

I told them all the tales I knew,—and last the Bethlehem
Star,—

And how the wond'ring shepherds heard the songs of
heav'n afar ;

But when their sleepy eyelids fell, beneath the dustman's
arts,

We knelt—a humble roof-tree shelt'ring happy, peaceful
hearts.

“ Before the dawn I wakened, hearing ‘ voices in the night, ’
My little friends were talking fast, but hidden from my
sight

Not far from where I rested ;—raising cautiously, my head,
And drawing back the drapery, I saw the moonlight shed
A radiance like silver, over two small saints in white,—

Where, quaintly kneeling side by side, they prayed with
all their might :

‘ Please, God, the preacher-man what comed, said you knew
ever-thing,

And ownded all that's in the world,—so please, sir, won't you
bring,

At Christmas-time, a drum fer Fred,—fer favver nice
mince pies—

A chiny-set fer muvver—an' I'd like a doll what cries.

An' him what told us stories here, *an's sleepin' in our bed,*
Say, can't you help him, so's his hair *won't be so awful red,*
Amen.’ ‘ Hold on a bit, ’ said Fred, ‘ I want to have a
gun ; ’

The small maid said : ‘ I guess He knows ; oh, Freddie, ain't
it fun ? ’

They cuddled down,—the moonlight fair, baptized each
golden head ;

The ‘ preacher-man ’ he laughed, and groaned, because his
hair was red.