; he had sufficient means to live in compute and the provide of his letters home; and the provide of his letters home; and the provide of his letters home; to had sufficient means to live in compute and the provide of his letters home; to had sufficient means to his letters home; to had sufficient means to his letters home; to had supproved of his letters home; to have a provided in the resolution has sought to facilitate it. letters home; he had sufficient means to live in comfort, and the novelty of his simple home, with the constant charm of a beautiful wife whom he devotedly loved, amply compensated for the loss of titled grandeur.

"Mortimer Carter was now the trusted of the mother, and a nurse for the latter,

lived but for his wife, and devoted every energy to making for her a comfortable livel hood. Springing from an honest, well to do stock, he also had received a fair education, and sought opportunities of adding to the latter by receiving instruction during the long winter evenings from their young boarder and friend, Mortimer Carter. Carter, from the first opportunity that enabled him to render some important service to Mr. Doughetty, and which gained for him frequent access to the house, was struck with admiration and love of the beautiful daughter. He concealed the fact, however, probably

concealed the fact, however, probably because he feared that a disclosure of it would exclude him from the family, and he feigned to be only the ardent and disinterested friend. In time, and before

Marie had reached her eighteenth year, there visited that part of Ireland a young

gentleman, the sole scion of a wealthy and ancient English house. A title would descend to him on his father's death, but

a few weeks more, and his love was recip-rocated entirely with the father's sanction, though Marie refused to marry, because

though Marie refused to marry, because young Berkeley was not of her faith. He promised her untrameled freedom in her practice of her religion, unrestrained liberty in the Catholic education of their off-pring, should heaven grant them such; but still the pious girl hesitated, and so great and so entirely trusted a friend was Martinger Carter, that it was into his except.

Mortimer Carter, that it was into his care she poured her doubts and fears. Her fond old father, fearing from the growing

debleness of his health his own speedy demise, and confident from all that he observed of their young visitor, and from numerous letters which the latter had shown, that his daughter's future would

be well assured, would have perenaded her into the alliance; but she, though loving with all she strength of her nature, still

hesitated because he was not of her faith, until the blow fell which her father had

feared. He was stricken with a fatel illness, and yielding at last to his wish, she was married by his dying bed. A

Catholic priest performed the ceremony which united Marie Dougherty to Walter Berkeley, and Mortlmer Carter and Rich

ard Sullivan were the witnesses. Immediately afterward, however, a college mate

of young Berkley's who had taken order in the Episcopal Church, and who hap-pened to be visiting in the vicinity, per formed the ceremony anew, that no in-validity might ever be brought egainst it."

Father O'Connor paused, as if he ex-pected some remark from his listener, but the latter was as motionless as though he

friend of both wife and husband; the latter, induced by the kindly representa tions of Marie, and influenced by her example, learned to make an effire confidant of him.

"Thus they lived for a year, when Marie gave birth to twin boys; they were christened, by the clergyman who had performed the first marriage ceremony, Walter and William. At the same time a little girl was born to Richard Sullivan, but at the expense of its mother's life, and the babe was left to the care of its heart-broken father. A kind neighbor serve to them their faith—otherwise their volunteered to assist him in its care, and treacherous father would tear them from Sullivan soon learned to concentrate in his child the love which he fancied had been buried in the coffin of his wife.

her; and Sullivan's warmest sympathies were enlisted, and full only of a wild anxiety the ave this broken hearted woman

"One night, just as he had parted from another blow, he finally consented. Un the caress of his little one, now old suspecting Maris gratefully agreed to enough to evince her delight at his pres | travel with Richard, whom she well knew, ence, he met on a lonely road a bailiff and Carter, having promised to take with whom in bygone days Sullivan's Richard's place for the time to the latter's father had some unpleasant transaction. little one, supplied him with ample means. Contrary to wonted circumstances, old Mr. Sullivan had triumphed, and the Marie stood tremblingly looking at her bailiff was made thereby more augry and marriage ce-tificates preparatory to put-revengeful. He never lost an opportuning them safely away—for they were to ity of taunting any member of the family, and on this occasion he poured forth a to a stronger of source on young Sullivan, and strongth, her wild fears set in, and she fell spoke insultingly of the latter's father, long reposing in his grave. The young man was goaded beyond endurance—in the heat of sudden passion he struck his aggressor a most unfortunate blow; the saggressor a most unfortunate blow; the man after three heavy great set in the latter was with her reason gone—her bright, cultivated mind had flown forever. Carter, the heat of sudden passion he struck his aggressor a most unfortunate blow; the man, after three heavy groans, expired.

"While the murderer, realizing what he had done, stood horror stricken above the corpse, unable either to leave it, or to take precautions of secrecy, accident led Martinez Certex the reset of the reighbor. take precautions of secrecy, accident led Mortimer Carter to the very spot. With The flush in the priest's face deepened. The ribbon men wolce for the first time slightly trembing, there lived in one of the norther carter to the very spot. With all the tenderness of a mother, sense to wait upon her mistress, and idiocy hour to understand what might be some to understand what might be could be transferred. The ribbon men were about, their aggressions frequent, and as the murdered bailf was known to receive from his and educated, but importanteed, Catholic and educated, but importanteed, Catholic and educated, but importanteed of the sick lady deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it— a woman of the neighbore, she had sufficient the tenderness of a mother. Sallivan was interrogated upon his post y character was in interrogated upon his post y character was in the roll of dear with all the tenderness of a mother. Sallivan was interrogated upon his post y character was in the roll of deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it— a woman of the neighbore, she had deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it— a woman of the neighbore, she had sufficient to home, and there cared for the sick lady deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it— a woman of the neighbore, she had deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it— a woman of the neighbore, she had deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it— a woman of the neighbore, she had deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it— a woman of the neighbore, and there cared for the sick lady deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it— a woman of the neighbore, she had because of its sense to wait upon her mistress, and idious deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it— a woman of the neighbore, and the recared for the sick lady deceased friends, he hi

"Shrouding their departure with all the secrecy he could throw about it, Curter saw them go: the poor young wife—having been induced to allow her baby to be carried by the foolish girl who had been her last attendant—clinging to Salitvan's arm and laughing as gieefully as a child. Then Carter turned to the execution of the remainder of his plot. He stole immediately from the little household one of the twin brothers, the baby William, and traveled with it to friends whom he and traveled with it to friends whom be expected to find in the extreme northern part of Ireland. He found, however, that his friends had emigrated to America nearly a year and a half before, taking with them their sole child, at that time s boy of six months. That information made him determine on another plan. The babe of six months who had been taken to America, and whose name was Caarles O'Connor, would be now about the same ege as the little William Berkeley, the companion of Carter's journey. Going to the parish clerk, he obtained a Going to the parish clerk, he obtained a copy of the baptismal certificate of little Charles O'Connor on the pretense of being commissioned to do so by the child's parents; and then, hastening to a remote convent, he induced the good religious to assume temporary charge of his little companion, to whom he gave the same name at that on the burdense levels are as that on the baptismal certificate. Then he returned, and he pretended to be amezed and horrified by the discovery of

which came, he opened it, and substituted for its contents a letter which he had punned in his forged hand.

"That letter told the young wife that her husbind, yielding at last to his father's persuasions, was about to marry the lady with whose name Marie was familiar. It deplored the cruel necessity, it assured her of his nedignilable affection, but it required of her character should have been undoubted, seemed to be convinced of her guilt, and expressions of horror came from every mouth. It was reported that she had taken two of the children with her-many asked why she had left the third. Carter instruated that it was because he bore his father's name,

> "Giving sufficient time for Richard to her father should be conducted to her. have advanced far on his journey, Carter wrote to the young hasband an account of the terrible circumstance; then, pend-ing the answer, which he felt would be young Berkeley in person, he repaired to the woman who had charge of Sullivan's little daughter; deploring the guilt which now attached to her father, and expressing his assurance of the fact that the little girl was entirely deserted, he asnounced his intention of caring for the child.
>
> Amply compensating the woman, and without telling his destination, he departed

while he would remain to guard the twin brothers, now sturdy little fellows of eighteen months. She assented, and Car-ter sought Richard Sallivan. To him he made it appear a necessary and noble act to accompany the young wife to Eagland, but not, however, to lead her as she desired with the little one. "Young Berkeley came, as Carter had anticipated—came with all the incredul-onances of a devoted and entirely trusting affection. He found the proofs of the horrld tale in his deserted household, in Carter's apparently distracted demeanor, in the account given by the servants, in the excited gossip of the place. Horrified, sickened, he seemed after the first dreadful shock to shut himself within a stern pride and reserve. What his feelings were no one knew. When Carter would propose pursuit of the fugltive, and at least recapture of the children, the young husband answered sternly :

"'She has stained my name; let her infamv shroud her and hers! "He paid and dismissed the servants, bade Carter a short farewell, and engaging

a nurse for his remaining child, departed with it to England. 'In the interval Sallivan, passing as the husband of Marie, and the father of her beautiful babe, journeyed to the place desaccompany her—the reaction of her strained feelings, her sudden unnatural strength, her wild fears set in, and she fell ignated by Carter; but in a viliage near ignated by Carter; but in a viliage near Trales the poor young mother became unable to proceed. They were in an inn, and Richard, in deep distress, knew not what to do; the kind landlady called the attention of the Catholic pastor to the case, and he in turn, strangely interested, brought it to the notice of one of his wealthy and estimable parishioners, Mrs.
O'Donoghue. She immediately removed
the little family to her own spacious
home, and there cared for the sick lady
with all the tenderness of a mother.

gain strength sufficient to leave her couch, he feigned to have frequent need of Sallivan at the house, forming pretense which is hould take the latter, who was not illibooking, nor of bad address as that time, and taking care that some of the gossiping servants should know of the fact. He further pretended to the domestics to be astounded at, and anupleions of, the favor with which young Suilivan seemed to be received by the lady of the house, binting that an attachment had existed between them previous to her more advantageous marriage; but of all this young Suilivan seemed to be the marriage is the statement of the present to adhere to his falsehood, and faking care that some of the gossiping sevants should know of the fact. He further pretended to the domestics to be astounded at, and suppleions of, the favor with which young Suilivan seemed to be received by the lady of the house, binting that an attachment had existed between them previous to her more advantageous marriage; but of all this young Suilivan as the received by the lady of the house, binting that an attachment had existed between them previous to her more advantageous marriage; but of all this young Suilivan as the received by the lady of the house, binting that an attachment had existed between them previous to her more advantageous marriage; but of all this young Suilivan as the received by the lady of the house, binting that an attachment had existed between them previous to her more advantageous marriage; but of all the young Suilivan as the child an apparently straightforward tory—a trutful one so far as Marte's early life was concerned, adding that in her unprotected state her dying father at consented to her union with a marriage certificate with the latter before the form the health of the prevented to the prevented to the prevented to the variety life.

The prevented to have received news of the single provided to the variety life. The provided who would take the received news of the single provided to the variety life. The provided w contradict the statement; and for that purpose, lest any one perhaps, surprised at the eminent superiority of the beautiful wife, should question the assertion, he had changed the marriage certifica's which clergyman. Sullivan could travel with ther and her baby, from whom she refused to be separated for an instant, to the southern part of ireland, and there wait for Carter to j.in them with the twin boys; he also promised to bring with him Sallivan's little daughter. Again poor Sullivan, though at first shrinking and heritaing, was induced to consent, and heritaing, was induced to consent, and heritaing, was induced to consent, and her children.

"Shreuding their departure with all the secrecy he could throw about it, Carter

"Shreuding their departure with all the secrecy he could throw about it, Carter

"Shreuding their departure with all the secrecy he could throw about it, Carter

"Shreuding their departure with all the secrecy he could throw about it, Carter

"Shreuding their departure with all the secrecy he could throw about it, Carter For that purpose he wished her name changed. His wishes were gratified, though the kind people wondered much at an affection which, seeming to be so deep, could thus make an entire surren-der of its beloved of ject. That arrangeder of its beloved object. That arrange-ment had been little more than completed when Carter arrived in the neighborhood, bringing with him little William Berkeley, whom he had taken from the convent in which he had temporarily placed him. To Sullivan's dismay, he did not bring the latter's child; and then for the first time the new fallow discovered how sadds the latter's child; and then for the first time the poor fellow discovered how sadly he had been the dupe of Carter's nefari-ous schemes. The whole of Carter's jealousy and hate of young Berkeley, his unrequitted passion for Marie, the suc-cessive steps by which his plot of villainy had been executed—all were based, and Sallivan discovered for the first time that the fury which had refused to mere its the fury which had refused to spere its two fated objects would henceforth re leatlessly pursue him, unless he yielded implicit assent to every future scheme. It threatened him with disclosure of the murder—It told with infernal triumph of the abduction of the little one which was to Sullivan as the apple of his eye; and when the poor, duped man, appelled, despairing, and desparate, sought for some outlet from his dreadful attuation, Carter mockingly bade him remember that he was a wretched calprit—on every the elopement of Berkeley's young wife with Richard Sullivan. Already he had paved the way for beilef in the horrible tale by the few servants of the house, and the sullivant of the house, and the sullivant of the house, and the sullivant of th which he had taken Marie, it would only be to fall into the merciless hands of those whom young Berkeley had employed to avenge his wrongs; and Carter threatened further to remove Sullivan's little daugh ter, Cathleen, whom he had already abducted, to some place utterly beyond her unhappy father's reach; but he pleaged himself, if Sullivan remained true to him, to take the most tender care

> "The meshes of that web of villainy were too intricately and skillfully woven about the wretched man to permit him to make an effort to escape, and when reflection convinced him that any ettempt be might make to expose Carter's guilt would be futile because of his inability to produce proofs of the same, and that per-haps such endeavor on his part would only result in more suffering to himself, only result in more suffering to himself, even perpetual separation from his child, he became the uuresisting tool of Carter. Entirely abandoning his once steady habits of employment, he tried to drown his wild longing for his child, and his dreadful remores, by indulging a growing appetite for liquor. Under that influence he was this way to the contract of the co nce he was still weaker to oppose scheme of evil, and Carter, speedily becomin aware of that fact, plied the poor wrete with drink in order to induce a readient seent to his evil plots. Thus Sallivan sunk until he became at last so wandering a begger, rarely remaining two consecu-tive days in the same place, and taking mostly to the mountains, that people gave him the sobriquet of 'Rick of the Hills' Everybody knew him because of his wandering habits, and while most persons were repelled, because of the re-pulsive exterior which his hard, wretched life had given him, no one feared him. with Carter, for it was a part of the lat-ter's policy to concest that fact. With the little boy he had in charge, Carter had taken up his residence in the immediate vicinity of the O'Donoghue homestead; he had sufficient means to It was not known that he was intimate live in a style which must proclaim to the simple country tolk a person of no mean birth nor breeding, and as he was a regular attendant, and in time a generous benefactor of, the little parish chapel, he won the favor of the kind hearted clergymau. Giving out that his youth-ful charge, whom he continued to call by the name in the baptismal certificate which he had so fraudulently obtained, was the orphan child of dear deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it—

of her, and in the future, when all fear of discovery of Carter's villating should be removed, to restore her, rich, educated and eccomplished—he promised, however, that in the event of her dangerous illness,

seteem and trust of the entire neighbor. hood. He succeeded; not even Cairn O'Donoghue, the head of the O Dono-ghue homestead, and a man whose virtues were written on every beert that ever knew him, were regarded with more favor than Mortimer Carter eventually TO BE CONTINUED.

We have all heard the amusing story told of the wild university student who, in itemizing the compulsory monthly statement of fands expected, wrotecigars so much, stationery so much, sun-dries so much, said then, not daring to state how foolishly the large amount yet unaccounted for was spent, added, re-

mainder in charity.

His father returned the statement, having wittly (?) written, "I fear, in your case, my son, 'Caarity covereth a multitude of sins.'"

we are quick to perform them. Yet, even so, I repeat there are many daily charitable works, of which we hear not, recorded in the Book of Life, and yet we do not—full of weakness as we are—have to wait for the Last Day to know all the good that has been done. Let we give "honor to whom honor is due," and mention a charity which I consider particularly noble

to buy these good things for the hospitals, and at the same time sending these luscious fruits of the earth where they are so

MORAL TRAINING NEEDED.

With all our many appliances for spread-ing knowledge and disciplining the mind, and our rightful interest in the work, there are few who would not agree that important as it is, the building up of moral character outweighs it in its serious results upon the welfare of the community. A poor education is a thing greatly to be regretted, but a poor character is far more lamentable. Teat a workman should be unable to read and write in a land like ours is truly deplorable, but that he should be an idler, a drunkard, or a cheat is much worse. Who would not prefer to employ the youth who, with the mere rudiments of learning, was trustworthy, rather than one who, with talents and education, was lacking in integrity? And what community would not be more happy e citizana were hon orable, law-abiding, and conscientious, than if, without these qualities, they were adepte in all the scholarship of the age? Of course a good education and a good character need not, and ought not, to be separated. need not, and ought not, to be separated. Happily they are the united possession of large numbers of our favored citizens in this land of opportunities. But it is readily taken for granted that the former will insure the latter, and this is not the case. There are too many sorrowful instances of well-educated men and women falling into victous habits and criminal practices to allow us to charish and women falling into victous habits and criminal practices to allow us to cherish any such deluzions. Yet, although character-making is thus the most important end that any community can have in view, it is by no means recognized as such, or provided for as it deserves. If intellectual exercises fall to instil it, as they certainly do, it becomes a vital question what means to use to train up the good and scientious man and women of which our country has such a sire need. of which our country has such a sore used. How shall we teach the young the lessons of sobriety and honesty, truth and purity, industry and economy, brotherly love and mutual good-will, as successfully and as thoroughly as we now do those of language and of thought? Such questions frequently rise up in the mind of every conscientious teacher, and regret is felt that a complete answer is not forthcoming.— Philadelphia Ledger.

Whereas much disease is caused by grong action of the stomach, liver, kidneys, lowels and blood, and whereas Burdock Blood litters is guaranteed to care or re-lieve dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, dropsy, rheumatism, sick head-achs, etc. Therefore, Be it Resolved that all sufferers should use B. B. and be restored to health.

Mr. W. Maguire, merchant, at Frankliu, writes: I was afflicted with pain in my shoulder for eight years—almost helpless at times—have trie1 many remedies, but with no relief, until I used Dr. Thomas'

SWEET CHARITY.

Freeman's Journal.

case, my son, "Carrity covereth a multitude of sins."

Be that as it may, in the student's case, we will not judge, but we know that he who follows the precept of charity is great in the eyes of God and man, and the maxim is of holy origin.

There are many ways of being charitable, and I believe there are more of our fellow creatures end wed with this noble, beautiful virtue than we acknowledge to be the case. Nor do I call men and women charitable if they only give where their donations will be told of, or recorded; such are benevolent, set an example, and aid in promoting and doing good, but they must be locked upon more as public spirited and generous citizens—not as strictly charitable.

Yet again, we must not look for too much in burnan mortals and expect them always to hide and never tell of the good deeds they have done, for, after all, "we live in deeds—not yesrs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest—acts the best." Great things must be thought of to be done—told to be known, and known to be imitated. Unfortunstely, we are more apt to tell of good deeds than we are quick to perform them. Yet, even so, I repeat there are many daily

Senator Stanford of Palo Alto, Cal., has under wonderful cultivation thirteen thousand acres of land, a portion of which

thousand acres of land, a portion of which is planted in grapes, and the rest in other fruits, none of which are sold, but given to charitable institutions.

To me this gentleman is truly charitable—doing double charity—supporting the many men employed in his vineyards and in his orchards, which he could not do, did he simply sign his name to a check to have these good things for the hearitable.

ous fruits of the earth where they are so much needed, and aid so in refreshing the poor and the lisk.

There are many ways of helping the needy—of bringing comfort and joy to the weary and ead; but the Senator has surely opened a broad channel to marcy and chanty.

K. O. S.

"Going all the way alone?" "Thy works is marvellous," she mu

THE RUNAWAY. I.

"Would they put me in the esvlum," she wondered, "if they canght me?"
Folks would surely think she was crezy.
She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timorously at the old

She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timorously at the old familiar scene.

Far behind her stretched the meadow, a symphony of olive and grain in the late fall. Here and there man a sunken boulder stood soldierly goldenred, or berry bushes clothed in smalet and gold. At intervals in the long slope stood soil tary trees, where fluttering brittle leaves fell in the gentle chill sir. In summer time she remembered well the has maker rested in the shade, and the jug with ginger water she made for the men was kept there to be cool.

She seemed as she sat there to remember everything. The house was all right, she was sure of that; the key was under the kitchen door mat, the fire was out in the stove and the cat locked in the tarn.

She held her work-bardened hand to her side, panting a little, for it, was a good bit of a walk across the meadow, and she was eighty years old on her last hirthday. The cows feeding locked home like and pleasant.

The cows feeding locked home like and

pleasant.

"Good-by, critters," she said aloud;

"meny's the time Pve drov' ye home and
micked ye, an' I alus let ye eat by the
way, nor never hurried ye as the boys
done." With a farewell glance she went on

again, smoothing as she walked the scat tered locks of gray hair failing under the pumpkin bood, and keeping her scant black gown out of the reach of briars. Across another field, then on through a leafy lane where the wood was hauled in winter, then out through a gap in a stump fence, with its great branching arms like a petrified octopus, to the duty high road. Not a soul in sight of the coming twilight. John, the children, and the scolding wife who made her so unhappy would not be at home for an hour yet, for East

Mills was a long drive.

Down the steep hill went the brave little figure, followed by an old shadow of itself in the wantr g light, and by tiny stones that rolled so swiftly they passed her often and made her look behind with a start to see if a pursuer were

"Toey'd put me in an asylum, sure," she mustered wildly as she trudged along.

At the foot of the bill she sat down upon an old log and waited for the train. Across the road, guarded by a big sign, "Look Out for the Engine," ran two parallel iron rails, that were to be her road when the big monster should come pant-ing around the curve.

At last the dull rumble sounded, a

shrill whistle, and she hurried to the track, waving her shawl to signsl. This, in the conductor's vernacular,

used to watch for people waving articles franticelly. The train stopped, and this passenger was helped abourd. He passenger was helped aboard. He noticed she was a bright eyed old lady, "How fur!" he saked.

"Bostin."

"Git there in the mornin," he said kindly, waiting for the money, as she opened a queer little reticule, where, under her knitting, wrapped in a clean cotton hardkerchief was her purse with her savings of long years—the little sums Sam had sent her when he first began to prosper in the West, and some money she had carned herself by knitting and herry ricking. beiry picking.

At a cross-roads, as they went swiftly

on, she saw the old sorrel borse, the rattiling wegon, and John with his family driving homeward. She drew back with a little cry, fraring he might see her and stop the train, but they went on so fas that could not be, and John nove thought his old, old Aunt Hannah, hi charge for twenty long years, was running

II. At Boston a kindly conductor bough her a ticket for Denver.

"It is a long journey for an old ladj like you," he said.

"But I'm pert for my age," she said anxiously; "I never had a day's sickness since I was a gol."

"Golyn all the was along ?"

"(Going all the way alone?"

"With Providence," she answere
brightly, alert and eager to help herselt
but ellent and thoughtful as the treit
took her into strange landscapes where th
miles went so swiftly it seemed like th
past years of her life as she looked back
on them.

mered often, sitting with her hands folder and few idle days had there been in he world where she had sat and rested s

long.

In the day coach the people were kin
and generous, sharing their backets wit
her and eccing she charged cars right an her carpet bag was sate. She was lik any of the dear old grandmas in Easter homes, or to grizz-led men and wear women, like the memory of a des mother as faint and far away as the scen of white roses in a hillside country bury ing ground. She tended babies for trie en and talked to the men of farmir and crops, or told the children Bib stories; but never a word she said about

herself, not one.

On again, guided by kindly han through Chicago, the bewildering city it he lake, and now through yet a strang land. Tired and worn in the uncomfor able seats, her brave spirits began to fe a little. As the wide, level plains, lone and dreary, dawned on her sight al

But as the day wore on, and still thong, monotonous land showed no humbabitation, no casis of green, her sy dimmed, something like a sob rose und the black 'kerchief on her bowed shoulde and the spectacles were taken off witrembling hand and put away carefully the worthing the sound in case. the worn tin case. "Be ye goin' fur, mother?" said t

He had brought her a cup of coffee the last station, and had pointed out the way things he thought might inter-

"To Denver."

"Wal, wal; you're from New Englar
I'll be bound?"

"From Maine," she answered; and the
she grew communicative, for she walways a chatty old lady, and she he