

me fourpence for large linen pillow-case with double frill to hem all round."

"Not possible," was the grieved reply.

"'Tis possible, madam. She—Mrs. Z.—say she get done at the Magdalene or Refuge, or some such place, for that, and she give no more. I feel so wicked at my heart, *chère madam*, I nearly cry. I say '*Oui*, Madame Z., that possible. Honest woman, with six children to put bread in mouth and sick husband, not able to work so cheap as de bad folks who live by wickedness, and then come to charity. I not ask charity. I ask work, ma'am; but I can't work for noting. If you want cheap work—very cheap work—go to the jail, madam; you get cheap enough there. Lots of the stuff stole, too.' I sorry, ma'm, I say it; but I too quick vexed, I suppose," said the woman with a sigh. "The lady say I too proud, and she'll not encourage pride in poor people, and she give me no work at all; so she went up-stairs and leave me to come away, and so I get back. Lost all my day, *chère madam*, and I done noting;" and the poor, sad-looking creature choked back a sob as she finished.

"Let me see," said Mrs. J., driving back a tear herself as she spoke. "Are your feet not wet? Where you have been standing a pool of water has melted."

"*Oui*, I wet, but no matter," was the reply, given with a sad, half-bitter smile, as she lifted her skirt, and shewed the woollen sock wet up to the knee through ploughing along in the deep snow. "If it not for the poor children I glad to die and be done with it."

"Hush! hush! Madame La Chance, don't speak so. Remember who sends troubles. Go down to the kitchen, take off those wet things, and cook will see you made comfortable."

"Mary," said the lady a few moments after to the housemaid who had answered her bell, "you spoke of having some under-clothing you wanted made. I have no work cut out for Madame La Chance to-day, and she has been disappointed in what she expected. Should you like to give it to her? I know she would do it reasonably for you."

"Yes, ma'm, I'd be glad to get them done

if you will please give them to her. I don't mind the price for the poor thing. A few pence here nor there won't beggar me. She has a heap of children, and earns her living hard enough. I'd be none the better for a little taken off her bones, and I'll never be the poorer, ma'm, for paying her properly. So don't you mind me. I'll be glad to help the poor Frenchwoman, and I don't want no bargain out of her."

"Thank you, Mary," was the reply; "I do not indeed think you will ever be the poorer for it. She will go away comforted, I am sure, with your work. It grieves her so to live upon charity."

Madame La Chance did leave comforted, and a servant who earned her own daily bread had done what she could towards it. And Mrs. J., as she took up her work by the window again, and saw the dashing equipage of Mrs. Z. fly past with its pair of splendid horses, and that lady herself wrapped up in a seal-skin cloak, did not envy her the possession of them; but thought how riches must have hardened her heart to let her send an honest, industrious, suffering work-woman from her door frozen, cold! cold!

SELECTED RECIPES.

LEMON PIE.—Beat the yolks of two eggs, the juice of one lemon and one cup of sugar together. Bake with only one crust. When done have ready the whites of the eggs, beat to a froth, with two table-spoonfuls of white sugar and pour it over the top. Put it into the oven again and let it stand until of a light brown.

HOT PUDDING-SAUCE.—To four large spoonfuls of rolled, clean brown sugar, put two of butter, and stir it together in an earthen dish until white; then put it into a sauce-pan with a teacup of hot water, and set it upon the coals. Stir it steadily till it boils, and then add a spoonful or two of lemon juice, or rose-water, and let it boil up again. Pour it into a sauce-tureen, and grate nutmeg over the top. The advantage of stirring the butter and sugar together before melting is that it produces a thick, white foam upon the top. The reason for stirring it steadily while on the coals is that it would otherwise become oily.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Two quarts flour, one large spoonful of lard, one pint boiled milk—set aside till cold,—half cup sugar, half cup yeast. Make a hole in centre of the flour, put in milk, &c., and rise over night. In the morning knead it well, and rise till noon; then cut into long, narrow rolls and let it rise till tea time.