

make old Baldwin stand something for creature comforts for the poor around him. He's such an old miser, I know, he never gives anything to anybody."

Reginald smiled. "Then I don't think he would give anything to you."

"It would be a good joke to try, besides I've a curiosity to see the inside of his house; will you come, Connie?"

"Yes," said Connie, "O Reggie, I do wish *every one* could have a merry Christmas."

Reginald laid his hand softly on her glossy hair. "Constance," he said earnestly, "will you do your best that it shall be so?"

"O Reggie, I can't; what can I do, I'm only thirteen, and Ernest is only twelve, what can we do to cure all the cold, the want, and the misery you have been telling us of?"

Reginald answered,—

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts