

seemed so much better that he was allowed to sit up and make some of the holly wreaths under Constance's instructions, and though both the boys worked in a maze of wonder, it was a very happy one, for this Christmas Eve had brought "peace and good-will" to them, and when they went to bed, Arthur said, "Herbie, isn't it all strange?"

"Yes, Arthur, I think it is something just come to cheer us up before you go."

"It will make it all the harder to go, Herbie, boy. Oh, listen, there are the Christmas waits."

And they listened eagerly while the sweet notes of the Christmas carol fell upon their ears,—

"Glory, glory, now we sing,  
Glory to our Infant King,  
Jesus, Prince of Peace, to Thee  
Glory evermore shall be!  
Though in glory Thou dost live  
Thou wilt take what we can give.

Christ has come to give us peace,  
Pardoned sinners to release;  
Christ has come to cleanse from sin,  
Heaven's eternal joy to win,