

## Little Things.

Just a little dewdrop brightens up the flower  
Growing by the wayside or in shady bower;  
Just one little songster, singing in the tree,  
Makes the place around him ring with melody;  
Just a little candle, shining in the dark,  
Drives away the shadows with each tiny spark.

So each little effort, though 'tis small and weak,  
Will be blessed of Jesus if His aid we seek—  
Just one cup of water, given in His Name;  
Just a song of praises, just a little flame  
Shown to those about you in some word or deed,  
To the great Light-giver will some other lead.

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

But the vexation she had felt at Jack for refusing to be governed by her in the matter of a confessor was as nothing compared to the anger she felt against him at present. Jack presuming to read and decide for himself, pretending to a higher standard than her own, and above all, attempting to instruct her! Jack telling her that all her penances, her enforced works of charity, her bed of boards and ashes, her fasts and vigils, were all worthless and worse than worthless, and that he—*he*, a schoolboy, and three years younger than herself, had found out a better and a safer way! Anne had always found it hard to have any charity or tolerance for those who differed from her, but this was not to be forgiven.

But this was not all. There was a deeper cause for disquiet than wounded self-love. Anne told the truth when she said that she found it hard to forget the words she had heard from Agnes Harland. They had indeed rung in her ears for days and weeks, and a voice in her heart constantly made answer to them, "These things are true! They are no delusion or modern invention—they are true, and if so, all my belief hitherto has been false, all my sanctity wherein I have trusted and or which I have received honour of men, is built on a false foundation." For weeks these and other like thoughts tormented her. She confessed them to Father Barnaby, she performed with punctilious accuracy all the penances he laid upon her; she tried with all her might to overcome her affection for poor Agnes, and to believe as Father Barnaby told her, that the betrayal of her friend had been an act of faith, and not a piece of base treachery. She did in some measure quiet her mind and conscience, and recover her self-complacency by such means, but there yet lingered in the depths of her heart an uneasy feeling that all was not right with her, and that Agnes might have been after all, not a stubborn heretic, but a sainted martyr.

She had not intended to tell Father Barnaby what Jack had said about reading the Bible, but as Thomas Speat had once said, she was as wax in the hands of her confessor. The clergy had begun to be exceedingly jealous on the subject of the Scriptures, already spreading widely among the common people, and to watch on all sides for the least intimation of heretical opinions. Anne came away from her confession trying to think she had done her duty to her brother, though she well knew to what her confession might lead. She felt that she had betrayed her brother's confidence, and it was this that made her so shy of him when he came home from Holford. Still she said to herself that she had done her duty, that she had disregarded the ties of flesh, as she had been told she was bound to do, and if she was made wretched thereby, why there was only so much the more merit in the action, and that was some comfort.

Just as she had succeeded in attaining to some degree of quietness, came Jack, determined to arrive at an explanation, full of the earnestness of a thorough religious conviction, and roused in her heart again all the old rebellious misgivings. In vain did she strive to forget what he had said. It rung in her ears night and day. The ghost, which had never been quite laid, came back to haunt her more constantly than ever with the old whisper, "It is true! It is all true, and, with all your endeavours you have never made one step towards true holiness, because you have been walking in the wrong direction. You are a miserable sinner, and not one whit better—not so

good as those people you have been looking down upon all your life."

If Anne had yielded to these convictions if she had listened to the voice speaking within her, she might indeed have been unhappy for a time, but she would soon have found peace. But she would not yield—not one inch. To do her justice, it was no fear of consequences which kept her back. She would have gone to the stake as cheerfully as any martyr that ever died. But her pride rose in arms, that pride which was her strongest characteristic, and which ever waxed stronger and stronger because she never acknowledged its existence to herself. Was she to confess that all her life had hitherto been wrong and mistaken? Was she, the pattern to all the pupils and even to the elder sisters—the prospective abbess, perhaps the future founder of an order—was she to own that she had no title to these honours—that she was no saint, but a miserable sinner? Instead of being able to do anything for the salvation of others, was she to sue as a beggar for her own?

There is no passion of the human heart harder to deal with than pride, even when we have all the helps which Grace can give joined to an honest intention. It is hard to descend into the valley of humiliation and to catch no slip by the way, and if we do chance to fall, our enemy is sure to take advantage of our fall to disturb our rest; yet when we are summoned to descend into that valley, there is no peace but in obedience to the call. Anne heard the summons, and in her heart of hearts she felt it came from God, but she was determined not to obey. She fought against conviction with all her might, but as yet the voice would not be silenced, and the combat had to be fought out anew every day.

Anne's life was made wretched by the discord in herself, and in her desperate distress, she visited her own wretchedness on all around her, especially on Jack, whom she looked upon as the cause of all her trouble. She knew that he prayed for her and strove to be kind and patient toward her, and that provoked her worst of all. She redoubled her devotions and penances, but she found no comfort in them. She would have eased her mind by confession, but angry as she was at Jack, she hesitated to put his life into the hands of Father Barnaby. Besides Father Barnaby was not just now available. He was busy preparing for a journey to London, some said to Rome itself, and he had no time to hear confessions. So she must needs bear her burden alone.

"Here is Father Barnaby asking for you, Jack!" said Master Lucas, running into the sitting-room where Jack was at work with his books. "He is just about to set out on his journey and wants a word with you at the door!"

"With Jack, father?" said Anne in a tone of surprise and uneasiness—"Are you sure?"

"I know only what he said to me just now, sweetheart—he asked to speak with Jack. Hurry my son, and do not keep the good father waiting!"

Anne would have liked to listen to the conversation between the priest and her brother, but she dared not do so, though she could not forbear going into the shop where she could see what went on. She saw Father Barnaby dressed for a journey and followed by a lay brother, and her brother standing uncovered while they talked with him. The father gave Jack a couple of books, which he received with all due reverence, exchanged two or three remarks with her father, and as it seemed, declined politely an invitation to take some refreshment. Then, bestowing his blessing, Father Barnaby rode away as it seemed in a very good humour, while Master Lucas and his son came back into the shop.

(To be continued.)

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

—Do not hurt the feelings of others by saying sharp, sarcastic things. It is better to dispense with that questionable reputation of being smart than to merit one of cruelty.—*Phillips Brooks.*

K.D.C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

## St. James.

The lessons to be learned from the story of St James's life seem to be very clear:—

1. Ready obedience to the call of Christ, to follow Him in whatever way He may point out.
2. To follow and do the will of God with an enthusiasm that never hesitates, though it may become sobered and more earnest and determined by grace as life goes on.
3. To be ready not only to lay aside pleasure and gain for duty, but to give up life itself for Jesus if that be called for.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

To bleach a piece of white embroidery that has become yellow, wet it in soap suds, not too strong, and lay it on the grass where the sun will shine on it. Wet it, and turn it every day until sufficiently bleached.

Bran bags are delightful adjuncts to summer baths. They soften and sweeten the water, and add a new power of refreshment to the rites of ablution. They are rather expensive when bought, but when made at home they are among the cheapest of toilet luxuries.

To remove black and blue stains from scarlet cloth, wet them with water (cold rain water), rub them with a piece of scarlet cloth and a mixture of three drops of wine vinegar and some lemon juice; finally wash in cold rain water.

PRESERVED CHERRIES.—For this select a sour cherry—the morellos if you can get them. To every pound of stoned cherries allow a pound of sugar. Lose none of the juice. Arrange fruit and sugar in alternate layers in an agate-iron or porcelain lined preserving kettle; let it stand an hour or two to draw out the juice; then put it over the fire and boil slowly and steadily until the juice thickens. Put up the preserves in small glass jars and keep in a dark closet.

PRESERVED APPLES.—Weigh equal quantities of good brown sugar and apples, peeled and sliced thin, allowing one pint of water to every three pounds of sugar; skim it well and boil until quite thick; add the apples and the grated peel of one or two lemons and two or three pieces of white ginger root; boil until the apples look clear white and yellow. This will keep for years, is the testimony of one who has used it, and is an especially nice way when apples are plenty to keep some for future use.

Curry of cold chicken is very simple: Cut the meat from the remnants of cold roasted or boiled chicken into one inch sized pieces; place a saucepan with one gill of the cut onions and one and a half ounces of butter over a fire; cook five minutes; add one teaspoonful of curry powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of flour; stir and cook three minutes; add one-half pint of chicken broth, which can be made from the chicken bones; cook, and stir a few minutes, then add one and a half gills of cream or milk, one-half pint grated cocoanut and one pint of chicken meat; cook five minutes; serve in a border of boiled rice.

GOOSEBERRY MERINGUE.—Boil two quarts of green gooseberries in a little water and some moist sugar, pulp them through a sieve, and lay the pulp at the bottom of a shallow pie dish. Beat up the yolks of three eggs well, and add to them three-quarters of a pint of milk; pour this on the top of the fruit, and place in a moderate oven to bake; when nearly done whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, mix in lightly one ounce of castor sugar, and pile it on the custard; return it to the oven to brown.

GOOSEBERRY AND RHUBARB TURNOVER.—Stew half a bundle of rhubarb with some sugar till tender, drain and rub it through a sieve. Make some good puff paste, roll it out evenly and cut into a large square; spread this with the rhubarb pulp, which should be rather thick, leaving a margin of an inch all round. On half of this pile some green gooseberries, sprinkle with moist sugar and a little cinnamon, double the paste over, turn up the edges, brush over with the yolk of egg and bake.

K.D.C. the mighty curer for indigestion.