

"Perhaps we might ask Widow Ward in to share a bit of dinner."

"Oh, grandfather, she is so cross and so ugly! I don't like Widow Ward."

"My lad, it seems it is not for the Lord's sake you are wishing to do the kindness, but for your own."

Tom accepted the rebuke.

"I'll give her a bit of my holly," he said. "It must be capital to be as rich as the lady we saw yesterday; what heaps of things she could give to people! Oh, grandfather, there she is!"

The carriage they had seen at the shop door came round from the west gate of the minster; the ladies had evidently driven in to attend the service.

Potter and Tom were at the crossing just as the carriage neared them. Something startled the horses. They swerved and plunged. There was a trampling; a stifled cry—the old man's shrill call. Then somebody caught the horses' heads; and the by-standers rushed to lift Tom Dimond from under the stamping hoofs. A minute ago the boy had been full of life and childish grace; now he lay limp and senseless across the knees of the man who had raised him from the ground.

It seemed to Potter as though the sunshine had suddenly turned grey.

"Take him to my room. I live close by," he said.

And so they carried him there, and laid him down on the small bed where he had dreamed the night before about the singing of the angels. He was quite unconscious, and the surgeon shook his head when he examined him. The lady whose horses had done the mischief was terribly distressed. She followed the little procession up to old Potter's room, and tended the unconscious child as lovingly as she would have cared for one of her own little ones; her tears falling fast meanwhile on Tom's curly brown hair.

After a while he opened his eyes; and he smiled as he saw his grandfather. Then he stared at the strangers gathered about him, and seemed both puzzled and troubled.

"Do you feel very much pain?" they asked him.

"Pain? No; I'm very tired. Is Widow Ward come?"

"Who is Widow Ward?" asked the lady.

Potter had turned away his head. It was Tom who answered her.

"She is somebody as is poorer than we; and we want to give her pleasure for Christmas—for the Lord's sake, grandfather said. She is to have some of my holly there," and he pointed with a very shaking hand to the green sprigs on the wall.

"Can't you give him nothing, sir?" said Potter, appealing to the doctor in tones of anguish.

"Quite useless," was the reply. "Nothing can be done."

Tom heard and understood. "Am I so much hurt? Am I going to die? Ah, but the angels will have to teach me hard, very hard indeed; I don't know anything quite right. Oh, and to-day they will have a grander song than ever, because it's Christmas, you see. Oh, grandfather, grandfather! what shall I do?"

"The Lord Himself'll teach you, lad. He'll make things right, for sure," said poor old Potter, reverently.

"Yes . . . I forgot . . . He came to make everything right, you said. Mother'll be glad to see me on Christmas Day," he remarked presently. "Bid father and the little uns good bye for me; and don't you, *don't you* forget to give my holly to Widow Ward."

The lady and the doctor thought that he never spoke again; but his grandfather fancied that he could quite plainly catch two whispered words, "joyful and thankful."

The short life was over. Tom Dimond's spirit had left the earth, where sin might have hardened him and temptation wrecked him, for the land where he learned the song, not of the angels, but of the redeemed ones whom the Lord Christ came to save.

It was a joyful day for him, that sunshiny Christmas. And though old Potter misses him sorely, he knows it is well with the child; he would not have him back, even if he could choose.

"It won't be long now until I see him again, please God," he says.

Widow Ward had her sprays of holly. Long, long into the night "cross" Widow Ward sat with Tom's holly in her lap, thinking as she had not thought for years and years. Before she slept that night her cheeks were wet with tears, and her poor benumbed heart came nearer to forming a prayer than it had been since the days of her youth.

The lady of Roveden Hall begged for a bit of that holly.

She, too, kept it and looked at it, and found meanings of good in it. She remembered Tom's answer to her question, "Who is Widow Ward?" He had said, "She is just somebody poorer than we whom we want to make happy, and to pleasure, for the Lord's sake."

Hitherto she had tried to make folks happy for their own sakes or for hers. Was the pretty, pleasant, gentle life she led mere selfishness after all?

She laid the holly spray under the tray of her dressing-case, where she saw it often. At last the thoughts it awakened deepened and strengthened, until she came to seek teaching from the Lord Christ, who, as little Tom Dimond said, "came to make everything right."

And everything will be made right some day.

The misery and darkness will scatter and pass. The song of the angels, "Peace and good will," will be on our earth instead of the discords that rend us now.

So let us bind the holly wreaths in their glossy beauty; let us listen to the chimes as the joy bells ring out upon the air. For us 'each there is appointed our own share in the cheering and the brightening of the world; let us search for whatever that share may be, and having found it, *do it* bravely and well.

Twins.

BY CAROLINE E. CONDIT.

Polly.

There's such a lot that Santa Claus
Must 'tend to when he b'gins,
I feel a little anxious, 'cause
He might forget we're twins.

S'posen' he'd peck in at our bed
'Bout 'leven or half-past ten,
And say, "There's Dolly Brookses' head,
And—Dolly Brooks again!"

And then he'd pull our stockings down,
And shake his head, and say,
With such a dreadful stingy frown,
"She can't fool me that way!"

Dolly.

Poor Polly wouldn't have a thing,
How *terrible* that would be!
For every single toy he'd bring
He'd s'pose would b'long to me.

Polly! let's take our picture-books
Before we go to bed,
Marked "Polly Brooks" and "Dolly Brooks,"
And hang them overhead.

Then, when old Santa comes our way,
He'll smile the biggest grins,
And tiptoe 'round the bed, and say,
"What have we here? Ah, twins!"

Hints to Housekeepers.

ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—Take half a pound of each of the following: raisins, currants, suet (chopped fine), bread crumbs, flour, sugar; two ounces of lemon peel, one apple (chopped fine), one teaspoonful of egg powder. Mix with water and boil eight hours.

LEMON CAKE.—With two-thirds of a cupful of butter cream two cupfuls of sugar, adding in this order the beaten yolks of three eggs, the beaten whites of the same, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, three and a half cupfuls of flour and the juice of one lemon. Two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda should be sifted into the flour before that is added to the mixture, or it may be beaten just before the lemon juice is added. Bake in the usual manner. Any plain cake may be flavoured with lemon, thus making it in fact a "lemon cake."

MOULDED TAPIOCA WITH FRUIT.—Simmer one-half cup of desiccated cocoanut in a pint of milk twenty minutes. Strain out the cocoanut and add milk to make a full pint. Add one-half sugar and one-half of tapioca previously soaked overnight, and simmer together until the whole is transparent. Dip some cups in cold water, drain, and lay any kind of fresh fruits into the bottom of each in the form of a cross or star. Pour the tapioca into the moulds gently. When cold, turn out and serve with whipped cream or fruit sauce.

CITRON POUND CAKE. Three-quarters pound butter rubbed to a cream with one pound sugar. Add first the beaten yolks of eight large or ten small eggs, then one pound flour, the beaten whites of the eggs, and last, one and one-quarter pounds finely-sliced citron slightly dredged with flour. Bake one and one-half or two hours.

K.D.C. pills tone and regulate the liver.

POUND CAKE.—Yolks of ten eggs, whites of two well beaten. One pound butter, one pound sugar, one pound flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one cup milk. Add flour and whites last.

DELICATE AND FRUIT CAKE.—Cream three-quarters cup butter with two cups sugar. Add one cup sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, whites of five eggs. Flavour with lemon juice. Take four large tablespoonfuls of this and add spices to suit, and one cup of raisins, one-half cup sliced citron dredged with flour, or one-half cup molasses and one small cup flour with fruit. Bake one layer of dark mixture and two of white in flat, square tins, and put together with boiled icing—the dark layer in the middle.

For nervous headache use K.D.C.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of fine bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, grated rind of one lemon, butter the size of an egg. Bake until done. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a cupful of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread on the pudding a layer of jelly or jam. Pour the whites of the eggs over this and replace in the oven until slightly browned.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING (Plain).—Two quarts stale bread without crust. Break in small pieces, and put in slow oven to dry, *not brown*. Pour over the dried crumbs two quarts of milk, let soak one hour. Then beat well, add six beaten eggs, a cup each sugar and molasses, a cup minced suet to two-thirds cup butter, one and a half pounds seeded raisins, a teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each cloves and mace, half a grated nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls salt. Butter a large pudding dish, pour in pudding, and bake in slow oven three or four hours, covering to keep from getting too brown. Serve with wine sauce.

K.D.C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—One quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk, the yolks of five eggs beaten with six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil three or four minutes. Pour in a pudding dish and bake about one-half hour. Beat the whites of the eggs with six tablespoonfuls of sugar; spread over the top, and return the pudding to the oven until it is a delicate brown.

BAVARIAN CREAM.—Whites of six eggs, beaten very light, one quart whipped cream, one ounce gelatine (soak one hour in cold water, drain, and dissolve in a little hot water), flavour with one teaspoonful vanilla. Beat eggs and cream together, add sugar to sweeten, flavour, then add gelatine. Beat until it begins to thicken, and pour into moulds. Serve very cold with cream.

Take K.D.C. for sour stomach and sick headache.

BOHEMIAN CREAM.—One quart cream, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one ounce gelatine dissolved. Whip half the cream to a stiff froth. Boil the other half with the sugar and a vanilla bean until flavour is extracted, or add vanilla extract after it is removed from the fire. Add the gelatine, and when cooled a little, the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Beat until it begins to stiffen, then beat in quickly the whipped cream. Pour into well wet moulds and set on ice.