Choice Literature.

Written for THE CHURCH HERALD

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY LUCY FILEN QUERNSEY.

CHAPTER XIX

HOLFORD AGAIN. Jack found the old shepherd in his accustomed seat on the hills do with Bevis lying at his feet. He could not but think that

mg at his feet. He could not but think that Thomas had grown visibly more infirm during the few weeks of his absence.

I have been quite well!" he said in answer to Jack's anxious inquiries: "but citier because I have missed your good company, or because I am so many weeks older, I do not feel quite my usual strength. But then I am an old man, dear son. I am fourscore and six years old, and cannot expect to use my limbs as lightly as when I followed our old Ruight to the wars seventy years ago. But what brings you to Holford this fine day?"

"I have an errand to the Knight from one

Holford this fine day?"

"I have an errand to the Knight from one of his friends in Bridgowater!" replied Jack hesitating: "at least—Uncle Thomas, I would like to tell you the whole story, but I suppose the Knight should know my errand before anyone else. Only, uncle, will you pray that I may have wisdom to guide me, for my mission is something delicate?"

"Single small in the Knight should with the property of the property of

"Surely, surely, dear son, thou hast my prayers at all times. The Knight hath been very kind to me of late. He hath ever been sery kind to he of late. Idonata ver been so, indeed, but there seems to be a new bond of union, if I may so say, between us. I have also had more than one visit from our good friend Master Fleming, who, as you doubtless know, hath been several times at the Hall, and never without seeking me out. I have been greative blessed in mine old age in being allowed to see again the light which shone on my youth. But how has it fared with you, deer had? Methinks you too look older than when I last saw you!"

"I almost feel as if I had never been young!" said Jack sighing. "I have so much to think of. Uncle Thomas, I do feel guilty in keeping this matter secret from my father. He hath been the best and kindest of fathers to me, and I cannot bear to think that I am deceiving him. I think I must soon tell him all."

"I am not sure but you are right, my so, indeed, but there seems to be a new bond

I must soon tell him all."
"I am not sure but you are right, my dear lad!" said the old shepherd. "I like not concealement more than yourself, and, as you say, your father hath every right to your confidence."

"If the secret had been mine alone, he should have heard it long ago!" said Jack. "But there was yourself and Master Flem-

"But there was yourself and Master Fleming!"
"Think not of me, my sen!" said Thomas Speat. "I am as I think already suspected and watched, and at best my time is short. You had best consult Master Fleming, however, before moving in the matter. He may see reasons for secresy which I do not, and you know the matter once out, can nover be got in again."

"I have told you one who will. I feer

"I have told you one who will, I fear, have less mercy on me than my dear father!" remarked Jack. "Anne knows all about my share is the secret, and I cannot tell how she will use her knowledge."

she will use her knowledge."

"How happened it that you told her!" asked the shepherd. Jack repeated the story, adding: "I do not know but I was wrong, but I could not see her so unhappy without striving to comfort her. I seem to have done no good, however, but rather harm: for I am sure she has been more unhappy than she was before, and she grows more and more hardand cold to me every day. She told me this morning, that she would keep no terms with heretics, and that she would be true to her vow and to the Church if she walked over the dead body of overy friend she had in the world. I would fan be before nand with her, at least with my fain be before-uand with her, at least with my

"It is a hard strait!" said the old man signing. 'Yet I suppose Anne felt as you do, that she must follow the dictates of her

own conscience!"
"If she were only doing that!" replied Jack. "But I cannot help fearing that she is acting against her own conscience, and trying to stille its voice."
"If each is in I."

"If so she is indeed in evil case and needs all our prayers." sold Thomas Speat. "Pe very gentle and patient with her, dear son, and seek your wisdom of God, nothing doubting but it shall be given."

"Have you seen Father John of late?" asked Jack after a short silence.
"Several times since you went away. I

"Several times since you went away. I have not been to Church in service time,

him, and he hath been kind to mo?"
Jack found Father John scated in his great-chair, which his dinner before him, flanked by a mighty tankard of ale and a flask of wine. He gave Jack a warm and affectionate welcome, and would have him sit down to dinner.

"I am late to-day!" he said. "I have "I am late to-day!" he said. "I have been visiting the poor at the other end of the parish, and I stopped to see Farmer Green's daughter, who is in a decline, poor thing. Lack-n-day! Tis a weary world! The poor thing was as innocent as a lamb, when she went to service in Bridgewater a year ago, and now her death is the most that can be wished for. "Its a wicked world!"

world!"
"And yet there are many good folks in it!" said Jack. "Dame Harkness told my cousin Cicely that she strove to do the best she could for the girl, and I dare say she did, for she is a kind and motherly body. But Polly would run out and linger at the street corners and at the shopdcorte gossip with every one who would talk to her." "And yet there are many good folks in it? said Jack. "Dame Harkness told my cousin Cicely that she stove to do the best rbe could for the girl, and I dare say she did, for she is a kind and motherly body. But Polly would run out and linger at the street corners and at the shopdcort ogosap with every one who would talk to her."

"Yes, that is too often the way!" remarked the priest. "Young folks will not be guided by their elders, and yet y henthey go wrong the clders are blanted for it. But I have great news for you, my son. The Bishop's summer was here yesterday, and fold

me that Father Barnaby is to go so Rome on a mission from the Cardinal. I am sure I hope his Holmess will make him a Cardinal, or better retill, a hishop of some good Bishopne on the other side of the world. Jack smiled. "Perhaps the Pope will keep him in his own family I' said ho. "So much the better, so much the better!" said Father John heartily. "I bear no ill will to Father Barnaby I am sure, but his merits are too great for such an obscure station, and we are a deal more confortable without him, that is the truth."

Juck could hardly forbear laughing. He

Juck could hardly forbear laughing. He brought ferward the sweetmeats which his father had sent, and had the pleasure of He secure than sent, and had the pleasure of secure them received with great delight. Then oxcusing himself he hastened once more to the Hall, and found that Sir Thomas and his lady had been at home for an hour.

"I told the Knight you had been here, and he had me share you had been here.

and he bade me show you to him so soon as ever you come back!" said Master Butler. "He wasts in the study." Jack felt somewhat abashed, not to say scared, when he found himself alone with Su Thomas, and hardly knew where to believe it is his tale.

"You come a messenger from Master Fleming, belike l" said Sie Thomas kindly, marking the youth's evident embarrasement. "Speak freely, we are quite by our

solves."

"It is not upon any business of Master Fleming's that I have come, Sir Thomas!" said Jack, gathering courage. "I know not but you will think me very forward and presumptuous, when I open the matter to you. In that case my only excuse must be, that I have done as I would be done by in 'ke circumstances."

tuat I have done as I would be done by in 'ke circumstances."
"It is a good excuse if any be needed!"
said Sir Thomas gravly. "Of that I can judge better when I hear what you have to

say?"
"Your worship has a son!" said Jack,
determined to get at once to the root of the Thomas started and turned pale.

'I have—or had?' he said, trying to speak calmly. "I knew not whether he be living or no. Have you heard any news of

"I believe that I have—nay I am sure of it!" replied Jack. "It was that which brought me here this day,"

Sir Thomas paused a moment, and then asked, "Are the news good or bad?,"
"Altogether good as I think!"
"Tell me at once waat you have to say!"
said Sir Thomas. "I can bear anything

said Sir Thomas. "I can bear anything better than suspense. My son is then slive?"

"He is, and likely I trust to live, though he hath been ill, and still very weak," re-plied Leek. plied Jack.

puce sack.

He then went on and told his tale in as few words as possible, adding, "I am come to you, Sir Thomas, wholly on mine own motion and without authority from Master

Athur. But it seemed to me no more than right that you should know the truth!"
"Does my son then derire to see me!"
asked Sir Thomas.
"He does indeed!" said Jack engerly.

asked Sir Thomas.

"Ho does indeed!" said Jack eagerly.

"He said last night that his only wish was to nok your forgiveness and die in your arms. But he cannot come to seek you. He is very weak and low, unable so much as to rise from his bed, and he sides that, I can see that he is full of fear and doubt. He says he has brought disgrace and shame on an honourable house, and he knows not whether his friends would not rather think him dead. I do not think he oven guesses that I know his secret, for I gathered it from his wanderings hast night, whereof he remembered nothing this morning. I most humbly crave your worship's pardon if I have done wrong!" he added, not knowing how to interpret the expression of the Knight's face.

Sir Thomas rose and walked to the door of the ante-room, where a servant was in waiting.

of the ante-room, where a servant was in waiting.

"Toll David to put my saddle on Grey Hastings! he said charply and briefly.

"Bid him also saddle a fresh horse for young Lucas, and take good care of the one no rode hither, that it may be returned to-morrow, and let David make himself and Hugh ready to ride with us. Make haste, and then come hither again."

Sir Thomas shut the door and returned to the place where Jack was standing.

"My young brother—for brother you are in the Gospel—you have done for me what I can never repay. However this may turn

the dospel—you have done for me what I can never ropay. However this may turn out I shall never forget wint you have done. I have heretofore taken you for a boy—of promse and grace indeed, but still a boy. You have shown yourself a wise and discreet man, as well as a good Christian. Tell me, does any one know of this matter beside ourselves?"

"Nobedy but my father, sir!" answered

but I have seen him at the village, and once at the Hall. His reverence has always a good word for you. He seems more easy and jovial—more like his old solf, since Tather Barnaby, and I must say I am glad he is for all our sakes. He is a draud of Father Barnaby, and I must say I am glad he is for all our sakes. He is a dark and danger our man. I must go and see the good father, for I have a parcel of good things for him, and he hath been kind to me!"

Jack found Father John scated in his great-clair, well, it is than the control of the prince of the prince

"I have but lately dined with the good priest at the village, your worship!" said

"Ayo, you are very far in Father John's good books!" said the Knight smiling. "Poor old man, he would fam be at peace with all the world, I believe But you must eat and drink for the credit of my housekcoping. I will but seek my lady and be with you again."

Lady Pockham 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 sho. "At our ago the chimney-corner is the best chair of state

edy for the headache, and ended by giving him a silver piece. At another time Jack might have resented being treated like a school-boy, but just now he was too full of interest and compassion to harbour any such feeling. In the course of half-an-hour, interest and compassion to harbour any such feeling. In the course of half-an-hour, the party were on the read, 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 physic an

some time in silence. "Has any physic an 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

"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 rengious convictions, but now that the way comed so clearly opened, he hesitated no

longer.
"Master Arthur begged me to read the
Scriptures to him, and I did so!" said he.
"He scomed at first to think he had betrayed himself to a spy of the priests, and what had ronssured hun, he shewed 120 scars which had been made o 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 Coun-

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

wan known in Bridgewiser as the lower of St. Mary's.

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

"I will managothat, by your good leave!" said Jack, marrelling 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 nother than the head of the telescope when the said the said the said the said that added, rather uneasily. "I could do nothing else but take him in when my 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 cagerly towards the door. He seemed a little disappointed as Jack entered alone.

"Is it you, my kind nursel" said he.

"Are you alone? I fancied I heard another you.

"A familiar voice?" asked Jack smiling

er voice?"

"A familiar voice?" asked Jack simbing.

"A voice you have heard before?"

"I did seem so!" rophed Paul, sinking wearily back on his pillow. "But it was but a sick man's fancy. I doubt I shall never near 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 i' 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 taan one would thuk possible. "Have you brought my father to me?" he cried. "Is he here?"

"Hush!" said Jack gently taying him

he here?"

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

Great was the amazement of Mary Dean when Sir Thomas, coming down stairs from

when Sir Thomas, coming downstairs from his long interview with her lodger, took her hand, and in fitting and formal phrase thank-ed her for the kindness she had bestowed on his only son. She could hardly compre-hend, and looked from Sir Thomas to Jack

in avidout bewilderment.

"Do you not understand?" said Jack.

"The young gentleman above, is Mr. Arthur Paul Peckman, Sir Thomas Peckman's son, long in captivity in foreign parts and sup-posed to be dead. He was on his way home vhon he was wrecked and saved by your

A happier and prouder woman than Mary A happier and product women may been could not be found in all England. It was plain that Paul, or Arthur, as wo 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 waitthe next day Ludy recking and her wating-gentlewoman came in from the Hall, and took up their lodging with the shipmaster's widow. After all Jack's care in proparing the way, the shock of the meetpreparing 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 Kinght a 1 his lady were not wanting in thanks, a in more solid tokens of esteem toward he kind little widow and here foully. All the furniture which tokensor esteem toward "he kind introduced and her family. All the furniture which had been bought for Lady Peckham's use was given to Mary. Davy was advanced by Sir Phomas' interest to the command of a small vessel, and the younger children rejoiced in now clothes and tops which readed child. thom the envy of all the school child-

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

"Ir would not have been in luck if I had to take his clinice at the convent gate!"

to take his clinice at the convent gate!"

returned Mary, unable to resist the temptation of friumphing a little. "But he should tost—Paral New Yerker.

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 folka have all the luck!" grumb-led Dame Higgins. "It I had taker in all

led Dame Higgins. "It I had taker in all the poor vagabonds in the port, they would never have turned out anything but vaga-

bonds!"
"When you take in a poor sailer, 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 herroward, however it had turned out."

"Well, well, I don't want to quarrel!" raid Danne Higgins. "You are sure to be rising folks new 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.)

Yuvenite Cotumn. entroporto de la continuada

THREE ANGELS.

THEY say this life is barren, drear, and cold, Ever the same sad song was sung of old, Ever the same long weary tale is teld, And to our lips is held the cup of strife; And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,

Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void Which Dead-Sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed,

Whose night with wild tempestuous storing 18 rife;

And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fing ourselves in wild despair Amidst the broken treasures scattered there Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,

And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife;

And yot—a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief Of mortal anguish finding no relief? Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel s leaf: Three Augels share the lot of human strife, Three Angels glorify the path of life-

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way;

Love, Hope, and Patience from our spirits' stay:

Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day,

And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal Until the earthly fados in the eternal, K. F. M. S.

Courtesies to Parents.

Parents lean upon their children, and os pecially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. There love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which our lips may quait, and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, see that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do, but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and make her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his fainal regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her bonefit? What mere could any reasonable woman ask?

Ah, but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your Parents lean upon their children, and es

Ah, but it is the mother-heart that crave Ah, but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kies, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life, that smooth down so many of it asperities, and make the journey less wearisome. Material aid is good so far as it goes, but it has not that sustaining power which the loving, sympathetic heart bestows upon its object.

autaining power which the loving, sympathetic heart bestows upon its object. You think she has outgrown these weaknesses and follios, and is content with the ornat that is left; but you are mistaken. Every little offer of attention, your escart to church, or concert, or for a quiet walk, brings back the youth of her heart; her cleeks glow, and her as sparkle with pleasure, and oil how proudshe is of herson. Even the father, occupied and absorbed as he may be, is not wholly indifferent to these filial expressions of devoted love. He may pretend to care very little for them, but, having faithin their sincerity, it would give him serious pain wore they onlirely withheld. Fathers need their sons quite as much as the son need the fathers, but in how many dog rable instances do they fail to find in them a staff for their declining years.

My son, are you a sweetener of life?

My son, are you a sweetener of life?
You may disappoint the ambition of your parents; may be unable to so distinguish yourself as they fondly hoped; may find your own desires, but let houe of these things move you from a determination to be a son of whose moral character they need never be ashamed. Be in early to cultivate a built of thoughtfures and cultivate a habit of thoughtfulness and con-sideration for others, especially for those whom you are commanded to honor. Can you begrudge a few extra stops for the mo-ther who never stopped to number those you demanded during your helpless infan-cy? Have you the heart to slight her re-quests, or treat her remarks with indiffer-

quests, or treat her remarks with indifference, when you cannot begin to measure the patient devotion with which she bore with your peculiarities? Anticipate her wants, invite her confidence, be prompt to offer assistance, express your affection as you did when a child, that the mother may you did when a child, that the mother may

Scientific and Alseful.

Two cups butter, four cups sugar, six cups flour, whites of sixteen eggs, one cup warm water on the butter; sterit to a warm water on the butter; step it to a cream; put the sugar in sud beat it well; put three teaspoonfuls of buking powder in the flour; mix well; beat the wintes of eggs and put in last.

CORNMEAL PUDDING

Two pints meal, one pint grated bread, one of molasses, one of brown sugar, one of corn of monasses, one of orown sugar, one of sour milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, a half teaspoonful of ginger and two of cinnamon, three oggs, half a teaspoonful soda; slice soft, jucy apples and add one tessuipful, liked; bake half an hour. Sauce—cream and sugar.

BEEF'A KIDNEY.

Cut one kidney into next slices, put them Cut one kidney into neat slees, put them into warm water to soak for two hours, changing the water two or three times, then dry them, tay in a rrying pau with some melted butter, and fry them a nice brown; season each side with pepper and salt, and put them round the dish; put in the centre a teaspoonful of lemon juice and one-halt teaspoonful of powdered sugar, pour upon these a single quantity of strong beef gravy, and sorve year lost. and serve very hot.

BOILED SWEETBREADS.

The best way to cook sweetbreads is to boil them thus: Parboil them and then put them on a clean gridiron for broiling; when delicately browned take them off and roll in melted butter on a plate to provent their being dry and hard. Some cook them on a griddle, well buttered, turning frequently, and some put narrow strips of fat salt pork on them while cooking.

MOTH PREVENTATIVE

The following recipe for keeping moths out of clothing is a lavorite in some families: Mix half a pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine, and two ounces of camphor. Keep in a stone bottle and shake before using. The clothes and furs are to be wrapt in lineu, and crumpled up pieces of blotting paper dipped in the liquid are to be placed in the box with them so that it smells strong. This requires renewing once a year. quires renewing once a year.

DAMGER OF PROTEACTED SLEEP.

But here, as in many other cases, the evil of deficiency has its counterpart in the evil of excess. Bleep protracted boyond the need of repair, and encroaching habitually upon the hours of waking action, impairs more or less the functions of the brain, and with them all the vital powers. This observation is as old as the days of Hippocrates and Arctwes, who severally and strongly comment upon it. The sleep of infancy, however, and that of old age, do not come under this category of excess. These are natural conditions, appartaining to the respective periods of life, and to be dealt with as such. In illness, moreover, all ordinary rule and measure of sleep must be put aside. Distinguishing it from coma, there are very few cases in which it is not an unequivocal good; and even in comatose state the brain, we believe, gains more from repose than from any artificial attempts to rouse it into action.—Edinburgh Review. But here, as in many other cases, the

Fow people give themselves the trouble of inquiring into the origin of the enstem of placing crape on the door of a house where there has been a recent death, and many suppose that it is a local custom of recent introduction. It has evidently had its origin in the ancient heraldic customs of the Angle Saxon race, and is as old as the time of Henry I., of England, who reigned from A. D. 1190 to 1185. Even at that period, Hatchmens, amorial engine, were placed in the front of houses when the nobility and gentry deel. These intelements weregef a diamond shape, and contained the family arms, quartered and colored with sable, in such a manner that the spectator, at a glance, could tell what branch of the family was dead, whether young or old, married or single, widow or widower.

A PERPETUAL PARTE.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistence of thick crem, being particular to beat up the lumps; stir in as much powdered rosin as will lay on a dime, and throw in half a do-en cloves to give it a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water in a suitable vessel, pour the flour instance into it, stirring well at the time. In a few minutes it will be of much. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel, let it cool; lay a cover on, and put in a cool place. When needed for use, take out a portion, and soften with warm water.—Pasie thus made can be kept twelve months. It is better than gum, as it does not gloss the paper, and can be written op. paper, and can be written op.

HOW TO COOK BERESTEAK.

Some time since a complete encyclopedia of useful knowledge, in human form, became an innate of a family. Wher, this learned guest came among them he was constituted as an oracle in many reses, and was asked one morning, "Would be tell or show them a better way to cook the steak for breakfast?" He took the thin, longhandled frynge pan from its nail, and, putting it on the stove, heated it quite hot. In this he put the piece of steak previously pounded, but to their surprise did not put a particle of butter in the frying-pan, and did not sait the stock. He allowed the steak to merely glaze over, and then turned it quickly to the other side, turning it soveral times in this manuer until it was done. Four minutes were not employed in the eperation, but a pincer stock was never enterpreviously warned, and was buttered and saited and set e moment in a lot oven. Allowing the stock to leat but a moment or each side, helped it to retain all its weet quices, and putting the sait on at the fast moment, after it was on the platter, drew out its julces. out its juices.