

When I Have Time.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair—
When I have time!

When I have time, kind words and loving smiles
I'll give to those whose pathway runs through
tears,
Who see no joy in all the coming years;
In many ways their weary lives I'll cheer—
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more those weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content—
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear—
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

Lady Peckham was much surprised to hear of her husband's sudden journey, but offered no opposition. "I had hoped you were done with public affairs!" said she. "At our age the chimney corner is the best chair of state."

"I am wholly of your mind, sweetheart!" replied her husband. "This is no matter of public business, however, but a private concern of my own. I shall be with you, or at least send you word of my progress to-morrow. I would have you say a word in kindness to young Lucas, who has done me a great service, and as I think, saved me from losing what I could ill spare."

My lady was always disposed to be gracious, at least to her acknowledged inferiors. She asked Jack about his studies and his school, told him of a sovereign remedy for the headache, and ended by giving him a silver piece. At another time Jack might have resented being treated like a schoolboy, but just now he was too full of interest and compassion to harbour any such feeling. In the course of half-an-hour the party were on the road, riding at the best speed of the Knight's good horses, the pony being left to rest and regale himself in Sir Thomas' stable.

"You said my son was very weak and low!" remarked Sir Thomas, after riding some time in silence. "Has any physician or priest been to see him?"

"Davy Dean sent for old Dr. Burden directly!" answered Jack; "and he hath been with Master Arthur several times; but Master Arthur had no desire to see a priest."

"Did he say aught to show the state of his mind on religious matters?"

Jack had been hesitating as to whether he ought to say anything about Arthur's religious convictions, but now that the way seemed so clearly opened, he hesitated no longer.

"Master Arthur begged me to read the Scripture to him and I did so!" said he. "He seemed at first to think he had betrayed himself to a spy of the priests, and when I had reassured him, he showed me the scars which had been made on his wrists by the rack, as he said, whereby I supposed he had been in the hands of the Inquisition somewhere in Spain or the Low Countries."

"My poor boy!" said Sir Thomas, and then followed another long silence which was scarcely broken till they reached Bridgewater. The horses and servants were left at the inn, and Sir Thomas walked down to Mary Dean's house, followed by the wondering looks and respectful salutations of all he met, for Sir Thomas was almost as well known in Bridgewater as the tower of St Mary's.

"You had better go up first and see my son!" said Sir Thomas as they reached the door. "But what shall we say to the good woman of the house?"

"I will manage that, by your good leave!" said Jack, marvelling at his own confidence. "I can easily content her."

Mary Dean, in her neat widow's costume, was always fit to be seen, and she welcomed Sir Thomas with all due humility.

"The dear young gentleman has been much better to-day!" said she, in answer to his inquiries. "He said he felt as if Master Jack had put new life into him. I hope your worship will see no harm in him," she added, rather uneasily. "I could do nothing else but take him in when my own son brought him home."

"You have done quite right, and I thank you, Dame!" said Sir Thomas. "I will see that you are rewarded for your kindness. I have some hopes the young man may turn out a kinsman of mine own."

Jack found his new friend sitting up in bed supported by pillows, and looking eagerly toward the door. He seemed a little disappointed as Jack entered alone.

"Is it you, my kind nurse?" said he. "Are you alone? I fancied I heard another voice?"

"A familiar voice?" asked Jack smiling. "A voice you have heard before?"

"It did seem so!" replied Paul, sinking wearily back on his pillow. "But it was but a sick man's fancy. I doubt I shall never hear that voice again!"

"Whose voice did you think you heard?" asked Jack. Then as Paul did not answer—"Was it your father's?"

"I thought so!" returned Paul. "But I know it could not be. Oh, could I but fall at his feet like the poor prodigal!"

"The prodigal did not fall at his father's feet, though he might have meant to do so!" said Jack softly. "When he was a great way off his father saw him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him!"

Paul started up with more energy than one would have supposed possible. "Have you brought my father to me?" he cried. "Is he here?"

"Hush!" said Jack, gently laying him back on his pillow. "Do but be quiet and composed, and all shall be well. There is indeed a worthy gentleman below stairs, and when I see you yourself again, I will bring him to you."

Great was the amazement of Mary Dean when Sir Thomas, coming downstairs from his long interview with her lodger, took her hand, and in fitting and formal phrase thanked her for the kindness she had bestowed on his only son. She could hardly comprehend, and looked from Sir Thomas to Jack in evident bewilderment.

"Do you not understand?" said Jack. "The young gentleman above is Mr. Arthur Paul Peckham, Sir Thomas Peckham's son, long in captivity in foreign parts, and supposed to be dead. He was on his way home when he was wrecked and saved by your son."

A happier and prouder woman than Mary Dean could not be found in all England. It was plain that Paul, or Arthur, as we must now call him, could not be moved at present, so fitting furniture and garnishing were procured for Mary's empty rooms, and the next day Lady Peckham and her waiting-gentlewoman came in from the Hall, and took up their lodging with the ship-master's widow. After all Jack's care in preparing the way, the shock of the meeting told severely, and for many days he hovered between life and death. At last, however, youth and good nursing carried him through, and he was able to be taken home to his father's house. It may be guessed that the Knight and his lady were not wanting in thanks, and in more solid tokens of esteem toward the kind little widow and her family. All the furniture which had been bought for Lady Peckham's use was given to Mary. Davy was advanced by Sir Thomas' interest to the command of a small vessel, and the younger children rejoiced in new clothes and tops which made them the envy of all the school children.

"'Tis a fine thing to have grand friends!" said Dame Higgins, who had made an errand to Mary Dean's house, expressly to see the new furniture. "You were in luck after all!"

"I should not have been in luck if I had taken your advice, and left poor Mr. Arthur to take his chance at the convent gate!" returned Mary, un-

able to resist the temptation of triumphing a little. "But he should have been welcome to my best bed all the same, and as long as he needed it, if he had been the poor sailor we all thought him."

"Some folks have all the luck!" grumbled Dame Higgins. "If I had taken in all the poor vagabonds in the port, they would never have turned out anything but vagabonds!"

"When you take in a poor sailor he will turn out a prince of the Indies at least!" said Davy bluntly. "My mother did what she did of pure love and Christian charity, and she would not have failed of her reward however it had turned out."

"Well, well, I don't want to quarrel!" said Dame Higgins. "You are sure to be rising folks now that you have obliged such great people, and I hope you won't forget old friends in your prosperity—that's all!"

(To be continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

COFFEE ROLLS.—Work into a quart of bread dough a rounded tablespoonful of butter and half a teacup of white sugar; add some dried currants (well washed and dried in the oven), sift some flour and sugar over them, work into the dough thoroughly, make into small, long rolls, dip them into melted butter, place in the pan, let it rise a short time and bake.

TONGUE ON TOAST.—Chop very finely half a pint of boiled tongue and mix with it the beaten yolks of two eggs and a seasoning of mustard, cayenne and celery salt. Put a teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan, add as much flour, and when smooth, two tablespoonfuls of any kind of gravy; stir in the minced tongue until very hot and pile on six squares of toast.

NEW ENGLAND FISH PATTIES.—Shred and boil half pound salt fish (cod) until tender; put it in a chopping bowl with eight good-sized potatoes, boiled; one stalk celery, one small onion, one egg, season to taste. Chop fine, wet with milk, mould into patties with flour. Fry strips of salt pork crisp; remove and fry patties in hot fat. Serve with salt pork and garnish the dish with parsley.

HASTY PUDDING.—Put three-quarters of a pint of milk over the fire in a double boiler and add to it two ounces of flour, wet with a gill of milk; boil until quite thick and eat hot, with butter, sugar and cream, or let it stay until it gets cold and then beat into it three whipped eggs, an ounce of melted butter, half a cup of sugar and a little grated nutmeg; bake in a dish lined with thin paste and eat cold, covering the top with marmalade or preserves if liked.

Very delicate croquettes may be made from chestnuts. The nuts should be boiled after removing the shells and blanching. When tender mash a pint of them and season with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper, a teaspoonful of onion juice, and an ounce of butter. Mix the ingredients well and shape into little rolls. Dip in egg, then in fine breadcrumb, and fry in deep fat heated until it smokes. The Italian chestnuts make very nice croquettes.

MINCEMEAT.—Two bowls of chopped apples, one bowl molasses, one bowl sugar, one bowl cider or vinegar and water, six teaspoonfuls salt, six teaspoonfuls cinnamon, four teaspoonfuls cloves, one nutmeg, one pound raisins, one pound currants. Mix all together, put in a kettle and get scalding hot, then put in jar for use.

To make mulled wine use one cup of fine sugar, a tumbler of sherry, and one egg; beat the egg to a froth and add the sugar; heat the wine, and when it is at boiling point put the egg mixture in a pitcher and pour the hot wine over it, stirring it constantly; put in four whole cloves and the same quantity of allspice. Drink as soon as possible.

JULIENNE SOUP.—Cut one-quarter pint of carrots, one-quarter pint turnips, one-quarter pint onions, two beets and one-half head celery into small dice. Fry carrots in one ounce of butter, and pour over them two quarts of boiling stock; then add the other vegetables, including one-half head shredded lettuce, and one-quarter pint peas; stew all gently for an hour.