

## St. Thomas's Day.

"Be not faithless, but believing."—John xx. 27.  
How oft, O Lord, Thy face hath shone  
On doubting souls whose wills were true!  
Thou Christ of Cephias and of John,  
Thou art the Christ of Thomas too.

He loved Thee well, and calmly said,  
"Come, let us go and die with Him";  
Yet when Thine Easter news was spread,  
'Mid all its light, his eyes were dim.

His brethren's word he would not take,  
But craved to touch those hands of Thine;  
The bruised reed Thou didst not break;  
He saw, and hailed his Lord Divine.

He saw Thee risen: at once he rose  
To full belief's unclouded height;  
And still through his confession flows  
To Christian souls Thy life and light.

O Saviour, make Thy presence known  
To all who doubt Thy word and Thee;  
And teach them in that alone  
To find the truth that sets them free.

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"She may not be able to help it!" said Jack.  
"Do you not see, dear father, that she must answer any question the priest chooses to ask her? With this engine of confession in their hands, the churchmen hold the inmost keys of every man's home and family!"

"A plague take the whole of them!" exclaimed Master Lucas.

"A plague is like to take them, and that before long, if all we hear about the breaking up of the religious houses be true!" said Jack. "It is because they know how it will take the power out of their hands, that the priests so oppose the spread of the Gospel!"

"Are you and Jack going to stay all night in the cellar, and catch your deaths with the damp?" called Cicely from the top of the stairs. "Here is supper all ready, and you would but draw the wine and ale. I am sure you need your supper as well as the good father yonder, who is ready to eat the very salt and trenchers, he is so sharp set."

At supper Father John was the merriest of the party. Like many easy-going people, he had the gift of putting far off the evil day, and persuading himself that what he wished not to happen never would happen. He had made what was for one of his habits a great sacrifice of ease and comfort, to warn his young friend, and he was inclined to take the reward of his good deed. He praised Cicely's cookery, paid Anne various old-fashioned compliments, and made her very angry by telling her she was a foolish girl to wear out her life in a nunnery. She had far better marry some stout young bachelor and bring up a dozen of sturdy lads and lasses to comfort her in her old age.

"I would you could persuade her to think so!" said the baker.

"I have already told you, father, that I look upon myself as the vowed bride of Heaven!" said Anne, with more asperity of tone and manner than altogether suited the character she avowed. "If I am to hear any more of such discourse, I shall retire from the table."

"Hoity, toity!" said Father John. "Since when hath it been the fashion for maidens to threaten their fathers, either natural or ghostly, in such wise? But come, I meant no offence. I did but say what I truly think. I am an old man, my daughter, and I have seen much more of the world than you have, both in the cloister and out of it; and I tell you in all seriousness, that a woman who brings up ten children in honour and in the fear of God, does a more acceptable work in His eyes, aye, and bears more pains and penances too, than any cloistered nun since the days of St. Bridget. Think you the vigil is not as acceptable which is passed in soothing and tending a sickly, suffering babe, as that which is spent in lying on a chapel floor?"

"I should say so!" said Cicely, much edified; "and yet nobody thinks there is any merit in a wife's or a mother's care of her family, because it just comes in the plain course of nature."

"That is to say, it comes in the course of God's Providence!" said Jack. "The one state of life is God's appointment, and the other is man's device!"

"I say not that!" rejoined Father John hastily. "Doubtless the cloister is appointed for some as well as the family. But come, Mistress Anne, since that is your name, be not displeased with me, who am a man old enough to be your grandfather, and a priest beside, but pledge me in a cup of this sweet wine, which is just fit for a maid's drinking."

"I thank you, but I drink no wine!" said Anne coldly.

"Anne, you are scarce civil!" said her father. "I pray your reverence, pardon her ill manners."

"Oh, let her have her way!" said the old priest. "Caprice is the privilege of woman, and it were hard to rob them of it. Young maids love to say no!—eh, daughter!" he added, with his jolly laugh. "We all know what that means. The 'I will not!' of a bishop and that of a young maiden come to much the same in the end."

Good reason as they had for gravity, neither Jack nor his father could forbear laughing at Anne's discomfiture.

"Come, never mind it, child, and do not spoil the evening by peevishness!" said her father. "Who knows how many more happy evenings we may spend together? Father John, will not your reverence take another cup of wine?"

"No more, no more!" replied the old man. "I am no tosspot, my good Master Lucas, though I love a social cup now and then. I would fain go to rest since you are so kind as to give me a bed, for I am weary with my ride."

"When did you and Anne go to church?" asked Jack as he returned to the parlour, after lighting the priest to his chamber.

"Anne was not at church with me!" replied Cicely surprised. "I left her in the little cabinet yonder, while I went to carry some matters to Dame Higby. She had been at the church nearly all day."

Jack started. Then Anne had perhaps heard the whole. What use would she make of her knowledge? He could not guess. He went at once to his father's room and told him what he had heard from Cicely. Their conference lasted long with no very satisfactory result, and at last it was decided to wait till morning.

"The morrow is the feast of St. Michael," said the baker. "They will hardly do anything on that day, and we shall have time to think a little. would Master Fleming were here. I think you were best set out for London to-morrow. But Jack, if you have any of these books, I pray you hide or destroy them this very night and without delay."

## How to Make Some Delicious Sweets for Christmas.

Take candied pineapple, cut into cubes and dip it in fondant once or twice, as may be necessary to cover it well, then harden, says *Christmas Ladies' Home Journal*. Still another is to cut the pineapple in pieces pointed at one end and wider at the other, and dip the wide end in fondant, leaving the other end uncovered. Cream cherries are candied cherries used in the same way as the pineapple. Do not use a whole cherry for the top of the candy, as half or even a quarter is enough. Stuffed cherries are made by taking candied cherries and cutting them so that there will be four or eight points to stick up; fill the inside of each cherry quite full of fondant, so that the points will lie against the fondant, thus making a pretty candy which will look something like a flower. To make pecan creams, take a ball of fondant, flavour to taste, dip in melted fondant and lay a pecan nut meat on top and let it harden. Cream almonds, same as pecan creams. Almonds may be dipped in melted fondant if desired. English walnuts may be used in the same way. To make raspberry creams, add to a dessertspoonful of raspberry jam enough XXXX or confectioner's powdered sugar to make a paste; if not acid enough to taste like the fruit add a speck of tartaric acid. Make into balls, melt some of the hardest fondant you have and add a few drops of red colouring; dip the balls twice if necessary, as it sometimes will be.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

CHRISTMAS MOLASSES CAKE.—Mix two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of lard and one teaspoonful of soda together. Add flour to knead stiffly, and roll very thin. Cut in any shapes. Blanch one cupful of almonds and halve them. Chop part of them finely and sprinkle the cakes. Arrange the halves in figures on the large shapes. Watches and brown animals show to advantage in this dough.

RICH DATE CAKE.—Mix any nice layer cake and bake six layers. Remove the stones and chop a pound of dates. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, add two cupfuls of fine sugar, and a spoonful of almond flavouring. Mix part with the chopped dates and spread between the cakes. Use the remainder on the top, and ornament with whole dates with the stones removed.

CHRISTMAS SNAPS.—One cupful each of molasses and sugar boiled together. Add a small cupful of butter, one-half of hot water, one teaspoonful of soda, two of ginger, and flour to roll out. Cut in squares and bake quickly. Ice the top and sprinkle with small candies, or cut in rings and sprinkle with sugar before baking.

K.D.C. cures dyspepsia.

CHRISTMAS CAKE, No. 1.—Cream two cups of sugar and one of butter with the hand. Beat the yolks of three eggs with a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, add to the cream, with the grated rind of a lemon and one-quarter pound of flour, and stir a little before adding the whites of eggs, beaten not stiffly, but to a froth. Mix all together with a spoon, adding sufficient flour to knead in a stiff dough. Roll out very thin. Cut into little cakes, figures of any kind, animals, etc., with tin forms, or lay paper shapes upon the dough and cut round them with a sharp knife. There is an opportunity here for great originality. Bake in a moderate, even oven. When done, the light should shine through them.

CHRISTMAS CAKE, No. 2.—Cream two cups of butter and one cup of sugar. Add two well-beaten yolks of eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, the grated rind of a lemon, and flour for a stiff dough. Finish as directed above. Either variety of cake will keep for months in a dry place. These cakes may be made a week before Christmas, and not frosted till the preceding day.

K.D.C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Peel and core twelve apples and stew them to a pulp, with the thin rind of a lemon and a bit of cinnamon; rub through a sieve and return the puree to a stewpan, with one ounce of potato flour, eight of sugar and two of butter. Cook this over a slow fire until quite dry, and when cold beat into it six whole eggs; pour into a buttered mould and bake in a very slow oven. Turn out and serve with whipped or sweetened cream, vanilla sauce, or soft custard.

OYSTER PIE.—Drain the liquor from a quart of fine oysters and put on to boil with a lump of butter the size of a walnut, pepper, a thickening of stale bread crumbs and a half cupful of milk well beaten together. Boil a few minutes, then throw in oysters and cook five minutes. Remove from the fire and when merely warm beat in yolks of three eggs. Line a buttered dish with rich paste and fill with crumpled white paper, or old napkin to support the lid of paste, and bake until lightly browned, when remove paper or napkin and fill with the oyster mixture, set back in oven for a few minutes, and send hot to table.

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

DUTCH APPLE PIE.—Mix one pint of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder; rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter, pour on this one egg and a large two-thirds cupful of milk beaten together thoroughly. Mix all quickly and well. Spread the dough about half an inch thick on a buttered baking pan. Place in rows upon this dough four large apples, which have been pared, cored, and cut into eighths, sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a slight sifting of cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven for about twenty-five minutes. Serve with sugar and cream or a simple sauce.

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