

slipped quietly to his side and lifted his face in a wordless thanks, his eyes shining with love and appreciation. The old man bent down and kissed his grandson. Just then the Church bells chimed their evening hymn.

“While shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down  
And glory shone around.”

The notes floated out upon the frosty air, carrying their message far across the city streets.

“To you in David's town this day

Is born of David's line,  
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign.”

A solemn stillness held the room, where two generations stood, the old clergyman representing the wisdom of the years, and the boy incarnating the spirit of youth and hope and adventure. Again the bells chimed the abiding truth of the Christmas season:

“All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease.”