

Greater and Nobler.

I hold him great who for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be he who can command
And rule with just and tender sway
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

"Have you seen Father John of late?" asked Jack, after a short silence.

"Several times since you went away. I have not been to the church in service time, 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 self, since Father Barnaby went away."

"Yes, I daresay. He is afraid of Father Barnaby, and I must say I am glad he is gone for all our sakes. He is a dark and dangerous 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 seated in his great chair, with 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 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-a-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. 'Tis a wicked 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 daresay she did, for she is a kind, motherly body. But Polly would run out and linger at the street corners and at the shop door, to gossip with every one who would talk with her."

"Yes, that is too often the way!" remarked the priest. "Young folks will not be guided by their elders, and yet when they go wrong the elders are blamed for it. But I have great news for you, my son. The Bishop's sumner was here yesterday, and told me that Father Barnaby is to go to Rome on a mission from the Cardinal. I am sure I hope his Holiness will make him a cardinal, or better still a bishop of some good bishopric on the other side of the world."

Jack smiled. "Perhaps the Pope will keep him in his own family!" said he.

"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 comfortable without him, that is the truth."

Jack could hardly forbear laughing. He brought forward the sweetmeats which his father had sent, and had the pleasure of seeing them received with great delight. Then excusing himself he hastened once more to the Hall, and found that Sir Thomas and his lady had been at home about an hour.

"I told the Knight you had been here, and he bade me show you to him so soon as ever you

came back!" said Master Butler. "He waits in the study."

Jack felt somewhat abashed, not to say scared, when he found himself alone with Sir Thomas, and hardly knew where to begin his tale.

"You come a messenger from Master Fleming, belike!" said Sir Thomas kindly, marking the youth's evident embarrassment. "Speak freely, we are quite by ourselves."

"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 like circumstances."

"It is a good excuse if any be needed!" said Sir Thomas gravely. "Of that I can judge better when I hear what you have to say."

"Your worship has a son!" said Jack, determined to go at once to the root of the matter.

Sir Thomas started and turned pale. "I have—or had!" he said, trying to speak calmly. "I know not whether he be living or no. Have you heard any news of him?"

"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, "Is the news good or bad?"

"Altogether good as I think!"

"Tell me at once what you have to say!" said Sir Thomas. "I can bear anything better than suspense. My son is then alive?"

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

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 Arthur. But it seemed to me no more than right that you should know the truth!"

"Does not my son then desire to see me?" asked Sir Thomas.

"He does indeed!" said Jack eagerly. "He said last night that his only wish was to ask 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 beside 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 even guesses that I know his secret, for I gathered it from his wanderings last 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.

"Tell David to put my saddle on Grey Hastings!" he said sharply and briefly. "Bid him also saddle a fresh horse for young Lucas, and take good care of the one he 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 out I shall never forget what you have done. I had heretofore taken you for a boy—of promise 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?"

"Nobody but my father, sir!" answered Jack. "I was obliged to consult him before taking so much upon myself, but I am sure he will never mention the matter."

"That is well. I would have nothing said here till the matter is settled. Not that I shall be ashamed to own my son before all the world, but I would not have his mother's mind disturbed while there is the least doubt. Now you must take some refreshment, while I apprise my lady of my sudden journey."

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

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

(To be continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

CLARET JELLY.—Mix together half a pound of powdered sugar, one bottle of claret, the juice and rind of a lemon, a small pot of currant jelly and half a box of gelatine; boil for ten minutes; add a little brandy; strain, and allow to cool.

Use K.D.C. for all stomach troubles.

RICE WAFFLES.—Mix a cupful of boiled rice and a pint of hot milk together till very smooth; then add half a cupful of cold milk, a scant teaspoonful of salt, and three well-beaten eggs. Mingle these ingredients thoroughly, then stir in slowly enough to make a batter of the right consistency for frying upon the griddle, which is done as with ordinary griddlecakes.

RICE PUFFS.—To make a dozen, take a cupful of cold boiled rice, two cupfuls of milk, a pint of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter and three eggs beaten to a froth. Mix thoroughly together in the order named, have the gem pans hot when filled, and bake for half an hour in a rather quick oven. Serve hot, with liquid sauce.

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

ALMOND CREAM CAKES.—Pulverize three ounces of blanched sweet almonds and mix with them in the mortar one-fourth pound of butter and four ounces pulverized sugar, and a little orange-flavoured water or rose water until it forms a thick paste: spread this upon a shallow tin and divide it into eight squares, or crease it with a knife so that it may be divided easily when cold. Bake in a slow oven and when cold lay a spoonful of jelly on each.

To whiten kitchen tables, floors, etc., the following recipe will be found most effectual: Mix together one-half pound of sand, ditto soft soap, and four ounces of lime. Work all into a paste with a stick. When scrubbing lay a little on the brush and scour as usual. Afterward wash the wood with plenty of clean water. Wood which is treated thus will be kept spotlessly clean.

BAKED RICE.—Over a pint of boiled rice pour an equal quantity of very hot milk, and allow the mixture to cool. Then stir in half a tablespoonful of melted butter, three eggs well beaten separately, and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Beat intimately together, and then add gradually flour enough to slightly thicken—a gill will be about the proper amount. Bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes and serve while warm.

K.D.C. is marked, prompt and lasting in its effects.

This sponge cake will be quite good for five or six days. When a little stale, small squares, steamed and served with rich sweetened cream, can be used in place of pudding or pie. Three eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar (granulated can be used), two teaspoonfuls of baking powder twice sifted with two teaspoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of cold water. Flavour with lemon juice, and bake in long or square shallow tins.

RICE BLANCMANGE.—Put a cupful of rice into six cupfuls of cold water, and boil till a quick paste is formed, the rice being entirely dissolved. Then stir in a cupful of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, salt and cinnamon to taste. Beat half a cupful of cream and stir that in also, adding, as a colouring material, half a cupful of jelly or the juice of preserves. Put in wet moulds, and when stiff it is ready to serve with custard or cream dressing.

Prof. Anderson's collection of old Japanese colour prints, which, after being on deposit in the British Museum for two years, the museum declined to buy, has been sold to Mr. Ernst Hart, who intends to have the collection arranged and catalogued, and later to present it to the British nation.