

Say the Loving Words Now

Year after year, with a glad content,
In and out of our home he went—
In and out.

Ever for us the skies were clear;
His heart carried the care and fear,
The care and doubt.

Our hands held with a careless hold
All that he won of power and gold,
In toil and pain.

O, dear hands that our burdens bore—
Hands that shall toil for us no more—
Never again.

Oh! it was hard to learn our loss,
Bearing daily the heavy cross—
The cross he bore:
To say with aching heart and head,
"Would to God that the love now dead
Were here once more."

For when the love we held too light
Was gone away from our speech and sight
No bitter tears.
No passionate words of fond regret,
No yearning of grief could pay the debt
Of thankless years.

O! now, while this kind love lingers near,
Grudge not the tender words of cheer,
Leave none unsaid;
For a heart can have no sadder fate
Than some one day to awake—too late—
And find love dead!

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

"Very good!" said Jack. "My life is in your hands. But Anne!" he added, looking fixedly at her; "are you sure that you are faithful to your conscience? Are you sure your conscience is not telling you this very minute, that what you have heard from Agnes and from me is true? Are you not at this very moment resisting the voice within which tells you that you have been mistaken and wrong hitherto—that shows you all your built-up righteousness to be more worthless than rags and dust, and pleads with you to forsake your errors and turn to the truth—to forsake the foul cisterns hewed out by man and turn to the fountain of living waters? I believe it is so! Anne, beware! For me, I am in God's hand, and no real harm can happen to me, but I tremble for you. Anne, beware how you grieve the Holy Ghost by resisting your convictions of truth."

"Time is wearing away, my son, and it is time you were on your road!" said Master Lucas, entering the room. The days are shorter than they were. Shall you return to-night, think you?"

"Yes, father, if I can finish my business!" replied Jack, and then, desirous of diverting his attention from Anne, he said hastily—

"I was thinking whether there was any little token I might carry to the old priest at Holford. He is a good-natured man and kind to me, and I should like to show that I remember him."

"That is well thought on, my son. Do you bring my saddle bags, and I will put up some manchetts and comfits for Father John's sweet tooth, and also something for Uncle Thomas. We must not forget old friends."

Jack brought the bags, and while his father was filling them, he found time for another word with his sister.

"Anne, I am sorry if I have grieved you!"

"Words cost little, and are worth little!" said Anne scornfully. "Let me see you confess and abjure your errors, and I shall know how to believe you!"

"My errors, as you call them, shall be confessed with my latest breath, if God gives me grace to hold fast to Him!" said Jack. "You would never have known them but for my earnest desire to comfort you in your trouble. Nor do I regret what I then said, though I have put a weapon in your hands to slay me withal. The Gospel says—'whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in the glory of His Father and of the Holy Angels,'—and again—'If we deny Him, He will deny us!' Dear Anne, only listen to the Word and to the Spirit, only take up the cross and follow Him, and all will be well!"

Anne compressed her lips and made no reply, and her father coming in at that moment, she escaped to her own room.

"Is all ready?" asked Jack. "Then give me your blessing, dear father, and I will set out."

"Thou hast it—thou hast it, my son!" said Master Lucas, laying his hand on his son's head, as Jack bent his knee before him. "May our Lord and the Saints prosper thy journey and bring thee safe home again."

Jack's mind was at first hardly in a state to enjoy his ride. He had a sharp battle with himself before he could subdue the anger and pride which stirred within, and his conscience told him that he had not been without blame. He had spoken harshly and scornfully to his sister, and made an ungenerous use of the secret she had confided to him. Anne was deeply angered at him, that was plain, and he had, by offending her, lessened his chance of influencing her for good. He had also another cause of disturbance. It seemed to him that, much as he had thought on the subject, he had never before realized the trouble he was likely to bring on his friends, and especially on his father, by accepting the new doctrines, as they were called. He said to himself as he rode along, that he might one day be taken up and thrown into jail, and that there would probably be no release for him save the ignominious and torturing death of the stake or the still more shameful and fatal way of recantation. He pictured to himself the stake and chain, the crowd of scornful spectators and the blazing pile, or the scaffold set up in the market place, where the apostate must stand bearing his faggot, while a monk preached from a pulpit over his head.

"It would kill my father in either case!" said he to himself. "He would never recover the grief and the disgrace. And if it should all prove a delusion after all. If Anne should be right, and Master Fleming and the others wrong!"

It was a fearful conflict which Jack fought out with the tempter that sunny autumn day, as he rode over the heath, and along the still green heather-groves. The travellers he met saw in him some youth going out on a holiday excursion, and wondered at his sombre face and compressed lip. It rarely happens in these days that any young person is called on really to give up all for Christ—to choose between his love and service, and the love and respect of all nearest and dearest friends; and when it does so chance, there is everything in the sympathy of Christians to make the task as easy as it can be made. However, such a choice, though it may bring grief and estrangement, involves no actual loss and disgrace. But in the time whereof I am writing the case was very different.

The man or woman who embraced the new doctrines, as they were called, not only came out from all the customs and sanctities of the old familiar home life, not only broke up "the old sweet habits of confidence," but he brought shame and public disgrace into his own family circle, if he did not entail upon his friends absolute pecuniary loss and serious danger to life and liberty.

I have sometimes heard it asserted that those martyrs by the stake and the rack had an easier work to do, and deserved less credit therefor, than those who bear with patience the trials and vexations of everyday life. I think those who say so forget one thing, namely, that the martyrs who perished on the stake and the rack, had just the same wearing, worrying everyday trials and cares which we have, in addition to the one great trial. Anne Ascue had her household vexations, and those no small ones, with husband, children and servants, lack of money and uncertainty as to the future. Tyndale and Frith had to contend with misprints and misunderstandings, the stupidity and dullness of printers and proofreaders, unused to the language in which they worked, with pirated editions, and all the manifold vexations which beset authors and publishers now-a-days.

Were these, think you, any easier to bear for the great trial which was always in the background of their minds? Were the clouds any more transparent because of the total eclipse which was impending? I think not. How then were these things borne?

(To be continued.)

Messrs John Catto & Son, King Street, have issued a very tasteful and unique catalogue of their stock of high class dry goods, which they are pleased to send free to any address. Considerable space is given to their new departments—mantles, gloves, and cambric underwear; and a number of pages are devoted to descriptions of all the famous Scottish clan and family tartans, and other interesting items on this historical subject.

Hints to Housekeepers.

CAULIFLOWERS WITH FRIED BREAD CRUMBS.—Break a firm head of cauliflower into separate flowerets of as uniform size as possible; drop into boiling salted water and cook slowly until nearly done; then remove to a slower fire and finish the cooking. By this means they will be firmer; drain, place in a dish and dress with melted butter mixed with fried bread crumbs and seasonings.

Slice what is left of your cold beef from yesterday's dinner and heat it in this sauce: Take the seeds from and mince half a green pepper; slice one Spanish or two Bermuda onions and fry together with two ounces of butter; add a cupful of minced tomatoes and cook slowly with a gill of gravy or broth for half an hour; season to taste; lay in the meat until hot and serve.

CHILI SAUCE.—Twenty-five large, ripe tomatoes, six onions, twelve peppers, six teacups of vinegar, six tablespoons of white sugar, three tablespoons of salt, three teaspoons of cinnamon, three teaspoons of cloves, three teaspoons of allspice, three teaspoons of ginger. Peel the tomatoes and strain through a colander; chop the onions and peppers fine, boil until soft and bottle when cold.

Sour stomachs sweetened by the use of K.D.C.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One bushel tomatoes, twelve large onions boiled together until soft, then strain through a fine sieve. To this add three pints vinegar, one pint salt, two ounces grated cloves, four ounces allspice, one ounce cinnamon, one ounce cayenne pepper, one ounce black pepper. Boil slowly until reduced to about one-half. Bottle while hot and seal closely.

A tested recipe for sweet pickled peaches calls for one peck of peaches, three pounds of brown sugar and one quart of vinegar. Dip each peach in a weak solution of soda-water and wipe dry to remove roughness. Stick three or four cloves in each peach, heat the vinegar and sugar, then cook the peaches in the vinegar until tender.

For cream cookies dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water, and add to one cup of sour cream. Cream one cup of butter with two of sugar add two eggs beaten light, without separating, and the sour cream. Mix smooth with three and one half cups of flour. Have the mixture as soft as possible, roll out and cut very lightly. Bake in greased pans in a moderately quick oven.

SCALLOPED CABBAGE (most delicate).—Shred very fine a small cabbage or half a large one. Boil in three waters until quite tender. Drain in a colander. Put a layer of the cabbage into a buttered baking dish, with pepper, salt, and small bits of butter. Sprinkle lightly with grated cheese. Then another layer of cabbage, and so on until all has been used, leaving grated cheese on the top. Brown in hot oven.

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

CHOW-CHOW.—One peck of green tomatoes sliced thin and salted down overnight; the next morning drain off the water; then add twelve onions sliced thin, one ounce ground black pepper, one-half pound of yellow mustard, one-half pound of mustard seed, one-quarter pound of celery seed. Put alternate layers of tomatoes, onions and spices into a kettle, and cover with good cider vinegar, then boil two or three hours or until tender.

In the sunny corner of your kitchen window plant some parsley in a wooden box full of good earth. After awhile you will be rewarded with a growth of tender green, which will keep you supplied with flavouring for your sauces and soups all winter. If you want to be extra kind to the palates of your family, have a collection of these little "beds" and grow all the French herbs which are so highly prized in refined cookery.