

Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
They think a night cap worth a crown,
And there the law commandeth peace;
And all good people take their ease:
A wise old owl, big-eyed and brown,
He is lord mayor of Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
The wheels are shod with eider-down,
The pavements all are silk and wool:
The quiet there is beautiful;
A bumble-bee in gold-black gown
The beadle is in Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
Black shadows never fall or frown,
Nor do they feel the sunshine's glare;
But gentle twilight reigneth there,
While poppy scents blow up and down
The gardens fair in Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
We'll mount a cloud of vapor brown,
We'll close our eyes and fold our hands
And call a wind from distant lands;
O'er valley's rim and mountain's crown
We'll float away to Sleepy Town.

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Master Lucas turned and looked at his son with tears in his honest, clear blue eyes. "Jack, you are a strange lad for your years. I cannot understand what has so suddenly changed you from a boy into a man. Even do as you will, and manage the matter your own way, my son. I cannot see what harm can come of it. Even if the Knight should refuse to see his son, the poor young man will at least be saved from a bootless journey."

"I believe he will not refuse!" said Jack. "Then, with your leave, dear father, I will set out directly."

"As soon as you have rested a little and taken a good meal, my son. Nay, I must insist on that much, or we shall have you ill again: Remember you are all the son—I had well nigh said all the child—I have in the world. Get you down and send Simon to hire for you Neighbour Fulton's pony. It is both faster and easier to ride than my mule. It is a market day, and the roads will be full of people, so you will have nothing to fear from robbers or I would send Simon with you."

"I do not need him!" said Jack. "Nobody would think of robbing a lad like me, and I doubt Simon would be no great safeguard. He hath not the heart of a chicken. Father!" added Jack earnestly, "I do heartily thank you for trusting me so entirely."

"When I see aught to distrust in you, it will be time to begin," said Master Lucas. "My blessing upon thee, dear lad! Thou hast never yet wilfully given thy father a headache."

A pang shot through Jack's own breast, as he remembered how soon he might be called upon to do and suffer that which would ring his father's heart with anguish, through no fault of his own. "Oh, that it were only myself, how easy it would be to endure!" he reflected, as he sought his own chamber, and dearly as he loved his father, Jack almost felt like praying that the good man might be taken from the evil to come, before the storm burst, which Master Fleming had foretold. Calmed and refreshed by his morning reading and prayers, Jack came down to his breakfast dressed for his journey, his sober, resolute face showing that his determination was unshaken. Cicely exclaimed against his setting out on such a ride after he had been watching all night; but Master Lucas made her a sign, and she said no more except to urge her nursing to eat heartily, and to put a comfortable morsel in his pocket that he might not be faint by the way. She was dying with curiosity to learn the object of his journey undertaken so hastily, but she knew of old that unless Master Lucas chose to tell there was no use in asking.

Anne was not so discreet. She came in when breakfast was half over from the priory church, where she had been praying since four o'clock. Kneeling on cold stones for three hours at a stretch without one's breakfast, is not likely to

smooth the temper, whatever other spiritual graces it may impart. Anne felt weak, exhausted and nervous, and ready, as her father said, to take the poker by the hot end.

"Why is Simon walking that horse up and down before the door?" she asked as she sat down. "Have some of Jack's grand friends come to visit him so early?"

"I did not know that I had any grand friends," said Jack.

"I thought it might be Master Fleming's horse!" pursued Anne. "He seems to use our house as his own at all times."

"If he does he is no more free than welcome," said her father. "I ever esteem his visits an honour as well as a pleasure. But you are wrong this time. The horse is for no less a person than our Jack, who is about to ride for some miles into the country."

"Indeed!" said Anne. "And what takes him into the country?"

"Business!" replied her father briefly. "Business of importance, which no one can well do but himself. Ask me no questions, sweetheart, for more I cannot tell you."

"I do not mean to ask any questions!" said Anne flushing. "I am well aware that I am the last person in the house to be trusted, especially by Jack!"

"Do you say so, Anne?" asked Jack, turning full upon her, as his father left the room. "Methinks I have trusted you already farther than you were willing to have me—farther than I had reason to do, considering all things. But I do not mean to reproach you, dear sister!" he added, repenting the next moment as he saw how Anne winced. "The business I go upon is not mine, or you should know all about it!"

"Nay, I have no desire to penetrate it!" said Anne coldly, but with eyes that flashed an angry fire. "I wish to enter into none of your secrets. I can guess their nature well, and will not even presume to warn you though I know the terrible risk you are running. You are working to bring ruin upon yourself and your father's house, fancying that you are having your own wilful way, while all the while you are being made a tool and a catspaw of by craftier conspirators than yourself."

No lad of sixteen likes to be called a tool and a catspaw. Jack had his share of pride as well as honour, and he had to bite his lips hard to repress an angry answer. He did repress it, however, and after a moment of silence, answered good-humouredly:

"Anne, would you like to have anyone speak to you in that manner? Would you like it, for instance, if I were to call you a catspaw and spy of Father Barnaby?"

"You have no right to call me so!" said Anne. "I am no spy and I will not submit to be called one!"

"You have no need to submit, for I have no intention of calling you a spy or any other disagreeable name!" said Jack smiling. "I only put the case for your consideration. As to my business, all this secrecy, which nevertheless is needful at present, is but making a mountain out of a molehill. Come Anne, do not let us quarrel. Why should we not be loving and gentle to each other like true brother and sister?"

"Because you are an heretic," replied Anne. "Because it is my duty to try to bring you back to the faith, and, failing that, to treat you as—"

"As Agnes Harland was treated, perhaps!" said Jack, interrupting her. Then repenting the next moment—"Dear Anne, forgive me. I am wrong. I should not have said as much." He would have taken Anne's hand, but she repulsed him.

"Yes, even as Agnes Harland was treated!" said she slowly. "Even so! You have no right to expect anything else at my hands. I have had many weak regrets—many misgivings as to this matter—but I will allow them to influence me no more. The Church is more to me than a father, brother or friend. I am the vowed bride of Christ, and I will be true to that vow, though I have to walk over the dead body of every friend I have in the world. I will be faithful to my vow and to my conscience. Now you know what you have to expect."

Let Us Pray.

Oh, Lord, Thou art urging us to seek Thee at the throne of Thy grace! There Thou dost commit to us eternal wisdom. There Thou dost offer us the power to conquer sin and self. We are utterly weak. We long for more of Thy might. We greatly desire to glorify Thee with the wisdom and power with which Thou shalt be pleased to endow us. Show us how best to use these priceless gifts. May we be willing to use them in the humblest spheres of life. Aid us in crucifying the desire to make self foremost in service for men. May it be our chiefest joy to let Christ, Thy Son, be supreme in all work and worship. Cleanse us from all sin, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Hints to Housekeepers.

SLICED CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Take four dozen large yellow cucumbers; peel and slice them; chop two dozen white onions and three pods of red pepper; mix all together; sprinkle with salt; let stand over night; drain; add an ounce each of whole cloves and allspice. Put in jars and cover with boiling vinegar.

MIXED CATSUP.—Take equal quantities of green tomatoes, white onions and cabbage; grind in a sausage mill. Sprinkle with salt, turn into a bag and hang up to drain all night. Put in a jar with one ounce each of white mustard seed, powdered mace, ground cloves and allspice; chop two pods of red pepper and add. Cover with strong cold vinegar.

PICKLED RED CABBAGE.—Procure a firm, good-sized cabbage, and after removing any straggling leaves, cut it into quarters and then slice thin. Sprinkle well with salt and set aside for forty-eight hours. Then drain off the salt liquor which has formed, and pour over the cabbage a pickle of hot vinegar in which has been boiled for each quart of vinegar, one ounce of salt, one-quarter of an ounce of black pepper corns, two sticks of mace, a little cinnamon and some cloves. Place in jars, cover and let stand until the cabbage is cold; fasten tightly. Cauliflower may be pickled in the same way.

CLARET JELLY.—Mix together half a pound of powdered sugar, one bottle of claret, the juice and rind of a lemon, a small pot of currant jelly, and half a box of gelatine; boil for ten minutes; add a little brandy; strain, and allow to cool.

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CHERRY JELLY.—Soak a box of gelatine in a pint and a half of water; add the juice of four lemons, half a pound of sugar, and the whites of two eggs beaten in a little water; stir over the fire till it boils; pass through a jelly-bag until clear, then add half a glass of noyau, a few drops of essence of almonds, and colour with a few drops of cochineal; pour into a mould.

MUSCAT JELLY.—Soak one box of gelatine in water, add the juice of two lemons, half a pound of sugar, and the whites of two eggs beaten in a little water; place the pan on the fire and stir gently till it boils; take it up and pass through a sieve till quite clear; stand in cold water, and when nearly set stir in a little elder-flower water and half a pound of muscatel grapes; pour into the mould, and stand aside to set.

ORANGE JELLY.—Make a jelly the same as the claret jelly; free the oranges from the pith, and cut into small pieces with a sharp knife; when the jelly begins to set, stir in the oranges; place on the ice to set.

GRAPE CATSUP.—Take twelve pounds of ripe grapes, pick from the stems, mash, put in a preserve kettle with a pint of water, let come to a boil, mash and mix. Take from the fire, strain, put back in the kettle with five pounds of sugar and one quart of vinegar. Let boil until thick, flavour with cloves and cinnamon; take from the fire, bottle and seal.

CORN FRITTERS.—Two cupfuls of cold, sweet corn cut from the cob, or canned corn, two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and thicken with flour to make a batter. Stir together; grease a spider with butter and drop in spoonfuls and fry brown; turn and brown the other side.