

## Per Pacem Ad Lucem

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load;  
I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.  
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead;  
Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter and though heart  
should bleed—  
Through Peace to Light.  
I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread  
Without a fear.  
I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day: but peace divine  
Like quiet night;  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine—  
Through Peace to Light.

—Holy Family

Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

A STORY OF THE HOUSE BY THE CATHEDRAL.  
BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER II.—WHAT ETHEL GAVE UP FOR HER BROTHER.

The remembrance of how her father had yielded to her desire, with the love of nature, beauty, and springtide flooding her soul, her face was a sweet picture, so childishly fresh and changeable was its expression while still the Lent lilies nodded, danced, and quivered in the air and the sunshine without. The room behind her was homely; its carpet faded and worn, as by the tramp of many little feet; it also required the touch here and there of tidy, feminine fingers to restore it to neatness, for a doll lay here, a book there, the cloth on the centre table was awry, and on a work-table near Ethel stood a basketful of socks and stockings, some lying untidily on the floor waiting for some one to darn; but the girl only stood and dreamed out her beautiful dream.

"Ethie, do you so much wish to be a painter, and all that?" The speaker was a tall lad of about her own age, who had entered the room and come up behind her unobserved—a lad with a fair, flushing, ardent face, and golden locks, very like her own. There was a sort of wistful hesitation in his tone as he spoke.

"Wish to be a painter! of course I do; or why do I work and study, and glory in it as I do?" She spoke half-petulant, as if not liking to be thus called out of her trance.

"I thought perhaps—perhaps—" There was something dying out of the boy's face, and his voice quivered.

"Well, what did you think, Bertie?" Ethel spoke more gently now, and turned her head to look at him, as he stood behind her, one hand on her shoulder.

"Ethie, father is going deaf, and he can't afford to make you a painter, and me an architect." Another poor, aspiring spirit was this same bright-haired Bertie.

"Bertie, how do you know? Did pa—did he tell you?" Ethel turned away from the window and the Lent lilies with a strangely troubled countenance.

I heard him tell Dr. Beale so, now, not long ago. I was standing at the front door—not listening, I hadn't a thought of it—and I heard Dr. Beale say, 'I fear it is true, Graham. I fear it is paralysis of the nerve; it will not grow less, but rather increase.' 'To stone deafness?' father asked, and he said, 'Ay, it may be.' Our father groaned, and I moved further away, but I could still hear. Then he spoke of us—the boy's voice shook with emotion—"Bertram is to be an architect, is he not?" remarked Dr. Beale; and papa answered, 'No; if this is true he will have

to earn his living, he cannot learn to be an architect. Ethel is studying under Guivani; I can't afford to do this for Bertram, poor boy—not if the worst should linger for a few years—not in justice to my other children.'

Ethel sighed as her brother paused. Was it true, or some terrible dream? But she did not speak.

"And I thought, Ethie, I thought that perhaps it wouldn't be so hard for a girl to give up her—her talent, because in a few years she would, perhaps, be married; and not mind." There was a craving hope in the boy's voice pitiful to hear.

Not mind! Not so hard for a girl to give up! Ethel felt, in a dazed, half-bewildered sort of way, that it would be hard, very hard.

"O Bertie, Bertie! I will think of it," she said, and her brother, mutely kissing her, went out of the room slowly, half reluctantly, very unlike his quick, bounding, impulsive self.

His sister turned again to the window, where the Lent lilies were still dancing, the sunshine glinting, the cool breeze romping hither and thither at will, the blue sky still telling of love, calm, and peace; but Ethel looked upon all as if she saw not; nay, she saw, and the beauty and the joy of the scene wrung her very soul with intense, sorrowful longing. Oh, she loved her beautiful dream grown to be a reality—she loved it, she loved it! Could she thus give it up, as Bertie had asked her, because it would be less hard for her than for him? For him, her twin brother, who had begun life with her, whose soul had been knit to her soul through all their sunny childhood, through all that weary time when the loss of their mother was so fresh upon them and home seemed a strange place. She sighed heavily as she pondered it over, but she did not cry, the blow was too stunning, too bewildering as yet for tears. And then, about her father; could it be true? Her heart told her it was true; instance after instance recurred to her which told her also it was true—her father's hearing was leaving him. This explained many little strange ways she had noticed in him, which had perplexed her of late. Could she do this?—could she give it up—this which she had gathered to her as her all in all? The joy, the rapture, the exultation of the laughing earth seemed to cry out against it; something within her craved that she would not let it go, but her sisterly love triumphed—triumphed though her very being thrilled with a sense of loss even now; and what would it be when the grey certainty settled down upon her life? Time enough to answer that question when the weary days were come. She simply resolved not to stand in the way of her brother's well-being, his heart's desire—her best-beloved twin brother, who was to her almost as her own soul. And she shed no tears now, only stood and gazed, and mused with a heavy weight at her poor little quivering heart.

Another step, and her father came in. A jaded-looking man of forty-five or so, whose face once glowed and flashed with inspiration like his children's, and may now at times, but not to-day—it was very worn and weary to-day.

"Papa, come and look at those lilies, and see how lovely they are in the sunshine," said his daughter in a tender little voice, because of the great pain sweeping over her at her dear parent's approach, knowing what she knew.

"Ah, dreaming as usual, Ethel!" was the half-impatient, half-reproachful reply. "Life is made up of more than day-dreams and pretty fancies, my child. 'Twould be better if you gave more heed to household matters, and kept a room decently tidy, or tried to hush a little of the hubbub going on in the house at this very moment."

There was indeed a wild commotion going on outside on the stairs—a tramping of many feet, shouts and laughter from many young voices, as if a game of fox and hounds were in full cry.

"Papa, I didn't heed the noise." A choking sensation rose in Ethel's throat, and tears came welling to her eyes now.

"No, child, we never heed, perhaps, what we do not wish to heed"; so saying, Mr. Graham left the room, sighing as he went.

Out at the front door, and along through the quiet Close he passed, that sorrowful certainty going with him that he was growing deaf—he whose very living depended upon an acute recog-

nition of blending tones and harmonies. Ethel's tears burst forth as she heard him shut the door, partly because conscience told her that her father's reproach was just, partly because nobler feelings and promptings than pleasing herself were springing to life within her. What might not this giving up—this crowning calamity settling down upon her father—do for her? The girl sobbed wildly now, and was rushing away, when in swept the whole bevy of her brothers and sisters—Bessie, Jack, Willie, Feddie, and Baby Nellie—filling the room with a tumult of noisy merriment; Bessie, a somewhat untidy girl, next to Ethel in age, armed with a brush and comb.

"Ethel, Nellie won't let me do her hair." This was her complaint to her elder sister, while Nellie herself shook her thick locks defiantly.

"I wanted to do it myself, and Jack, and Willie, and Freddie said I was old enough." Thus the little one excused herself.

"So she is. Let Bessie set her own rough head to rights before she lords it over anybody else," asserted Jack.

(To be Continued.)

## Hints to House-keepers.

If a clean cloth wrung out of water, to which half a teaspoonful of ammonia has been added, is used to wipe off a carpet which has been recently swept, it will remove the dusty look and brighten colors.

SPICE LOAF CAKE.—Two eggs, one and one-half cups milk, one tablespoonful butter, three cups flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder to each cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of all-spice, a little salt.

LEMON PIE.—Grate the rind and squeeze the juice of one lemon in one egg and one even teaspoon of sugar. Beat all well together. Line a very small pie-plate with pastry; fill with the above mixture and bake at once. Make a meringue for the top of the whites of two eggs, beat until very stiff; add gradually two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, beating carefully but thoroughly in. Spread over the top of the pie, and return to the oven, allowing to stand there only until it becomes a delicate brown. For a large pie use the same proportion.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Pare, quarter and core six good-sized apples, and boil them in a small quantity of water until they are soft enough to mash. Pour off the water, and when thoroughly mashed add half a pint of bread-crumbs, sugar to taste, the grated peel of a lemon, three eggs well-beaten, and one ounce of melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve with a hard sauce, made by stirring to a cream one cup of butter and two of pulverized sugar, and flavoring with vanilla.

TO ROAST OYSTERS.—Wash the shells and dry them, then put them on a bed of hot coals. When done, they will open a little. Take off the upper shell, and serve the oyster in the lower one; season with salt and a little melted butter on each.

OYSTER CROQUETTES.—Take one quart of oysters, drain through a colander, scald them and chop fine, just the solid part: add one pint of mashed potato, one-fourth cupful of butter, half teaspoonful salt, a dust of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream; make in small flat cakes, beat the yolks of three eggs, dip the croquettes in the egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry in a kettle of hot fat.

Take a fair sized haddock and cut it from the bone in good filets, trim off all superfluous skin and cut into a neat shape. Throw into boiling water and blanch for a few moments. Place one ounce of butter in a frying-pan, add to it a large tablespoonful of flour and a few pieces of sliced onion; fry all without browning for a few moments, and then add slowly half a pint of white stock. Place the fish in a stew-pan, pour over the strained white sauce and cook very slowly till the fish is done. Just before serving add a tablespoonful of cream and a squeeze of lemon juice. Dish the haddock carefully, so that it does not break, and pour the sauce over it. Chopped capers may be added as a garnish. The haddock may be also cut into steaks and skinned after scalding