Christmas Day Menus

DINNER.

Cream of Chicken Soup.
Olives Celery Salted Nuts
Roast turkey with oyster stuffing
Cranberry jelly Plum jelly
Catsup Pickles
Potato snow Creamed squash
Scalloped Cauliflower
Chicken salad Cheese straws
Plum pudding Mince pie
Fruit cake
Nuts Fruit Bonbons
Coffee

SUPPER.

Chicken and oyster croquettes
Brown bread and butter sandwiches
Strawberries in jelly Peach trifle
Chocolate walnut cake
Tea Cocoa

Cream of Chicken Soup.—Wash a large, fat chicken, carefully, put it into a soup kettle with one gallon cold water, and let it come slowly to a boil. Add one teaspoon salt and skim carefully. Let it cook slowly until the chicken is quite tender, then take it up. Add to the soup one small minced onion, a sprig of parsley and a bit of celery. Let simmer half an hour longer, then strain. Return it to the kettle with half teacup rice and two teaspoons salt. Cover the kettle and let the soup boil until the rice is done, then add a lump of butter and one large cup sweet cream. Let get very hot and serve at once with bread sticks.

Roast Turkey With Oyster Stuffing. For a ten-pound turkey, take one quart bread crumbs, half cup butter cut in bits, one teaspoon finely powdered summer savory, half teaspoon powdered thyme, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix all well together. Rub the turkey with salt and pepper, then put in a spoonful of the crumbs, followed by a few well-drained, nicely seasoned oysters (allowing one pint the latter for the turkey), and continue this until the bird is full enough. Do not fill it too full, or the stuffing will be heavy. Baste the turkey with the oyster liquor, and cook until tender and richly browned.

Potato Snow. — Beat into one quart hot mashed potatoes four tablespoons butter, half cup cream or milk, one scant teaspoon salt and a dash of white pepper. Beat thoroughly with a fork, then beat in quickly the stiffly whipped whites of three eggs. Press through a heated colander and serve at once. Keep the potatoes on the back of the range while preparing them, as they must not be allowed to cool.

Creamed Squash.—Cook and mash the squash thoroughly, season to taste, and beat in half cup sweet cream and a generous lump of butter.

Scalloped Cauliflower. — Butter a baking dish well, put in a layer of cooked cauliflower broken small, season to taste and cover with bits of butter and bread crumbs. Continue this until the dish is full, then pour over one cup thick white sauce, cover closely, and bake in a quick oven for 20 minutes.

Chicken Salad. — Mix together two cups diced celery, two cups diced cold chicken and half cup blanched and coarsely chopped almonds. Moisten with mayonnaise and keep very cold until time to serve, and then turn into a salad bowl, pour a little mayonnaise over the top, and garnish with celery sprigs.

Cheese Straws. — Roll puff paste one-fourth inch thick, sprinkle one-half with grated cheese seasoned with salt and cayenne, fold, roll, and again sprinkle with the seasoned cheese; repeat, cut in strips, five inches by one-fourth inch, and bake in a hot oven. Serve on a doily in little rings of puff paste.

Plum Pudding. — One pound raisins stoned and chopped, one pound currants washed and dried, three-quarters pound bread crumbs, half pound flour, three-quarters pound beef suet, three eggs, half pound citron, and orange peel, half nutmeg, one teaspoon ground ginger, two teaspoons baking powder and just enough sweet milk to moisten slightly. Tie in a cloth and boil for four hours.

Mince Meat. — Three cups chopped beef, six cups tart apples, finely chopped, one cup chopped suet, one cup each vinegar and cider, two cups each seeded raisins, molasses and sugar, one tablespooon each cloves and cinnamon, half grated nutmeg and half tablespoon salt. Bake in two crusts.

Chicken and Oyster Croquettes. — Chop cold boiled chicken very fine, season to taste, add a little minced parsley, and moisten with cream sufficient to make a paste. Add one well-beaten egg to each one pint chicken. Parboil large oysters and remove the tough muscles. Allow two or three to each croquette. Season and coat thickly with the chicken croquette mixture; dip in dry bread crumbs, then in egg and soft stale bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Garnish with parsley.

Peach Trifle. — Make a sponge cake with six eggs, two cups sugar, one tablespoon lemon juice, half cup boiling water and two cups sifted flour. Beat the yolks and sugar until light, add flavoring, then the stiffly whipped whites, next the hot water, then the flour. Bake in a large loaf. When cool take out the center, leaving an inch rim on sides and bottom. Stick the cake rather full of blanched almonds, and thickly cover inside and outside with pink frosting. Drain the syrup from preserved peaches, cut in halves and fill the cavity of the cake with them. Sprinkle with a few blanched and chopped almonds, and heap over the top whipped cream, sweetened and delicately flavored, and make pink with a little strawberry syrup. Do not fill the cake until just before serving.

Chocolate Walnut Cake. — Make a good layer cake after any preferred recipe. For the filling whip the whites of three eggs until very stiff, add confectioner's sugar enough to make rather thick, half teaspoon vanilla, four tablespoons melted chocolate and half cup English walnut meats chopped fine. Place between layers and over the cake. Decorate with halved English walnut meats.

A QUESTION OF FUNDS.

A CHRISTMAS GARDEN.

The older ones were tired of the conventional Christmas tree, but not to have one would disappoint the little folks, for nothing ever tried equals a tree, to their way of thinking. Many plans and things were talked over by a certain Sunday-school committee. These were all old. "Why can't we have something new ?" and the speaker suggested a garden. "Instead of one large tree, have several small ones." This suggestion was voted on and accepted, and when the proper time came, was carried out in the following manner : An ante-room at the vestry had folding doors that would open, connecting with the main room. This was chosen for the garden site. In it were set, with a gardener's taste, five trees, five feet tall. These were coated with alum to represent frost work, and trimmed with paper flowers, gilt and other ornaments. The small gifts hung on the branches. At their trunks lay the heavy packages. About the garden was a hedge of laurel with wild, everlasting flowers, dyed various colors, tied to the branches. In the windows and about the garden were vegetables, placed for artistic effect. All the rooms were festooned with evergreen, flowers, bittersweet, corn and fruit. In the garden were a little boy and girl dressed in costume, who served, with another pair, as carriers, taking the presents, as Santa Claus called the names, to their owners. Before the presents were given, a literary and musical program was carried out by the children and young people.

HAPPY SANTA CLAUS.

A Christmas Legend

She told the old, sweet story
Of Bethlehem that night;
The while the yule-log's glory,
Sent up its flickering light,

And lit the bright young faces,
Now hushed to quiet there,
And brushed away the traces,
That lined the brow of care.

It turned to threads of silver,
The old man's thin, gray hair.
His face seemed growing milder,
Among those children fair.

A world-worn face and weary
Was his, with something yet,
Beneath its aspect cheery,
That he would fain forget.

He thought of all his treasure—
His store of hoarded pelf;
But it had given pleasure,
Not even to himself.

The while the yule-log's glory
Went up in crimson flame,
His sweet-voiced daughter's story
To silent ending came.

Her little children listened,
With cheeks grown slightly pale,
And eyes that moistly glistened,
To hear the Christ-child's wail.

Then looked each at the other
With wide and startled eyes;
Then turned to look at mother,
In simple childish wise.

For where the yule-light flutters
Across the window's rim
A cry, a child voice utters,
From out the shadow dim.

And from the circle springing,
A girl whose wavy hair
Had in its meshes clinging
Five summers' sunbeams fair,

Threw open wide the doorway,
And heard in accents sweet,
"Please, may I tum in 'oor way;
'Tis told out in ee street?"

Then in the yule-light's shining
A little stranger stood;
His small hands intertwining
The strings that tied his hood.

The children gathered near him,
And sought with tender wiles,
To comfort, warm and cheer him,
And change his tears for smiles.

"I went to look for Desus,
But dess he's gone up higher;
The wind it mostly feezes—
An' then I had to kye."

He lisped in his replying;
But watched the old man's hair,
The fire-light on it lying,
And came beside his chair

And whispered, "Is oo Desus,
An' wants us all to stay,
An' loves an' always sees us,
An' s'ant I go away?"

The old man's lips were smiling,
But tears were on their way;
The child's half doubt beguiling,
He said but one word, "Stay!"

But when good-nights were spoken,
And little stockings hung,
Beneath the mantel oaken,
Another stocking swung.

And wrapt in childish slumber,
Upon the snow-white bed;
Among the old home number,
Reposed another head.

The winter days seemed lighter—
Alike the children fared,
Their pleasures all were brighter,
Because they had been shared.

The child was sweet and lowly;
The old man said, and smiled,
"The little one is holy,
To us a true Christ-child."

And never from that dwelling,
The strange child went again,
'Till tender buds were swelling,
In April's sun and rain.

Then, paler than the lily,
That blooms at Easter-tide,
Reposed the frail form stilly;
They said the child had died.

When Easter bells were chiming,
He left them with the day;
His footsteps upward climbing,
To Jesus found the way.

They read from some old volume
Found on a dusty shelf,
In language sweet and solemn,
"'Twas done to Christ's own self."

The old man's head bowed lowly,
Through tears he said, and smiled,
"The little one was holy,
Ah, yes, a true Christ-child."

He read from that same volume,
From off the clean-swept shelf,
The message swoet and solemn,
But thought not of himself.

He thought of dwellings lonely
Where hungry children be;
But heard the Christ's words only,
"Thou didst it unto me!"

And though from sea and moor-way
The wind swept fierce and far,
The old man's stately doorway,
Was always left ajar.

And never from that doorway
A beggar went unblessed.
They came from town and moor-way,
And found both food and rest.

But when again at yule-tide
The great logs blaze and flare,
The old man by his fireside,
Sat feebly in his chair.

The bright flames upward leaping,
Transfigured every hair,
The children thought him sleeping,
He sat so quiet there.

There in the red light's gleaming,
His worn face pale and set,
Held, in its patient seeming,
No shadow of regret.

Awhile he sat reposing,
Then spoke again and smiled,
His dim eyes scarce unclosing,
"Let in the sweet Christ-child!"

The yule-logs blaze up brightly,
Low droops the silvery head;
Unclasp the thin hands lightly—
The old man's soul has fled.

—MRS. P. A. HENRY.

Bowmanville, Ont.

WHAT WILL SANTA CLAUS BRING ?

A SIMPLE, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It was on Christmas eve and our folks had decided not to have our annual gathering, but as the time grew near, I began to feel that we ought to have some celebration, writes a farmer's wife. "Well," I said to Jacob, "I believe we ought to go to town and lay in a few Christmas joys." So we went, and I purchased a few toys, books, little useful articles and some foolish things with which to play jokes, besides nuts and candy. I got pink netting and made little boots, with needle and red yarn to hold the children's candy, nuts and popcorn. I had taken in several nice yellow rolls of butter, but I did not say what I bought with the butter money to Jacob.

When we returned I made a small Christmas tree and drew the sofa across the corner in front of it. As I stood cooking and thinking if only our near relatives and neighbors would come, Jacob remarked: "Are you looking for the boys and their folks over?" "We never know who may come," I replied, "and anyway, the weather is so cold that cooking will keep well. But still I think one ought to celebrate." After dinner I called my yougest boy (all we have at home) and said. "How would you like a horseback ride with a message for all our folks —brothers and their families, aunts, uncles, and cousins, to come over early to-morrow and eat supper, and for each to bring something for the table?"

Well, they came and that early; it seemed as if the message was all that was needed. We were ready and had soon set before them the usual Christmas fare, which abounds in good things. The supper over and the kitchen tidied, we distributed our presents to all, and I produced my "jokers" to jollify the occasion. I then turned to our company and said: "If Jacob don't care, we will have the boys set the dining table and chairs out on the porch, so as to make room for an old-fashioned game of blind-man's buff, and all will play, from six to 50 years old" (that included all). They all consented, even to Jacob.

Well, of all the laughing we had it that night. You should have heard the children laugh and clap their hands to see their mamma run and their papa sit close up in the corner. We would first have two men blindfolded and the first caught was the next blindman; if it was a lady, we chose another lady.

About 11 o'clock we adjourned, and all expressed themselves as having had a good time. Our neighbor B said he enjoyed himself the best he ever did in his life, not excepting when he was a young man. So, you see, we did celebrate.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

On Christmas morning, dark or white,
The home is happy, eyes are bright,
Faces merry, voices gay,
Speak Love's blessing on the day.

On Christmas morning, be it spent
Where tints of brightest June are blent
Tropic fashion; tempest tossed;
Rain bejeweled, gemmed with frost.

On Christmas morning, all is fair,
Hope and joy are everywhere.
Now and ever, shade or shine,
Welcome in the day divine.

Some time ago a lady who was a well-known advocate of woman's rights was tackled by a pretentious young duffer on her favorite subject. Finally her opponent wound up his attack on the pretensions of the aspiring ladies by saying: "In fact, madam, I think you would like to be a man!" To which she softly replied: "And wouldn't you?"

HIS PRESENT.