

A Lay Member.

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gentleman named Dougherty. Only one member of his family seemed to him a daughter. This girl, Marie, 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 Mortimer Carter; he had scarcely attained his twentieth year, but natural shyness and an education which had been the boon of a wealthy, deceased uncle, had fitted him for schemes demanding rare skill of brain and strength of nerve. The last of a family which early decay brought at youthful age to the grave, he was the trusted and cherished inmate of an abode that comprised a newly-wedded couple as youthful as himself. The husband, Richard Sullivan, lived but for his wife, and devoted every energy to making for her a comfortable life. Though young, he was a 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. From the first opportunity that enabled him to render some important service to Mr. Dougherty, 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 because he feared that a disclosure of it would exclude him from the family, and he felt that he was only the ardent and disinterested friend, looking on before Marie had reached her eighteenth year, there visited that part of Ireland a young gentleman, the sole son of a wealthy and ancient English house. A title would 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 ostentation of wealth, chose rather to be known by his own plain name of Berkeley. Accident brought Marie 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 his love was reciprocated. Marie, however, was not so easily won; she was a Catholic, and her father's religion, though Marie refused to marry, because young Berkeley was not of her faith. He promised her untrammelled freedom in her practice of her religion, unrestrained liberty in the Catholic education of their offspring, should heaven grant them such; but still the pious girl hesitated, and so great and so entirely trusted a friend was Mortimer Carter, that it was into his hands she poured her doubts and fears. Her fond old father, fearing from the growing feebleness 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 happily secured, would have consented to the alliance; but she, though loving with all the 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 fatal 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 Mortimer Carter and Richard Sullivan were the witnesses. Immediately afterward, however, a college mate of young Berkeley's who had taken orders in the Episcopal Church, and who happened to be visiting in the vicinity, performed the ceremony anew, that no invalidity might ever be brought against it. Father O'Connor passed, as if he expected some remark from his listener, but the latter was as motionless as though he had been turned to stone—not a tremor being visible even in the hand which she held his face. The priest resumed:

"Young Berkeley was not in possession of much fortune; his father was a hard man, and ill disposed to gratify his extravagance; still less would he, with his strong English and Protestant prejudices, brook the thought of his heir marrying an Irish Catholic. So the young man deemed it best to write nothing of his alliance in his 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 friend of both wife and husband; the latter, indeed, by the kindly representation of Marie, and influenced by her example, learned to make an edifying companion 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 the little girl was born to Richard Sullivan, but at the expense of the mother, and the babe was left to the care of the heart-broken father. A kind neighbor volunteered to assist him in his care, and Sullivan soon learned to concentrate in his child the love which he fancied had been barred to the child of his wife.

"One night, just as he had parted from the care of his little one, now old enough to evince her delight at his presence, he met on a lonely road a bailiff with whom in bygone days Sullivan's father had some unpleasant transaction. Contrary to wonted circumstances, old Mr. Sullivan had triumphed, and the bailiff was made thereby more angry and revengeful. He never lost an opportunity of taunting any member of the family, and on this occasion he poured forth a torrent of abuse on young Sullivan, and 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 the aggressor a most unfortunate blow; the man, after three heavy groans, expired.

"While the murderer reeling above the corpse, unable either to leave it, or to take precautions of secrecy, accident led Mortimer Carter to the very spot. With his usual quickness he immediately thought of a plan by which the guilt could be transferred. The robber then was about, their aggressions frequent, and as the murdered bailiff was known to be disliked because of his hard measures,

it 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 efface to the corpse the paper which should tell of another crime by the night marauders. They hurried from the spot, the deadly secret buried in both breasts.

"Carter's ruse succeeded; there was not a suspicion that the bailiff was murdered in any other manner; but Sullivan was haunted by a horrible remorse; as though he was, his fears gave him little peace, and the love for his child alone restrained him from some desperate act. Letters from England requesting young Berkeley's return had become frequent; letters which contained ardent expressions of the old lord's desire for his son to contract a brilliant alliance, and there was mentioned the name of the lady so designated. But Berkeley gave little heed, returning evasive replies—now citing his health as demanding a longer stay, now expressing a desire to prosecute farther 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 too weak to clasp her baby, a letter came demanding young Berkeley's instant presence in England, and his father was informed that the young man, seized with remorse 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 wife and his wife, telling the latter not to fatigue herself in her weak state by writing to him—that Mortimer would do all. And thus he departed.

"Again Father O'Connor passed, but there was still no motion from the statue-like form in the easy chair; and there was no remark, further than a brief request to proceed. The clergyman drew forth his little pocket tablet, and holding it to the ostentation of wealth, chose rather to be known by his own plain name of Berkeley. Accident brought Marie 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 his love was reciprocated. Marie, however, was not so easily won; she was a Catholic, and her father's religion, though Marie refused to marry, because young Berkeley was not of her faith. He promised her untrammelled freedom in her practice of her religion, unrestrained liberty in the Catholic education of their offspring, should heaven grant them such; but still the pious girl hesitated, and so great and so entirely trusted a friend was Mortimer Carter, that it was into his hands she poured her doubts and fears. Her fond old father, fearing from the growing feebleness 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 happily secured, would have consented to the alliance; but she, though loving with all the 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 fatal 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 Mortimer Carter and Richard Sullivan were the witnesses. Immediately afterward, however, a college mate of young Berkeley's who had taken orders in the Episcopal Church, and who happened to be visiting in the vicinity, performed the ceremony anew, that no invalidity might ever be brought against it. Father O'Connor passed, as if he expected some remark from his listener, but the latter was as motionless as though he had been turned to stone—not a tremor being visible even in the hand which she held his face. The priest resumed:

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change his line of conduct without Carter's sanction, and as there was not time to communicate with the latter before satisfying his questioner, he determined for the present to adhere to his falsehood, and after, when he should have acquired the statement, giving reasons for the same which must prove a sufficient excuse. So he told an apparently straightforward story—a truthful one so far as Marie's early life was concerned, adding that in her unprotected state her dying father had consented to her union with a man who was her inferior in everything save honesty. Likeness after the birth of her child had unsettled her reason, and they were on their way to friends who would care properly for her. Sullivan also produced the marriage certificate, and thus convinced Mrs. O'Donoghue and Father Magher of the truth of his tale. But Richard had no opportunity of retracting his story; his account to Carter brought back immediate directions to maintain the part he had undertaken, that he, Carter, would explain when he joined him, as he speedily intended to do. All the tender care availed naught; Marie died, clasping her baby, but giving no other sign of returning reason; and Mrs. O'Donoghue, charmed with, and strangely attracted to, the beautiful infant, proposed to Sullivan that she should adopt him. Poor unhappy Sullivan, who glared to be rid of a charge which galled him to care whether this proceeding on his part would please Carter or not, eagerly consented, and when they would have continued to call the little one Marie Sullivan, he begged them not to—saying that now, as the child was provided with such a home as it should have been, her mother's right to grace, and as her future would be one befitting all her body mother's culture, that he would not mar her prospects by thrusting himself, comparatively uneducated as he was, and so inferior as he felt himself to be, in her path—he would rather that his identity be concealed from her; let her mother and her parents had both died, and he would be happy in knowing that she was so well provided for—in being occasionally near her when she would not know of the fact. For that purpose he wished her name changed. Life wishes were gratified, though the kind people wondered much at an affection which seemed to be so deep, could thus make an entire man of the poor fellow who had been so lately the object of their scorn. That arrangement 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 poor father discovered how badly he had been the dupe of Carter's nefarious schemes. The whole of Carter's jealousy and hate of young Berkeley, his unrequited passion for Marie, the successive steps by which his plot of villainy had been executed—all were bared, and Sullivan discovered for the first time that the story which had refused to spare the two fatherly objects would have been so much needed, and aid so in refreshing the poor and the sick.

"There are many ways of helping the needy—of bringing comfort and joy to the weary and sad; but the Son of Man has surely opened a broad channel to mercy and charity.

MORAL TRAINING NEEDED.

With all our many appliances for spreading knowledge and disciplining the mind, and our rigid rules in the work, there are few who would not agree that it is important as it is, the building up of moral character outweighs it in its tedious 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. That a workman should be unable to read and write in a trade like ours is truly deplorable, but that he should be an ill-tempered, dishonest, and untruthful man, 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 and prosperous if the citizens were honorable, law-abiding, and conscientious, than if, without these qualities, they were adepts in all the scholarship of the age? Of course a good education and a good character need not, and ought not, to be separated. Happily they are the favored possession of large numbers of our valued citizens in this land of opportunity. 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 vicious habits and criminal practices to allow us to cherish any such delusions. Yet, although character-making is thus the most important duty that any community can have in view, it is by no means recognized as such, or provided for as it deserves. If intellectual exercises fail to instill it, as they certainly do, it becomes a vital question what means to use to train up the good and selections man and woman of which our country has such a store.

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 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 wrong action of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, and whereas Barcod Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney disease, dropsy, rheumatism, sick headache, etc., etc. Therefore, Be it Resolved that all sufferers should use B. B. B. and be restored to health.

Mr. W. Maguire, merchant, at Franklin, Wis.: I was afflicted with pain in my shoulders for eight years—almost helpless at times—I have tried many remedies, but with no relief, until I used Dr. Thomas' Ecodoric Oil. After a few applications the pain left me entirely, and I have had no pains since.

The worst Nasal Catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

esteem and trust of the entire neighborhood. He succeeded; not even Aunt O'Donoghue, the head of the O'Donoghue household, and a man whose virtues were written on every heart that ever knew him, were regarded with more respect than Mortimer Carter eventually received.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SWEET CHARITY.

Freeman's Journal.

We have all heard the amusing story told of the wild university student who, in itemizing the compulsory monthly statement of funds expected, wrote—dignified so much, stationary so much, sundries so much, and then not daring to state how foolishly the large amount yet unaccounted for was spent, added, remainder in charity.

His father returned the statement, having written (I) written, "I fear, in your case, my son, 'Charity' 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 endowed with noble, beautiful virtues 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, and are examples, and aid in promoting and doing good, but they must be looked upon more as public spirited and generous citizens—not as strictly charitable.

Let again, we must not look for too much in human nature and expect them always to be wise and never fall of the good deeds they have done, for, after all, "we live in deeds—not in years. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest—sets the best." Great things must be thought of to be done—bold to be known, and known to be imitated. Unfortunately, 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 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 us give "honor to whom honor is due," and mention a charity which I consider particularly noble.

Senator Stanford of Palo Alto, Cal., has under wonderful cultivation thirteen 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 give his name to a check to buy these good things for the hospitals, and at the same time sending these last-mentioned fruits of the earth where they are so much needed, and aid so in refreshing the poor and the sick.

There are many ways of helping the needy—of bringing comfort and joy to the weary and sad; but the Son of Man has surely opened a broad channel to mercy and charity.

At Boston a kindly conductor bought her a ticket for Denver.

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

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

"Going all the way alone?"

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

"They works is marvellous," she murmured often, sitting with her hands folded and few days had there been in her world where she had sat and rested so long.

In the day coach the people were kind and generous, sharing their baskets with her and feeling she charged extra and her carpet bag was safe. She was like any of the dear old grandmas in Eastern homes, or to grizzled men and women, like the memory of a dear mother as faint and far away as the scene of white roses in a hillside country burying ground. She tended babies for tired women and talked to the men of farming and crops, or told the children Bible stories; but never a word she said about herself, not one.

On again, guided by kindly hands through Chicago, the bewildering city by the lake, and now through yet a stranger land. Tired and worn in the uncomfortable seats, her brave spirit began to fade a little. As the wide, level plains, lonely and dreary, dawned on her sight she sighed often.

But as the day wore on, and still the long, monotonous land showed no human habitation, no oases of green, her eyes dimmed, something like a sob rose under the black kerchief on her bowed shoulders, and the speaker so swiftly it seemed like the past years of her life as she looked back on them.

"Be ye gone fur, mother?" said the old farmer.

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

"Denver,"

"What's that, you're from New England?"

"From Maine," she answered; and she grew communicative, for she was always a chatty old lady, and she had

"Would they put me in the asylum," she wondered, "if they caught me?"

Folk would surely think she was crazy. 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 green in the fall. Here and there a sunken boulder stood solidly polished, or berry bushes clothed in russet and gold. At intervals in the long