

Choice Literature.

Written for THE CHURCH HERALD.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JOURNEY.

"Is my father up, Simon?" asked Jack, as he entered the shop which the journeyman was just putting to rights.

"I think not, Master Jack. I have not heard him stirring, and he commonly calls me as soon as he is up to truss his points."

"I will myself go up, and help him to dress!" said Jack: and he ascended the stairs to his father's room. Master Lucas was but just awake.

"So you have come home!" said he, rubbing his eyes. "You have had a long watch, and will be for taking a nap, I dare say, though you do not look sleepy either!" he added. "You seem as if you had heard some good news!"

"And so I trust I have!" said Jack. "I want to consult you, dear father, on a matter of moment."

"Give me my gown then!" said his father. "It is high time I were up. Now let me hear the tale."

Jack sat down on the side of the bed and told his father of the discovery he supposed himself to have made, with the grounds of his belief. Master Lucas listened with attention.

"But supposing this young man to be the heir of Holford!" said he. "Do you think his father will receive him again?"

"I have good reason for thinking so, which you shall hear!" said Jack, and he repeated his reasons, which we already know.

"Poor old gentleman! My heart aches for him!" said Master Lucas. "But what is it you propose to do? You cannot, were he as he is, take Master Paul to his home, eye if he were willing to go!"

"No, and therefore I propose to bring his home to him!" said Jack. "I propose to ride out to Holford, see the Knight and tell him all I have told you. Then he can do as he pleases."

"Have you said aught of your intention to Arthur, or Paul as he calls himself?" "Not a word, dear father. I thought it best to be silent. Paul—his name is Paul as well as Arthur—is in doubt as to his reception at home. He says he has brought shame and disgrace on his honourable house, and he knows not whether he ought to return."

"So had the youth Father William preached about yesterday, brought shame and disgrace on his house!" interrupted the baker. "Yet he returned, and his father welcomed him gladly."

"And if the poor prodigal had been ill and starving, repentant and longing above all things to see his father's face, yet too weak and too fearful to go to him!" said Jack, eagerly. "Do you not think that he and his father both would have been thankful to that man who brought them face to face—who had carried news to the father that the son was languishing, perhaps dying within his reach? Make the case your own dear father, and tell me?"

Master Lucas turned and looked at his son with tears in his honest, clear blue eyes. "Jack, you are a strange lad for your years. I cannot understand what has so suddenly changed you from a boy a man. Even do as you will, and man as the matter your own way, my son. I cannot see what harm can come of it. Even if the Knight should refuse to see his son, the poor young man will at least be saved from a bootless journey."

"I believe he will not refuse!" said Jack. "Then with your leave, dear father, I will set out directly."

"As soon as you have rested a little, and taken a good meal, my son. Nay, I must insist on that much, or we shall have you ill again. Remember you are all the son—I had well nigh said all the child—I have in the world. Get you down and send Simon to hire for you neighbour Fulford's poney. It is both faster and easier to ride than my mule. It is a market day and the roads will be full of people, so you will have nothing to fear from robbers or I would send Simon with you!"

"I do not need him!" said Jack. "Nobody would think of robbing a lad like me, and I doubt Simon would be no great safeguard. He hath not the heart of a chicken. Father!" added Jack earnestly. "I do heartily thank you for trusting me so entirely."

"When I see aught to distrust in you, it will be time to begin," said Master Lucas. "My blessing upon thee, dear lad! Thou hast never yet wilfully given thy father a heart-ache."

A pang shot through Jack's own breast, as he remembered how soon he might be called upon to do and suffer that which would wring his father's heart with anguish, through no fault of his own. "Oh, that it were only myself, how easy it would be to endure!" he reflected, as he sought his own chamber, and dearly as he loved his father, Jack almost felt like praying that the good man might be taken from the evil to come, before the storm burst, which Master Fleming had foretold.

Calm and refreshed by his morning reading and prayers, Jack came down to his breakfast dressed for his journey, his sober, resolute face showing that his determination was unshaken. Ciesly exclaimed against his setting out on such a ride after he had been watching all night; put Master Lucas made her a sign, and also said no more except to urge her nursing to rest heartily, and to put a comfortable morsel in his pocket that he might not faint by the way. She was dying with curiosity to learn the object of his journey undertaken so hastily, but she knew of old that unless Master Lucas chose to tell there was no use in asking.

Anne was not so discreet. She came in, when breakfast was half over from the priory church, where she had been praying since four o'clock. Kneeling on cold stones for three hours at a stretch without one's breakfast is not likely to smooth the temper, and Anne felt weak, exhausted and nervous, and ready, as her father said, to take the poker by the hot end.

"Why is Simon walking that horse up and down before the door?" she asked: as

she sat down. "Have some of Jack's grand friends come to visit him so early?" "I did not know I had any grand friends!" said Jack.

"I thought it might be Master Fleming's horse!" pursued Anne. "He seems to use our house as his own at all times." "If he does he is no more than welcome!" said her father. "Ever since his visits an honour as well as a pleasure. But you are wrong this time. The horse is for no less a person than our Jack, who is about to ride for some miles into the country."

"Indeed!" said Anne. "And what takes him into the country?"

"Business!" said her father, briefly. "Business of importance, which no one can well do but himself. Ask me no more questions, sweetheart, for more I cannot tell you?"

"I do not mean to ask any questions!" said Anne, flushing. "I am well aware that I am the last person in the house to be trusted, especially by Jack!"

"Do you say so, Anne?" asked Jack, turning full upon her, as his father left the room. "Methinks I have trusted you already farther than you were willing to have me—farther than I had reason to do, considering all things. But I do not mean to reproach you, dear sister!" he added, repeating the next moment as he saw how Anne winced. "The business I go upon is not mine, or you should know all about it!"

"Nay, I have no desire to penetrate it!" said Anne, coldly, but with eyes that flashed an angry fire. "I wish to enter into none of your secrets. I can guess their nature well, and will not even presume to warn you though I know the terrible risk you are running. You are working to bring ruin upon yourself and your father's house, fancying that you are having your own willful way, while all the time you are being made a tool and cat paw of by craftier conspirators than yourself."

No lad of sixteen likes to be called a tool and a cat paw. Jack had his share of pride as well as honour, and he had to bite his lips hard to repress an angry answer. He did repress it, however, and after a moment of silence, answered good-humouredly:

"Anne, would you like to have any one speak to you in that manner? Would you like it, for instance, if I were to call you a cat paw and spy of Father Barnaby?" "You have no right to call me so!" said Anne. "I am no spy, and I will not submit to be called one!"

"You have no need to submit, for I have no intention of calling you a spy or any other disagreeable name!" said Jack smiling. "I only put the case for your consideration. As to my business, all this secrecy, which nevertheless is needful at present, is but making a mountain out of a molehill. Come Anne, do not let us quarrel. Why should we not be loving and gentle to each other like true brother and sister?"

"Because you are an heretic!" replied Anne. "Because it is my duty to try to bring you back to the faith, and, failing that, to treat you as—"

"As Agnes Harland was treated, perhaps!" said Jack, interrupting her. Then reporting the next moment—"Dear Anne, forgive me. I am wrong. I should not have said as much." He would have taken Anne's hand, but she repulsed him.

"Yes, even as Agnes Harland was treated!" said she, slowly. "Even so. You have no right to expect anything else at my hands. I have had many weak regrets—many misgivings as to this matter—but I will allow them to influence me no more. The Church is more to me than father, brother or friend. I am the vowed bride of Christ, and I will be true to that vow, though I have to walk over the dead body of every friend I have in the world. I will be faithful to my vow and to my conscience. Now you know what you have to expect!"

"Very good!" said Jack. "My life is in your hands. But Anne!" he added, looking fixedly at her: "are you sure that you are faithful to your conscience? Are you sure your conscience is not telling you this very minute, that what you have heard from Agnes and from me is true? Are you not at this very moment, resisting the voice within, which tells you that you have been mistaken and wrong hitherto—that shows you all your built-up righteousness to be more worthless than rags and dust, and pleads with you to forsake your errors and turn to the truth—to forsake the fountains of living waters? I believe it is so! Anne beware! For me, I am in God's hand, and no real harm can happen to me, but I trouble the Holy Ghost by resisting your convictions of truth!"

"Time is wearing away my son, and it is time you were on your road!" said Master Lucas, entering the room. "The days are shorter than they were. Shall you return to-night, think you?"

"Yes, father, if I can finish my business!" replied Jack, and then, desirous of diverting his attention from Anne, he said hastily—

"I was thinking whether there was any little token I might carry to the old priest at Holford. He is a good-natured man and kind to me, and I should like to show that I remember him."

"That is well thought on, my son. Do you bring my saddle bags, and I will put up some manchetts and comfits for Father John's sweet tooth, and also something for Uncle Thomas. We must not forget old friends."

"Your temper. How are they? Do you become impatient under trial; fretful when chided or crossed; angry, revengeful, when injured; vain when flattered; proud when prospered; complaining when seemingly forsaken; unkind when neglected? Are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly? Covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indulgence, of honor or ease? Are you unfeeling, contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasting, proud lovers of your own selves? Beware! There are ailments of the old nature! Nay if they exist in you, in however small a degree, they are demonstrative that the old man of sin is not dead. It will be a sad mistake if you detect these evils within and yet close your eyes to them and continue to make professions of holiness. These are not infirmities; they are indications of grace."—*Bishop Foster*

Juvenile Column.

"MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE."

It is Thy voice that floats above the din,
Clear as a silver bell:

We hear Thee, Saviour, through the strife of sin,

Thy servants heed Thee well:

Beyond all others, through the upper air,

That voice comes pure and sweet,

Like chiming, that from a steeples tall and fair,

Break o'er the clamorous street.

Not all, O Lord, may walk erect, and know

The music of that sound;

Some cannot hear Thee till their heads are low,

Ay, level with the ground!

And yet, for them, heart-humbled and alone,

Spurred as the crowds go by,

There is a power in the royal tone

To set them up on high.

Thy sheep shall hear Thy voice,—on plain or hill,

Through flood or wilderness,

In the green pastures, by the waters still,

In joy, or sharp distress,

Thy call will reach them,—sometimes loud and near,

Then faint and far away;

O Thou good Shepherd, grant that heart and ear

May listen, and obey!

"Early to Bed."

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

In Harry's home the curfew bell is always rung. Harry does not like it; indeed, he speaks much more strongly, and says he hates it.

"If I could have my will," he says, looking up at the bell, "I would have your swagging tongue taken quite out, so that you should not chatter or chatter any more."

But I think even if Harry were tall enough to reach it, and strong enough to damage the bell, it would make very little difference to him. You see the bell is rung by his mother, and if it would not ring, she would quietly come out and say, "Now, Harry, dear, good-night, it is time to go to bed."

"I wish bed was a long way off," says Harry; "I do not like it at all."

But there I am sure he is mistaken, and if only for one night he could be a poor little boy with no bed to sleep on, he would quite alter his story.

I am not sure that Harry does not think so himself now, but then he has lately had a lesson, about which I will tell you.

Once, not very long ago, when the bell rang as usual, Harry looked up at it, and whispered something. The bell, of course, did not heed or hear, but this is what Harry said: "Old bell, I will be a match for you to-night; you may ring, but you will not have your way, and so I tell you. I am not going to bed for a long time yet."

The bell did not appear to care, but Harry felt a little better when he had so spoken. Then he went in to wish his father and mother "good night," and there was a sparkle in his eyes that they noticed. "I am glad to see you going to bed more willingly, to-night, Harry," said his father.

"So am I; that is a good boy, Harry, you will know soon that that which we do for you is for the best. We want our boy to keep the light in his eyes and the roses on his cheeks, and that is why we send him to bed early." So said his mother. Then Harry felt rather conscience-stricken.

"I am not at all tired, mother," he said; "I do not think I shall be able to go to sleep yet for a very long time."

"Oh, yes, you will, Harry. Lie still and shut your eyes, and before you know it you will find yourself in dreamland."

But Harry had a plan, and when he had said "good-night" he proceeded to carry it out. So when he left his father and mother, instead of going to his own bedroom, he went into an attic at the very top of the house.

"Here I shall be secure from interruption, and here I will enjoy myself," he said. "I will just see for myself whether it is not much better to sit up late than to go to bed early."

He had a candle, and he took this up into the attic with him, and prepared to spend a happy time. He put his hands in his pockets, and walked about and whistled. Then he put the pieces of a puzzle together, and wrote his name in big capitals on the wall with a piece of chalk, and did a few other things that he thought might be interesting. And then he sighed.

"I wonder how it is?" he thought. "I do not feel so happy as I expected." Presently he thought he had discovered a reason for this.

"It is because I am alone. If I had company I should be jolly enough. I wonder if Jack has gone to bed. If I could find Jack and get him up here we would have a first-rate time."

The more he thought of this the more he wanted to put the plan into execution; so presently he stole down from the attic to the kitchen, where he found "Jack, the odd boy," as he was called, unlacing his boots.

"Jack, I am going to have such a splendid time," said Harry.

"Are you? Where? What are you going to do?"

"Nothing. Have we not just had supper?"

"Oh, yes, we have. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to sit up late to-night."

"Are you? What for?"

"Oh, for fun, and I want you to sit up with me. I think it is a shame to send such big boys as we are to bed so early."

"Do you?" said Jack, and he yawned as if he were very sleepy.

"Will you come with me into the attic, Jack?"

"I want to go to bed."

"Oh, you shall go to bed before long. Will you come if I give you a shilling?"

"Yes, I should like a shilling."

"Come along, then."

So the two boys crept up the ladder together. Now the door of the attic was a trap-door, which was closed by a weight hanging to a cord. Harry had fastened it open when he first went, but the second time he forgot, and the door shut with a bang.

"There, now!" said Jack. "That door is locked, and we shall never be able to get out unless some one comes with a key and lets us out. You see, it shuts with a spring."

"Does it?" said Harry, and his voice was not very cheerful. "Never mind, we can sit up as long as we please."

"I would rather go to bed," said Jack, wearily.

"Oh, you are silly. I will tell you some stories, and then you can tell me some, and we shall be amused and enjoy ourselves finely."

And somehow the stories did not have the desired effect. Jack was rude enough to yawn at the most interesting parts, and Harry was quite disgusted.

They sat together for about half an hour, and then Jack fell asleep.

"I will not be left alone," said Harry, who was beginning to feel nervous and more tired and sleepy than he cared to own. "Wake up, Jack, and keep me company, or you shall not have your shilling."

"I would not care about the shilling if only we could get out and go to bed," was the reply.

And Harry, though he would not say so, felt the same.

"What shall we do? We shall get punished if we let it be known that we are here."

"Never mind. I am going to shout with all my might out of the window, hoping some one will rescue us."

Jack opened the window, and the candle went out. Then both boys were frightened, and they set up a scream that brought some one upstairs.

What do you think Harry's mother said when she saw her boy looking scared and tired? She said, "Harry, I do not think you will again dislike the sound of the bell."

"No, indeed, mother," said Harry; "and I will take care to obey it another time, for if this is the joy of sitting up late, I will in future be quite willing to go early to bed."

WHAT a person has experienced within cannot be argued out.

BEAUTY without honesty is like prison kept in a box of gold.

MAKE friends with the bear, but keep hold of your hatchet.

THE darkest day of life is when we start to get a dollar shorter than by earning it.

To the mariner in the wild sea experience is everything. Only to have studied maps at school will prove of little account.

It is quite easy to perform our duties when they are pleasant, and imply to self-sacrifice; the test of principles is to perform them with equal readiness when they are onerous and disagreeable.

THERE never was a hero in this world, there never was anyone that the human race conceived as royal, who had not suffered for others, who had not given himself in some sense for his fellow men. "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister." These words of the Master are constantly proving true.

If thou seest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little farther, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee; if thou be wise view the peacock's feathers with his feet, and weigh thy best parts with thy imperfections. He that would rightly prize the man must read his whole story.—*Quarles*.

A WOMAN is naturally as different from a man as a flower from a tree; she has more beauty and more fragrance, but less strength. She will be fitted for the rough and thorny walk of the masculine professions when she has got a rough beard, a brazen front, and hard skin, but no sooner.—*Prof. Blackie*.

PEACE does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remain firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.—*Fenelon*.

WE need to labour with our minds and hearts, as well as with our hands, in order to develop what is within us, to make the most of our possibilities and to enable us to live nobly and worthily. We need a careful balancing of our duties and relations in life, and a due allotment of time and energy to each, that we may not develop into one-sided and unshapely characters, but attain the symmetry and beauty of true excellence.

There are blossoms that have budded, been blighted and laments that have perished, because they lost the soil.

But cover ye to another his wing who died upon the tree.

An' gather in his bosom helpless woe like you an' me.

In the war there's tribulation, in the war there is woe;

But the war it is benediction, for our Father made it so.

Then brithen up your armour, an' be happy 'as ye are!

Though yer sky be often clouded, it wia' na be for lang.

ALL lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seeking of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desire, the reflections of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downward, and sends a mock-heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighbour-hood with the slim water weeds, and oozy bottom-grass, that are yet better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substances? Not it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labour for anything below your proper humanity, you seek a happy life in the region of death.—*Coleridge*.

Scientific and Natural.

TASTE OF PINK.

A pine curbing to a well or spring which has but a small discharge where it comes in contact with the water often causes it to taste of the wood. If boards so used are soaked in milk of lime, or a solution of potash and soda, before being put into the well there will be no trouble.

TO COOK SWEET APPLES.

This is a very good way of treating sweet apples: Stew them in a porcelain kettle with just enough molasses and water to prevent burning till cooked through, and then transfer them to the oven with all the liquid residuum to dry and brown. This gives a baked apple, half jellied, delicious in flavor and moisture, that anyone can love.

ON COOKING "GREENS."

Every housewife thinks she can cook "Greens." It is the simplest of all dishes; and yet, in most cases, they are not well served, for much depends upon the manner in which they are boiled. The water should be soft, and a tablespoonful of salt added to a large-sized pot of it, which should be boiling hot when the greens are thrown in; and then it should be kept on the boiling gallop, but uncovered, until they are done, which can be told by their sinking to the bottom of the pot, and they should be skimmed out as quickly as possible into a colander, so that all the water will run out. Press them with a small plate, then turn upon a platter, add a large piece of butter, and cut up fine. Serve while smoking hot.—*The (London) Garden*.

BOXWOOD.

The supply of boxwood (*Buxus sempervirens*), demanded from the best kinds of wood engravings, is gradually falling short. The largest blocks are the produce of the countries bordering on the Black Sea, but the yield has become very slight; and, unless the forests of Abkhassia are opened to the trade, it must soon cease. In 1873, 2,597 tons, valued at £20,621, were exported from Poti. From 500 to 7,000 tons of the finest quality annually pass through Constantinople on the way from Southern Russia and Turkish ports to foreign markets. About 1,500 tons of an inferior wood is annually supplied from the neighbourhood of Samsoun. The boxwood forests of Turkey are nearly exhausted. In Russia a considerable quantity of choice wood still exists, although the forests near the sea have been denuded. The wood of Trebizond is generally inferior; nevertheless, from 25,000 to 30,000 cwt are annually exported.

HOW THE SPIDER BUILDS.

Having first decided upon the general location of her nest, the spider probably takes position head downward upon the "leeward" side of the twig or small branch, or upon its top, and then, turning her abdomen outward, expresses from her spinner a drop of gum, which instantly dries so as to form a fine end of silken thread. This is taken by the wind (and careful experiments have proved that a current of air is absolutely necessary to the extension of the line) and wafted outward, waving from side to side, and usually tending upward from its extreme lightness, until at last it touches some other branch at a greater or less distance from the first. When this stoppage is perceived by the spider, she turns about and pulls in the slack line, until she is sure that the other end is fast. If it yields, she tries again and again, until successful. If it holds she attaches her end firmly by pressing her spinners upon the wood; so as to include the line. The first and most important step in the construction of a geometrical net has now been taken, and the spider can meet with no serious difficulty in completing her task.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

POISONOUS COLORS.

Many of the colours derived from coal tar are known to possess poisonous qualities, and all of them are looked upon with suspicion by ultra-careful housewives. Mr. Cheyne communicates to the *British Medical Journal* a case of poisoning by these dyes in a relative of his own, a little boy, about two years and a half old. The symptoms were of a most puzzling kind, till suspicion fell on a ruby-coloured merino frock. Two of these frocks were sent to Dr. Dupree for analysis, and he reports that the darker one contained .018 grain of arsenous oxide per square inch; the lighter one, which had probably been washed, contained only a trace. Both had been dyed, it is believed, with corallin. It would seem that the sale of such goods should be prevented by statute, unless accompanied by a reliable certificate of their freedom from arsenic. They doubtless derive their poisonous properties from the fact that the coloring material is prepared by the action of arsenic salts on aniline.

TAPIOCA.

This elegant and delicate starch is the product of a plant that is cultivated very extensively in the Malay Peninsula, where its culture is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. The tubers of the plant (*Manihot utilisima*), which weigh on an average from ten to twenty-five pounds, are first scraped and then carefully washed; after which they are reduced to a pulp by being passed between rollers. This pulp is carefully washed and shaken up with abundance of water, until the fecula separates and passes through a very fine sieve into a tub placed beneath. The flour so obtained is repeatedly washed, and then placed on mats and bleached by exposure to the sun and air. It is finally converted into the pearl tapioca of commerce by being placed in a cradle-shaped frame covered with canvas; it is slightly moistened and subjected to a rotary motion, by which means it is granulated. It is next dried in the sun, and finally over the fire in an iron pan greased with vegetable tallow, and is then ready for the market.—*Journal of Chemistry*.