

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XII. CONTINUED.

"But what says Anne to all this?" asked Jack. "Why, she was terribly shocked at first, especially at Sister Barbara's leaving off her nun's dress, but then you see Father William upholds her in it, and even Father Barnaby says it may be as well, so long as she is out of her convent, and so long as she is such an old woman. Sister Barbara laughed heartily at that, I promise you, and so did your father when I told him. For you see, she is a fair lady even now, and as graceful as a willow. I have seen many an older and plainer woman married. However, she is just as one of ourselves, and I may say in your ear that she is much pleasanter and more useful in the house than poor dear Anne."

"You must not find fault with Anne, dear Cicely," said Jack. "She has had a good deal to contend with, and I daresay it is a trouble to her to see Sister Barbara so different from what she expected. But does not Sister Barbara go to church with Anne?"

"Aye, that she does, and says her prayers at home as well, and works for the poor folks, besides embroidering a cope for Father William. And do you know, I heard her talking to Anne one day about that very matter. Says Anne, 'I don't see, Sister Barbara, how you can find any relish for prayer and meditation, and yet be so much occupied with worldly matters.' 'My dear,' says Sister Barbara, 'I never enjoyed prayer and meditation so much in all my life as I do now, when I come to them from helping Dame Cicely about the house, or making tarts and sweetmeats for your father, or doing some good turn for neighbour Burton!'—for I forgot to tell you that Dame Burton is brought to bed of twins after all these years, and you never saw anything so delighted as Sister Barbara was with the babies. I don't suppose she ever saw one before in all her life."

"Well," said Jack, very much interested, and desirous of bringing Cicely back to the point.

"Oh! Well, says Sister Barbara, 'I never took so much comfort in prayer and meditation in all my life before, no, not when I had hardly anything else to do.' Anne did not seem very much pleased at this, and she says, 'I always thought a religious life was one thing, and a secular life was another.' 'Oh, my dearest sister,' replies Sister Barbara, 'I have been thinking that perhaps we have been mistaken in that very thing, and that all lives ought to be, and may be religious lives—that of the family, as well as that of the cloister.'"

"I believe she is right," said Jack with decision. "Certainly, God set people in families long before there were any convents, as far as I know, and I suppose He knew what was good for them."

"Ah, well, my dear lad, these are matters too high for us," replied Cousin Cicely. "Anyhow, I am glad Sister Barbara is so content, and I wish she might abide with us, for she is like sunshine in the house, so she is—and as kind and pleasant with me as an own sister, for all she is a born lady, and we but simple folk. I only wish Anne would take pattern by her, for she is a kind of thorn in your father's side as she goes on now, and that is the truth."

"I think Anne looks worse than ever," said Jack. "She hath such a scared look. Does she continue her penances?"

"Oh yes, and increases them every day. I never saw her so silent, and now she has taken to visiting the poor folk, she just wears herself to a shadow."

"Does she visit among the poor folks?" asked Jack. "I should think that would cheer her up a little."

"So it would, I think, if she went about it in a different way," replied Cicely, "but you see she makes a penance of that as she does of everything else; and somehow the poor folks seem to feel that she does, and that spoils it all. Now, when I go about among them, I just do it in a neighbourly way. I gossip a bit with this one about her baby or her married daughter, and with that one about the new gown she is making for her little maid, or her old mother, mayhap, and I sit and hear the old folk tell their old tales about the times that were so much better than these, you know; and really I think I enjoy it as much as they do; and I come

home feeling better and more disposed to be thankful for the good things about me. But Anne, she takes no interest in all their little plans and fancies, and unless she can do something directly for them, she will not stay. She sometimes talks to them about their religious duties, and blames them for not going to church, but she never sits down for a bit of neighbourly talk. So they don't like her, and don't feel at ease with her, and she feels that, and it makes her colder than ever."

"I understand that," said Jack. "She does it for task work, and not because she loves God and her neighbour for His sake. She seems to think that God is a hard master and a harsh judge, and not a kind, loving Father. I wish she could see things differently, and that Sister Barbara could bring her to her own way of thinking. I am sure she would be happier and better."

"I wish so, too," said Cicely. "You know Anne was always set in her way, and has a great opinion of herself. She talks a good deal about humility, but bless you, my dear, people can just as easily pride themselves on their humility as on anything else, if they are so disposed."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SISTER BARBARA.

Jack and Sister Barbara were soon on the best of terms, and he learned to love the kind, genial lady, as if he had known her all his life. He was both amused and touched to see how she enjoyed the ease and freedom of her present life, and with what zest she entered into all the family plans and occupations. She was very particular in observing the canonical hours, and she fasted on Fridays, as indeed they all did; but her fasts were very different from poor Anne's, who ate hardly enough at any time to keep soul and body together. Sister Barbara seemed to think it quite enough to abstain from flesh, and she cooked many nice little messes for fast days, answering Anne's objection by reminding her that they always did so in the convent. The children in the neighbourhood, and those who came to the shop on errands for their parents, were a perpetual source of interest and enjoyment to her; and she showed a remarkable aptitude for tending and amusing babies, which must certainly have come by nature, for, "do you know," said she one day, "I never saw a little baby near at hand till I saw Dame Burton's twins!" "You were never meant for a nun, madam!" said Master Lucas, somewhat bluntly. "You should have married some gallant gentleman and had children of your own!"

(To be continued.)

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## A Dangerous Member.

More good people lose their influence for good by an immoderate use of the tongue than in any other way. If good men and women would stop a moment before replying to a hostile or slanderous critic, and could learn to return a pleasant word, no matter how justly provoked, the impression they would leave on their opponents might win assent, at least, to the power of religion as peaceable and peace producing. We all speak too quickly and talk too much, especially when excited. A word is as hard to recall as a slander, and friendships are often broken by a single sentence thoughtlessly spoken. An illiterate saint, unable to read, came to be taught a psalm. Having learned the verse, "I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue," he stayed away six months, and on being asked why he had not come back before, replied, "I haven't yet mastered the verse I learned." It is hard, indeed, but indispensable to Christian influence to be able to hold one's tongue.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

**SAVOURY RICE.**—Three ounces of rice, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, two ounces of grated cheese, pepper and salt. Wash the rice and boil it in the milk till quite tender. Add pepper and salt to taste. Butter a dish, spread half the rice on it, sprinkle half the cheese on it, add the rest of the rice, sprinkle over the rest of the cheese. Put the butter on top in small pieces and brown in a quick oven.

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**SAVOURY OMELET.**—Four eggs, three ounces of butter, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Beat the eggs lightly together, sprinkle in the parsley, pepper and salt. Have the butter quite hot in the pan, stir in the eggs and shake the pan to keep the mixture from burning. As soon as the edges are set, fold over, cook lightly for a moment, turn on a hot dish and serve. A little grated ham may be added if liked.

To make delicious fresh fish balls take one-half pint of cooked fresh fish, one-half pint of hot mashed potato, one tablespoonful of butter, one level teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Mash the potato fine and beat the butter and fish into it. Shape into flat cakes. When brown on one side turn and brown on the other. Serve immediately.

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The strawberry pineapple makes a delicious fruit tart. Peel and cut in small bits a good-sized strawberry pineapple. Cook it thoroughly until it is a soft marmalade, adding enough sugar to sweeten it well. Then stir in an even teaspoonful of cornstarch mixed to a paste with a little water. Add the grated yellow rind of half a lemon. Line a tin pie-plate with pastry, pour in the pineapple and set the pie in the oven to bake for about half an hour. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth. Add three even tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Spread this meringue over the pie roughly; smooth meringue is not a success. Dredge this meringue with a little powdered sugar, and set it in a cool oven for about fifteen minutes, when it should be coloured a delicate straw colour. If the oven is too hot open the door slightly, and let it cook in this way. It is essential that it should cook slowly. Serve the pie cold.

Nut creams are a delicious dessert, if a little troublesome to make. Filberts, almonds, hickory nuts, black walnuts, etc., may be used. Having picked out the meats and freed them from skin as far as possible (you should have a pint in all), they must be pounded to a paste, with a little white of egg. Then make a custard with the yolks of three eggs, half an ounce of gelatine and a scant pint of milk. Stir and sweeten and cool as before, and add the nut paste, mixing carefully until smooth. Flavour and deepen the tint with caramel. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened, flavoured slightly with vanilla, and put to chill separately.

Take K.D.C. for sour stomach and sick headache.

Pour four quarts of boiling water on one and one-half ounces of ginger, one ounce of cream of tartar, one pound of brown sugar and two lemons sliced thin; put in two gills of yeast, let it ferment 24 hours and bottle it; it improves by keeping a few weeks, unless it is very hot weather, and is a very nice beverage.

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