

the services of an elderly lady as companion, an alternative which did not commend itself to her. When the recognised term of mourning had expired, Adelaide soon succeeded in becoming the centre of attraction in her own little world, the *entrée* to the widow's house being deemed a great privilege by many. Perhaps no one availed himself of this privilege more frequently than did Fred Sinclair. And as Adelaide had not condemned him in the past for his prudence, it is probable that when he craves for forgiveness, as he contemplates doing at a not very distant date, it will not be withheld.

In consideration of the fortune to which his mother had so unexpectedly succeeded, Lawrence resigned his Government appointment. Perhaps no task ever gave him so much satisfaction as did the composition of his form of resignation. He tried hard not to look too radiant when he carried the precious half-sheet of foolscap to his chief. The great man uttered a few words of congratulation when the circumstances which had induced Lawrence to tender his resignation were explained to him—he had, of course, heard it all before, for it was common talk throughout the office, but until the head of a department is informed of an event *officially*, he knows nothing about it—and then he went on to hint that had Lawrence remained at his post a year or two longer, the excellence of his work would doubtless have received the usual recognition of promotion to a higher rank. Lawrence did not believe this, and it is open to question if the great

man expected him to believe it; but still it had the desired effect of making things generally pleasant.

Lawrence and Roma were not married until after the first anniversary of Janet's death had come and gone. Roma knew now that Lawrence had once asked Janet to be his wife; she also knew that Janet had loved Lawrence to the last. This knowledge had a great effect on her; it made her more thoughtful, while it gave a touch of solemnity to her love for her future husband; for she felt how unworthy she was of the honour of having been chosen by a man whom so noble a woman as Janet had loved.

Lawrence was very proud and very happy when he claimed his sweet young bride. He thought he had never seen a woman look so beautiful as did Roma in her bridal array. But proud and happy as he was, still he felt dimly conscious of having once relinquished a higher prize, a prize which in his heart of hearts he knew he had never been high-souled enough to appreciate. And even in the midst of his happiness, he found himself repeating the words which Tennyson has put into the mouth of broken-hearted Guinevere—

“What might I not have made of thy fair world,  
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?  
It was my duty to have loved the highest:  
It surely was my profit had I known:  
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.  
We needs must love the highest when we see it,  
Not Lancelot, nor another.”

THE END.

DIVERS WAYS OF COOKING APPLES.

**F**AMILIARITY,” it has been said, “breeds contempt.” More often than not, such contempt is unjust, arising, not from the worthlessness of the object with which we fancy ourselves familiar, but from our ignorance of its latent qualities and characteristics. It is unlikely that a fruit so useful to us as the apple will ever be altogether despised, yet I doubt whether every housekeeper appreciates it as much as it deserves, or is aware of the variety of forms in which it may be presented.

The apple has been known among us since the time of the Romans' invasion of our island, and was justly esteemed by them on account of its wholesome qualities. That is probably why it was amongst the fruits offered to the goddess of medicine. Claudius Albinus is said to have eaten a bushel of apples at each meal! If this was meant as an act of piety, I think his faith in the goddess must have been gigantic, and cannot help feeling that the consequences must have been disastrous, both morally and physically; yet, although I do not recommend such a wholesale consumption of the fruit to my readers, I believe that apples, in one or other of the many forms in which it is possible to present them, would be a desirable and

wholesome addition to our daily meals, especially at a time of year when fruit is scarce. Acting upon this conviction, I have gathered the following recipes from various reliable sources.

*Apple Trifle.*—Take a dozen large and good cooking apples. Pare and core them. Stew the cores and parings in half a pint of water, keeping as many of the pips as possible in the cores. Add to the liquor thus produced the grated rind and juice of two lemons, and a tea-cupful of brown sugar; now add the apples and stew in this syrup, taking care that it does not burn. Cut into three slices of equal thickness, a six-penny Madeira cake, place a slice in a deep glass dish, pour over it a wine-glassful of brandy; spread thickly over it a layer of the pulped apples; repeat the process till the two remaining slices of cake are used, leaving the top slice without a layer of apple. Arrange the rest of the apple around the base of the cake. Now beat thoroughly the yolks of two eggs, to which add half a pint of milk and half a pint of cream; sweeten with white sugar; put it over the fire, stirring it until it is just upon the boil; now pour it over the apples; chop two ounces of sweet blanched almonds, strew over the custard, and lay upon the whole a fine whip of cream, made some hours previously; arrange spoonfuls of red-currant jelly round the base of the trifle; dye

with cochineal a little crushed white sugar, strew over the top, and serve.

*Pippin Tarts.*—Take three large Seville oranges, peel them very thinly, boil the peel until it becomes soft, then chop it small; then pare and core four dozen small golden pippins, boil with only enough water to cover them; when nearly done, add a pound and a half of brown sugar, the chopped peel and juice of the oranges; boil all together till smooth, and allow it to cool; line your patty-pans with thin paste, fill up each with the fruit, bake for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in a brisk oven. These tarts are equally good cold or hot.

*Marmalade de Pommes.*—Peel some golden pippins, core them and cut them into very thin slices, put them into an earthenware or stone jar; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water; to every pound of apples add three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a small half-tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon; put the saucepan over a moderate fire; frequently shake the contents of the jar, but on no account stir with a spoon; when the marmalade looks smooth and clear put it into preserving-pots, and allow it to cool before tying down tightly.

*Pommes Glacées.*—Pare the apples; boil them in water; drain well; put in a wide-mouthed jar or deep dish; get ready a syrup of boiling sugar, pour it over, and let them remain in it a day and a night. Remove the syrup, boil it up; again throw it over the apples; repeat this process four times in four days. Now take out the apples, and dip them into a fresh syrup, boiled until it snaps; lay them upon sheets of paper in a dry place. This makes a very nice dessert-dish.

*Apple Pudding à la Mode.*—Take half a dozen large apples, peel, core, and cut them into quarters; steam or bake in a covered dish until they are quite soft; mash them to a pulp; add the grated rind and juice of a lemon; beat up the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs; add a quarter of a pound of butter just melted over the fire; mix the whole smoothly together; line a dish with a light puff paste, bake twenty minutes, and serve.

*Apple Chocolate.*—In a quart of new milk boil a pound of scraped French chocolate, and six ounces of white sugar; allow it to cool; beat the yolks of six eggs

and the whites of two, add gradually to the warm but not boiling chocolate, stirring well all the time; have ready a deep dish in which you have placed a couple of pounds of pulped apple, sweetened to taste and flavoured with cinnamon; pour the chocolate gently over it, and place the dish over a saucepan of boiling water. When the cream is firmly set, sift over it some finely-powdered sugar, and glaze with a salamander or red-hot shovel. This preparation is not only delicious, but also very wholesome, as the apple acts as a corrective to the richness of the chocolate.

*Pommes à la Duchesse.*—Take a dozen small apples, peel, core, and steam them until quite soft. Pulp them, mix smoothly with two well-beaten eggs, a gill of cream, some powdered white sugar, and bread-crumbs enough to form them into small cakes; lay them in a pan of boiling butter, and when nicely browned take them up. As soon as they are cold, squeeze some lemon-juice over them, lay on each a spoonful of thick cream, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve.

*Pudding à la Rachel.*—Take a pound of bread-crumbs, a pound of finely-chopped apples, half a pound of finely-chopped mutton suet, a pound of grocer's currants, a flat tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon or nutmeg, but not both, the rind of one lemon grated, the juice of two, and four eggs well beaten. Mix all together, put it into a well-buttered pudding-mould, place some well-buttered cooking-paper on the top, and boil four hours. Care must be taken that the water does not come within three inches of the top of the mould, and that the saucepan be kept well covered. Serve the pudding with wine sauce.

*Pommes à la Frangipane.*—Take some Ribstone pippins, pare, and bake them till they are thoroughly tender, then pulp them into a deep dish. Now mix with four well-beaten eggs, four small table-spoonfuls of flour, dilute with a quart of sufficiently sweetened new milk, add six macaroons, powdered finely, and a gill of orange-flower water. Place this mixture upon the fire, and as it thickens stir it well; pour it over the apples. Bake in a moderately heated oven for half an hour, dust over with white sugar, and serve.

Besides several other sweets prepared with apples, they can be used in the preparation of seasoning for game, salads, and savoury dishes.

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LOVE.



Who can resist thee, O thou mighty king?  
The proudest spirits quail before thy breath;  
In every conflict victory plumes thy wing,  
For thou art strong as death.

Who can resist thy smile, when on thy face  
Its radiant, tender, thrilling beauty glows?  
The lonely heart, the solitary place  
Doth blossom as the rose.

Brighter than stars that o'er us nightly roll,  
Sweeter than dew-washed buds at early morn,

Love breathes upon th' unconscious slumbering soul,  
And straightway heaven is born.

Free as the wind, what power can bind thy wing?  
Restless as waves upon the moaning sea:  
Tender as new-born blossoms of the spring:  
Sublime infinity!

O fair! O terrible! O heaven! O death!  
Spirit of beauty, angel, demon, dove!  
Ah, breathe not on our souls with angry breath—  
Give us thy smile, O Love!