

"Yes," he said, "it is a thing I shall never be able to put away from my mind again that I did not let you know. A man gets in the way of keeping quiet things like these to himself, but I should not have forgotten I had children. I knew Miss Browne was a good woman, whatever her faults, and I felt that I might leave you to her. Don't think I am excusing myself."

"It was not your fault, darling, darling," Hermie said, and clung to him; "but think how miserable we are—all of us, even poor little Floss! How can He forget us like this?"

Cameron's blue eyes looked out at the blue sky.

"Not to understand, only to believe. He does not lead us always through green pastures. The severe and daily discipline makes us shrink, no doubt. But we have to go on."

"Oh, darling, I do love you, I do love you," wept the girl.

"Tie up your hair, childie, and we will go down and sit among the roses, if any are still alive. I am quite strong enough to walk."

He opened the door, and they went out together, and neither looked at the sky. But here had gathered a brave cloud host, and there another contingent came, determined, black-browed, strenuously fighting the long-victorious sun, desperately clinging together. And over the fainting earth flashed its lights, and through the heavens tore the sudden thunder of its guns.

And the battle was to it.

Down came the sweet torrents of the rain, and the cracked, piteous earth lay breathlessly glad and still beneath it. You heard the calves call to their mothers,

the surprised whinny of the horses seeking shelter. You saw the sheep struggling to their feet and lapping the wet grass with swollen tongues.

You heard the birds making all sorts of new little cries and noises as they flew wildly for shelter—birds many of them that had been born and grown to make nests for themselves, and never known the strange phenomenon of rain.

You heard the hisses and splutters of the bush fires as the evil spirit went out of them.

You saw a lad come up from them, his beating bough still in his hand, the lines of his young grave face all broken up, and the glad tears bursting out to meet the wall of rain that beat in his face.

You saw a small girl rushing out half dressed and heedless of the torrent for the exquisite pleasure of seeing the sheep drink.

You saw a woman with thin, blown hair and a drab complexion saying her prayers in her bedroom.

Down where the roses were just recalled to life, Hermie was clinging to her father, both wet through with the sweet blinding rain.

"Oh, you didn't believe me, did you?" she cried. "As if I could—as if I could! It was just that the dust had got into my heart and choked me. Oh, darling, I never really meant that dreadful thing. Dearest, you don't think I meant it, do you?" Her tears were gushing out in streams.

"I never believed it for one moment," he said, and kissed her, and led her back to the house.

(To be continued.)

SOME DAINTY SWEETS FOR SUMMER-TIME.

OUR young housekeepers will, we feel sure, delight in trying our suggestions for summer dishes, for when the fruits come in, when eggs are cheap, and cream plentiful, every amateur feels tempted in some degree to try what can be evolved from such delectable material. We may not actually invent



"LITTLE LOVES" OR "EGG KISSES."



GATEAU STE. CÉLESTINE.

new things in cookery, but an imaginative mind can invariably evolve some new thing when there is an inclination to do so, and though there may be nothing specially new in the accompanying illustrations, the dishes have at least the merit of being tried and proven; they are not mere fanciful creations of the brain.

The first is a dish of dry meringues under a new form and name; if left single they are known as *Little Loves*, but if joined together with cream or jelly between, they become *Egg Kisses*. You can have them either way.

To make them, beat until quite stiff the whites of three

eggs, then lightly stir in a quarter of a pound of crushed icing-sugar and a few drops of any flavouring liked, either vanilla, almond or lemon. Divide the mixture into separate bowls and colour one portion pink by adding half a teaspoonful of cochineal. Sprinkle some sheets of white paper thickly with fine sugar, then drop teaspoonfuls of the meringue on these, keeping the colours apart; slip the sheets on to the oven shelves. The heat may be moderate at first for a few minutes in order to raise the meringues and make them crisp, but afterwards the oven door should be left open and the heat turned off. As soon as they are firm enough to handle, slip them on to clean papers with a sharp knife, and when quite cold store in tins. They must not be allowed to change colour in the oven.

The next is a cake which we have christened *Sainte Cèles-*



LEMON TRIFLE.

tine; it is after the pattern of the *Gateau St. Honoré* which some of our readers may have seen and tasted abroad.

The foundation of this is the ordinary jelly-cake mixture, namely, butter and sugar creamed together, a teacupful of each, the yolks of two eggs worked in with a little milk, then two teacupfuls of self-raising flour. Pour this mixture into a round baking-tin about two inches in depth, which has been well buttered inside and sprinkled with sugar. Bake in a moderately quick oven for forty minutes. Slip

out of the tin on to clean paper, and when cool split the cake and spread the lower half with a layer of currant jelly and whipped cream, replace the other half and cover with

more jelly, then pile more whipped cream on the top making a ring border round the cake of ratafias. This is rather a nice cake, as may be imagined, and both these first dishes are suitable for afternoon tea. In place of jelly, ripe strawberries or raspberries could be used, adding plenty of sugar, and it should be borne in mind when whipping cream that it is made lighter as well as more economical by adding the whites of one or two eggs previously whisked to a froth thereto. Do not put much sugar with the cream.

The central illustration of our page

represents *Frothed Fruit Syllabubs*; the kind of fruit of course will vary according to what is in season. We can use pink rhubarb, green gooseberries, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, currants, red, white and black, plums, blackberries, etc. Make a syrup of sugar and water boiled together, half a pound of sugar and half a pint of water, then cook the fruit in this until it is soft and juicy. (It will be a better colour done this way than if stewed.) If there are skins and stones, rub the fruit through a colander, but the soft kinds will not need this. Half fill the glasses with fruit and syrup, then add a little thick cream to what remains and fill the glasses to three parts, on the top of all place a large spoonful of white of egg whisked stiff with sugar—this represents the “froth.” Keep these glasses standing in a very cold place, on ice if possible, until required. They form a refreshing sweet to eat with biscuits for a light supper.



FROTHED FRUIT SYLLABUBS.



SWISS CHARLOTTE.

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