

## Mater Doloroso.

Because of one small low-laid head all crowned  
With golden hair,  
For evermore all fair young brows to me  
A halo wear;  
I kiss them reverently. Alas! I know  
The pain I bear.

Because of dear, but close-shut holy eyes  
Of heaven's own blue,  
All little eyes do fill my own with tears—  
Whate'er their hue;  
And motherly I gaze their innocent  
Clear depths into.

Because of little pallid lips, which once  
My name did call,  
No childish voice in vain appeal upon  
My ear doth fall;  
I count it all my joy their joys to share  
And sorrows small.

Because of little dimpled hands  
Which folded lie,  
All little hands henceforth to me do have  
A pleading cry;  
I clasp them as they were small wandering birds  
Lured home to fly.

Because of little death-cold feet, for earth's  
Rough roads unmeet,  
I'd journey leagues to save from sin or harm  
Such little feet,  
And count the lowliest service done for them  
So sacred—sweet!

—M. E. Paul.

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

Wicked and base as was the action she had committed in itself, Anne was very much to be pitied. Her mind had for weeks been wholly unsettled. As Jack had said, she was in her heart almost wholly convinced that her brother was right. In spite of herself, as it were, she could not help recalling all she had heard and read with Agnes Harland, which was far more than she had told Jack. In spite of herself, when she was listening to the harangues of the preaching friars against heresy, her mind would persist in bringing up and arranging arguments on the other side, and texts of Scripture in disproof of the preacher's assertions. When she repeated, as she did daily, her long Litany of invocations to the Virgin and the Saints, something kept constantly telling her it was a useless labour, and making such suggestions as these: "How do you know that these Saints can hear you? They are but finite beings like yourself, and cannot possibly be present and listening in all places at once." These were but a few of the distractions which beset her night and day, destroying her peace of mind, humbling her pride, and undermining her faith in those things wherein she had made her boast.

But Anne would not listen. She said to herself that these were temptations of the enemy, such as had beset all eminent saints, and to be banished by the proper means. So she fasted and scourged herself, and lay on ashes, and repeated ten times more prayers than ever. She had been fed upon "Lives of Saints" ever since she could read, and for years her cherished ambition had been to become a saint after the model of Elizabeth of Hungary, or St. Catherine, to be looked upon as a pattern of holiness and austerity, to found a new order of nuns, more self-denying than the "Poor Claus," more contemplative than the Carmelites, to rule them while she lived, to be made a saint, and to have miracles worked at her grave when she was dead. Father Barnaby had cultivated these notions, seeing in the girl material which might be made useful; and had encouraged her to believe that in the course of a few years she might be placed at the head of an order of her own founding. Anne had plenty of imagination, and hundreds of times had she gone over the whole matter in her own mind, arranging the rules and services of her house, and the very dress of the sisters. She pictured herself like St. Hilda, giving counsel to abbots and priests, even to bishops and heads of the Church, as helping to stay the tide of heresy by her writings and prayers, as educating girls to perpetuate the doctrines and ways of her new order.

And was all this to be given up? Was she to abandon all her cherished ambitions, and to be content with the life of a daughter at home, or the mere commonplace mother of a family? Or still worse, was she to run the risk of open shame and disgrace, and be held up as a warning instead of an example by those over whom she had hoped and expected to rule? Was she to confess that all her righteousness, her prayers and penances, were worse than useless in God's sight, and receive the gift of salvation as a free, wholly undeserved alms? Was her only title to salvation to consist in the fact not that she was a saint, but a sinner?

It could not be true—it should not be true. It was a work of the devil tempting her to abandon her vocation and all the great things she had planned. And thus came the thought—was it not her own fault after all? Had she not by weakly yielding to her affection—those fleshly ties which she had been told again and again she must renounce—had she not given the tempter a handle against her? Ought she not to do all in her power to prevent the spread of heresy, and had she not, by weakly yielding to her affection for her only brother, and concealing his fault, made herself a partaker therein? Would not her peace of mind return if she were to make the sacrifice? Would not that sacrifice be an additional and most precious jewel in the crown of martyrdom which she coveted?

Yes, it must be so, and the sacrifice must be made. Once done the deed could never be recalled. She would be held up as an example of piety, and she should again find her former peace and satisfaction in prayers and penances and saintly reveries, and the doubts which so distressed her would depart forever.

Then there was Sister Barbara. There was no longer even the semblance of confidence between them, but Anne had no doubt but she was as bad as Jack every whit. She had seen a book in Sister Barbara's hand which she was sure was no prayer-book, and Jack and the lady were always talking together on every occasion. Besides, did she not go to hear Father William preach, even after he had refused to celebrate masses for the dead, and declared his belief that it was lawful for priests to marry if they saw fit? These and other indications convinced Anne that Sister Barbara was as bad as Jack—nay worse, for was she not a nun, and had she not been a person in authority? Then there was her school! Was she to be allowed to pervert the innocent children under her charge?

The morning that Sister Barbara went away, Anne went to the Priory church, determined as she said to decide the matter one way or the other. The first person she met was Father Barnaby. In her excited state, this encounter seemed to her a supernatural sign sent for the confirmation of her wavering resolution, and she did not rest till she had told him all. Father Barnaby was well pleased. He had come down, as Father John had said, armed with a special commission for the searching out and destruction of heretical books, and the suppression of heresy, and he was determined to carry through his work with an unsparing hand. It was a good omen to be thus met at the beginning, and served in some degree to counterbalance the chagrin he had felt in discovering that his chief prey had escaped him. Father William had left town only the day before. He had set out, it was believed, for London, and there was too much reason to fear that by the connivance of friends he might escape to Germany. But here was a notable prey to be taken at once, and he was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. He commended Anne for her faithfulness, though he gave her less praise and paid less attention to the rest of her confession than she thought she deserved. However, he told her that she had taken the right means to get rid of her trouble of mind, and confirmed her in the idea that it had all been owing to her having wickedly concealed her brother's errors. A watch was at once set upon Jack's movements and he was apprehended as we have seen.

Anne returned to her home with a strange feeling of exultation. She had done the deed. She had sacrificed that which was dearest to her,

and showed plainly that nothing was so near to her heart as the cause of the Church and true religion. Surely, surely, all would now be right with her! There would be an end forever of these haunting doubts, these wild temptations to go to Jack, own herself convinced and beg for instruction. This feeling lasted her till she saw her brother carried away to a fate she but too well knew and heard her father's voice commanding her to her chamber. Then she went to her room, and lo! there was her enemy awaiting her, and armed with tenfold power.

(To be continued.)

## Hints to Housekeepers.

How to BROIL FISH.—After the fish is cleaned, washed and wiped, split it lengthwise if it be thick. Sprinkle on it salt and pepper, squeeze over it some drops of lemon juice, dip it in melted butter and broil over clear coals, quickly at first and then very slowly, allowing ten minutes for each inch of thickness. Serve with butter cream.

PINEAPPLE CREAM.—Pour a little melted raspberry jelly in the bottom of a mould and allow it to set; soak a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in a gill of milk; stir it over the fire till thoroughly melted; beat a pint of cream to a froth; add a quarter of a pound of sugar and half a pound of chopped preserved pineapple; stir in the gelatine; when the raspberry jelly is set, pour in the cream.

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

FOAM GRIDDLE CAKES.—One half-pint of sour milk, pinch of salt, yolk of one egg, a piece of butter size of a hickory nut, enough flour to make a batter; beat all together for five minutes, then add one-third of a teaspoon of soda dissolved in one tablespoon of boiling water, and lastly, the white of the egg, beaten to a stiff froth and stirred in slowly and carefully as for sponge cake. Bake immediately on a hot griddle.

The following is a French recipe for preserving the gloss of patent leather: Melt pure wax over a water-bath, place on a moderate coal fire, add first some olive oil, then some lard and mix intimately by stirring; next add some oil of turpentine, and finally some oil of lavender, fill the resulting paste in boxes, where, on solidifying, the necessary consistency will be acquired. To restore the gloss to the leather, apply a little of the paste and rub with a linen rag. This will keep the leather soft and prevent cracking.

NORMANDY CREAM.—Put half a pint of cream into a pan together with half a pint of milk, one box of gelatine, sugar to the taste, and a little vanilla; stir well; do not allow to boil; wet a mould, and arrange candied fruits in the bottom; pour in some of the cream, and set aside to cool; when firm lay in some more candied fruits and add more cream; repeat till the mould is quite full; place on the ice to set.

To make graham popovers, beat three eggs very light and add one tablespoonful sugar, one pint milk, one saltspoonful salt. Put in a large bowl one-half pint sifted white flour, one-half pint graham flour, gradually pouring the egg mixture into the flour, and stir constantly until smooth. Then add one tablespoonful of melted butter and beat very hard. Butter and heat cups as for popovers, and fill with the batter. Bake in a quick oven.

ONIONS.—Cut the onions into rounds, and pour boiling water over them; allow to stand for five minutes; then throw off the water. This will do away with the strong odor and bring out the delicate flavour. Place the onions in a deep dish and cover with vinegar; season with red peppers cut into strips and salt.

PLAIN CAKE.—Three whisked eggs, one-fourth cup pulverized sugar, one-third cup, sweet, fresh butter, two-thirds cup sweet milk, two cups sifted flour, one large teaspoon baking powder. Cream the sugar and butter; add the milk; beat the mixture well after adding each ingredient to insure fineness of grain. Sift the baking powder in the flour. Line the cake pan with greased paper and bake the cake steadily until a light pressure proves the loaf firm. If used as a layer cake, omit the flavouring.