

falling, it was very cold, and he drew his chair a little closer to the fire, while most unpleasantly there kept ringing in his ears the words of the children who had just left him, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." "Why does Christmas come?" he muttered, "it's a bore," and then the old man's mind wandered back into past Christmas times, when he had had his wife by his side, his children playing by his knee; ah! Christmas was no "bore" then. "Pooh!" he exclaimed impatiently, "why should I think of that, my wife and two sons are dead—my daughter worse than dead to me," and then, spite of himself, his thoughts flitted further back still to the time when he had dragged the Yule log into his father's yard, and helped to set it on fire; when he had watched, with wistful eyes, his mother's preparations for the Christmas feast, when he had walked through the snow with her to the little village church, and exchanged friendly