

face, if the light was ever so good. But that don't matter much. There's some beautiful faces of Jesus you can see, when you get a bit bigger, in the Nashnal Gallery—out West-end way; but there ain't one that won't seem but what it could be beautifuller if you've got to love Jesus. Do you read about Jesus in the Testament, an' try to copy what He said an' did. That's the best pictur' of Him anybody can dror. It'll be a poor thing, after all, like this here; but you can keep on rubbing out, an' tryin' to make it a bit more like.

"An' now I'll show you the stable where Jesus was born, an' put into the manger for a cradle. It looks pretty in the pictur', with the hay, and the donkeys, an' the bullocks, an' the smart dresses; but I expect it was only a poor sort of place. If the Prince of Wales had been born in the Folly, folks wouldn't ha' believed as he was the Prince of Wales; so it ain't much to be wondered at that them as expected Christ to come into the world with a crown on His head, like, wouldn't believe there could be much in a poor carpenter's son, born in a stable. But yet there He was—just as you might find a sovereign in the mud, an' fancy it only a farden, till you come to change it—that is, if the folks you took it to was honest. If they was honest, though, p'raps they'd think you wasn't, an' wouldn't give you change. It ain't like that with Jesus Christ. The poorest child as ever was has got a right to lay hold of Him, an' can get full vally for Him.

"An' here's Joseph and Mary an' Jesus, a-goin' down into Egypt. They went there, you know, because Herod wanted to kill Jesus afore He'd done what He was sent to do. Don't that sound silly? An' here's Herod's soldiers killin' the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under; an' the poor mothers cryin' as if their hearts would break. That's hard, ain't it? But, p'raps, some of them poor little kids would ha' called out 'Crucify Him,' if they'd been left to grow up; an' God loved 'em so that He wouldn't giv' 'em the chance to go wrong. Though I'm fond o' you, an' I think you like me a bit, I know I'd rather see you dead as you are, than gettin' big boys and gals to learn bad ways.

"An' now I'll show you my last pictur', and I think it's one of the prettiest in the lot. Here's the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, that the wild beasts mayn't get hold on 'em. There's the little lambs a-snugglin' up to their mothers as nateral as babies. An' there's the angels up in the sky, with their white wings and goold rings round their heads, and them branches like rhubub-stalks in their hands—palms they're meant for. An' they're singin' jest as you may hear the singers up in the gallery at church, only a deal sweeter, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.' Them was the first Christmas Waits. It 'ud be nice to hear music like that now in the cold mornin's, wouldn't it? But now we'll have our supper, an' sing a verse, an' then we'll say good night, for it's time the little uns was in bed."