

I had not seen him I should have gone to India without a word, but surely now, Dora, you will not let me go in bitterness."

"I hope not," said Dora. "I see no reason why there should be bitterness between you and me. I tell you I have quite forgotten our stupid quarrel."

"And have you forgotten me too? Won't you take back this little ring?"

Dora blushed as there flashed before her eyes the gift she had returned, half in hope, half in anger. The ring was a prettily devised one; it was formed of small leaves of green enamel, with turquoises set as forget-me-nots.

"I fancied you had forgotten me," she said; "so it was an inappropriate gift to keep. I will take it back, if you wish."

"Will you take me with it, Dora?" And his hand caught hers in an eager, nervous clasp. "I go to India next month; you will not let me leave in sorrow?"

No; it was but a lovers' quarrel, and they made it up, as lovers should, with kisses. And he loved her now with a manlier heart, and she loved him with a surer trust.

"I cannot help laughing," said Dora, "when I think how foolish we have been."

But her eyes were bright with tears as she spoke, and both knew this grief and estrangement had been good for them. They would never mistake each other again.

Yet Dora had won her cause, not through grief but by cheerfulness. If she had suffered a little sorrow, she had borne it bravely, and she had rallied in the first sunshine as a girl should.

Ah, maidens! laugh always if you would win. Never weep for love—he runs away from tears. And a lover's heart is held firmest by a careless hand. The ball you toss high into the air falls back to your grasp: the one you scarcely dare to part from rolls away.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

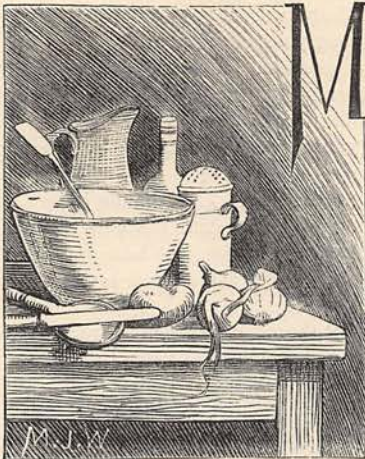
THE SUMMER BREEZE.

THE summer breeze comes floating from the downs,
O'er banks of marjoram and fragrant thyme,
Carrying sweet scents to villages and towns,
And singing in a cadence of pure rhyme.
It lingers in the rose-bowers in full bloom,
And stays in dalliance in the vernal woods,
Evoking harmonies which cheer the gloom,

And brighten nature's loneliest solitudes.
Its soft wings, like an angel's, wave in peace,
And rustling harvest-fields, and calm content,
And garner filled with hundred-fold increase,
And luscious fruits by heavenly bounty sent.
O welcome summer breeze! I feel thee now,
In cooling freshness playing round my brow.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

OUR VILLAGE COOKING CLASS.



MY husband has requested me to write an account of a course of lessons in cheap cookery, which I have lately given the labourers' wives in our village, assuring me that my receipts for vegetable soups, puddings, and stews, being within reach of the very poor, may be acceptable to ladies

who are anxious to do good in their neighbourhood.

I must begin by saying that our income of three hundred a year does not admit of lavish almsgiving, and that I have always been constrained to teach our people to help themselves, rather than to supply their wants by charity.

We have had experience of all kinds of people, in

the three country parishes, in the north of Ireland, of which Mr. Anderson has been rector, and have been painfully struck by the miserable cookery and utter lack of comfort that prevailed.

A cottage gardening society which we established two years ago has succeeded beyond our hopes. Little strips of garden before the houses give an air of cheerfulness to the villages and scattered cottages in the parish; and the potato gardens are beginning to be stocked with other vegetables.

At our flower show last summer many people gained prizes for onions, peas, beans, carrots, &c., and it was this fact that induced me to attempt to teach the women how to turn their vegetables to the best account.

Mr. Anderson gave me the use of the school-room twice a week after school-hours, having offered to submit to the class being held in the rectory kitchen, an offer I declined.

"Why not use our oven?" he asked.

"Because there are no ovens in the cottages, and my first lessons must therefore be confined to things boiled or stewed. The loan of the school-room grate, some coal, a pot, kettle, saucepan, and a few plates and spoons, will enable me to begin in comfort."

I began in a diplomatic manner by going to Bidy Harrigan, an industrious young girl, who had been awarded prizes for her onions and carrots; and after admiring for the twentieth time the basket-work chair in which her invalid sister sat, and the lamp on the table, both prizes won last summer, I broke to her my plan of having a cooking class, and got her to consent to be a pupil.

Eleven others, principally elderly married women, joined us, and I gave my first lesson to a class of twelve.

Never in my life had I felt so anxious, and at the

"I am going to show you how to make onion soup," said I, opening my basket and spreading the ingredients upon the table; "it is easy to make, and I am sure your husbands will like it."

"Dear, dear, where would the likes of us get soup, Mrs. Anderson?" asked Nancy McAward, smiling indulgently at my simplicity.

"Don't you sometimes buy a little bit of bacon?"

"Oh, ay, ma'am, whiles."

"And you have onions in your garden?"

"Sure she got the second prize for them at the show," interrupted Mrs. McAlister



"I AM GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE ONION SOUP," SAID I.

same time so resolute, as when I stood at the little table before the school-room fire, waiting for my women to appear. The kettle was singing on the hob; the black pot and the saucepan were on the hearth ready for use; and the knife was already in my hand.

Bidy was the first to enter.

"The women's coming up the street, Mrs. Anderson," she began, looking amused and eager—"there's Nelly McBride, Mrs. McAlister, Nancy McAward, an' a when more."

"Well, Bidy, put seats for them at each side of the table, and you shall stand beside me, and be my kitchen-maid."

The pupils came in, dressed in their clean frilled caps and Sunday shawls, and took their places, evidently very curious as to what kind of entertainment I was about to provide for them.

"Ay, thon box iron, an' a beauty it is," cried Nelly McBride.

"And you sometimes get oatmeal, flour, salt, and vinegar at the shop?" I asked, trying to bring my pupils back to the matter in hand.

"We do, surely, ma'am."

"And you have a couple of eggs to spare now and then?"

Yes, they all had poultry, and made a good deal of money by selling eggs.

"Then if you like the soup that I am going to show you how to make, it will be easy for you to have it occasionally. Here are the materials we need to make it—four ounces of bacon, twelve onions, half a pound of oatmeal, or half a pound of stale bread, a table-spoonful of flour, a table-spoonful of vinegar, and two eggs."

"Is that all you'll put in it, ma'am?"

"All, I assure you."

"Well, well, why wouldn't we make that?" said Biddy, my kitchen-maid.

"Sure we'd make it if it would pleasure the good lady," put in Nancy McAward.

Ignoring the last remark, I took my knife, and proceeded to cut up the bacon in very small pieces. It was very fat bacon, and sputtered and fizzed a good deal when I put it in the pot on the fire.

Meanwhile Biddy peeled and cut up the onions, and by the time the bacon had ceased to make a noise, she threw them into the pot as I directed.

"Stir the onions, Biddy, in the melted fat until they become brown; stir gently and constantly for fear they should burn. You ought to stir them from ten to fifteen minutes; can you guess the time?"

"An' how would a poor body find the time to stand stirring?" objected Nancy McAward.

I feared she was going to turn out the obstructive member of the class, but I pretended not to have heard her question, and went on with my directions.

"Are the onions brown? Yes, a very nice brown." I looked into the pot, and all the women crowded upon one another to do the same. "Now observe I shake a spoonful of flour over them, and stir for a few minutes longer. Where is the quart measure? Biddy, pour two quarts of boiling water into the pot."

This was done, and the soup was stirred again.

I hesitated for a moment between the half-pound of oatmeal, which lay on one plate, and the half-pound of stale bread beside it.

"Either the meal or the crust of bread will do to put into the soup," I said, "but the crust certainly tastes the best; which will be easiest for you to get?"

"As to that, ma'am," replied Biddy, "we all buy white bread pretty often, and as you say the crust tastes best, be pleased to put it in."

So I cut the bread into small pieces, and added it to the soup, and let all boil steadily for a quarter of an hour, stirring often.

"Now, Biddy," I cried, "take off the pot and set it on the hearth. We will not add salt, as we are using bacon. See, I next beat up the yolks of these two eggs with a spoonful of vinegar: I then mix some of the soup with the eggs and vinegar; and lastly I stir all together in the pot until it is very well mixed. The soup is now ready. Hand me a cup, Biddy—I must taste it."

Finding it to be delicious, I ladled out some with great pride, and handed it to the women.

"Beautiful!" cried one.

"It's the darling soup," said another.

"Dear, but it's strong an' nourishing!" exclaimed a third.

"And not difficult to cook," I suggested.

"It would be fine kitchen for the potatoes," said Nelly McBride in a meditative tone.

Nelly is the mother of a large family of grown-up sons, who are earning good wages, and whose unappetising dinner of salt herring and dry potatoes I had often chanced to see in process of preparation.

I thought how easy it would be for her to provide the ingredients of the soup very frequently; and a delightful vision of a comfortable meal served at her fireside floated before my mind's eye, which should be the means of keeping the young men away from the too attractive public-house just opposite.

That public-house is Mr. Anderson's chief difficulty in the parish; it is the great enemy of our people, and to rob it of its customers is my ardent desire. The gardening society has dealt it a blow, by occupying the people in the spring and summer evenings—would that my cooking class might deal it another and more deadly one!

"I'll make onion soup to-morrow," said Biddy, washing the table and cooking implements as she spoke. "Would it be good for Jane?"

Jane was the invalid sister for whom the basket-work chair had been provided. I replied that the soup would be excellent for Jane, and hoped that Biddy's cooking might succeed.

"Would you be pleased to look in at our house, when you leave the school to-morrow, ma'am, an' perhaps I might make so free as to ask you to taste the soup?" faltered Biddy, blushing very much.

"Thank you, Biddy, I shall be delighted to call."

The women were much impressed by Biddy's invitation, and went away thoughtfully. None of them expressed any intention of making onion soup for themselves, however, but I resolved not to push my triumph too far, and prudently refrained from exacting any promises from them, except of future attendance at the cooking class.

Mr. Anderson was charmed at my success. "What!" he cried—"one out of your class of twelve has volunteered to cook at home, and to cook to-morrow! My dear Fanny, I wish you joy."

Biddy kept house for her father, brother, and sick sister. She had got the second prize for a clean house, at our flower show the previous summer, as well as prizes for her vegetables. She was a credit to us in every way, and was perhaps the best pioneer I could have found for carrying out my reforms.

I duly called on her next day, and thought her onion soup quite as good as that I had made for the class.

"Will she persevere? That question must, alas! always be asked where the Irish are concerned," was my husband's remark when I told him of Biddy's success.

When the hour for my second cooking class arrived, I was encouraged to find all my twelve pupils waiting for me.

"I am going to show you how to make an onion pudding," I began. "It will take an hour and a half to cook. You have all got herbs in your gardens, and I think most of you hung up a bundle of them to dry, as I advised?"

"We did, ma'am, sure enough."

"Well, who will be so good as to fetch me two or three leaves of sage, and a sprig of thyme?"

"I will, ma'am, for I've only to go next door," said Nelly McBride; "is there anything else I could oblige you with?—I could bring onions in plenty."

"I know you could, Nelly, and you shall furnish everything if you like next time."

When she returned, I set Biddy to peel and halve the onions. While this operation was in progress, I told my class the proportions of our ingredients: half a pound of onions, half a pound of bread-crumbs, a tea-spoonful of dried sage, half a tea-spoonful of thyme, half a tea-spoonful of pepper, a little salt, and two ounces of fat bacon.

"Now, Biddy, put the onions in the saucepan, and let them boil for ten minutes. Now drain away the water from them, and chop them, but not too fine. Mix them with the bread-crumbs, the herbs, the pepper and salt, and the fat, which you see I have just melted."

While she had been employed in chopping up the onions, I had melted the fat in the saucepan from which they had just been taken.

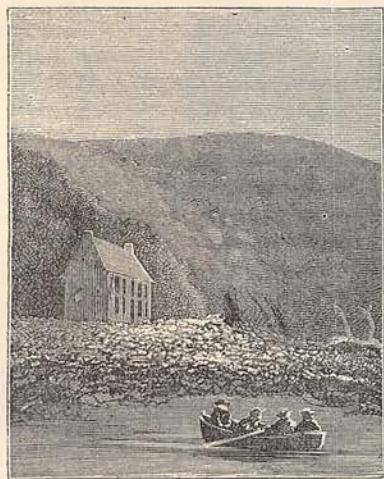
She obeyed my directions, and I then put the

mixture into a greased basin, which I tied up in a cloth, plunged into the pot, and left to boil an hour and a quarter. The result was excellent. The women's exclamations of admiration when, at some expense of scalded fingers, I untied the string and turned the pudding out upon the dish, round in form, smoking hot, and savoury in smell, well repaid me for my previous anxiety.

"Dear, but it is the darling pudding!" cried Nelly McBride, "an' sure I ha' the onions, an' thyme, an' sage handy; an' the bit o' fat bacon, an' the white bread is handy too, when I ha' the halfpence. I'll make the pudding to-morrow, an' if Mrs. Anderson would look in, the way she did at Biddy's, maybe she would tell me if it was right."

This observation was not directly addressed to me, but I replied by cordially accepting the timid invitation, and went home feeling encouraged to continue my cooking lessons. LETITIA MCCLINTOCK.

AN UNKNOWN CHANNEL ISLAND.



IN the early summer of last year, being on a visit to Guernsey (for a catalogue of the beauties of which spot I refer you to your favourite guide-books), I received an invitation from a friend to embark on a voyage to the island I am about to de-

scribe. "It's only a few miles," he said; "we take the steamer to Herm, which you can see clearly in the distance, and then jump into a row-boat and get across to Jethou." Jethou, reader, is the name of my island, and I feel disposed to believe that you have never even heard of it before. I will not enter into the particulars of the objections I raised at the time, principally on account of my unseamanlike constitution, as they would not prove interesting; suffice it to say that I was ultimately persuaded to join in the enterprise, and after a full year's reflection I see no reason to repent the determination I arrived at. Like Captain Cuttle, I am in the habit of making notes, and according to the memoranda of a certain day in June, 1877, I started from the quay at Guernsey, in company with my friend and his gamekeeper, *en route* for the island of Jethou. Arrived at Herm, we deposited ourselves in a small boat which was lowered

from the steamer, and a stalwart specimen of the British mariner set to work to ferry us across the narrow strip of sea which divides Herm from Jethou. The nautical gentleman had all he could do to keep the boat's head towards the place of our destination, as the tide swirled along at a tremendous pace. There is no pier, no quay, no landing-stage of any description at Jethou; there is not even a patch of sand or a shelving beach on which to run your boat. In place of those luxuries there is a fringe of nice sharp boulders, in circumference from four feet upwards, green as grass and slippery as ice. On these tempting perches we were compelled to land, and then commenced a pilgrimage across a stony waste of about 100 yards in extent. Compared to this infliction a promenade on an equal distance of unrolled granite cubes (the delight of our enlightened vestries) would have been simple bliss. However, this temporary trouble was got over—a few ugly gashes in my thin boots remaining as a memorial of the brief martyrdom. We made for what looked like a very tumble-down sort of house, with outbuildings attached, situate some 150 yards from the spot of our debarkation, and on our way I inquired where were the people, and what were they doing, as there was not a human being visible. My friend referred me to the gamekeeper, whereupon I asked him the number of the inhabitants. "Three, including ourselves, sir." This was his idea of wit, and not so bad for a gamekeeper, either. "Then the island is uninhabited?" It was, and had been for some years. Never before had I felt so much like Robinson Crusoe, not because I was monarch of all I surveyed, for I wasn't, but because the sensation of finding myself on an uninhabited island, somehow or other, irresistibly recalled the surroundings of Defoe's hero. At that moment, when