

brings me to the third evening
to which I preferred. But the
pleasures it inspired I find
too richly colored for ~~my~~
^{fair} ~~my~~ paragon. There was
a mother carrying in her
arms a little baby child; you
remember how ^{the picture} ~~it~~ being decorated
with evergreen upon the wall
at this lower end. We could
not tell he was a King for
as yet he did not wear his
crown of thorns, but was
our love for him the less
over our praises a while
the nearer. He thinks that
the joy we experienced ^{before}
was but half of the joy we ^{before} ~~now~~ have.