

Small Things.

I shaped a marble statue, the image of a thought—
A thought so pure and perfect, it thrilled me as I
wrought;
And when I saw my task complete, and joyed it was
so fair,
Alas! alas! when next I looked an ugly rent was
there.

In strains of music, then, I told of sweetest joy and
love;
And, out and in, the harmony in rich, soft chords I
wove;
When, lo! a wild, weird discord that would not die
away;
I'll hear it evermore, through life, unto my dying day.

Aweary of my failures, I sought the haunts of song;
Essayed to cull sweet flowers wherewith to charm
the listening throng.
Anon a warning voice I heard that stayed my eager
hand:
No soul but one by sorrow tried may join the min-
strel band."

I found a weary traveller, at noontide, by the way;
His brow was deeply furrowed, his locks were thin
and grey.
"Can I do aught for you?" I asked. "I am athirst,"
He said,
I gave a cup of water; He drank and raised his head.

A strange and wondrous change I saw, transfigured
was His face,
His form was full of majesty, His eyes of love and
grace.
"Well have ye done; well have ye spent that gift of
charity,
Albeit ye knew it not," He said, "ye did it unto Me."

Great works are for great souls; high thoughts for
those whose minds can soar;
Sweet music for the ears that catch the notes from
Heaven's bright shore.
Strong words that move the multitude are not, my
child, for thee;
Thine are the hidden ways of love and quiet charity.

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

"He gave me his blessing at parting, and
though sad, he is not angry with me. I left him
with old Father John, who rode all the way from
Holford to give me warning, though he was too
late. But how were you taken, dear uncle?"

"Even as I could have desired—on my knees!"
replied the old man smiling. "I was in the little
thicket whither I have long resorted to pray and
read as my father did before me, when a band of
men headed by Brother Joseph the sacristan broke
in upon me. I told them it was a fair compliment
to an old man-at-arms, that at ninety odd years,
he should need six men to secure him."

"But surely Sir Thomas will take your part!"
said Jack.

"I believe he can do nothing!" said Thomas
Speat. "They have raked up the old matter of
Lollardie, and Father Barnaby assures me that as
a relapsed heretic, I have no chance of being ad-
mitted to mercy, though if I will recant my errors
I may perhaps be allowed to enter Purgatory in-
stead of going further and faring worse!"

"Many thanks to him!" said Jack. "He has
been profuse in his promises to me, even hinting
at Church advancement, if I will but recant. But
do you know aught of Arthur Peckham?"

"They have not laid hands on him as yet, but
more than that I do not know!" replied the shep-
herd. "Here comes our jailor with our bread and
water."

"Methinks on a feast day they might offer us
better fare!" said Jack. "It is scarce canonical
to fast on St. Michael's day."

"Don't cry out before you are hurt, young sir!"
said the jailor, depositing a jug of broth on the
table. "I have so far stretched my orders as to
bring you the same fare as the other prisoners
who are only confined for highway robbery and
the like."

"Many thanks for your courtesy, good Master
David!" said Jack. "When I am again at liber-
ty I will do as much for you."

"I would you were at liberty to do it!" said the
jailor bluntly. "This turning the key on old
friends and neighbours is no pleasure to me, I can
tell you. What then! A man must do his duty

be he jailor or mayor, but he need not have a heart
as hard as his own walls. I judged you and the
old man would like to be together; so I even clap-
ped you in here, but do not tell yonder monk so!"

"Never fear!" said Jack. "I do not love him
so well as all that. Again do I thank you, Master
David, and so will my father. Be assured you
shall be no loser. Come, we are better than we
might be!" he added, after the man had closed
the door. "I am heartily glad we have fallen
into such good hands. Shall we awake our com-
panion? He sleeps soundly."

"He hath not slept all night!" said Thomas
Speat. "I fear he will not stand the trial. The
goods and riches of this world are over near his
heart, poor man. What, brother! Now you are
awake, will you break your fast?"

"Where am I?" asked Master Dennett, sitting
up and gazing around him with a bewildered look.
"What has happened? Alas, I know too well!"
he added, sinking back again. "That I should
ever live to find myself here in Bridgewater jail.
And who is this new companion in misery? Sure-
ly it is young Lucas! Alas, young man, what
has brought you here?"

"The fear of God and the love of His word!"
said Jack. "But come, sir, arise and eat, that
you may be strengthened for the day's trial!"

"And what will strength avail?" asked the
ship-owner, somewhat peevishly. "Can we break
out of this dungeon by dint of strength, or can we
bend the hard hearts of our enemies?"

"The God we serve can do both, brother!" said
the old shepherd; "or failing that He can give
us strength to confess that truth which shall min-
ister to us an abundant entrance into His eternal
kingdom. But come, rise and eat at all events.
There is no use in refusing such good things as
we have."

Master Dennett essayed to eat, but desisted
after a few mouthfuls, and threw himself again
on his bed. Jack made a tolerable meal, and
then bestirred himself to make the place as com-
fortable as might be. The rest of the day was
spent in conversation, prayer, and the repeating
of passages of Scripture with which Jack's mind
especially was well stored. He had a quick and
tenacious memory, and he had taken the precau-
tion to learn by heart a good portion of the New
Testament every day.

Toward evening the jailor again entered the
room, bringing a large bundle which he gave to
Jack.

"Your father hath obtained leave to send you
some food and bedding, so here it is!" said he.
"Make the most of it, for there is talk of remov-
ing the heretical prisoners to the priory, and there
you will find matters very different."

Jack thanked the man, who, surly as he was,
seemed inclined to be as kind as his duty allowed.
The bundle contained bedding and linen, food,
and, carefully concealed in the interior of a great
loaf of bread, some paper, a pen, and wax tapers,
with the means of striking a light. There was
also a Psalter in which Jack perceived a leaf
doubled down. He opened the book, and found
underlined the passage, "Be of good courage,"
and in another place "Wait." He turned to the
first page and perceived that the book belonged to
Father John. There were tears in his eyes as he
showed the book to his uncle.

"The good, kind old man!" said Thomas Speat.
"I know not what he can do, and yet I thank him
with all my heart for his good feeling. For my-
self I hope naught from this world save a speedy
passage out of it, and that my age gives me a right
to expect; but I would rather have you, my son,
saved from the fiery trial if it might be done with-
out denying the faith!"

"Better a hundred deaths in one than that!"
said Jack.

"Be not confident overmuch, young man!"
said Master Dennett, apparently somewhat dis-
placed. "Better bethink yourself how you will
answer when you are called before the council."

"I am not confident overmuch, I trust!" re-
plied Jack; "but my trust is in Him who says,
"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!" and
therefore I dare to say, 'the Lord is my helper, I
need not fear what man may do to me.' As to
meditating how I shall answer, I make bold to
refer you to the words of our Lord, "When they

take you up, take no thought how or what ye shall
speak, for it shall be given you in that day what
ye shall say. For it is not you that speak, but
the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you!"

"Aye, but those words were not spoken to men
like us!" said Master Dennett, "but to apostles
and saints."

"And what were the apostles and saints, but
common, simple men like us?" asked Thomas
Speat. "Are not all God's children called to be
saints, and does not He promise the same grace
freely to all the faithful?"

"Alack, my faith is not like yours!" said Mas-
ter Dennett. "You are, besides, an old man and
must die soon at any rate; but I cannot but be-
think me of my young wife and her babes, and the
happy fireside I left but yesterday, with my old
mother sitting in the chimney corner with my
youngest born on her knees. Little did I think as
I bade them farewell and went out to my business
that the evening would find me here." And the
poor man threw himself on his bed again in an
agony of grief.

(To be continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

A nice lobster sandwich is made by chopping
the lobster meat fine, mixing it with mayonnaise
and spreading the bread, upon which has been
laid strips of lettuce, with it. Before the upper
slice of bread is laid on, place between it and the
lobster another layer of lettuce.

RICE MILANAISE.—A very savoury preparation of
rice is made by frying two minced onions in two
ounces of good butter until yellow; add a cupful
of rice and three minced mushrooms; stir for a
minute or two and cover with a quart of boiling
broth; cook until the rice is tender, when the
broth will all be absorbed; season with salt, pep-
per and grated cheese, and pass more of the latter
with it.

K.D.C. the household remedy for stomach
troubles.

SOUP NAPOLITAINE.—Cut into dice two ounces
each of raw chicken and ham, and brown them in
butter; add half of a green pepper and half of an
onion, and stew for ten minutes; cover with a
quart and a pint of white broth; add two table-
spoonfuls of cooked rice, the same quantity of
macaroni, broken up, and a spoonful of tomato
sauce; simmer five minutes.

RAISED FLANNEL CAKES.—Boil a pint and a half
of sweet milk and let it stand till luke-warm. Add
two large tablespoonfuls yeast and pour upon one
pint flour, add one-half pint cornmeal, one teaspo-
onful salt and one tablespoonful sugar, mixed well to-
gether. Cover closely, and put in a warm place.
In the morning add two eggs beaten separately.
Let the batter stand fifteen minutes, if convenient,
after adding the eggs. Bake on a hot griddle.

K.D.C. cures dyspepsia.

ANCHOVIES WITH OLIVES.—Stone nine olives;
wash and fillet five anchovies, and mince them
finely together with parsley, an onion, and a little
cayenne; pound well in a mortar; fill the olives
with a little of the mixture in place of the stones;
cut nine small rounds of bread, fry them in lard
to a light golden brown, drain them, and when
cold put an olive on each; arrange them on a dish,
and put a little mayonnaise dressing on each olive
and on the toast.

GRAHAM WHEATLETS.—Scald a pint of graham
flour salted with a teaspoonful of salt with a quart
of boiling milk or water. It should be as soft a
dough as can be handled. Roll out half an inch
thick, cut in round cakes, lay on a buttered tin,
and bake in the hottest of ovens. Everything
depends upon the heat, which must be intense.
They should be as light as puffs, but if not rightly
scalded and baked will be leathery and tough.

RAISED HOMINY WAFFLES.—The small hominy
is best for these. To a coffee cup of boiled homi-
ny add one pint of boiled milk and one table-
spoonful of butter, one pint flour, one teaspo-
onful salt, one tablespoonful sugar; set in a warm
place over night. In the morning add two well-
beaten eggs, yolks and whites separately. Bake
in waffle irons. This recipe answers as well for
muffins if it is not convenient to make waffles.

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