

A Lay Hermon. Brother, do you love your brother? Brother, are you all you seem? Do you live for your brother? Has your life a law and scheme? Are you prompt to bear his duties, As a brave man may possess?

Brother, when the mist exhaling From the fen of pride and doubt; Neither seek the house of bondage, Waiting straightened souls about; But who, from their narrow spy hole Cannot see a world without.

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

Favor will not make desiring— (Can the sunshine brighter be?) Slowly must it grow to blossom, Fed by labor and delay. And the fairest bud of profusion Bears the taint of quick decay.

You must strive for better days; Strive to be and not to seem; Be the thing that God hath made you, Oh! no man no borrowed stream; He hath lent you but a borrowed conscience, See you travel in the team!

See you seek life's misty hands By the light of living truth! And with bowing head and prayer, Breathe in your manly youth; Oh! when age and care have found you, Shall your downy path be smooth.

Fear not that rugged highway, Let may we and you all; Sunny glens are in the mountain, Where the weary feet may rest; Come to the foot of the cross, From a loving mother's breast.

"Stimpe heart and simple pleasure," So they write life's golden rule; Honor won by simple means, State that crown a cankered fool. Ours as gleam the gold and purple In a not and a beggar.

Wear no show of wit or science, But the gems you've won, and weighed; There, lie by on a ruin, Make the world and hell your shade; Are you not a thief and beggar, In the rarest spots arrayed?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape, Making brighter all the light; So your brother's care and danger On a loving nature light. Bring all its best and brightest Out upon the common sight.

Love the things that God created, Make your brother's lead your care; Seek to make your brother's path, But where love leads there. As the sunbeams light the waters, Leaving rock and sand bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish, For the true man needs no patron; He shall climb, and never cease, The things that God has given. The strong man and the waterfall, —SIR C. G. DUFFY.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER LI.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S TALE.

In one of the courtly apartments of Dublin Castle, with sundry papers and despatches spread on an open cabinet before him, sat Lord Heathcote. His face wore an anxious, disturbed look, and his hands nervously turned over the document. One, a recently dated letter, came to his grasp, and though he had evidently perused it before, he scanned it again with more than an ordinary interest, reading aloud the following portion:

"Captain Denton is still in Tralee; he has been more than once in company with a Catholic clergyman and a young lady who is reported to be the ward of the latter, and the sister 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 Tralee is I have been unable to discover."

The nobleman put down the mislaid envelope and reading father, and threw himself 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 open.

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 perils that has separated two faithful hearts, and sent one broken 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 length, to the attendant in waiting. "Conduct him here."

The servant withdrew, and in a few minutes Father O'Connell stood in his lordship's presence. With no circumlocution of his wonted ease and grace of manner, the priest courteously, but calmly, saluted the nobleman; and save for an unwonted color in his cheeks, and a strange sparkle in his eyes, one would little have dreamed that he was lawfully the prey of violent emotions. Lord Heathcote had stately inclined his head, not deigning even to motion his visitor to a chair; but the latter's own inflexible grace, and the sweetness of a countenance which combined the charm of physical and spiritual beauty, gained insensibly upon the nobleman; and found himself, somewhat to his own surprise, requesting the clergyman to be seated.

"Pardon me, my lord," answered the priest, "if I ask to be permitted to stand, I am only here for the purpose of unfolding to you this tale; I have brought to do with the result—that will remain with your lordship."

"This tale," repeated Lord Heathcote, straightening himself in his chair, and speaking calmly, that he might hide his agitation, "why do you ask to unfold it to me?"

"Because it directly concerns your lordship—because you alone have the power of meeting out justice to the injured parties."

"Speak on!" commanded the nobleman, shading his face with his hand. "I have 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?"

"You have—go on."

gentleman named Dougherty. Only one member of his family remained 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 charms 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 latter 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 household. 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 services 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 feigned to be only the ardent and disinterested friend of the father, who 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, and he was pronounced her betrothed. 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, who was also present when 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 and honorably settled, he urged 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 invalid might ever be brought against it.

Father O'Connell paused, 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 upon his face. The priest resumed:

"Young Berkeley was not in possession of much fortune; his father was a hard man, and ill-tempered to the point of 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, induced by the kindly representations of Marie, and influenced by her example, learned to make an edifying constant 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 his little girl was born to Richard Sullivan, but at the same time she 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 cradle of his wife."

"One night, just as he had parted from the cares 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 his 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 ribbons were 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 designed. 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. He and his father, with important services to be rendered, 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 feigned to be only the ardent and disinterested friend of the father, who 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, and he was pronounced her betrothed. 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, who was also present when 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 and honorably settled, he urged 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 invalid might ever be brought against it."

"This letter told the young wife that her husband, 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 undiminished affection, but it repeated in unmitigated terms the terrible fact. Marie, with sudden supernatural wisdom, sought to escape, but she was so young and so inexperienced, she would have herself proclaimed her marriage—not for her own sake, but for that of her children. The very strength of her grief favored Carter's design; he approved of her resolution, and sought to fascinate it when she announced her determination to take her baby with her, by proposing to find a trusty man to take care of the little party, which would consist of the mother, and infant, and a nurse for the latter, while he would remain to guard the twin brothers, now straggling little fellows of eighteen months. She assented, and Carter, without delay, sought a detestable detestable man, and a noble act to accompany the young wife to England, but not, however, to lead her as she desired to the home of her husband; instead, she was to be conducted to a different part, and there kept in seclusion till Carter could join her. Carter insisted that such a plan was entirely necessary, in order that she might retain her children, and preserve to their faith—otherwise their treacherous father would tear them from her; and Sullivan's warmest sympathies were enlisted, and full only of a wild anxiety to save the broken-hearted woman another blow, he readily consented. On the evening of the next day, he and his wife, accompanied by Richard, whom she well knew, and Carter, having promised to take Richard's place for the time to the latter's little one, supplied him with ample means. "But one night before the journey, as Marie stood tremblingly looking at her marriage certificates preparatory to putting them safely away—for they were to accompany her to the reaction of her strained feelings, her sudden unwarlike strength, her wild fears, and she fell fainting to the floor. When she recovered it was with her reason gone—her bright, cultivated mind had flown forever. Carter, prepared for any emergency, kept the fact of her harmless insanity a secret even from the few servants in the little household, bringing for immediate attendance upon her a foolish girl of the neighborhood; but, innocent though the latter was termed by the neighbors, she had sufficient enough not to understand what might be going on about her."

"The journey was delayed, and Carter wrote to Berkeley one of the letters which the latter was wont to receive from his wife. Then, while waiting for Marie to

gain strength sufficient to leave her couch, he feigned to have frequent need of Sullivan at the house, frequent pretenses which should take the latter, who was not ill-looking, nor of bad address as at that time, to Marie's room at questionable hours, 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 surprised of, the favor with which young Sullivan seemed to be received by the lady of the house, hinting that an attachment had existed between them previous to her more advantageous marriage; but of all this young Sullivan, anxious alone to be of service to the young creature whom he sincerely pitied, was ignorant. He fell blindly into the trap which was prepared for him. Marie had recovered strength to walk, but she still remained without sufficient mind to recognize any one but her baby; and Carter came to Sullivan with a marriage certificate in which the name of Walter Berkeley had been skillfully erased, and Richard Sullivan inserted in its place. He pretended to have received news of the immediate return of Berkeley, and he affectionately said that the very condition of the poor wife would but further the husband's design of casting her off, and taking her child—thus as a foil to this, and as there might be danger of meeting him if he now made a journey to England, he had thought of another plan. That Richard should pass to strangers as her husband—she was in no condition to contradict the statement; and for that purpose, let any one perhaps, surprised at the eminent superiority of the beautiful wife, should question the assertion, he had changed the marriage certificate which certified to her marriage by Catholic clergyman. Sullivan would travel with her 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 join them with the twin boys; he also promised to bring with him Sullivan's little daughter. Again poor Sullivan, though at first shrinking and hesitating, consented to consent, and from no motive but that of saving Marie and her children."

"Shrouding their departure with all the secrecy he could throw about it, Carter 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—consented to Sullivan's plan and leaving her child to the care of the poor father, she was taken to the southern part of Ireland, and there waited for Carter to join them with the twin boys; he also promised to bring with him Sullivan's little daughter. Again poor Sullivan, though at first shrinking and hesitating, consented to consent, and from no motive but that of saving Marie and her children."

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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 acquainted his 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. Illness 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 why when he joined him, he would be explicitly 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 it. Poor unhappy Sullivan, who had to be rid of a charge which called 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, he had a 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 think that 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. His wishes were gratified, though the kind people wondered much at an affection which seemed to be so deep, could thus make an entire stranger of its beloved of its child. 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 sadly 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 bare, and Sullivan discovered for the first time that the fury which had refused to spare its two favored objects would have been as mercilessly pursued 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, applied, and begged for his pardon, sought for some outlet from his dreadful situation, Carter mockingly bade him remember that he was a wretched culprit—on every side were proofs of his horrible guilt, and that did he set foot within the place from which he had taken Marie, it would only be to fall into the merciless hands of those whom young Berkeley had employed to keep his wrongs secret; and Carter threatened further to remove Sullivan's little daughter, Cathleen, whom he had already abducted, to some place utterly beyond her unhappy father's reach; but he pledged himself, if Sullivan remained true to him, to take the most tender care of her, and in the future, when all fear of discovery of her child's fate should be removed, to restore her, richly educated and accomplished—he promised, however, that in the event of her dangerous illness, her father should be conducted to her."

"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 he felt that he was a prisoner, he might as well have made to expose Carter's guilt would be futile because of his inability to produce proofs of the same, and that perhaps such endeavor on his part would only result in more suffering to himself, even perpetual separation from his child, he became the unresisting tool of Carter. Entirely abandoning his once steady habits of employment, he tried to drown his wild longing for his child, and his dreadful remorse, by indulging a growing appetite for liquor. Under that influence he was still weaker to oppose schemes of evil, and Carter, speedily becoming aware of that fact, plied the poor wretch with drink in order to induce a ready assent to his evil plots. Thus Sullivan sank until he became at last an wandering beggar, rarely remaining two consecutive days in the same place, and taking mostly to the mountains, that people gave him the sobriquet of 'Rek of the Hills.' Everybody knew him because of his wandering habits, and while most persons were repelled, because of the regularity with which his hard, wretched life had given him, no one feared him. It was not known that he was intimate with Carter, for it was a part of the latter's policy to conceal that fact. With the little boy he had in charge, Carter had taken up his residence in the immediate vicinity of the O'Donoghue household; he had sufficient means to live in a style which called attention to the simple country folk 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 clergyman. Giving out that his youthful charge, whom he continued to call by the name in the baptismal certificate which he had fraudulently obtained, was the orphan child of dear deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it—a woman of the neighborhood whose gossiping character was in itself a recommendation to the wily Carter. He managed so that she should repeat incidents of his daily life and instances of his charity which must win for him the

esteem and trust of the entire neighborhood. He succeeded; not even Calm 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 favor 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, that he wrote, sundries so much, and they 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 an example, 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 us, we must not look for too much in human nature, and expect them always to be 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, 'for the noblest—lets the best.' Great things must be thought of to be done—bold to be known, and known to be initiated. Unfortunately, we are more apt to tell of good deeds than we are quick to perform them. They, 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."

S-nator 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 good cheerily—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 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 Senator has surely opened a broad channel to mercy and charity. R. O. S.

MORAL TRAINING NEEDED.

With all our many appliances for spreading knowledge and disciplining the mind, and our rigid 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 tediousness 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 land like ours is truly deplorable, but that he should be an ill-tempered, dishonest, 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 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 unfortunates 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 end that any community can have in view, it is by no means recognized as such, or provided for as it deserves. If intellectual exercise fails to instill it, as they certainly do, it becomes a vital question what means to us to train up the good and selection man and woman of which our country has such a store."

I will 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 I feel that a complete answer is not forthcoming.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Whereas.

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

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

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

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 acquainted his 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. Illness 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 why when he joined him, he would be explicitly 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 it. Poor unhappy Sullivan, who had to be rid of a charge which called 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, he had a 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 think that 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. His wishes were gratified, though the kind people wondered much at an affection which seemed to be so deep, could thus make an entire stranger of its beloved of its child. 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 sadly 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 bare, and Sullivan discovered for the first time that the fury which had refused to spare its two favored objects would have been as mercilessly pursued 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, applied, and begged for his pardon, sought for some outlet from his dreadful situation, Carter mockingly bade him remember that he was a wretched culprit—on every side were proofs of his horrible guilt, and that did he set foot within the place from which he had taken Marie, it would only be to fall into the merciless hands of those whom young Berkeley had employed to keep his wrongs secret; and Carter threatened further to remove Sullivan's little daughter, Cathleen, whom he had already abducted, to some place utterly beyond her unhappy father's reach; but he pledged himself, if Sullivan remained true to him, to take the most tender care of her, and in the future, when all fear of discovery of her child's fate should be removed, to restore her, richly educated and accomplished—he promised, however, that in the event of her dangerous illness, her father should be conducted to her."

"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 he felt that he was a prisoner, he might as well have made to expose Carter's guilt would be futile because of his inability to produce proofs of the same, and that perhaps such endeavor on his part would only result in more suffering to himself, even perpetual separation from his child, he became the unresisting tool of Carter. Entirely abandoning his once steady habits of employment, he tried to drown his wild longing for his child, and his dreadful remorse, by indulging a growing appetite for liquor. Under that influence he was still weaker to oppose schemes of evil, and Carter, speedily becoming aware of that fact, plied the poor wretch with drink in order to induce a ready assent to his evil plots. Thus Sullivan sank until he became at last an wandering beggar, rarely remaining two consecutive days in the same place, and taking mostly to the mountains, that people gave him the sobriquet of 'Rek of the Hills.' Everybody knew him because of his wandering habits, and while most persons were repelled, because of the regularity with which his hard, wretched life had given him, no one feared him. It was not known that he was intimate with Carter, for it was a part of the latter's policy to conceal that fact. With the little boy he had in charge, Carter had taken up his residence in the immediate vicinity of the O'Donoghue household; he had sufficient means to live in a style which called attention to the simple country folk 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 clergyman. Giving out that his youthful charge, whom he continued to call by the name in the baptismal certificate which he had fraudulently obtained, was the orphan child of dear deceased friends, he hired a nurse for it—a woman of the neighborhood whose gossiping character was in itself a recommendation to the wily Carter. He managed so that she should repeat incidents of his daily life and instances of his charity which must win for him the

esteem and trust of the entire neighborhood. He succeeded; not even Calm 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 favor 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, that he wrote, sundries so much, and they 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 an example, 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 us, we must not look for too much in human nature, and expect them always to be 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, 'for the noblest—lets the best.' Great things must be thought of to be done—bold to be known, and known to be initiated. Unfortunately, we are more apt to tell of good deeds than we are quick to perform them. They, 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