

## "Gradatim."

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise,  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:  
That a noble deed is a step toward God—  
Lifted the soul from the common clod,  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,  
And vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light,  
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night,  
Our lives are trailing in the dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings  
Beyond the hope of sensual things.  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!  
We may borrow the wings to find the way.  
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise,  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

—Charles Kingsley.

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

When Jack was left alone, he sat down on the bedside like one stunned. Burned! That good innocent old man! That man whom he loved as a father—who had been truly, and not in mere name, a spiritual father to him. Burned alive! And he was to see it. He was in hands which knew not how to show mercy and which would not spare him one pang. He said to himself he had expected this—that he had known all along that it must come at last, but none the less did it fall upon him with the suddenness of a hard blow. There are certain things for which no amount of preparation will make us ready. Then would come the horrible thought—was it worth while after all? Was he not sacrificing life and reputation for a mere dream—a figment of the imagination? Was not one religious belief as good as another—were they not alike the inventions of man? Then how many good men had believed that which he was about to die for denying? His father believed it still—so did Father John and my lady. Might it not be true after all, and if not strictly true, was it not at any rate as true as the rest? Might he not deny his belief and so escape till better times—those times which Master Fleming had believed would surely come when the storm should have spent itself and passed away? He might keep his Bible and read it in secret, or he might slip abroad to Wittenburg, where he could profess his faith without fear.

But Jack had learned already that the devil is not to be conquered by arguing with him, but by taking refuge from his malice and sophistry in the presence of God. He threw himself on his knees and then on his face on the floor, and there poured out the bitterness of his soul. At first he could say little more than "Lord help me! Lord deliver me!" over and over again, but by degrees he grew calmer, and the greeting and comforting influence of the Spirit made itself felt in his soul. Promise after promise came thronging to his mind full of beauty and force as he had never felt them before; and at last the full crowning work of divine grace was wrought in his soul, and he was able to say for his friend as well as for himself, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." He had never felt any fear for his uncle's faithfulness, and he no longer had any as regarded his own. He felt sure that he was faithful who had promised, and that strength would be given him according to the work he had to do.

He rose at last, and, lighting his candle, he took out the precious little book which had so strangely come to him, but he had read hardly a page before he heard footsteps approaching, and hardly

extinguishing his light, he thrust it into the straw of his bed. He had hardly done so before his door was unlocked and Father Barnaby stood before him.

"You watch late, my son!" was the first greeting. "Methink you should be glad to sleep while you may!"

Jack simply bowed. The priest put down the lantern he carried, and sat himself down on the pallet opposite Jack, as if prepared to enter into conversation. Jack quietly waited for him to begin.

"You have heard the result of the trial, I suppose!" said Father Barnaby, after some little silence. Jack assented. "I would willingly have saved the old man, but the evidence was too plain against him. He was convicted on the witness of one who had not only heard him reading and speaking heresy, but striving to corrupt others. There was nothing to be done."

Still Jack did not reply, though the priest paused as though expecting him to speak.

"For you, my son, I would fain save you from a like fate!" continued Father Barnaby. "I trust to be able to do so, if only you will be conformable and docile as becomes your youth. You will be brought before us early in the morning, before the execution takes place, and I have come to see if any arguments of mine can move you, so that you will be ready to confess your errors."

"You are the jailor and I your prisoner!" said Jack, breaking the silence for the first time; "therefore must I here you whether I will or no; but I tell you plainly I am not to be persuaded. If indeed you do mean kindly, I thank you for your kindness, but I would rather it displayed itself in leaving me alone that I may have space for rest and prayer."

"But you will not refuse to listen to me!" said Father Barnaby gently. "I am not come to argue with you. I know that in such cases argument is of little avail. But I desire to set before you plainly the result of two different courses of action."

Father Barnaby then proceeded to set forth the consequences of Jack's persistence in heresy. He would die a disgraceful and horrible death. He would bring upon his family a lasting shame, and probably the suspicion of having shared his fault. Even if it could be so managed that he should escape with life, he could look for nothing but life-long, ignominious imprisonment, secluded from books, from friends, and all that made life worth having. On the other hand, he had but to abjure his errors, to be set at liberty. The worst penalty inflicted on him would be a short seclusion in some religious house, where he could have the use of such a library as he had never yet seen, and pursue those studies which he so dearly loved. After that he should go to Paris, or to some college at Rome, and who could tell to what station he might arrive. The great cardinal himself was the son of a butcher, and other eminent men of Rome were of equally obscure origin. Jack listened so quietly that Father Barnaby thought he was gaining the day, and waxed more and more eloquent. At last he stopped.

"You are very silent, my son! May I not hope you are coming to a better mind? Upon what are you meditating so deeply?"

"Upon the temptation of our Lord!" replied Jack. "The devil took Him up into a very high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and said, 'all these will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.' Do you think if our Lord had done so, the devil would have kept his promise? Or if he had, do you think the kingdoms of the world would have been worth the price?"

Father Barnaby coloured and bit his lip. "You are scarce civil, my son!"

"I meant not to be uncivil!" said Jack. "So far as you mean kindly I thank you, but the things you propose have no charms for me. I am too near death not to see their true character. As a man would be a fool who should give away the inheritance of a kingdom for the sake of playing the king for one day before the eyes of men, so do I hold him a million times a fool who barter his assured hope of an heavenly heritage for aught this world hath to offer."

Father Barnaby was silent for a moment. Then he said with energy, "My son, every word you say makes me more anxious to save you, not only for your own sake but for that of the Church. We cannot afford thus to lose one of your parts and character. I do not ask you to change your opinions all at once. I only ask you to recant them, and then take time to study under proper instruction. As a priest you may read the Scripture without sin, and I will take care that you will have every facility to learn both Greek and Hebrew. The Church hath power to bind and loose, and even if you commit a sin in this matter she can absolve you."

(To be continued.)

## Hints to Housekeepers.

**CHOCOLATE PUDDING.**—Boil one pint of milk, then add one-half cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls grated chocolate, and one heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch. Boil until thick and pour in a mould. Serve with sugar and cream flavoured with vanilla.

**SUET PUDDING.**—To one teacupful of finely chopped suet add four teacupfuls of flour, in which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted, half a pound of raisins, one teacupful of molasses, one teacupful of milk, and a pinch of salt. Flavour with cinnamon. Boil two and one-half hours. Serve hot with the following sauce:

K.D.C. imparts strength to the whole system.

**PUDDING SAUCE.**—Stir one tablespoonful of cornstarch in half a teacupful of boiling water, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of butter, half a grated nutmeg and one teacupful of sugar.

**RICE PUDDING.**—To one quart of rich new milk add one tablespoonful butter and one-half cup rice. Sweeten to taste, flavour with nutmeg, and bake two hours.

**GRAHAM PUDDING.**—Take one cupful of graham flour, one cupful of sweet milk, one of molasses and one of chopped raisins; add one teaspoonful of soda, stir, and stand for three hours.

K.D.C. the great Spring remedy.

**ORANGE PUDDING.**—Strain through a coarse sieve the juice and pulp of eight oranges, add the juice and grated rind of two lemons. Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in a teacupful of hot water. When cool add to the oranges with a pint of clarified sugar. Stir and pour in a mould. Set on ice.

**BATH PUDDING.**—Line a bowl with slices of bread. Let come to a boil one bottle of strawberries (or any fruit you prefer), pour into the bowl, cover the top with a plate small enough to touch the fruit, and set an iron on it. Put in a cold place, and next day it will turn out solid. Eat with whipped cream. This is a Scotch recipe.

For immediate relief after eating use K.D.C.

**JELLY PUDDING.**—One cup of rather stale bread crumbs (no crusts), yolks of two eggs, one large cup of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake half an hour. Let it cool a little, then spread a layer of jelly on the top, and the whites of two eggs on that, and brown in the oven.

**SALAD DRESSING.**—Yolks of two hard boiled eggs, one teaspoon of mustard, some salt and pepper, half cup of sugar, half cup of vinegar, one cup of cream or milk. Cut up the lettuce and pour this mixture over it. Slice the eggs and dress the top. A few small radishes also look well.

**INDIAN CRUMPETS.**—One quart of meal, half a pint of flour, one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of strong yeast. Add the yeast last, stir well and let it rise. Bake on a hot griddle like any batter cake.

K.D.C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

**VEGETABLE STOCK.**—Boil for three and a half hours two quarts of water containing two ounces of haricot beans, two ounces of split peas, one onion, one carrot, half stick of celery, parsley, herbs, pepper, salt, five cloves and a blade of mace.

**FEVER DRINKS.**—The juice of one lemon; cream of tartar, one teaspoonful; water, one pint. Sweeten with loaf sugar. When the patient is thirsty, let him drink freely.