

The following are considered worthy of honourable mention :—

MISS FLORENCE SHEPPARD :—

Pare a lemon very thin, remove the white substance underneath and all pips ; then put the slices and half the rind into a jug with sugar according to taste, then add a pint of boiling water. When cold strain it into another jug.

NURSE TIPLADY, M.R.B.N.A. :—

Grate the peel of six lemons, pour a quart of boiling water on it ; let it stand some time, then add the juice of the lemons (taking care not to let the pips fall into the liquid), sweeten with clarified sugar, and strain through a jelly bag. Put a little in a glass and dilute to taste.

MRS. MARY TINDALE, M.R.B.N.A. :—

Peel the lemons, be careful to take off all the white skin, slice very thin into a jug, add lump sugar to sweeten, pour boiling water over, cover the jug and let stand until cold.

MISS MINNIE CHAPMAN :—

Peel a lemon very thin, so that none of the white is removed with it ; place same in a jug ; then cut the lemon in two pieces and squeeze all the juice out of them into the jug ; then pour some boiling water on same and add sugar to taste. When cold, strain ; it is then ready for use.

MISS K. KEMBLE, M.R.B.N.A. :—

Remove the rind of two lemons, taking care not to leave any white pith or seeds ; cut in thin slices into a jug, add a few lumps of sugar, over this pour a quart of boiling water.

MISS SUSAN J. OSMOND :—

Peel one lemon very thin ; put the peel into a jug ; pour on it a pint of boiling water ; let it stand for half-an-hour, then squeeze the juice of the lemon into it, strain and sweeten with loaf sugar, and let stand to cool.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.*

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,
Author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Within
and Without," "Malcolm," &c.

CHAPTER X.—WAGTAIL COMES TO HONOUR.

AS they rode out of the gate, one of the men, a trustworthy man, who cared for his horses like his children, and knew all their individualities as few men know those of their

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children, rode up alongside of my father, and told him that there was an encampment of gipsies on the moor, about five miles away, just over Gorman Slope, remarking that if the woman had taken the child, and belonged to them, she would certainly carry her thither. My father thought, in the absence of other indication, they ought to follow the suggestion, and told Burton to guide them to the place as rapidly as possible. After half-an-hour's sharp riding, they came in view of the camp—or rather of a rising ground behind which it lay in the hollow. The other servant was an old man who had been whipper-in to a baronet in the next county, and knew as much of the ways of wild animals as Burton did of those of his horses : it was his turn now to address my father, who had halted for a moment to think what ought to be done next.

"She can't well have got here before us, sir, with that child to carry. But it's wonderful what the likes of her can do. I think I had better have a peep over the brow first. She may be there already or she may not ; but if we find out, we shall know better what to do."

"I'll go with you," said my father.

"No, sir ; excuse me ; that won't do. You can't creep like a serpent. I can. They'll never know I'm a stalking of them. No more you couldn't show fight if need was, you know, sir."

"How did you find that out, Sim?" asked my father, a little amused, notwithstanding the weight at his heart.

"Why, sir, they do say a clergyman mustn't show fight."

"Who told you that, Sim?" he persisted.

"Well, I can't say, sir. Only it wouldn't be respectable—would it, sir?"

"There's nothing respectable but what's right, Sim, and what's right always *is* respectable, though it mayn't *look* so one bit."

"Suppose you was to get a black eye, sir?"

"Did you ever hear of the martyrs, Sim?"

"Yes, sir. I've heerd you talk on 'em in the pulpit, sir."

"Well, they didn't get black eyes only—they got black all over, you know—burnt black ; and what for, do you think, now?"

"Don't know, sir, except it was for doing right."

"That's just it. Was it any disgrace to them?"

"No, sure, sir."

"Well, if I were to get a black eye for the sake of the child, would that be any disgrace to me, Sim?"

"None that I knows on, sir. Only it'd *look* bad."

"Yes, no doubt. People might think I had

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