

Our fourth dish is a *Lemon Trifle*. Fill up the hollow of the glass dish and pile in pyramidal form with sponge fingers and soft biscuits. Next make a lemon cream by boiling together half a pint of water, a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, and the grated rind of a fresh lemon; stir in this the beaten yolks of three eggs, and an ounce of butter, also a dessertspoonful of cornflour wet with the juice of the lemon; bring all to the boil once more. Let this cool before pouring it over the cakes, and when all are quite cold, whip the whites of the eggs with three spoonfuls of sugar, and a teacupful of fresh cream, then pile this on the top. Decorate with a border of yellow flowers placed singly round the edge of the trifle.

The last illustration gives us a somewhat more substantial kind of pudding, but it is both simple and effective.

First of all, butter well the inside of a plain round mould, and line it with slices of Swiss roll cut about half an inch thick. Fit these in neatly, placing one slice at the bottom

and also putting broken bits and a few ratafia biscuits in the middle hollow; next prepare a custard, using two fresh eggs and about a pint of boiling milk, adding as much sweetening and flavouring as seems desirable. Stir in this half an ounce of gelatine that has been previously soaked in cold water, and let this dissolve before pouring the custard into the mould. Take care, too, in doing this that the slices of roll are not lifted out of place, as the beauty of the pudding depends on these. Cover the mould with a buttered paper, then steam for an hour, and when quite cold, turn out and decorate with a little bright jelly on the top and a few macaroons.

Let cold sweets be really cold in summer-time; one way of cooling dishes when ice is not obtainable is to turn an earthen flower-pot upside down, standing it in a dish of water, and to set moulds or plates on this. It makes a very fair refrigerator.

L. H. YATES.

## OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.



I SHOULD like to be able to address a large proportion of this paper to the brothers, for, when one is speaking of mutual duties and can only get hold of half the performers, it is rather like having to take up a pot with two handles by one of them. However, though all girls like to read the boys' books and the

boys' magazines, I am afraid that the boys never take up those intended for the girls except to jeer; so there is no use my writing here, "My dear fellows, what are you thinking about in letting your sisters fetch and carry for you like that, and expecting them always to give in to your will and pleasure? Don't you know that it is exactly in proportion

as men are low down in the human scale that they allow women to wait on them, that it is the most debased class of peasantry who make their wives and sisters toil in the fields while they preserve a lordly idleness, and that it is the unmitigated savage who marches at the head of his tribe with his womankind following submissively, carrying the burdens?"

No, my address can only be made to reach the girls, but before suggesting their own separate parts and duties I should like to sketch what I think the family relations should be, for am I not speaking to the future mothers of boys and girls?

That there is something faulty about the long-accepted system of making the boy Number One in the house must, I think, be acknowledged when we reflect how universally it is allowed that men are selfish creatures, while self-abnegation and patience are considered the special prerogatives of women. Now, I think a great deal of the selfishness and domineering spirit of the average Englishman is in a large measure due to the way in which his sisters have been expected, as a matter of course, to do what their brothers want them to and put their convenience first, to be obliging and good-natured and set aside their own wishes for the wishes of Jack and Tom, while anything the brothers do for them is looked on as an exceptional favour—"so good of the dear fellows!"

Very unselfish women are produced by this means, no doubt, but I am too fond of boys not to resent their being so completely sacrificed to the girls—their characters I mean, the importance of which stands surely on a higher level than that of their comfort.

So it comes about that nearly all the nicest men I have known, those really unselfish, courteous and considerate to women, have either had no sisters at all, or selfish sisters, or sisters so few in comparison with the brothers that they

occupied the position of importance in the household attendant on rarity.

Do I want the sisters to give up being unselfish and good-natured to their brothers? you will ask. Not at all, for there would be again the sacrificing of one half of the family to the other; what I urge is that these things should be mutual. By all means let the girls mend their brothers' socks, and be always ready cheerfully to perform any little feminine office asked of them; let them allow their own especial pursuits to take a secondary place for the short time that Jack and Tom are at home; let them write their brothers the long chatty letters everyone loves to get, when they are away again.

But why should not Jack and Tom answer these letters? Why should not they consider whether, while they are with their sisters, they cannot make life more cheerful for them, and devise such festivities or expeditions as would make a pleasant break in the comparative monotony of a girl's existence?

Boys have generally more pocket-money than girls. Might not a little of this be spent on their sisters, instead of all on their own gratifications? When Molly has spent her morning putting new pockets in Jack's trousers, why shouldn't Jack take her over in the afternoon to the golf links and introduce some of his friends to her, and give her tea? If Grace leaves the reading-up for her exam. till Tom has gone back to Oxford, because he likes to have her cycle and play tennis with him, and she is sure she can make up for it afterwards with a little extra work, why shouldn't Tom arrange to get her up there for "eights," and let her have a little fun?

And if the girls show so much consideration—which means the highest form of courtesy—to them, would it not show nicer feeling in the brothers if they were more considerate, more courteous, in fact, more gentlemanly to the girls? The ideal sister would have all the affectionate thoughtfulness for her brother she would have for the man she loved. The ideal brother would show his sister all the little attentions he would to the woman whose preference he wanted to win.

It is a generally acknowledged privilege of brothers to be brutally frank, and the process is usually considered good for the sisters as tending to "take the nonsense out of them." Unfortunately, it is not only the nonsense that is apt to be knocked out of women by brutality of any kind, but some desirable qualities as well. Rough treatment on the part of brothers, as of parents, brings out a roughness in return. Girls accustomed to receive it learn to hide and suppress not only their sensitiveness, which may often be the better for keeping under, but all their feelings; they adapt themselves to their environment, adopt manners as anti-sentimental, off-hand and downright as the boys. "And very sensible too," will be said. True, but sense is not the only excellent attribute of woman; there are also

tenderness, sympathy, graciousness, all that is comprehended under the term *womanly*, and which gives to womanhood its greatest charm. The girl who grows up with these characteristics dwarfed and stunted, as every characteristic systematically suppressed is almost certain to become, will be lacking in one of the essential qualities of an ideal wife and mother. According to my experience this especial womanly charm is rarely possessed to any marked extent except by brotherless girls. The girl who has no "brutal" brother, but is the companion of masculine cousins, "almost the same as brothers," is, to my mind, the one most happily situated for the development of her attractive womanliness, for, in the case of cousinhood there is just that touch of difference which generally prevents that familiarity excluding respect, at least of outer bearing, which is apt to make the intercourse between brothers and sisters a common, unlovely thing.

The relations between *nice* cousins who see a good deal of each other without being under the same roof, and "get on capitally together," are precisely those I should like to see established between brothers and sisters. There is the intimate knowledge of each other—so good for both sexes, so necessary in this world, where men and women are made to live together—the exchange of ideas, the interest in each other's pursuits, the recognition of the lines of demarcation between the boy's sphere and the girl's, the mutual consideration, kind offices, and unselfish ways that give the brightness and beauty to life.

So much for the two handles of the pot. But if Jack and Tom have never learnt to do their part, how about that of Grace and Molly?

Well, as far as one can see, that cannot be greatly altered. The attempt to get things out of people for oneself, even if it be only fair dealing and common courtesy, is but poor work, and apt to be destructive of more than it acquires. But there is no reason Grace should not use her influence to make Tom more considerate of Molly's feelings in the kind of things he says to her. There is no reason Molly should not suggest to Jack—her own especial brother—that Grace would be pleased if he asked her to go out riding with him sometimes; there is no reason either should not occasionally say with a laugh to the boys, "Yes, I will do this for you, if you will do that for her," and the plan is not unlikely to succeed. After all, the boys are rude and selfish mainly from habit and from some vague impression that to be so is the manly thing. And brothers are much less apt to resent an attempt to influence them on the part of their sisters than on that of their parents, just as sisters are generally better pleased to acknowledge themselves under the influence of their brothers.

And now comes the question of influence, that most important point in the whole subject of the relation between the different members of a family. There is an old tradition that the woman at home, be she wife, mother or sister, should be the man's good angel; it has been taken for granted that that is her *role*. In these days, when all the old traditions are being broken up and accepted ideas required to be tested, the question is asked why should this be the relative position of the man and woman? What right has he to expect her to be any better than himself and take her saintly conduct towards him as a matter of course? And in consequence of these questionings the modern woman is inclined to decide to go her own way and leave her mankind to sink or swim as it pleases without relying on any influence from her.

Now, as it seems to me, it is an insult to Him who made man in His own Image to take it as the right and natural thing that men should be less good than women, and the accepting of any lower standard for them than for us is fundamentally wrong. It is no more right for a boy to torture an animal, or in any way act cruelly to the weak than it would be for a girl, just as—for in certain points the male standard is higher than ours, one must not forget this—it is just as despicable for a girl to do a dishonourable thing or say a spiteful one as it would be for a boy.

But the fact that our brothers, or lovers, or husbands, are not so good as we should like them to be is no reason that we should level ourselves to their standard. On the

contrary, it makes the duty the more pressing for us to hold the torch of faith and hope aloft, to be living witnesses of the beauty of holiness, of the possibility and the grandeur of an ideal life. Who is to do it if not we, the women who have been brought up in refined loving homes, taught from childhood the highest principles, the purest forms of belief, sheltered from the temptations into which our brothers are thrust so early, kept from contaminating influences, encouraged in religious habits, where our brothers can only keep to the saying of their prayers and reverent conduct in church in the teeth of that form of opposition most unendurable to the boy or young man? The English girl, of a rank above that subject to the temptations incident to ignorance and poverty, brought up in a religious house and by loving parents, is surely the possessor of the ten talents from whom much shall be required. So let us set ourselves to our task.

Home influence, the influence of mothers, wives and sisters is, as most men will acknowledge, the most valuable there is in life, and like most valuable things, it is not to be had cheap. In the influence exercised at home nothing but the absolutely solid and genuine will pass muster. There is no question here of fine preaching on Sundays and pleasing oneself for the rest of the week. The religion that tells at home must have "more deeds than words to grace it." Those who live in the same house with us are painfully sharp in detecting any pretence or unreality. We may impose upon the nice, pleasant friends who see us occasionally and think us very unselfish when our kind deeds and sacrifices for others happen always to be exercised in a direction where they finally will pay, very sweet-tempered if we have enough self-control to hide for the moment our vexation, while we make up for it afterwards in grumbles or well-directed reproaches. Our love of religious observances and a habit of speaking authoritatively in matters of faith may gain for us an outside credit for being "good," while formal self-denials on certain days do not prevent our being greedy on others, and our defence of dogmas goes hand in hand with a painful lack of charity, but we cannot take in those who live in the house with us, who see us every day at all times of the day. It is only when they see us—not faultless, of course, for that nobody ever will—but so far as in us lies thorough, with self-knowledge enough to be humble and throughout wholly genuine and sincere, that we begin to have any influence for good. But under these conditions influence always does exist; it may be resisted, in fact, any member of a family who sets herself to live up to a higher standard than contents the rest is almost certain to meet with some opposition, to her own benefit and strengthening if she only knew it, as vegetation is benefited by the keen winds of spring, but she becomes a quiet power. Little by little the power begins to make itself felt; one brother or sister perhaps follows the example of the first, and then another. It is curious to watch how, in the progress of years, every member of a family more or less assimilates the lived, if unspoken, teaching of the pioneer, who at first was in her spiritual life alone with her Master.

Some time of especial stress arrives and the courage and unselfish devotion of the religious girl, learnt imperceptibly in the quiet of ordinary life, shows what her religion has made of her. A heavy sorrow falls, and all instinctively turn to her who knows the secret of transforming sorrow into peace. The brothers have gone forth into the world, but they have their hold on home in the lovely memory of sweetness and purity and faith, the certainty of sympathy, whatever life may bring, the knowledge that someone is praying for them, to be their inspiring influence, their shelter in moments of overwhelming temptation. The brother, with a sister worthy of the name, can never feel that, now he is away in the world, he may do what he likes with his life, throw it away as he will, since it now concerns nobody. He can never lose the respect for women, which forms the very salt of the character of a man, he cannot learn to believe the theories which meet him that religion is a pretence, and the creeds an old superstition that has no power left over men's hearts and lives: for has he not at home—his sister!