

The Two Words.

One day a harsh word said
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart
It pierced a fond and loving heart—
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day—
Flew swiftly on its blessed way!
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface,
And though the heart its love regained,
It bore a scar that long remained;
Friends could forgive, but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

Oh, if we could but learn to know
How swift and sure one word can go,
How would we weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air,
And only speak the words that move
Like white-winged messengers of love.

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

Master Lucas opened the paper and saw at a glance that it contained another, on which was written in a hand he well knew, "Read and burn quickly." Putting it into his bosom he called Simon to tend the shop; and locking himself into his room he read the following letter.

"I doubt not, dearest father, you have heard ere this of what chanced in Wenton wood. I write now from the cabin of our vessel to tell you of my safety thus far, and that I have good hope of reaching Germany along with our friend Paul. I have had most kind and hospitable treatment at the place where I have been before I came on board this vessel, which waited for me at a place near at hand. I name no names for fear of trouble. Dear father, I pray you be very kind to Mary Dean's family, and so far as may be discharge the debt I owe to young Mr. Harland and his brother. Also, if it lies in your way, do something to pleasure the bishop's sumner, who treated me kindly while I was in his hands. I shall write again when I can do so safely. My love to all at home, especially dear Anne, and my grateful duty to Father John. I cannot now write more, for we are about to sail. Dear father and sister, pray for me."

The letter was not signed. Master Lucas read it again and again, and then going down to the bakehouse he put it in the fire. He then returned to the back shop, and busied himself putting up the goods specified in Lady Harland's list, and a little relieved his mind by adding thereto a huge package of sugar candy (then a great rarity), and some rare and precious spices and perfumes which he had obtained from London through the agency of Master Fleming. He had hardly finished when the stranger entered the shop once more.

"What! All these!" he exclaimed, as he saw the packages. "My mother must intend to set up a shop. And how much am I to pay?"

"Nothing!" answered the baker. "Not one penny will I take from your father's son. I pray you give these matters to your lady mother with my humble duty, and if it were not presuming too far!"

"Well!" said the stranger smiling. "The younger son of a poor lord is no such grand person, Master Lucas, that you should use so much ceremony. In what can I pleasure you?"

"Only by breaking your fast with me!" replied the baker smiling in his turn. "My household is somewhat in disorder from these troubles, and from the illness of my daughter, but I will do what I can for your entertainment."

"Good faith, Master Lucas, that were a presumption easily pardoned by a hungry man as I am!" said the stranger good-humouredly; "but I fear I shall put you to inconvenience. I trust your daughter is not dangerously ill. She must be a brave maid. I hear she confounded the priests fairly the other day."

"She hath never spoken or known any of us

since that day!" said Master Lucas mournfully. "I fear she will never speak again."

"You are indeed greatly afflicted!" said Mr. Harland kindly; "but I hope all may yet be well, and that you may once more see your brave son at home, though perhaps not very soon. My father thinks that there are great changes impending both in Church and state. But these are dangerous matters to talk about!"

When they were by themselves and safe from eavesdroppers, Mr. Harland gave his host an account of Jack's escape. After the encounter in the wood, he had been taken under the cover of night to the house of Lord Harland, where he had been concealed for two days. Here he was joined by Arthur Peckham, who brought him news that Davy Dean's vessel would be in waiting at Porlock quay at a certain time. The two young men were furnished with horses by Lord Harland, and riding by unfrequented roads, they reached Porlock without accident or detection, and got on board the vessel in safety. Davy was going round to Plymouth, where he expected to find vessels bound for France and Germany. Arthur was well supplied with money by his father, and Sir Thomas had also sent Jack a well filled purse. They proposed to travel in the guise of students, and to make for Wirtemberg, where they would be in safety.

Mr. Harland had hardly taken his leave when Cicely summoned Master Lucas to the sick chamber of his daughter.

"Anne hath opened her eyes and spoken!" said she, weeping. "She is quite herself, but I fear—"

Master Lucas hastily obeyed the summons, and the moment he entered the room he saw the true state of the case. Anne's eyes were open and rational, but that awful shadow rested on her face which never falls but once.

"My darling daughter!" was all her father could say, as he bent over her and took her hand.

"Jack?" whispered Anne, with a look of eager enquiry.

"I trust truly that he hath escaped and is in safety!" whispered her father in return. "I have had a letter from him, written on shipboard, and there is every reason to hope that both he and Arthur will make their way safely to Germany. He sent his love specially to you!"

Anne smiled sweetly, and lay silent for a few minutes. Then she said faintly but clearly—

"Dear father, you have forgiven me?"

"As fully and truly as I hope myself to be forgiven, dear child!"

"I have not been a good or dutiful daughter!" said Anne. "I have lived in a strange, foolish dream all my life, but I see clearly now—how you have forgiven and borne with and pitied me, all the time I was fancying myself so superior and learned and religious—so far above all the rest of you. But father, I did try to serve God."

"I know you did, daughter!" said her father.

"You have been the best of fathers to me, and you will have your reward!" continued Anne dreamily. "Father, what became of the little book I sent Jack?"

"I do not know, my love! I daresay he took it with him."

"That book finished the work which Agnes began!" said Anne. "I fought against it—I fought against my own conscience, but God would not let me be lost. Father, if you are ever able, I pray you for my sake and Jack's to read the Gospels. Never mind what men may say or how they may treat you. The truth is worth all, and the truth shall make you free!"

These were the last words she said. Cicely would have sent for a priest, but even while she was yet speaking, it was all over. The weary, over-worked body, and the wounded spirit found repose.

Toward the close of a pleasant day in the latter part of May, 1539, a gentleman rode through the streets of Bridgewater, looking around him with great interest, not so much like a stranger as like one who having been long away, takes note of changes made in his absence. He was a scholarly looking man of perhaps six or eight and twenty years, well dressed and riding a good horse. He turned into Bridge street, and alighted at the door of "John Lucas, white and brown baker, and

dealer in sweetmeats and spices," as was set forth on a large signboard, decorated with a most rampant lion.

(To be continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

RICE BISCUIT.—Take half a pound of sugar, half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of butter, and half a pound of flour; mix the whole into a paste with two eggs.

GRAHAM CAKE.—Take one cup each of raisins, sugar, and sour cream; stew raisins till tender and add flour to them: one teaspoon each of allspice and cinnamon, one-half teaspoon soda, pinch of salt; stir stiff with sifted graham flour, and bake. An excellent cake. The addition of two eggs makes it better.

WALNUT WAFERS.—One cup flour, one cup sugar, one-fourth cup butter, one cup walnut meats, one egg, a pinch of salt. Chop nuts fine, beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the well-beaten egg, the flour, and stir in the nuts; drop in spoonfuls on buttered tins and flatten a little. Bake in a moderate oven.

CORN CAKE.—One pint of corn meal, one pint of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of lard or butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. If the milk used is sour, omit the cream of tartar. Stir well and bake a half an hour in a rather brisk oven.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Eight eggs, pint of milk, one-half pint of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar and the grated rind of one lemon. Put the flour, sugar, salt, and grated lemon into a bowl. Beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, the former to a stiff froth. Pour the milk and eggs together, beat all for a few minutes. Pour one-half into the flour and other ingredients, and beat until light. Pour in the rest of the milk and the eggs, and last, the melted butter. Butter a hot frying-pan, pour in a thin layer of the batter. When done, spread with a jelly, roll, and place in a hot dish; cook remainder of the batter in this manner and serve hot.

CODFISH BALLS.—Three pints of boiling water, one cup salt codfish, which has been picked into small pieces and freed from bones, one pint potatoes peeled and quartered. Put altogether in a pan and boil until potatoes are soft. Drain off the water, mash and beat until soft and smooth, add one teaspoonful of butter, a little pepper, and when slightly cooled, one well-beaten egg. Shape into balls with a tablespoon, and fry in hot lard.

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE.—Cream well together one-half cup butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, add one-half pint boiling water, allow to come to boiling point and remove from stove; season with pepper and salt.

ESCALLOPED FISH.—Boil until tender any large white fish, remove the skin and bones and flake it, sprinkle with pepper and salt. For the dressing boil one quart of milk, and thicken with one-quarter of a pound of flour; when cold, add one-quarter of a pound of butter, and two well-beaten eggs. Butter a deep dish, put in a layer of fish, then a layer of sauce, alternately; seasoning with an onion and parsley until the dish is full; putting the sauce on top, sprinkle over it some bread crumbs and bake one hour.

CHEESE PUFFS.—Take two tablespoonfuls of butter, four of flour, four of grated cheese, one cupful of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fifth of a teaspoonful of cayenne and two eggs. Put the butter and water on the stove in a saucepan. Mix the flour, cheese, salt and pepper, and stir the mixture into the boiling liquid in the saucepan. Cook for three minutes, beating all the while; then remove from the fire and cool. Then add the eggs unbeaten, and one at a time. Beat the batter five minutes. Butter a baking pan and drop a heaping teaspoonful of the mixture in it for each puff. Leave considerable space between them, as they rise to three times their original size. Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. Serve hot.