
A Little Child shall lead Them

"I knowed it afore the letter came!" said Jake joyfully.

Jane looked at him and said nothing.

The twenty-fifth of December had always been in Jake's mind simply a day of feasting and merry-making, roast turkey and plum-pudding had loomed prominently in the foreground of his conception of that day; he had heard of the birth of Christ as of something dim and mystic, and quite beyond his comprehension. But this Christmas Day he was up early brushing the horses and polishing the harness. When he came into breakfast he said earnestly, "Hurry up, Jane, an' wash your dishes; we must go into church to-day." Jane was not surprised; she had been reading Jake's heart better than he knew.

As Jake stood in the quiet village church, the soft winter light falling through the blue glass on the hymn-book, and joined the congregation in singing one of the old Christmas hymns, he knew, and Jane knew, that he was celebrating his first Christmas Day.

