

Our Hero Missionaries.

They have journeyed far
On the stormy tide
To the friendless shore
And the strange hillside.
Where the wild winds sigh
And the darkness creeps;
For their hearts are sad
With the world that weeps,
And theirs is a love
That never sleeps.

Where the stress is great
And the battle long
They strengthen their faith
With psalm and song;
And if for guerdon
They have defeat,
The hymns of their angels
Are ever sweet,
And they take their rest
At the Master's feet.

God is the source
Of their secret strength.
They trust in Him,
And they see at length
That morn is breaking
After the night,
And the harvest fields
Are gold and white,
While shines around them
God's fadeless light.

But who shall follow
Where they have led?
Who live and labour
And love instead?
Oh, hearts of youth,
Earth waits for you;
Be strong and brave,
Be firm and true,
Faithfully promise,
And nobly do!
—Marianne Farningham.

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XX.

CONFIDENCES.

Some three or four weeks had passed since the events recorded in our last chapter. Master Fleming had returned to London, carrying with him the thanks and blessings of all the poor in Bridgewater, and of those also whom he had led into the knowledge of the Scripture. Jack had made more than one journey to Holford to visit his uncle and Arthur, between whom and himself had grown up a warm and intimate friendship. This friendship, though approved by Sir Thomas, was not viewed with altogether favourable eyes either by my lady or Master Lucas. My lady, though she acknowledged the obligations of the family to Jack, nevertheless thought it beneath her son's dignity to be so familiar with the son of a citizen; and Master Lucas, who, was as proud in his way as my lady was in hers, did not like to have Jack visit at a house where he was likely to be looked upon as an intruder. However, Arthur's mother was inclined to treat him with every indulgence in his present weak state, and though she greatly mourned over the degeneracy of the times which made such a friendship possible, and was sometimes more condescending to Jack than was absolutely pleasant, still she was kind, and moreover, acknowledged that the young man had parts and breeding which would not disgrace any station whatever.

It may be guessed that Jack and Arthur never wanted for topics of conversation. Arthur had lived a roving and somewhat wild life for two or three years after he went abroad, till he at last fell dangerously ill at Antwerp. Alone in a strange place, without money and without friends, he was likely to fare badly, when he was found out by those two eminent saints and scholars, Tyndale and Frith, who were then at Antwerp. Hearing by chance of an Englishman very ill and without money, these two excellent men at once sought him out, assisted him with gold, and with care and nursing which gold could not buy. Not only so, but they found out the way to his heart and conscience, and showed the now penitent young man the way of free salvation through the one all-sufficient sacrifice. Arthur Peckham rose from his bed a true Christian man, and a con-

firmed Protestant, with a heart full of gratitude and love to that heavenly Father who had brought to him such faithful friends in the hour of adversity. He must needs do something to show his thankfulness and sincerity, and taking with him a package of Testaments and tracts, he travelled from city to city, and from village to village, distributing the seed of truth, especially among his own countrymen. Moved by the arguments and solicitations of his friend Frith, he at last became convinced that it was his duty to return and make his submission to his father; and he determined to do so, though sorely in doubt about his reception: for his father was a proud man, and it was a boast of the Peckhams that no heir of the family had ever brought disgrace upon it. It was at Brussels, on his way home, that Arthur Peckham was betrayed by one who had come to him pretending to be in want of an English Testament. This man had been in trouble himself as a Lutheran, had abjured his so-called errors, and was now endeavouring to atone for them by making himself serviceable as a spy. His former connection with English Protestants enabled him to assume the character to perfection, and perhaps Arthur was not as careful as he should have been. At any rate, he fell into the trap, went, as he supposed, with his new friend to a secret assembly of Protestants, and found himself in a dungeon of the Inquisition, from which he barely escaped with life by the connivance of an English priest, who was not yet lost to all feelings of humanity or patriotism.

"The base hound! The infamous, cowardly traitor!" exclaimed Master Lucas, when he heard the story. "Did he betray his own countryman to death, and that under the guise of friendship? I would go all the way to Bristol on foot only to see him hanged."

"There have been worse cases than his," said Arthur; "cases in which the brother has literally betrayed the brother to death and the father his son. Nay, I knew of one instance in which the brother informed against his own twin sister."

"Such things seem impossible!" said Master Lucas. "I wonder what his parents said."

"They may have approved!" said Anne. "If the sister were a confirmed heretic and blasphemer, the brother's duty to the Church—"

"Tell me not of duty to the Church!" interrupted the baker. "I say the man was a villain unfit to live—not worthy of the name of hound, since even brutes know the ties of affection and friendship. Why even the old cat there, thief as she is, loves her master and would fight to the death for her kittens. But here I am, growing as hot as one of mine own ovens, and all for nothing!" said he, wiping his forehead, and smiling at his own vehemence; "only Anne thou shouldst not vex thy old father by taking the contrary side."

After Arthur had gone, the story of his adventures was talked over at the table, and Master Lucas again vented his indignation against the cowardly spy who betrayed Arthur, and against spies and traitors in general.

"If it had been my son who had done such a thing I would never see him more."

"Suppose your son were an heretic!" said Anne.

"That is a different matter!" replied the baker. "It would be a great misfortune doubtless and much to be deplored, but it would not be a base and traitorous action like the other. Nay, I think I could forgive the wildest heresy in a man sooner than treachery."

"I do not see the treachery!" said Anne. "If the brother warned his sister beforehand what he was going to do in case she persisted in her error, as you call it, she would have no cause of complaint. His duty as a Christian stood before his duty as a brother or any other carnal and fleshly ties. I think he did right!" said Anne, flushing as she spoke. "I do not see how he could have done otherwise."

"Would you then do so?" asked Sister Barbara. "I would!" replied Anne. "I should think it my duty."

"Then wouldst thou never again enter thy father's door or receive his blessing!" exclaimed Master Lucas, striking the table with his fist, so that the dishes jingled. "Never again would I

see a child capable of playing such a villainous part. My curse—"

"Dear father!" exclaimed Jack, laying his hand on his father's arm—"My dear, good father, do not be angry with Anne. She would never do anything to forfeit your blessing, I am sure."

"I beg, Jack, that you will not interfere," said Anne, who seemed bent on raising a storm. "It does not become you to meddle. Let my father say his will."

"My will is to bid thee hold thy tongue for a malapert contrary wench as thou art, and not provoke thy old father to make a fool of himself or bring on a fit of apoplexy!" said Master Lucas, making a great effort to control himself and speak in his usual pleasant tone. "Reach me a cup of cold water, my son. It was an evil day that I ever sent thee to a nunnery, to learn to despise the honest and natural ties of blood and childly duty among a parcel of fantastic and bigoted old maids—craving your pardon, madam!" he added, turning to Sister Barbara. "But it is enough to make a man a heretic in despite of himself, to hear his own child upholding such notions. I do believe more heretics are made by the priests than by anyone else."

(To be Continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

Add a cupful of chopped raisins to a quart of cranberries, stew, strain, and make a pie of under-crust and strips of crossed pastry or a meringue.

For a custard pie make the filling with the yolks of eggs, and a meringue of the whites. Meringue rises and then falls because the oven is too hot.

Cook rice in a farina boiler, add a few drops of lemon juice, and do not stir until done, and it will be deliciously white and the kernels separate.

QUICK MINCE PIE.—Pare and chop two apples. Add to them two broken crackers, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a tablespoonful of sherry, a quarter of a cup of sugar, and a half cup of chopped raisins or clean currants. Add the grated rind of one lemon and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Fill this into a lined pie dish, cover, and bake in a moderate oven twenty or thirty minutes.

CHILI SAUCE.—Secure twenty-five large, ripe tomatoes, twelve large, white onions, six green peppers, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, two quarts of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one teaspoonful each of allspice, mace, cloves and cinnamon, all finely ground. Chop the vegetables finely together, add all the rest and boil slowly for two hours. After cooling, put it in stone jars and use as needed.

RICE CAKES FOR BREAKFAST.—Take two cups of rice, which pick, wash and boil over a slow fire in three pints of water until perfectly soft and clear. When done take a spoon and wash very fine, and add salt to taste. When cool whisk two eggs until light, which add with three half pints of milk. Then beat in by degrees six teacupfuls of flour. After beating well together stir in two heaped spoonfuls of saleratus. Bake them the size of a breakfast plate on a griddle as buckwheat cakes.

TO PRESERVE VELVET.—Articles in velvet should always be made up the reverse way to the pile, that is, so the pile inclines upward. This prevents them from looking white. If from any cause the pile of velvet is crushed or flattened, it may be raised by holding the reverse side over a basin of boiling hot water.

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

For keeping moths from furs and woollen fabrics sprinkle spirits of turpentine over sheets of paper, and lay first sheet on bottom drawer or chest, followed with the fabric, and sheets every six or eight inches. This method is effectual. The turpentine will evaporate quite readily when goods are exposed to the air.

TO LOOSEN GLASS STOPPERS.—The best method is to apply salad oil to the mouth of the decanter by means of a feather; the bottle should then be placed about one-half yard from the fire. When warm the stopper should be gently struck on all sides, and attempts should be made to move it. If it still remains fast, apply more oil. A few sharp taps on the stopper, all the way round with a key, is also very effectual.