

**THE SANGREAL; OR,
THE
HIDDEN TREASURE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649527014

The Sangreal; Or, the Hidden Treasure by M. H.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

M. H.

**THE SANGREAL; OR,
THE
HIDDEN TREASURE**



Frontispiece.]

1 m 1824

THE SANGREAL ;

OR,

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

How it was Sought, and where it was Found.

By M. H.,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A RED VELVET BIBLE," ETC.

London :

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,

27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

—
MDCCLXXXV.

1, 29 - f. 415

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

CHAPTER I.

'Happiness! thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat?—oh, tell me where!
Learning, Pleasure, Wealth, and Fame,
All cry out, It is not here.
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.'

I ONLY wish *I* had been one of the Knights of the Round Table, and wouldn't I have sought for the Sangreal, and found it too? If one could find it, he would obtain true happiness, they say; and surely that would make up for long years perhaps spent in the search. Yes, it is a thou-

sand pitiees I was not born a Sir Galahad; I'd have been off to-morrow in the quest !'

The speaker was a lad of some sixteen years, with a bright, good-looking face, who sat in the midst of a group of young people, under the shade of some old trees in the lawn of Amberley Park, in Westmoreland. The summer sunshine was bathing with its golden light the whole surrounding scene,—resting caressingly on the brilliant-coloured flowers in the terraced garden, and playing on the waters of the not far distant lakes; and, despite of the thick foliage, forcing its way through the delicate green leaves of the cluster of beech-trees where the youngsters sat.

Shouts of laughter greeted the boy's speech. Harry Wilmot turned a Sir Galahad; and in search of happiness too, as if he were dying of misery! Come, Harry, you must pull a longer face ere we believe that !'

But Harry was not to be put down by a laugh. 'All very fine to laugh, Osborne,' he said; 'but, after all, what is the great object in the lives of all men, but just a seeking to find happiness?—only all are not agreed as to what constitutes it, and so seek it in different ways, though they may call it by different names. I have not made up my mind yet how or where I am to seek it; but find it I must, and shall. I believe it is a hidden treasure, to be got for the seeking. What say you, Stewart?'

The person thus addressed was a young man of twenty-one years, with a clever, studious expression of countenance, whose name was already attracting attention, by the honours he had won at Cambridge.

'Suppose we refer the question to Aunt Mary,' he said, rising, as he spoke, to make way for an elderly lady and a young girl, who had come to join them. 'Now, Aunt Mary, a

question of great importance has been started; and as some differences of opinion have arisen on the subject, you must be judge, and decide who is right and who is wrong. Is true happiness a hidden treasure, to be found by seeking, as Wilmot declares; or is it something that we all possess, as Osborne says, and therefore need not to be sought for at all, seeing we have it already? We wait for your decision.'

Very kindly did Aunt Mary smile at the youngsters, who had gathered around her; but the smile changed to a more serious look as she answered: 'Harry is right. True happiness *is* a hidden treasure, only to be found in one place; but surely to be found there by those who seek it aright. The Great Treasurer, who keeps the key, Himself hath said, "Seek, and ye shall find."'

All understood Aunt Mary's words. It might be that, in their own hearts, all acknowledged

their truth ; but, as yet, the paths which they had marked out (though they scarce acknowledged it) as leading to the treasure, lay far away from the only true one.

Stewart was the first to break the silence which had followed Aunt Mary's words. 'I mean to seek for happiness,' said he, 'in books, and in wisdom ; and you know, auntie, your Book says, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." Does it not ?'

'Yes, Robert ; but it also says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom : a good understanding have all they that do his commandments." And again, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ; and to depart from evil is understanding."'

'Well, Aunt Mary,' was the laughing reply you've got the better of me there ; and one thing I do believe—you have found the Hidden