

the liquor; pour over the chicken and cover with a suet crust.

**BROILED CHICKEN.**—Split the chicken open on the back and then flatten with a cleaver; lay in a dripping-pan with the inside of the chicken next the pan; bake one hour and baste occasionally; when done make a gravy with the giblets and a little butter and browned flour.

**KOHL SLAUGH.**—One head of cabbage minced fine to two hard-boiled eggs, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper and made mustard, one teaspoonful of vinegar; mix all together thoroughly.

**COCONUT CAKE.**—Take an ordinary amount of dough; one cup desiccated coconut; mix thoroughly; bake in three layers. Put together with frosting in which has been thoroughly mixed one tablespoonful of coconut. Frost the cake; sprinkle the top heavily with coconut.

**CRANBERRY PIE.**—For the pastry take one quart of flour, half pound of lard, half pound of butter, one teacup of cold water. Wash and pick over the berries. Put into a saucepan with a little water, and simmer until they become soft. Bake with a cross-bar of pastry over the top.

**CURRIED CHICKEN.**—Cut a chicken into pieces, season and fry in butter. Slice an onion and fry in butter, add a teacupful of stock, and tablespoonful of curry powder mixed with a little flour and rubbed smooth with a little stock; salt; boil five minutes.

**ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.**—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, two cups stoned raisins or currants, three cups of sifted flour, one cup of suet, chopped fine, one teaspoonful of soda, and salt; put soda in molasses, add milk, flour, suet, and salt; steam three hours; serve hot, with sauce.

**LEMON FOAM.**—Beat well together the yolks of six eggs, half pound of powdered sugar, two grated lemons, half ounce of gelatine dissolved in cold water. Simmer over the fire until quite thick. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add them to the mixture; beat together and pour into moulds.

**DELICATE INDIAN PUDDING.**—One quart of milk scalded, two heaping teaspoonfuls of meal, cook twelve minutes; stir into this one tablespoonful of butter, then beat three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half tablespoonful of ginger, salt to taste, mix all thoroughly, and bake one hour.

#### TIMELY WORDS.

More and more there is growing up a disposition among parents, to permit all matters of religious observance to be with their offspring mere matters of choice or preference. Your child must learn French and German, and drawing; but he shall learn catechism and his Bible lesson and a reverent observance of the Lord's day if he chooses and not otherwise. A more dismal and irrational folly it is not easy to conceive of. I do not say there may not have been folly in another and opposite direction. I am not unmindful that religious teaching has been sometimes made a dreary and intolerable burden. But surely we can correct one excess—not, I apprehend, very frequent or harmful—without straightway flying to an opposite and worse one. And so I plead with you who are parents to train your children in ways of reverent familiarity with God's word, God's house, and day. Let them understand that something higher than your taste or preference makes these things sacred and binding, and constrains you to imbue them with their spirit. And that they may do this the more effectually, give them, I entreat you, that mightiest teaching, which consists in your consistent and devout example.—Bishop H. C. Potter.

#### FROM VOICES OF THE STREET.

BY CYRUS THORNTON.

Nothing to give save a crust of bread,  
But that was freely given;  
Nothing to say but a kindly word,  
Yet that was heard in heaven.

Nothing to bear but the petty load  
Of daily toil and pain,  
Yet that was borne with a smiling face,  
And it was not borne in vain.

Nothing to do that was grand or great,  
But only to work alone,  
To lighten the toil of the fatherless,  
And the weary widow's moan.

Nothing to leave but a worn-out frame,  
And a name without a stain,  
Nothing to leave but an empty place,  
That nothing could fill again.

#### A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY E. N. E.

"It is so cold, Gretchen, and the wind grows keener."

"I know, Christel; come closer and put thy head on my lap."

"Even poor Wagen is cold," murmured the child, "yet you say it is the eve of the Christ-child's birth. Was it like this at home, sister?"

"Oh no," the other answered at once, "quite different, for there it was warm with fires and our father brought in good things for us to eat; then we had the beautiful Christmas tree with its lights, and the golden peace apples which it is said the angels throw down from heaven: then our mother used to tell stories to us while our father sang."

"What stories?" asked the little one; "could you not tell them to me?"

"About the blessed Christ-child—lay thy head on my knee, and, Wagen, come nearer, thou too shalt hear about Him."

The bleak wind whistled down the street, past brightly lighted homes and crowds of hurrying people, glad with all the Christmas joy, but the light and brightness seemed far from the hungry little foreigners as they shivered in their corner, and Gretchen began her story.

"Many hundreds of years ago, Christel, some poor shepherds in the fields were keeping watch over their flocks by night, and as they sat together a fair, bright angel appeared to them, and they were afraid; but the angel bade them 'fear not,' and told them how Christ the Lord was born in Bethlehem. Then, up there in the sky, see, Christel, among the stars, they saw a multitude of angels, who sang—ah, even more sweetly than our mother sang to us—you know it, the angel-song, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men.'"

"But he went back to heaven and left us as our mother did, and we are so cold and hungry."

"Yes, he did," Gretchen answered musingly, "but our mother used to tell a legend of the Fatherland of the way He comes again each year, and this is the story: When the eve of His birth comes round the same angels bring Him as a little babe to earth again; and here, in the cold and snow, the blessed Christ-child wanders about. Think how chill it is for Him, little one; but He goes all over the earth, and our mother used to say that no one could be so hungry, so cold, or so lonely as He. Over the bare country hills, like those where the shepherds watched, and through the city streets, He walks, till one child of all those He came to save will take Him in and give Him shelter in its heart. But so many forget about Him, just as they forget about us," the little German continued sadly. "They are so glad in their homes, or their hearts are so full of other things that there is no room for Him, for that was the way when He first came to earth; then there was no room for Him in the inn. Still He goes to each little child to see if its heart is open for Him, and think how sad He must be if they are not—sadder even than we. Only a little child can take Him in on this night, and our mother said their eyes must be clear from all earth stains and their souls as pure as when they first came from heaven; then, if they are watching earnestly, He may come."

"I hope He will not have to go back to-night," said the little one. "See, Gretchen, look at that star, if we keep our eyes upturned to it, will that not keep them clear? Then thou and I, with poor Wagen, will watch for Him."

A long silence fell upon the little group while the busy world passed by.

From a church below the hill came the clear notes of "the angel song": "Fear not, fear not, for behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy," yet still their small, pinched faces were turned heavenwards, and the childish, homeless hearts waited for His coming.

The little one's head dropped and her heavy eyes closed, but after a time she tried to open them, as she murmured with a smile, weary and faint no longer: "There He is, Gretchen! look! the light! It is the Christ-child!"

But the sister had fallen asleep with her head on her hands, so the little one sank back with a last glad smile on earth, and she went away, past the city and over the hills, home with the Christ-child.

#### A LEGEND OF THE EPIPHANY.

[In the book of the travels of Marco Polo, written in the year 1298, may be found the following legend of the Epiphany.]

In Persia, in the town of Saba, may be found the large and beautiful tomb containing the bodies of the three wise men—or three kings—who went to Judea seeking the King.

Their bodies are still in the tomb, with hair and beard entire. They were called Jaspas, Melchior and Bathasar. They saw the strange star in the East, which told them that a mighty one was come on the earth.

Not being sure what this mighty one was they took with them three kinds of gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh. If he is a god, they said, he will take the incense; if a great king, he will take the gold, and if a great physician he will take the myrrh.

When they had come to the place where the child was, the youngest king went in first, and found the child apparently of his own age; then the next in age went in, and last of all, the oldest one, and each found the young child apparently his own age, at which they marvelled greatly.

Then they went in together and found the child to be about thirteen days old.

When they offered to him their gifts, they found that the child took them all, so they said, He is the great King and Physician, and is also God.

The child gave to them a small closed box, whereupon the kings returned to their own country. When they had gone many days on their journey, they said, we will now open the box and see what the child has given us. Then they opened the box, and found it contained a stone.

On seeing this they began to wonder what this might mean. Now the signification was that their faith should be firm as a rock.

Howbeit, they did not understand the signification of the stone, so they cast it into a well.

Then straightway there came down fire from heaven, and fell into the well. When the three kings beheld the fire, they were sore amazed, and it repented them that they had cast the stone into the well, for they perceived that it had a great and holy meaning. So they took of that sacred fire and carried into their own country, and placed it in a large and beautiful church, and kept it always burning, as a sign to them of the great God and King who had appeared to them.

Many years after the death of the three kings, people of that country came in time to worship the fire itself, and not the God who sent it.

This was the origin of the Persian Fire Worshippers.

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