

## Don't Fret.

Though we worry and fret the long day through  
Till our heads are wet with the falling dew,  
What good does it bring to me and to you?

Not a single care is lightened a bit;  
Not a single brow is brightened by it;  
And as at night in the darkness we sit.

We wish with an unavailing sigh  
We had sweeter been as the hours went by,  
Remembering the day that is drawing nigh.

When there'll be no time for repentant tears,  
No room for undoing our fretful fears—  
Never, through all eternity's years.

O, would we might all of us learn to take  
Our daily work for the dear Lord's sake,  
And some wise use of the moments make.

Trusting the journey that lies ahead,  
That often fills us with fear and dread  
To Him who counts the hairs of our head.

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"I wonder what my lady says to Master Arthur's new notions!" said Sister Barbara. "She used to be a very strict lady about such matters."

"She was greatly grieved at first!" said Jack; "but she is becoming more reconciled of late, and I believe she has never shown Arthur any unkindness in respect of them."

"Well, I don't wish Master Arthur any ill, but I do wish he and our Jack were not so intimate!" remarked Dame Cicely. "The next thing we shall have Jack himself infected with these Lutheran notions. They say Father William, that used to be reputed such a saint, has come round to be an out and out Gospeller, and is all for having folk read the Scripture for themselves. Not that I can see any harm in that!" added Cicely simply; "because, of course, the more they read the true Bible the better Catholics they must become."

Jack and Sister Barbara both smiled.

"Father William has been nothing else but a heretic this long time," said Anne angrily. "I am glad if he is at last honest enough to confess it."

"Heretic or no, he is one of the best men that ever breathed!" said Master Lucas. "One cannot but think there must be something in these new doctrines, since such men as he are carried away by them. Jack, are you for riding over to the Priory Mills with me? I have some business with the miller to which I would willingly have a witness, and the afternoon is fine."

Jack accepted the invitation with alacrity, thinking he saw an opening for the confidential conversation he had been longing to hold with his father for some days past. The burden of secrecy had been troubling him more and more of late, and he had determined this day, that, come of it what would, he would bear it no longer. He hastened to make himself ready and as he was descending the stairs he was called by Sister Barbara.

"Jack!" said she, "I cannot but think I am playing a deceitful part by your good father. It is not right that I should go on so. I shall grieve to leave the shelter of this roof where I have been so happy—where I first learned the meaning of the word *home*!" said the good lady, her eyes filling with tears; "but it is not right to expose your father to the dangers which may arise from harbouring a heretic. I must leave you, though I know not whither to go."

"Do nothing hastily, dearest sister!" said Jack. "I myself shall open my heart to my father this afternoon, and we will see what is to be done. I trust all will yet be well."

In the course of their ride, Jack opened his heart to his father as he proposed. He found Master Lucas not unprepared for the disclosure, and though much disturbed, yet not inclined to be angry.

"I have been suspecting as much this long time!" said he; "ever since you returned from Holford. I could not but see that you were greatly changed and improved—yes, I will say it—more grave, manly and better tempered. But to think

you should have learned all this from Uncle Thomas! Truly, one never knows where danger lies. Had I been asked to select a safe place for a lad, I could not have thought of a better one."

"Did you not then know the story of his father?" asked Jack.

"I do remember hearing something of it, but the matter happened long before my time, and was hushed up as much as might be. And besides, who would think that Uncle Thomas, who could not have been more than fifteen at the time, would have remembered and held fast his father's teachings all these years, and after all he has gone through. It is truly wonderful!"

"It is indeed!" said Jack. "You would be astonished to see how much he remembers of what he heard when he was but a little lad. 'But, dear father, I am so glad you are not angry with me. I feared you would be so, but yet I felt that I could not keep a secret from you any longer. You have been so good and kind to me that it made me feel like a villain to know that I had any concealment from you.'"

"Your secret has not been so well kept but I have had a shrewd guess at it!" said his father, smiling somewhat sadly; "but I waited till you should tell me yourself, as I felt sure you would sooner or later. But, my son, have you counted the cost? You know to what this may lead!"

"Yes, father, I know it well and have thought it over many times. If it were only myself upon whom the danger and the disgrace were like to fall I should care less; but that I should bring this trouble upon you, who have ever been the best and kindest—" Jack's voice was choked and he turned his head away.

"Nay, dear son, be not grieved for that!" said his father kindly. "I see not but a man must follow his conscience, wherever it leads. Neither can I see why the priests should so angrily oppose the reading of the Scripture."

"If you should read it yourself you would see!" replied Jack. "There is not one word in the whole New Testament about the worship of the Holy Virgin, nor of Purgatory, nor vows of chastity, nor of a hundred other things which the priests teach us to believe. St. Peter himself was married and so were St. James and St. Philip!"

"But the priests say the Lutheran Gospel is not the true Scripture!" remarked his father.

"I know they do, and for that reason they discourage with all their might the Greek learning, which is spreading so much among the Universities. But, father, the Greek Testament is the very same!"

"And nothing therein about Purgatory, or masses for the dead?" asked his father. "Art sure, Jack?"

"Not a word, father."

"Then has a deal of good money been thrown away!" was the next reflection of the business-like master baker. "I myself paid more than a hundred marks for masses for your mother, who was as good a woman as ever lived, barring her little peevish tempers, and twice as much for my own father and mother. And now the monks have robbed poor Dame Higby of almost the last penny to sing for the soul of her husband. But how have we all been befooled, if these things be true, as you say!"

"Only read for yourself, and you will see!" said Jack.

"Nay, I am no scholar, as you know!" returned his father. "But now, how as to Madame Barbara? I have sometimes suspected her to be in the same boat. If so, it is like to go hard with her, having been a nun!"

Jack told his father as she had desired him to do, the story of Sister Barbara. Perturbed in mind as he was, Master Lucas was considerably amused.

"Poor Anne! She little thought what a wolf in sheep's clothing she was bringing into the fold, when she spent such a time in trimming up her altar in Madam Barbara's room. I have seen this long time that there was no great confidence between them. But what we are to do I cannot guess, for the outcry against heresy grows louder every day. I think, Jack, you had best go abroad for a time."

(To be Continued.)

## An Important Office.

To properly fill its office and functions it is important that the blood be pure. When it is in such a condition, the body is almost certain to be healthy. A complaint at this time is catarrh in some of its various forms. A slight cold develops the disease in the head. Droppings of corruption passing into the lungs bring on consumption. The only way to cure this disease is to purify the blood. The most obstinate cases of catarrh yield to the medicinal powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla as if by magic, simply because it reaches the seat of the disease and by purifying and vitalizing the blood, removes the cause. Not only does Hood's Sarsaparilla do this but it gives renewed vigour to the whole system, making it possible for good health to reign supreme.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

**CABINET PUDDING.**—Cover a greased mould with raisins or currants, then a layer of bits of cake with a little citron, then alternate layers of raisins and cake, and continue until the mould is half full. Pour over this a custard and let stand a short time. Then cover and boil for an hour. Serve with a sweet sauce.

**A SAVOURY PIE.**—Cut up some cold cooked meat into small pieces, add a little thickened gravy, hot sauce and finely chopped onion. Line a pie dish with pastry, then put in the above mixture. Cover the pie with slices of tomato, and scatter coarsely-chopped potato over. Add a few bits of butter or dripping, and bake for half an hour.

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

**BARLEY SOUP.**—Put two pounds of neck or scrag of mutton into two quarts of water; add a teacupful of pearl barley, three onions, cut small, a bunch of parsley, two potatoes cut in dice, and pepper and salt to taste; simmer three hours and stir frequently. Remove every particle of fat before serving.

One of the small things to remember is that alcohol will quickly remove an obstinate porous plaster, whose period of usefulness has expired, and will also cause all unsightly traces of it to disappear.

For nervous headache use K.D.C.

**FRIZZLED BEEF.**—Shred beef, pour over it cold water and let it come to a boil (must not boil, as it toughens), pour off this water, add milk, a little pepper, butter, a well-beaten egg, and thicken with smooth paste of flour.

**APPLE FRUIT CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, two cups of butter, two eggs, half cup of sweet milk, one and one half cups of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, two teaspoons of cinnamon, one teaspoon of cloves, one cup of dried apples, which should soak over night. Chop fine and boil two hours in sugar before using.

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

**CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, six eggs, three cups of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, one teaspoon of vanilla. Take one-third of this mixture and add one-half a cake of chocolate grated. Put a thin layer of the white in the pan, then alternate spoonfuls of the light and dark mixture; finish with a layer of white.

**DELICATE WHITE PUFFS.**—Beat a pint of rich milk and the whites of four eggs until very light, and add, slowly beating all the while, a cupful of finely-sifted flour, and a scant cupful of powdered sugar and the grated peel of half a lemon. Bake in buttered tins in a very hot oven, turn out, sift powdered sugar over them and serve hot with lemon sauce.

**SMOTHERED FISH.**—Take the remains of boiled or baked fresh fish—codfish is, perhaps, the best. Remove the bones and shred it. Make a pint of cream sauce as directed for veal terrapin. When done pour it on three well-beaten eggs. Put a layer of fish in the dish in which it is to be served; sprinkle it with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg; cover it with a layer of sauce; add another of fish, and so alternately until the dish is full. Cover the top with fine bread crumbs moistened with a teaspoonful of melted butter, and bake twenty minutes.