

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XIV. CONTINUED.

"Hush, dear lad!" she said, gently and quietly, as Jack would have spoken. "Help me to lay your sister on the bed, and then leave her to me. She will be better presently, poor thing!"

"I fear I have been to blame!" said Jack, as he lifted his sister in his arms and felt shocked to discover how emaciated she was. "I have but distressed when I meant to help her!"

"I know, I know!" whispered the good nun. "Say no more now, but go thy ways, and pray for her and for all of us. I will bring her to herself, and she will soon be better."

CHAPTER XV.

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS.

Jack left the house and went out to walk, feeling the need of solitude to compose his thoughts. He was distressed at his sister's condition, and a little frightened, when he remembered how he had put himself into her power; and yet, on thinking the matter over, he did not see how he could have done otherwise. He was so deep in reflection that he started on being spoken to as though a bolt had fallen from the sky.

"A fair evening, my young brother!" said Master Fleming. "Yet you do not seem to be enjoying it greatly. Your eyes are bent on the ground as though your meditations were heavy!"

"They are so in truth!" said Jack. "I am right glad to meet you, Master Fleming, and would willingly have your advice and opinion in a grave matter!"

"Both are at your service!" said Master Fleming. "I trust nothing unpleasant hath chanced."

In reply, Jack told him the whole story, to which Master Fleming listened with grave attention.

"I cannot see that you have done wrong!" said he at last. "You might perhaps have used more caution, and yet caution is not always best. You say no one heard you but your sister!"

"No one, unless Madam Barbara might have caught a few words!" replied Jack. "Her room is next my sister's. I hardly think she could have done so, or she would not have spoken so kindly and gently to me."

"What did she say?" asked Master Fleming.

"She bade me go pray for Anne and myself—pray for all of us, were her words, I think. She is always a kind lady, but methinks, as I remember it, there was an unusual tenderness in her voice and look."

"That is strange if she did really overhear you!" said the merchant. "You do not think your sister would betray you?"

"Never, if she were left to herself!" said Jack warmly; but you see there is just the rub. She will not be left to herself. I have reason to think she hath told tales of me already, from what Father Barnaby said to me at Father John's house in Holford."

"How was that?" asked the merchant.

Jack repeated the story, to which the merchant listened with attention, laughing heartily when Jack recounted with considerable humour his encounter with Father Barnaby, and the way in which the reverend gentleman was thrown off the scent by means of Horace.

"Well, my brother, you certainly owe Horace a debt of gratitude!" said he, when Jack had finished the story. "You say you have not seen the priest since that time?"

Jack replied in the negative.

"I see nothing you can do but wait in hope and trust for the result!" said Master Fleming. "It may be that your words will be blest to your sister after all, and that she may have grace to turn to the only source of comfort and light. Poor young maid, my heart is sad for her. Meantime, I need not tell you to treat her with all kindness and forbearance, and to pray earnestly for her."

"I never mean to be out of patience with her!" said Jack; "and yet she does so anger me sometimes that I can hardly forbear speaking sharply to her—not for my own sake, but for that of my father and my good cousin Cicely. She is such a continual grief to them."

"There is nothing gained, but a good deal lost

by that, my brother!" said the merchant. "I daresay your good father does not lose patience with his unhappy child!"

"Not often!" replied Jack. "He treats her always with the greatest forbearance and kindness, puts up with all her ways, and indulges her in everything, and yet she does not seem to have the least notion of it."

"I daresay not!" said Master Fleming drily. "Those who are the most patiently borne with are usually the last to find it out. But do you take pattern by your father, and remember that you have a double call to exercise kindness and love. Let me tell you what to do. When your patience seems like to fail, do not dwell upon and aggravate in your own heart the offence of your sister (as I know by experience one is apt to do), but lift up your heart in prayer to God for her, and then recall to mind your own offences against God and His gracious and repeated forgiveness, and remember our dear Lord's saying, 'not seven times, but seventy times seven.' Above all, pray that your heart may be filled with love to God and man, for therein lies the great remedy for sin in every form!"

"I will indeed!" said Jack, brushing the tears from his eyes. "Oh what shall I do for a counsellor when you are gone? I wish you might abide with us always!"

"That can hardly be!" replied Master Fleming. "I must go back to London before long. But I trust some friend will be raised up to you."

"I wish I could go with you!" said Jack. "It is so much easier to be good in your company!"

"It is not the part of a good knight and soldier to choose the easier way!" said Master Fleming, smiling. "Besides, Jack, it is usually a mistake to suppose that you could serve God in some other place than the one where He hath put you. It is this very error which hath driven so many into the cloister. Others it hath led into the dangers of the world for which they were wholly unfit. Many an one is sick of home and home duties, and fancies he could do better in a wider sphere, while at the same time he is failing in every relation of life in the place assigned him by Providence. Be content where you are till God calls you away. Few lads have a better or more cheerful home, though all may not be as you wish!"

"I know that indeed!" said Jack eagerly. "I should be a villain to cherish discontent while I have my father, and dear, good cousin Cicely to make much of me. I am rather afraid my way will be made too soft and easy for me!"

"Never fear!" said Master Fleming. "That is a misfortune which, I venture to say, never yet befell one who was honestly trying to serve God with all his heart. Our Father loves dearly to see His children happy, but He is sure to send them all the crosses they need. Enjoy your peaceful sunshiny home while it is yours, for these are threatening times and we may not long be left in peace. The sun shines now, you see!" he added, looking towards the west, where was piled up a gorgeous mass of thunder-clouds; "but it will soon set, and I hear already the growling of the coming storm. The sun will rise again we know, but before that time many a fair barque will be wrecked and gallant sailor drowned. Let us pray that we may be able to endure all these things and to stand at last before the Son of Man."

(To be continued.)

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of the people who feel all tired out or run down from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body, so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight. If you are weak, tired and nervous, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need. Try it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

—Miss B. Paton, the fashionable dressmaker, is evidently quite up to time in all the latest fashions. We have lately had the pleasure of seeing some beautiful dresses and exquisite blouses from her, which certainly are a credit to her establishment.

Hints to Housekeepers.

PLAIN STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE. Make a crust with one-half more shortening than for biscuit. Roll in two sheets. Spread the under one with butter, place the other on top and bake. When baked, separate the layers and place mashed and sweetened fruit between and on top. Or the crust can be baked in one piece, and split and buttered after baking. Peach, orange, apple and rhubarb shortcakes are very nice. Serve with cream.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Mash one quart strawberries with one cup powdered sugar, rub through a hair sieve. Dissolve one and one-half ounces gelatine in one pint sweet milk. Strain and add one pint whipped cream, and the berry juice. Pour into a wet mould, and set on ice to form. *Another way.*—One quart strawberries rubbed through a hair sieve, mix with three pints rich cream, and sweeten. Whip to a froth, add one-half ounce dissolved gelatine. Serve in glasses.

STRAWBERRY JELLY. Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh, and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar, dried and reduced to a powder; when this is dissolved place the preserving pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from the scum and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve. A very small quantity will require much less time.

CHERRY WATER ICE.—One quart tart, well-flavoured cherries, two full cups sugar, two cups water, one gill brandy or one-half gill maraschino. Stone the cherries; remove the kernels from a dozen of the stones, rub them to a paste, and put with the crushed cherries. After these have stood together for an hour squeeze out the juice, add the sugar and water, stir until the sugar is dissolved, strain again, add the brandy or cordial and freeze.

DELICATE PUDDING.—This proved a delicious pudding and very easily and quickly made. Two cups of water and one cup of sugar were boiled together, then three tablespoonfuls of corn starch were added with the juice of one lemon and a speck of salt, and the whole boiled ten minutes. Then the whites of three eggs were beaten to a stiff froth, the starch added by spoonfuls, and the whole beaten together. It was then put into a mould, and when cold was turned on to a small platter and served with boiled custard poured around it.

Here is an interesting idea for the housewife who is troubled with the aggravating flies flourishing in their furnace heated rooms, long after cold weather is supposed to have destroyed them. The suggestion comes from abroad that the fragrant geranium—the old-fashioned rose geraniums beloved by our grandmothers—keeps flies away. A moderate sized geranium of this variety is said to be so disagreeable to flies that they avoid its neighbourhood, and two or three of these plants in a room will drive them out altogether.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, one of molasses, five cups of flour sifted, three eggs, one cup of strong, cold coffee, one-half pound of raisins, stoned and floured, one-half of currants, one-fourth of citron, chopped or sliced fine, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one of cloves, one-half nutmeg grated, one teaspoonful of soda, good measure. Good cake bakers always cream butter and sugar thoroughly, sift flour and beat eggs separately very light, adding the whites last.

A FATAL ATTACK.—A fatal attack of croup is a frequent occurrence among children. Every household should be guarded by keeping Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam at hand. It breaks up colds, coughs, croup, asthma and bronchitis in a remarkable manner.

A POSITIVE CURE.—Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the blood from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sores or ulcers. Skin diseases, boils, blotches and all blood humours cannot resist its healing powers.

A SPLENDID COMBINE.—Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites, is the surest and best cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and asthma. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.