

## Throughout the Day.

Oh, guard your heart with a wordless prayer,  
Your lips with a prayerful song,  
As to and fro, on your tasks intent,  
You go through the whole day long.  
Then the fretful word will not escape,  
And the angry spark not fire;  
But the soul will be filled with sweetest thoughts,  
And the feet and hands ne'er tire.

And as the twilight's wings droop o'er  
The earth and all it holds,  
The song will to sweetest tones be raised  
While prayer the heart enfolds.  
Oh sing, then; pray, then; ceaseless, strong;  
The Lord watch o'er your way,  
And tune your soul to victory's shout  
Closing each prayerful day!

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"I daresay you are right!" said Mary. "I will get you some supper, and make ready a comfortable meal to eat during the night, for you have been delicate of late, you know, and you must take care of your own health."

Jack was too much excited with the discovery he supposed himself to have made, to feel hungry; but he consented to eat some supper to satisfy Mary's hospitable thoughts, and found, as young people are apt to do, that he was hungry enough to do full justice to the savoury fare she had provided. He then returned to the sick man's chamber, where a cheerful little fire was already burning, while a pile of fuel offered the means of replenishing it during the night. Mary moved about quietly, putting matters in order, and covering a little table in one corner with refreshments for the watcher as well as the invalid. Finally she beckoned Jack aside, and, with rather a mysterious air, opened a little cupboard hidden by a piece of tapestry.

"Here are some books which belonged to my poor husband!" said she in a whisper. "I found them when I was putting the house to rights, and hid them away from the children; for I cannot read and know not whether they be good books or no. But I daresay they will not hurt you and they may help to keep you awake."

When Mary was gone, Jack looked over the books. They formed an odd collection of "Canterbury Tales," Lives of Saints and one or two old romances. He turned them over, and at last discovered, hidden under the disguise of a volume of ballads, a manuscript book, carefully written out. He took it to the light to examine it, and on it read the title:

"Thys boke ys ye boke of ye Prophet Isiah, written out by me from a boke of ye Scripture which a man lent me in Antwerp, and ys doubtless ye trew wordes of ye Livinge Gode!" Underneath was written in the same hand—"Oh Lord howe longe!"

Jack was overjoyed at the discovery. He had never seen any part of the Old Testament except the Psalms, and he could hardly believe in his good fortune. He looked over the books once more and found a copy of St. John's Gospel, evidently written by the same hand. Both books had been much and carefully read, as was evident by the marks and marginal notes they contained. Jack understood at once the secret of David Dean's refusal to see a priest, and of his dying as his wife said without the sacraments, yet as quiet and peaceful as a chrisom child. He felt, as he looked at the books written out with so much care, by a hand evidently unused to holding a pen, like one who comes unexpectedly on the writing of a dear friend long dead, and he vowed that as long as he lived, David Dean's children should never want for aught he could do for them.

He trimmed the shaded lamp and sat down to read, but even the interest of his new discovery could not divert his attention from the sick man. Was he really Sir Thomas Peckham's long lost son? And if so, what could be done to restore him to his parents? Could he be persuaded to return to his father's house? That would be best of all.

"But if not, the Knight must come to him!" Jack said to himself. "I must bring the father and son face to face, and then I am sure all will be well. I remember what the Knight said on the

terrace at Holford, the day I went to speak with Master Fleming. Oh how I wish he were here. But there is no use in speculating; I must wait and see how matters will turn out."

Jack once more addressed himself to his book, and read till he was roused by the voice of the invalid. He rose and went to the bedside. Paul had been sleeping quietly for some time, but he now began to talk, though without opening his eyes, and Jack perceived that he was wandering between sleeping and waking. He held his breath not to lose a word.

"Mother, mother, I am not dead!" murmured the sick man. "I need no masses, even if they were worth anything. Only take me home and lay me on my own bed, and let my father sit by me as he used to do in old times. My father will forgive me for disgracing him, when he knows I am sorry for what I have done. 'While he was a great way off his father saw him.' Master Frith bade me return to my father and crave his forgiveness. But an heretic!"

Jack started and drew nearer still.

"A heretic!" repeated Paul, and then looking up and seeing Jack, he said eagerly, yet with a certain wildness which showed that his mind was still wandering. "You have seen my father of late. Do you think he would receive and forgive me, if he knew that I had heard the Lutheran preachers—that I was of the new religion?"

"I am sure he would!" said Jack. "Some men say that he is himself a favourer of the new religion."

"But what would my mother say? She is a proud and devout lady, you know!"

"She is your mother!" said Jack briefly, as if that were enough.

"But if she should refuse me when she knows the truth,—if she should turn her back upon me, that would be worse than all," said Paul. "It would break my heart. And you know I must needs speak the truth. 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me.'"

Jack saw that his patient was growing over-excited and was likely to do himself harm.

"Hush!" said he, with kindly authority. "You will do yourself a mischief with so much talking, and I am sure your mother will not be pleased with that. Let me give you some refreshment, and after that I will read to you and you must try to go to sleep."

"Will you read to me from the Scriptures?" asked Paul, looking with eager, wistful eyes into Jack's face. "But no, you must not do so, or they will put you in prison and on the rack, as they did me. See here!" and he pushed up his sleeves and showed his emaciated wrists covered with horrible scars, the sight of which made Jack's blood boil and his fingers clench involuntarily. "You must not read the Scriptures, and besides you do not know them."

"I do both know the Scriptures and will read them to you, dearest brother!" said Jack, striving to speak genially, though he was thrilling all over with excitement. "Do but lie down and I will read to you as much as you will!"

"Are you then a Lutheran?" asked Paul, still looking wistfully in Jack's face; "or are you laying a trap for me as they did in Flanders. There be no Lutherans in England!"

"May God so deal with me as I am dealing falsely with you!" said Jack solemnly. "There are many in this place who read and love the Gospel, but as yet secretly for fear of the oppressor. Have no fears, but lie down and I will read the Holy Scripture to you as long as you will!"

Seemingly reassured, Paul lay down, and Jack began reading aloud from the book he had discovered. There was much of course which he did not in the least understand, but he found enough which was plain to make him long for more. Paul now and then said a few words, but more and more dreamily, and Jack had at last the satisfaction of seeing him fall into a sound, quiet sleep. He sat reading and thinking at the bedside till the grey dawn began to steal in at the window. As he softly rose to replenish the fire, Paul waked and opened his eyes.

(To be continued.)

K.D.C. imparts strength to the whole system.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter with one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups flour, one teaspoonful baking power mixed with flour. Chop some good tart apples, mix in the batter, and fry in hot lard. Serve with maple syrup.

APPLE PUDDING.—Fill a buttered baking dish with sliced apples and pour over the top a batter made of one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of sweet milk, and one cup of flour in which has been sifted one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven till brown. Serve with cream and sugar, or liquid sauce. Peaches are very nice served in the same way.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak a cup of tapioca in water three or four hours. Pare and core eight or ten apples, fill the holes with sugar and stick a clove or two in each apple. Pour the tapioca over them as they are placed in the pudding dish, and bake till the apples are thoroughly done. Be careful not to have the tapioca too thick. Eat with milk or cream. Excellent for the sick.

TOMATO CREAM SOUP.—Put kettle with one quart of tomatoes on the fire, add a little onion chopped fine, pepper and salt to taste and a pinch of soda; mix till very smooth. In another kettle put a large teaspoonful of butter, same of flour and blend smoothly; add one quart of milk; when thickened pour through a strainer the milk on the tomatoes; strain again immediately into hot tureen and serve as soon as possible. The two parts must not cook together.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—One boiled chicken, two ounces of melted butter, two ounces of flour, one cup of the water the fowl has been boiled in, one-half cup of cream, pepper and salt, two eggs, nutmeg. Boil the butter, flour, cream and water together for two minutes. Mix with the minced chicken, cool, then mould, roll in egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry.

CORN FRITTERS.—One pint grated corn, one-half teacup milk, one-half teacup flour, one small teaspoonful baking powder, one tablespoonful melted butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper. Fry in hot lard.

FISH CROQUETTES.—One pint cold boiled fish, free from skin and bone and minced fine, one pint hot mashed potato, one tablespoonful butter, one-half cup hot milk, one egg well beaten; pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley. Mix thoroughly and let cool. When cold make into balls, dip into a beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in hot lard.

OMELET.—Six eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of milk, one of butter. Separate the eggs and beat very light, add the salt and milk; have the pan very hot, put in the butter and pour in the egg. Shake on the hottest part of the stove till the egg begins to thicken, then place on the grate in the oven until set; run the knife between the sides of the omelet and pan, fold and serve on a hot dish.

K.D.C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.

TO COOK KIDNEYS.—Slice the kidneys, fry them in a little hot butter, when done take them out and lay on a hot plate. Make the following sauce: to a piece of butter size of a butternut add one teaspoonful of chopped onion, little chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of flour; melt the butter in a saucepan and add the other ingredients. When it is browned add one and a half cupfuls of hot soup stock, let it simmer a few minutes, then season with pepper and salt and strain it, add a teaspoonful of sherry wine; let the kidneys remain a few minutes in the sauce without boiling, then serve.

GREEN TOMATO CATSUP.—Take a peck of green tomatoes and boil soft in half a gallon of vinegar. When done press through a sieve, add a teacup of sugar, one ounce of white mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed, half an ounce each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and black pepper, four ounces of horse-radish, one dozen silver-skinned onions, chopped fine; one ounce of garlic. Boil till very thick. Take from the fire, add three pints of strong vinegar, bottle, and it will keep for years.