

"They that Sow in Tears shall Reap in Joy."

Saviour now before Thee bending,
While our tears and prayers are blending,
Hear our cries to heaven ascending;
Now adoring,
Now imploring,
O deliver us, Good Lord!

By Thy Cross, we kneel bemoaning,
All our sins before Thee owning,
And we plead Thy Blood, atoning
In compassion
For transgression;
O deliver us, Good Lord!

See us in our sad condition,
Bowed in deep and true contrition;
Hear our pleading, strong petition,
One Foundation,
One Salvation,
O deliver us, Good Lord!

Satan's toils long years have bound us;
But Thy mercy now has found us,
Let Thy grace, O Lord, surround us,
Wrath confounding,
Love abounding,
O deliver us, Good Lord!

Lord, we plead "Thy Cross and Passion,"
Boundless love, and deep compassion,
Godhead, clothed in human fashion,
On high reigning,
All sustaining,
O deliver us, Good Lord!

"Thine the Name that brings salvation;"
Come and rule o'er every nation,
Claim by right, all adoration;
For our yearning,
Love returning,
O deliver us, Good Lord!

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

"Aye, aye!" said the old man readily. "I remember Jack Lucas. A towardly boy he was, and could write Latin fairly, though he was careless in throwing stones, I remember. He took me for an owl once!" added the father, chuckling over the old joke. "They said he was an heretic and that the devil carried him off, but I never believed that!"

"If he did, he brought him back!" said the baker, laughing; "for here he sits as you see."

"But Jack was only a lad, and this is a well-grown gentleman!" returned the priest in a puzzled tone.

"He will get hold of the matter presently!" said Dame Lucas, as we must now call her. "I would not trouble him. Never mind, dear father, you will understand all by and by."

"And where have you been all this time, that we have not heard from you?" asked Master Lucas. "We have written again and again, but have heard nothing, and had almost given you up for lost."

"I have been in many lands!" replied Jack. "I have been studying medicine in Padua and Milan, and travelling all over Germany, and as far east as Constantinople. But I have my diploma now and can settle where I like, so I have even come to see whether this town of Bridgewater can afford a living to a poor surgeon."

"You are just in the nick of time, for old Master Burden is dead, and there is no one to take his place!" said his father. "But do you really mean to settle down here? I thought you would be for going to London or Bristol?"

"I wished to be near you, father," said Jack; "and beside, my chances are better here than in London, where doctors are far more plenty than blackberries!"

"Did you see Master Fleming as you came through London?" asked Dame Lucas.

"Oh, yes, mother—if you care to be called mother by such a well-grown son!" Dame Lucas smiled and nodded, while his father looked greatly pleased. "I abode for more than a week with the good gentleman, and he hath sent you all tokens of his remembrance, which are in my mails."

"I warrant he rejoices in the new times!" remarked Master Lucas.

"He rejoices, though with trembling, as do all

who live near the court!" said Jack gravely. "He thinks the times are not at all settled, and that the king may yet lay on us a yoke as heavy as that of the pope."

"But we will not anticipate evil. How are the family at Holford?"

"Well, that are left! The good knight is gone, but my lady still survives and rejoices over the birth of her grandson."

"What has been done with Uncle Thomas' cottage and bits of land?"

"Nothing. Old Margery stayed there as long as she lived, and since then the house hath been shut up. Sir Arthur hath ever considered it your property, and he also holds some little money for you which Uncle Thomas left in his father's hands."

"Are the Deans all well?"

"Well and well to do. Davy owns a fine vessel, and is growing a rich man, and here is Peter to speak for himself!" as the tall journeyman entered the room—"and a fine fellow he is, as ever kneaded a batch of dough. He hath been more like a son than a servant to me, and I have used him accordingly. I suppose you heard all about poor Father William from Master Fleming?"

"Yes, and received the remembrance he left me!" replied Jack. "I could but wish as I entered the church this afternoon that he were there to see and hear."

"He is in a better place if ever a man was!" said Master Lucas. "His memory is grown in this place I can tell you. But it grows late, and the good father is already asleep. I daresay Cicely has your old room ready for you."

A few days after his return, Jack rode over to Holford to visit his friend Sir Arthur, and the place where he first learned to know and value the Scripture.

"You will find everything just as it was in the old man's time!" said Arthur, as he gave Jack the key of the cottage; "save that the storm of two nights ago hath somewhat shattered the old tree at the east end of the house."

Jack found the place as Arthur had said. A high wind had blown down part of the great hollow oak which had doubtless been a goodly tree at the time of the Norman conquest. Jack drew near and examined it. Suddenly uttering an exclamation, he put his hand into the hollow and drew forth a good sized square bundle wrapped in leather and carefully secured with straps of the same. Jack carried his prize into the cottage, and undoing the wrappers with some trouble, he brought to light a large volume, written on parchment and bound and clasped with iron. Reverently he opened the volume. It was the Bible of Wickliffe—the very Bible which had been hidden away a hundred years before, and which had given the crown of martyrdom to both Thomas Speat and his father. The Hidden Treasure of the old cottage had become the treasure of all England.

There is little more to add. Father John lived to be a century old, and died in peace, carefully tended by his adopted children and murmuring with his latest breath that everybody was good to him. Master Lucas died not very long after, leaving his business to Peter Dean. Cicely soon followed him. Madam Barbara lived to teach reading and embroidery to Jack's little girls, and was cherished as a mother by himself and his wife. Jack survived to see the Protestant religion firmly established in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE END.

What the Cross is.

The Cross is the Divine Altar. The one perfect Sacrifice was offered there. The Cross is a magnet. It draws. The Cross is a lever. It lifts men out of sin. The Cross is a key. It unveils the very heart of God. The Cross is a pulpit. From it Jesus speaks. The Cross is a throne. From it He promises Paradise. The Cross is a fountain—the fountain of all our peace, and all our joy, and all our hope, and all our strength. The Cross is a bridge between heaven and earth. And the Cross is a medicine. Through it alone comes our health and salvation.

Stern Taskmasters.

Opportunity is bald behind and must be grasped by the forelock. Life is full of tragic might-have-beens. No regret, no remorse, no self-accusation, no clear recognition that I was a fool, will avail one jot. The time for ploughing is past; you cannot stick the share into the ground when you should be wielding the sickle. "Too late" is the saddest of human words. And, as the stages of our lives roll on, unless each is filled as it passes, with the discharge of the duties and the appropriation of the benefits which it brings, then to all eternity that moment will never return, and the sluggard may beg in harvest that he may have the chance to plough once more, and have none. The student who has spent the term in indolence, perhaps dissipation, has no time to get up his subject when he is in the examination room, with the paper before him. And life and nature and God's law are stern taskmasters, and demand that the duty shall be done in its season, or left undone forever."

Hints to Housekeepers.

To preserve the fresh green colour of vegetables, like peas and beans, the lid should never be put on the pot while they are boiling.

You may remove the tightness caused by a cold almost instantly, by mixing ammonia and sweet oil, or fresh hen's oil will do, shaking it thoroughly, and rubbing it on the nose and forehead. By adding laudanum you have a splendid liniment.

SPANISH EGGS.—Cook one cupful of rice thirty minutes in two quarts of boiling water, to which has been added one teaspoonful of butter. Spread very lightly on a hot platter. On the rice place six dropped eggs and serve.

ROASTED OYSTERS.—Scrub the shells well in cold water; place the oysters in a baking pan, laying them on the deep half of the shell. Bake in a hot oven until the shell is well open. Remove the upper shell carefully, and serve with butter, pepper and salt.

SOUTHERN WAFFLES.—These are very nice and appetizing. Take one pint of sifted flour, add one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful melted butter or lard, an egg (beaten separately), and mix all together in a thin batter with sweet milk. Fry brown and crisp in a well-greased waffle-iron.

When ordering meats, remember that beef, when boiled, loses one pound of weight in every four, when roasted eighteen ounces. Mutton loses even more than beef. This should be thought of where much meat is used.

CALF'S HEAD, WITH SPANISH SAUCE.—To boil the head after having it well cleaned and scalded, put it over the fire with sliced carrot, onion stuck with cloves, a bay leaf, and water to cover; simmer three hours; lift out and cool; slice the tongue, cut the brains in quarters, and make ready about a quart of dice of the skin and flesh from the cheeks. Heat this in a quart of brown or Spanish sauce, made with the broth in which the head was cooked; add half a dozen gherkins cut in bits, and a pint of buttoned mushrooms, previously cooked for ten minutes in a little broth.

CREAMED SALT MACKEREL.—Soak the fish all night and wipe dry before using. Broil on a buttered gridiron over a clear fire. Lay on a hot dish and pour over it a cream sauce made as follows: Into one cup of boiling milk stir two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, rubbed smooth with one tablespoonful of butter; cook until well thickened; add a well-beaten egg, mixing carefully to prevent curdling; cook a moment longer, season with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a saltspoonful of pepper.

BROILED SMELTS.—Which are as much superior to fried smelt as broiled steak to fried steak. Split the smelts down the back and remove the bone. Grease a hot broiler with suet, lay the smelts upon it and broil them two minutes on each side over hot coals. Serve with tomato sauce, catsup or lemon.

—We believe that God's power is without limit; why should we not believe the same of His mercy?