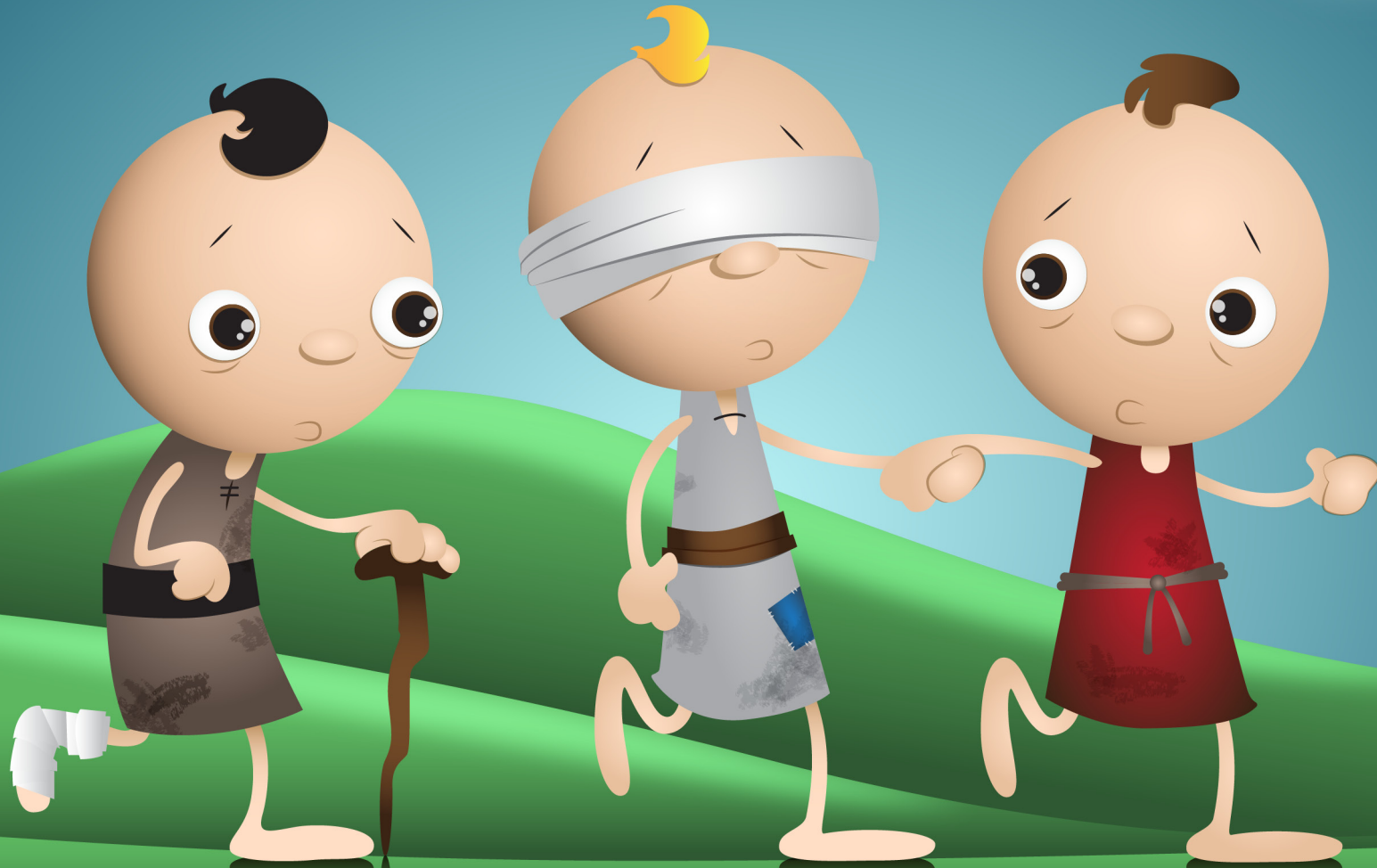


Where Jesus Was Born

*There's a beautiful legend that's never been told,
It may have been known to the wise men of old,
How three little children came early at dawn,
With hearts that were sad, to where Jesus was born.*



One could not see, one was too lame to play,
While the other, a mute, not a word could he say.
Yet led by His star, they came there to peep
At the little Lord Jesus, with eyes closed in sleep.





But how could the Christ Child, so lovely and fair,
Not waken and smile when He heard the glad prayer
Of hope at His coming, of faith at His birth,
Of praise at His bringing God's peace to the earth?

And then as the light softly came through the
door,

The lad that was lame stood upright once more;

The boy that was mute started sweetly to sing,

While the child that was blind looked with joy on
the King!

—Charles W.H. Bancroft

