

## The Lord Knoweth

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;  
Care of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;  
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the present, each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;  
All to myself assigned of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;  
All pensive memories, as I journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future—gleams of gladness,  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,—  
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last!  
Oh! what could confidence and hope afford  
To tread that path, but this—*Thou knowest, Lord!*

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

Sir William was as good as his word, and in two or three days he told Jack the result of his mission. The lady was overjoyed at the prospect of having such a companion in her solitude and such a teacher for her daughters, and the squire was ready to afford shelter to any one who came to him in the name of the Gospel.

"They are but rustic folk!" said the priest, "And though of gentle blood, yet far behind our town burghers in refinement and luxury of living. Sister Barbara must be content to rough it not a little, but that is a small matter. Any home, however rude, is better than a prison."

The result of these negotiations was communicated to Sister Barbara. At first she was distressed at the thought of leaving her school and all her friends, but a little consideration told her that flight was the best.

"I care naught for roughing it!" she said. "The good father well says that any home is better than a prison, and doubtless I can find means to make myself useful to the lady and her daughters as well as to the poor folk thereabout. I think from his name this good gentleman may be a near kinsman of my mother's."

"So much the better. It will afford a good excuse."

"And if this storm blows over, as I still hope it may, you will return to us, dear madam!" said Master Lucas. "Truly the house will seem empty enough without you. Meantime let no hint of this matter be dropped in our household—before Anne least of all."

"I cannot make up my mind to distrust Anne!" said Jack. "And yet—"

"No person is wholly to be trusted whose mind and conscience are wholly in the keeping of another!" said the priest. "Your father is in the right. Let him manage the matter in his own way."

"So Madam Barbara is going to leave us!" said Cicely a few days afterward. "Father William has discovered some kinsfolk of hers off among the hills who desire a visit from her, and she is to go to them. We shall miss her more than a little."

"I hope to return after a time!" said Sister Barbara. "I am sure I shall never find a happier home than this, or a kinder friend than you, dear Cicely, if I go over the world to seek them; but this lady is very lonely, and she hath daughters to educate, and there are other reasons which make my going desirable."

"Well, well! Every one knows his own business best, and blood is blood, I don't deny that!" said Cicely. "I cannot but think that one's own relations are meant to be nearer to one than other folk, for all Anne says about it. But it must be a wild, dreary place, especially in winter."

"The more need for sunshine in the house, and I am sure Madam Barbara carries that with her wherever she goes!" said Jack.

Anne heard of the intended departure of Sister Barbara with a curious mixture of feeling. There had of late been no sympathy between them. Anne felt that Sister Barbara wholly disapproved of her conduct to her father and brother, and dead as she believed herself to be to all earthly

things, she could not endure a shadow of that blame which she was so ready to bestow on others.

Moreover she was jealous. It was impossible to live with Sister Barbara and not to love her; and though Anne did not and would not take any pains to make herself agreeable or beloved, yet it angered her to the soul to see another taking the place in her family which belonged of right to herself.

Anne's life at this time was one of sheer inconsistency. She was fighting in behalf of a faith in which she in her heart scarcely preserved a shadow of belief. She was determined to crush out all earthly affections and ties, and at the same time she was unable to endure the thought of not being first in her father's house; and though she had told her brother that she should feel perfectly justified in betraying him, she was yet fiercely indignant at him for withholding his confidence from her. All this inward conflict did not tend to make her more amiable, and while she revenged upon herself by renewed penances any failure in "holy humility," she was deeply hurt and indignant if anyone in the least degree reproved or resented her bursts of temper. She asked no questions as to Sister Barbara's plans, and hardly returned her expressions of affection at parting, yet she stood at the door watching the party as far as she could see them, and then going up into her room, she wept long and bitterly—partly over the parting, partly over the disappointment of the hopes with which she had welcomed her former friend, and a good deal it must be confessed from mere hysterical fatigue, consequent upon fasting and watching for sixteen or eighteen hours.

Jack and his father rode with Madam Barbara to within some ten miles of their destination. Here they were met by the squire, who gave the lady a hearty welcome, and to her friends an equally hearty invitation to come and see him and his wife and stay any number of days or weeks. Then seeing Sister Barbara safely bestowed on a pillion behind her protector, they took their leave of her and turned their faces homeward. Taking advantage of a late moon, they had set out long before day to avoid any prying observations or questions from the neighbours, and it was still early in the afternoon when they returned home. As they turned into their own street Jack uttered a vehement exclamation of surprise at the sight of a stout, elderly gentleman in a cassock, descending with apparent pain and difficulty from his mule at the baker's door.

"What now?" asked his father.

"It is Father John from Holford, as sure as you live, father!" exclaimed Jack. "What miracle or earthquake has brought him so far from home?"

"We shall soon hear!" replied his father.

"Yes, if the poor man have any breath left to speak!" said Jack, as he threw himself hastily from his beast. "I should think that doubtful."

"Well, we must give him all the welcome and refreshment in our power!" returned Master Lucas, dismounting more leisurely. "Your reverence is heartily welcome to my poor dwelling," he added, addressing the poor old priest, who had dropped exhausted on the nearest seat. "I would we had been at home to receive you in more fitting form. I pray you walk into the parlour."

The old man rose with some difficulty, and accepting the support of Master Lucas' arm, he made out to walk into the sitting room. Jack ran before to bring forward the easiest seat, and place a footstool before it, and then to bring a cup of ale, which Father John drank without a word. Then turning a lack-lustre and piteous eye on his cupbearer, he ejaculated—

"Alack, my dear son!"

"I trust nothing unpleasant hath chanced to bring you so far from home, father!" said Jack, fearing he knew not what. "It must have been a toilsome journey for your reverence."

"Alack, you may well say so. I did not believe I should ever ride so far again—and it is all for your sake. I would I were safe home again, that is all. These vile footpads would as soon rob a priest as a peddler, and I am shaken to a very jelly."

(To be continued.)

Take K.D.C. for sour stomach and sick headache

## St. Andrew's Day.

## READY OBEDIENCE.

The Saints' Days are appointed for two purposes. First, that we may glorify God by honouring the memory of those whom His grace has enabled faithfully to serve Him. Secondly, that by seeing how they followed Christ, we may be encouraged by their example to tread the path which, however far behind them we may fall, is still the same path that all Christians are treading, if they are Christians (or followers of Christ) at all.

And nowhere is it more clearly shown that we should live as we pray than in these Saints' Day Collects. The allusion to the example of each saint is so closely joined to the petition that we may have grace to follow it in our own lives.

At Advent, when the call is heard, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," St. Andrew's Day reminds us of one who, hearing the call of Christ, "readily obeyed it." We, like St. Andrew, must "straightway" follow Christ. There must be no delay; at once—"now, while it is called to-day," we must do the duty lying nearest to us, and so begin "forthwith obediently to fulfil God's commandments."

There is no excuse for us; we have heard the call; as long as we live we hear it. Let us pray that, like St. Andrew, we may obey it.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

EASY FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup each of raisins and currants, one-half cup of milk, three eggs, one teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar. Do not mix a very stiff batter.

A NEW OMELET.—Boil in a skillet a coffee-cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, and the crumbs of one slice of bread. When this has boiled beat the bread smooth, then add three eggs and a pinch of salt, and finish in the usual way, or else bake in the oven.

K.D.C. pills tone and regulate the liver.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of Indian meal, one of flour, three-fourths of a cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix with hot water until a soft batter is made; then steam four hours.

RICE FRITTERS.—Mix a cup of rice that has been boiled in milk with a teaspoonful of melted butter, the yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of sugar, the white of the egg and two spoonfuls of flour. Fry in boiling fat in small spoonfuls.

For nervous headache use K.D.C.

GINGER CREAM.—Soak one-fourth of a box of gelatine for half an hour in half a cup of milk; stand over hot water until dissolved; add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; sprinkle over them a pint of whipped cream, two tablespoonfuls of syrup from your jar of preserved ginger, and two of chopped ginger, and then turn in the gelatine through a sieve. Stir until the cream begins to thicken and stand away in little moulds. Turn out and garnish with bits of preserved ginger.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Sift twice half a pint of wheat flour and two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix thoroughly with a pint and a half of graham flour, half a cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Pour slowly upon this two well-beaten eggs and a pint of milk. Fill muffin or gem pans two-thirds full and bake in a quick oven.

K.D.C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

BISCUIT GLACE.—One and a half cups powdered sugar, yolks of four eggs, beaten thoroughly to a very pale yellow; add one and a fourth cups of flour, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, whites of four eggs, beaten very stiff, stirred in last; flavour with a squeeze of lemon juice. Bake in small, oblong tins, and ice with boiled icing flavoured with lemon juice.

RICE WAFFLES.—To a pint of soft-boiled rice add one teaspoon of salt and a pint of flour into which two teaspoons baking powder have been sifted. Beat the whites and yolks of two eggs separately; add to the yolks a large cup sweet milk and pour into the rice with a teaspoonful melted butter. Add the beaten whites last. Beat gently until smooth and bake without delay.