



X.

“Glad Tidings.”

“Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies.  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.”



CHRISTMAS Eve had come. The shadows of night were gathering in fast, the stars were coming out one by one in the clear frosty sky, and the moon was shining calmly down on the glistening white snow which covered the world beneath.

Arthur and Herbert were sitting close together over their little fire; Christmas Eve brought no joy and merriment to them, nothing but the thought of coming sorrow and the remembrance of past joy which could never come again.