

Canterbury and the other from the Irish Bishops, exhibit clearly enough—one, the view taken by one province of the English Bishops; the other, the Irish Bishops' objection to consult with the English. They are quite at one with my statements, and might be my sufficient justification. But I did not myself refer to them. Still less did I refer, in the sense deprecated by you, to any protest made by private members of the Church of England against Senor Cabrera's consecration. I only referred to such private protests by saying that the one person in the world who has least right to object to the step taken by you is the Pope of Rome, who has been long acting in the same way in England.

"Your Grace will not expect or desire that I should discuss 'the merits of the case.' I recognize fully your reasons, and certainly I respect fully the tentative suggestions of Bishop Harold Browne, quoted by you, though, as you say, the position of the question has been so much changed since he spoke that they form no proof of what he would have said at this time. But I only write upon the personal question affecting myself in your letter. On that I will add two words in conclusion. First, I am sorry if your Grace has felt a charge of 'personal arrogance' contained in my words, which ought perhaps to have made more explicit reference to your official responsibility for the independence of the Irish Church. No one is more convinced than myself of your single-minded purpose. Secondly, I trust that you admit my right, on the other hand, to use my first public opportunity of stating to my own diocese my own position in the matter. If I have incidentally given you occasion to remove a false impression; if, that is, I am to understand from your letter, that a remonstrance from the English Bishops might not have been ineffectual in producing the desired postponement, I should rejoice, though I should also have to regret that such a misunderstanding prevented more formal exchange of views between the two Churches in time. I cannot, at any rate, regret that I have given you occasion to write so fully on the subject."

## Family Reading.

### The Hidden Treasure.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### THE GOLD MEDAL.

Anne came slowly forward from the back room where she had been sitting, busily engaged in needle-work. She was a tall, fair young woman, with regular features, blue eyes and a face that would have been handsome and engaging, but for its formal, repressed and self-conscious expression. She looked like one who would never make a spontaneous or natural motion, or speak a word without thinking over all its possible consequences at least twice beforehand. She presented the greatest possible contrast to her jolly, cheerful father, as well as to her widowed cousin Cicely, who now came bustling in, carrying a goodly mutton pasty, which, if it were the smaller of two or three, spoke well for the size of Master Lucas' oven. She was thin, and wrinkled as a last year's russet apple; but her somewhat hard features were lighted up with good-humoured smiles, and the roses of her youth were all dried into her cheeks.

"Lack-a-day!" she exclaimed in a clear high-pitched voice. "And so our lad has gained the great prize. Lady! but who would have thought it? Would his dear mother had lived to see the day! But doubtless all is best as it is. What shall I do with the pasty, John Lucas?"

"Pop it in Mary Brent's basket, to be sure!" replied the baker. "What better place could there be? Nay, Dame, you must take it, or you and I shall fall out. Yourself and the young ones must keep Jack's feast—eh, my lad."

Mary Brent made no further opposition, but withdrew with a thankful reverence, and a far brighter face than that with which she came in.

"And that is just like you, John Lucas, and a good deed too!" said Cicely. "Poor woman, I fear she makes but poor cheer at home these days!"

"Well, I must say I wonder that my father gives so largely to her—a woman whose husband died

without the sacraments, and suspected strongly of heresy!" said Anne.

"And suppose her husband was a heretic, is that any reason why his widow should starve?" demanded her father with some heat. "Or is it any reason why I should not do what I will with my own, or why my daughter should take me to task in my own shop, and before my own servants?"

Anne coloured deeply. "I meant no offence, father; only—"

"Only thou art a peevish wench and I am a fool to be ruffled by thee!" said the baker, recovering his good humour. "Come look at Jack's medal!"

Anne regarded the medal with a mournful expression, not as if she was interested in it, but obeying a command of her father's.

"'Tis a great honour no doubt!" said she: "but the honours of this world are hardly worth the striving after!"

"By'r lady, but they are!" said her father. "Another such victory makes Jack an Oxford scholar, and that is worth striving after in more ways than one. But thou art ever a wet blanket!" he muttered between his teeth: "taking no pleasure thyself, and doing thy best to damp that of others. Come son Jack, drink your wine and eat this manchet therewith, to stay your appetite till supper; and do you, Cicely, provide us with right good cheer, and send the prentice boy to bid my old crony Master Lethall and his wife and fair daughters to sup with us. They will be glad to hear of Jack's good fortune. But the boy looks worse and worse. Cicely, bring some of the strong waters I had from Captain Davis!"

"I should like to go to bed, father, if you please!" said Jack, trying to rouse himself. "My head is so heavy and drowsy that I shall be no good company for anybody. I dare say I shall feel better after a good night's rest!"

"To be sure, dear lad! Sleep is worth everything—worth all the doctors in the world. Anne, get your brother's room in order and make up his bed comfortably. Yes, go to thy bed, my son, and sleep well, with thy father's blessing upon thee!" added Master Lucas, laying his broad hands on the boy's head, while an expression of gentle benediction made his honest, open face still more attractive. "This I will say for thee, that, from the day of thy birth until now, thou hast never willingly grieved thy father's heart, or given him a moment's uneasiness."

Jack took his father's hand in his own thin fingers and kissed it.

"I should be a wretch, indeed, to grieve you, father. You have been father and mother both to me ever since my mother died. I only wish I could do more for you in return."

"Tut, tut, lad! What could anyone expect of a child like you more than you have done? Only get well and strong, and, never fear, but you will do well enough. Anne, why do you not see to your brother's chamber, instead of standing there like an image of stone!"

"It is nearly time for evensong, father!" replied Anne. "Betty can make Jack's bed as well as I."

"Tell me not of evensong, girl, but go and do as I bid you. It is time you should learn that, in his own house at least, your father's word is law. There, I meant not to be sharp with you, but no man likes to be set at naught by his own daughter."

"Dear father, do not be hard on poor Anne!" pleaded Jack, when his sister had left the room. "She means no harm, poor girl; only they have taught her at the convent that nothing is of any account save prayers and penances, and Church observances, and they are right, for aught I know, if all is true that the priests tell us."

"It was an evil day when I let her go to the convent at all!" said the baker. "She has never been the same joyous maid since, and thinks of nothing but how soon she may go her ways back, and desert her home and her old father. And now, I warrant you too will be thinking of the Church—mayhap of the cloister, and I shall be left alone, a childless old man."

"Never, never, dear father!" exclaimed Jack, starting up and speaking with an energy which brought a flush to his pale cheeks. "Never will I leave you for the sake of becoming a lazy drone,

like the monks yonder, or a proud priest like the prior, who rides abroad in such state upon his mule and grinds the faces of poor men, and robs widows and orphans as he does. I would rather be a shepherd and follow the sheep all day, like my old uncle, or a tin miner on the hill-side, out yonder, than live such a life as theirs!"

"Well, well, boy, I am glad on't with all my heart, but you need not speak so loud, or put yourself in such a heat about it," said his father smiling. "The priests are not all alike either. Never was a better man than our Sir William!"

"That is true, father, and yet I would not be in his shoes. I hear the other priests are complaining that he preaches too much, and that he sets a bad example in not exacting his dues. They say he would not take the last dues from Patience Wither when her husband died, though she offered it. 'Not so, Dame!' he said. 'It were more fitting I should give to you than you to me.' And he went home and sent her meal and meat, and I know not what else; and his sister, who keeps house for him, gave the poor woman a mourning veil. He will take no christening or marriage fees either, because he says the sacraments should be free to all, and he instructs the children in their duty himself, instead of turning them over to the deacon, as the others do!"

"'Tis a wonder if they do not accuse him of heresy before all is done," muttered the baker. "They know how to put out of the way a troublesome man. Well, here comes cousin Cicely to tell us that your room is ready. I dare say she has brewed you a fine posset to put you to sleep. Eh, my good old girl?"

"That have I, that have I, John Lucas," replied the cheerful old woman: "and made up his bed with clean, well laundered sheets to boot. I should know what belongs to a sick person's comfort if anybody did, I think, considering how long my poor man, Roger, lay ill in his bed before he died. No man was ever better cared for, though I say it, that shouldn't."

(To be Continued.)

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

### Some Facts about Korea.

Korea is a poor agricultural country—though rich in possibilities—entirely destitute of roads, and her progress under the circumstances, and considering the short time which has elapsed since she was opened to the influence of foreign ideas, has not been wholly contemptible. In 1884, the first year of which we have trustworthy statistics, she imported goods from abroad to the value of \$999,720, and exported goods to the value of \$737,635, which included \$312,022 gold. In 1892 she imported \$4,598,485, and exported \$3,296,490, of which \$852,751 was gold, making the total value of the trade in 1892 \$7,894,975. In 1891 the total value was \$9,311,890, which was the largest ever reached in one year. Of these amounts fully half of the imports and more than nine-tenths of the exports should be credited to Japan. The total declared and undeclared export of gold is supposed to be not far from \$3,000,000 annually, of which a considerable portion goes to Japan; but as most of it is undeclared, it is impossible to follow it. When Japan was opened to foreigners, she was supposed from her large supplies of gold and its small value as compared with silver—about three to one—to possess very rich mines. The truth was in time ascertained to be, however, that she had few gold mines, not very productive, and that most of her gold came from Korea.

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