

while hot, a pound of fruit having been boiled with six ounces of sugar. Half a pint of cream was then whipped until thick, sweetened, and the whole cake covered with it, dropped from a tea-spoon, roughly from bottom to top; a little was coloured pale pink with cochineal, and a dot dropped between each spoonful of white.

For *Vanilla Darioles*, last on the list, Nora set a stew-pan containing four ounces of butter, and six of pounded sugar, on the stove, stirring until dissolved, then off the fire she beat in the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, setting it aside to cool while she made the "short" crust for lining the dariole tins, which were similar in shape to the bottom of a tea-cup. The mixture was flavoured with vanilla essence, and the moulds half filled with it, then baked in a moderate oven. A little red currant jam was spread on each, vanilla blending better with that or raspberry than with any other kind, in Nora's opinion.

"Now," said she, "I am about to prove that I am not so wasteful as you, Dorrit, evidently imagined, when you remarked that it was a shame to throw

away all these whites of eggs." Into a large basin they were accordingly emptied—two from the mayonnaise, four from the custard, and two from the dariole mixture—and whisked until they resembled snow; eight ounces of pounded loaf-sugar then stirred gently in, and a tea-spoonful laid upon each dariole; a minute or two more in the oven, just setting and delicately browning the surface.

The remainder was used for the chocolate solid in the same way as the cream for the gâteau; this too was browned slightly in a *very cool oven*, the glass dish into which it had been turned being first wrapped in a cloth and set upon an old plate.

"There, girls! I think that completes our list, and I hope you have noticed that a little ingenuity will prevent anything being wasted; even the parsley can be dried for winter use."

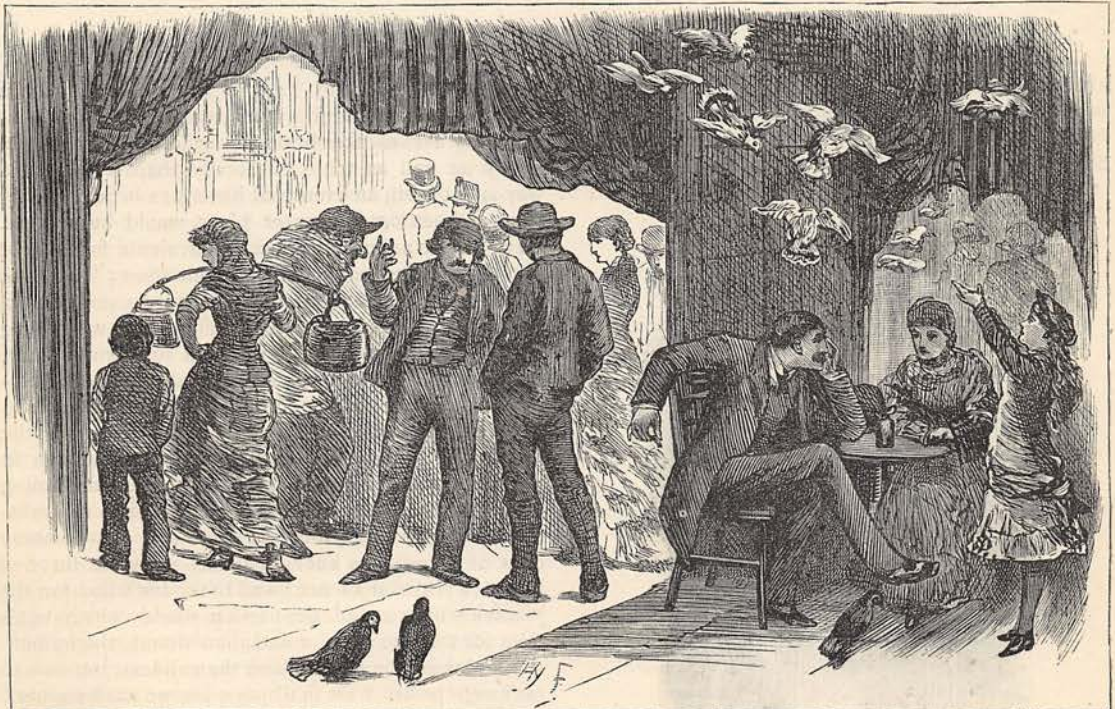
It only remained for us to thank Nora heartily for her help, which was duly acknowledged at the breakfast, and to express the hope that we might enlist her services on some future occasion.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

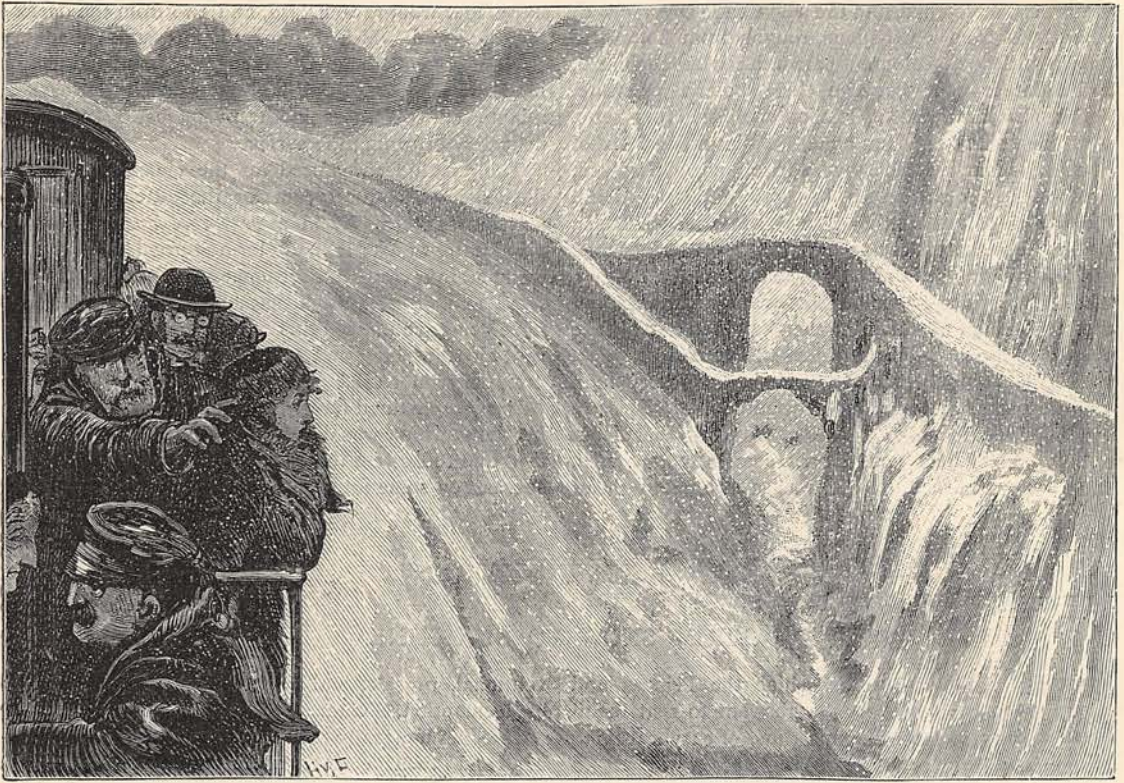
FROM SNOW TO SUNSHINE.

THE wishing-carpet on which the Princes and Princesses of Persia were wont to seat themselves in those dear old times of easy travelling has, now-a-days, to be translated into various con-

ventional, prosaic, and mostly uncomfortable modes of locomotion. Ours took, in the first place, the form of an unusually rough passage across the Channel, and then a sleeping-car to Bâle, where we



MEMORIES OF VENICE (see p. 605).



"WE STOOD ON THE BALCONY OF OUR CARRIAGE."

arrived just in time to find that, owing to the delay with the boat, we had missed the through train to Milan, for which we and our big box were booked. Still this cloud, like most of its kind which descend



A VENETIAN GLASS-BLOWER.

upon one, proved to have a silver lining; for a leisurely breakfast, and a quick walk in the chill sunshine as far as the bridge, warmed us more pleasantly, as well as more effectually, than a dash at a way-side teacup and renewed hoverings between stuffy rugs and stuffer hot-water pipes would have done. So at ten we set off, the Swiss equivalents for "moor and pleasaunce, looking equal in one snow;" and glad we were to get into Lucerne about two, and have a wash, and a warm, and some lunch. Snow was falling as we left Lucerne, and it was in a sufficiently heavy snow-storm—most congruous of accompaniments—that we made the wonderful railway journey of St. Gothard. Bitterly cold as it was, we stood on the balcony of our carriage, losing the one sensation in the other, and ceasing at last even to exclaim, feeling somehow that everything we said sounded commonplace. Those who know this pass—and who in these days of travel does not?—will feel anew the force of Carlyle's praise of silence; and to the few who have the journey still to make, description would convey but a faint idea of the wonder and the stillness, the immensity and the littleness in which man and nature seem to exchange parts. "Ye shall pass, but we shall endure," peak towering over peak seems to proclaim to us pigmies, and for answer comes this every-day train-full

piercing through its innermost recesses. "And what is great? and what is little?" seems to sound in bewildering echo to the shriek of the engine, as, having halted for lunch at Goschenen, we plunge into the tunnel.

As we came out—and the twenty minutes therein passed might very favourably compare with a like experience in the Metropolitan—all the snow had disappeared, and a wide view flooded in sunlight broke upon us. The lime-light had been most effectually turned on, one of our party irreverently observed, and in truth the sudden change had somewhat of theatrical effect about it; there was sunshine enough in that one wide moment to have supplied London liberally for a month at least, at the present rate of supply, if only any scientific device of condensation could have been devised on the spot. We halted at Bergamo for the night, and our appearance, or it may possibly have been the slack season, secured for us a magnificent suite of rooms, and a perfect idyl in suppers. The over-night reputation was sustained in the morning, for a carriage and pair, and a coachman in irreproachable white gloves, came to the door; and we felt rather conscience-stricken that we were not to be driven to our weddings, but only to the old town, charmingly situate on a hill, and to the church, Sancta Maria. It was late the same evening when we got to Venice, too late to see the poetic gondolas which await the arrival of the train; but the shrill and prosaic shouts of their rival conductors rose clear above the musical splash



A MURANO WORKMAN.



SIGHT-SEEING IN VENICE.

of their oars. Gondolas and umbrellas suggest associations a trifle mixed, but, in sad and sober truth, it was in such fashion we made our first excursion on these historic canals. But even with the drawback of grey skies and pelting rain, and temperature a little above freezing point, how may one chronicle in measured phrase a day of sight-seeing in Venice? For the first few hours, at any rate, our guide-book helps us not at all, and Ruskin but a little. It is a case where the mind for awhile refuses to work, and one takes in impressions through the emotions. We recall, in a dim sort of way, the journeyings of those bronze horses from ancient Rome to modern France, and back again to their niche on the façade of St. Mark's; we murmur to each other more or less intelligently of the meaning of the mosaics, and of the doings of the Doges; but after a little we give it up, and just let the harmony of it all rest on our tired consciousness unconsciously, and flit, like the pigeons, in serene and entire content with unintellectual possession.

But the next day soberer counsels prevailed, and we set out fully armed with our guide-books, resolved to do our duty as tourists, and the Palace of the Doges was our first semi-successful effort—only semi-successful still, for here, as elsewhere, the human interest swallows up the æsthetic, and one turns from mosaics, frescoes, and painted ceilings, which must make, one would think, even the flies of Italy much envied of their European *confrères*—to ponder over a small slit in the wall of the Council Chamber, into which were wont to be dropped secret denunciations of unwelcome members. The grim suggestiveness of this ancient form of blackballing seemed to cast something of fantastic shadow over the otherwise high tone of the decorations: a shadow which ceased to be fantastic and grew wholly grim, even in the company of a personally conducted group, as we followed in their wake to the Bridge of Sighs and down to the black cells, relics, we recall, equally with those gorgeous *sala*, of the "elder days of art." What other memories of Venice? A long morning at the Academia, out of whose long galleries, where the beautiful Gospel stories are told and retold in ever-varying iteration, but for the most part in unvarying Venetian costume, two pictures keep a hold

on our somewhat "distracted brain"—the Assumption of Titian, where the radiant look of the child-angels haunt one; and a Madonna and Child, by Bellini, which seemed to us the very realisation of that difficult ideal.

Then churches, one after the other, where wall and altar-piece repeat the story, and where, truth to speak, the profuse beauty of the symbolism shrouds the simple beauty of the faith to old-fashioned worshippers—San Giovanni, Sancta Maria, and a host of others, each beautiful after its kind, but each needing hours of seeing to arrive at the alphabet of understanding. Venice in sunshine is our last impression, and, flooded in fulness of light, we spent another morning in St. Mark's, spelling out, with help of Ruskin, some meaning in its



A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED GROUP.

marvels. Then in a gondola to the Ghetto—indisputably the cleanest part of the city—and a glance into the grave and sober-looking synagogue, which, after all the glory and colour, struck us with some sense of piquant and suggestive contrast. We fell to wondering if He who turned by choice into the byways, and who passed His beautiful days healing and helping among just such groups as these fishers and hucksters, might not by some strange chance have felt more among His own at this simple "tribal" shrine, than at those gorgeous Catholic altars erected to His memory. But such speculations floated away in the stir and bustle of the Rialto, and were wholly dispelled as we stood presently selecting things of beauty looking like fairy work, but the twins of which we had seen but the day before in prosaic process of manufacture in the glass furnaces at Murano.

One small tourist blunder we were led into by the same sort of instinct which tempts inquiring minds to the top of the Monument. We ascended the Campanile and got what we wanted—a bird's-eye view of Venice; but Venice is the very last place in the world to need or to repay that comprehensive epitomised way of getting rid of the common-place. She has nothing of common-place about her; her narrow *calle*, her broad lagoons, her silent highways, her wonderful monuments, each and every one is *sui generis*; nature and art combining to make Venice in the sunlight—she needs that halo—the most entrancing city in the world.

KATIE MAGNUS.