

end to her,' " he replied, lifting his head with a bitter smile on his lips.

"No, no, Arthur, not that."

Arthur buried his face in the clothes again, and neither of them spoke for a few moments, until Herbie said hesitatingly—

"Arthur, it's getting on for Christmas time, and then don't you know there is to be 'peace on earth, good-will toward men.' Have we got 'peace and good-will' to Aunt Dixon?"

"No."

Then Herbie clasped his hands, and said, in a low soft voice, "Pray God make us forgive her, and make her a little bit more kind, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.' Now, Arthur, I will get up, and will you help me to dress?"

With as much tenderness as a gentle nurse could have used, Arthur helped his little brother, and when he had done he said, "I suppose I must go down to dinner now; Herbie, what will you do?"