

Little Things.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing; but her mother smiled,
And banished all her care.
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad,
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed:
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done,
"I am thankful," said he,
"As I can be,
For the gift of such a son."

Only small things, but they brighten life
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, yet they mould a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labour brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

"Anne!" said he; "you have done a base and cowardly deed, and you will one day see it so, however you may now regard it. I know not what has prompted you, and I desire not to judge you. Only remember this when your time of remorse and repentance comes, as come it will—remember that there was forgiveness even for them who denied and crucified our Lord, and the same forgiveness will be granted to you, if you truly repent and accept the offer of mercy. For my own part, I desire freely to forgive you, and if I do not so wholly now, I believe the grace will be given me. But I warn you that you are placing yourself in imminent danger of eternal perdition, by your present resisting of the Spirit, and of your own conscience. 'He who denieth Me before men, Him will I deny before the angels of God,' says our Lord Himself. He now holds out His pitiful arms even to you; but there may come a day when He will hold them out no longer—when you may long to confess what you now deny, and it may be forever too late."

Anne still stood silent, but her face showed the storm within.

"But I will not throw away my life!" added Jack hastily. "It may be that I can yet escape."

"There is no chance. The house is beset on all sides!" said Anne in a hoarse voice. "You will but make matters worse!"

"Be it so then! I will bide the storm which you have brought upon me. I pray you leave me, sister! I have need of time and solitude to prepare me for what is coming."

Without a word, Anne turned and left the room. Then drawing his Bible from its hiding place, and trimming his lamp, he knelt down and read again and again the tenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. (Let me ask every one of my readers to read it with him, and try to put themselves in his place.) He passed several hours in reading and prayer, and then as the gray light of morning began to dawn, he rose and dressed himself as for a festival, and when it was fully day he went down to his father's room as usual to help him dress. He was met at the door by Simon, with a face full of dismay.

"Oh Master Jack, what can have come to pass? The constable and his men are at the door with Father Barnaby and demand entrance! What shall we do?"

"Go down and say that I will be with them directly!" said Jack. "I will but speak with my father."

"What means all this disturbance?" asked Master Lucas, opening his door. "Who are these men without?"

"Let me come in, dear father, and I will tell you all!" said Jack. "Go down, Simon. Dear Cicely, do but be quiet and dress yourself."

Jack entered his father's room and, shutting the door, told him what had happened.

"Then it is too late!" exclaimed Master Lucas, ringing his hands in anguish. "My son, my dear son. Fool that I was, why did I not insist on your leaving me last night!"

"It would have been useless!" replied Jack. "I have reason to know that we have been watched ever since our return. But let us go down and face them quietly and manfully."

They descended accordingly and found the shop filled with men. Father Barnaby occupied the sitting-room, and was attended by Brother Joseph, the sacristan from Holford, who favoured Jack with a glance of triumphant malignity from under his down-dropped eyelids. Father John occupied his easy chair, sitting upright and grave, and as Jack and his father entered, he rose, and in a tone of marked kindness bestowed his blessing upon them.

"I thank you heartily!" said the baker, and then turning to Father Barnaby, "Your reverence is an early visitor. May I ask what has brought you to my poor house at this hour?"

"My business is far from pleasant, Master Lucas!" returned the priest austerely. "It is simply to search your house for heretical books and to arrest this youth, your son, concerning certain errors he hath received and endeavoured to spread among the faithful children of the Church. Be pleased to call all your family hither!"

"Jack, call your sister and cousin and the maids!" said the baker briefly.

"With your leave, the young man abides here!" said Father Barnaby.

"As you will!" returned Master Lucas.

"Here comes one to speak for herself. This is my cousin, Cicely Arnan, a widow who hath kept my house since my wife's death. My daughter is I suppose in her room. Peter, call Mistress Anne!"

Anne made her appearance. She was very pale and evidently greatly agitated.

"This is the whole of my family!" said Master Lucas. "This reverend man is from Holford, and did us the honour to sup and sleep with us."

"I know Father John of Holford!" returned the monk drily. "Methinks he might better be found in his own parish on this Holyday."

"Good brother, or son as I may well call you, since I am old enough to be your father—I have yet to learn on what grounds I am to ask your leave as to when and how I shall leave your parish!" said Father John, with more dignity than Jack had thought he could assume. "If your commission extends to my private affairs, I would fain see your warrant!"

Father Barnaby looked somewhat disconcerted for a moment. "I crave your pardon, good brother!" he said, recovering himself; "doubtless it was business of moment which brought you to this house. But, Master Lucas, have you not a lady abiding in your house—a lady formerly a nun in the convent where your daughter was bred?"

"She hath been with us, but she left us yesterday to go to friends in the country!" replied Master Lucas.

"Where did she go?" was the next question.

"I know not!" replied Master Lucas. "It is somewhere among the hills, but I know not the name of the place nor of the family whither she is gone."

This was true, for both Jack and his father had carefully abstained from informing themselves on these points.

"Umph!" Well that matters not now. Master Lucas, I regret to say that I have certain information that this your son (who is a youth of parts and understanding beyond his years) entertains the most false and heretical opinions concerning the Sacraments, the adoration of the Saints, and other matters of the last importance. Do you know aught of this matter?"

"You can hardly expect me to bear witness against my own son—at least until I am obliged to do so;" replied Master Lucas. "He hath ever been the best and most dutiful of sons—that can I say for him!"

"Have you any heretical books in your possession?" asked the priest, turning to Jack.

"I have a copy of the New Testament in Greek,

if you call that heretical!" replied Jack. "Also I have two tracts which your reverence gave me, one concerning the eleventh ode of Horace and the other on the 'Metamorphoses' of Ovid. Also I have Virgil and Horace and certain other Latin books."

(To be continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

MARBLE VEAL.—Boil and skin a smoked tongue, beat it in a mortar together with a pound of butter and a little mace till it is like paste; prepare some veal in the same manner. Put some of the veal in the pot, and place some of the tongue over it; then some veal, next some tongue; repeat till the pot is full; press it down, and pour clarified butter over it. Keep in a dry place, and cut in thin slices before sending to the table.

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

MOULDED PRUNES.—One pound of prunes, three ounces of granulated sugar, one ounce of gelatine, the rind and juice of one lemon, one pint of water, six drops cochineal; boil the prunes in the water and sugar until quite soft, then take out the stones, crack the kernels and add them with the lemon juice and rind, six drops of cochineal and the gelatine dissolved in a little water; boil all for twenty minutes; pour into a mould, set in a cool place till ready to serve, when turn it out on to a pretty glass dish.

K D.C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

DRIED GREEN-PEA SOUP.—One pint of dried peas, two onions, one turnip, one carrot, some outside leaves of celery, one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of pepper; soak the peas for twelve hours, put them on to boil in two quarts of cold rain water; wash and cut up the vegetables and when the water boils add them to the peas, also the salt and pepper, and let all boil slowly for three hours; stir often; after that time pour through a sieve, rub all through that is possible, put back into saucepan to get quite hot; serve with crisp toast cut into dice.

A cooking-class recipe for a Christmas plum pudding candy is a collection of all available nuts and fruits, held together by a fondant of white of egg mixed with powdered sugar—figs, candied cherries, citron, pineapple, raisins, with a light blending of spices and a few almonds blanched and chopped, or other variety of nuts. Mix the materials thoroughly and pack in a box or tin lined with paraffine paper, leaving the mixture to ripen for a few hours. It may then be cut into small cubes with a sharp knife, and each cube wrapped in a piece of the paper, as caramels are prepared.

K.D.C. cures dyspepsia.

A DELICATE CUSTARD.—Put one-fourth of a cup of sugar over the fire with a tablespoonful of lemon juice and melt to a golden brown. Divide this while hot into eight parts, by pouring a little into the bottom of each of eight small custard cups, sprinkling in each a teaspoonful of minced almond, and fill two-thirds full of custard, made by beating three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and adding three gills of milk. Stand in a pan of hot water and cook in a quick oven until the custard sets. Turn out at once on the little dishes on which they are to be served, and let them get icy cold.

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

FINGER BISCUITS.—Mix and sift three times one quart of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in sweet milk enough to make a soft dough. Flour the bread board and turn out the dough on it, touching it as little as may be. Beat to a cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful lard and one tablespoonful sugar. Spread this on the dough, double the dough over it, flour it slightly, and press it out with the rolling pin half an inch thick. With a knife cut the dough into strips finger length. Lay them close together in the pan and bake in a quick oven. They are peculiarly delicate.

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