

ELSIE WRAYTON;

OR
A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

Christmas morning in a Canadian town! How merrily the sleigh-bells jingle, and how sweetly their music floats on the still frosty, morning air! There is something in the atmosphere which breathes of "Peace on earth, good will towards men." The ground is carpeted with a rich mantle of white, and the trees are heavily laden with their snowy fruit. People meet each other in the streets, and everybody seems to have a bow, and a pleasant smile for everybody else. One can almost read the words, "Merry Christmas" stamped on everybody's face.

Hark! The church bells are ringing to call the worshippers to their devotions. The bells of St. Philip's Church are chiming:

"Christians awake! salute the happy morn." The heavy bell of St. Mary Magdalene is ringing out in charming contrast with its usual heavy clang! clang! clang! The ringer of the little church of St. Agnes is making sweet music proceed from the one cracked bill which does duty in its tiny turret. The bells of the Roman and Dissenting places of worship are sounding forth joyously, and all Christians seem to have forgotten their differences, and to have united to do honour to the anniversary of the birthday of the Christ child. The Canadians are essentially a church-going people; and as the fall of snow on the previous afternoon has made excellent travelling, the streets and sidewalks of this particular town are crowded with people, wending their way to their several churches.

In one of the principal thoroughfares of the town, stood the princely residence of Mr. Charles Wrayton, a merchant, who had accumulated a vast fortune, and had retired from business to spend the remainder of his life in care and comfort. About seven years ago his wife had died, leaving to his care their only child, an infant of six months old. Mr. Wrayton idolised his little daughter, Elsie, and already gave up the best part of his time to her. She could hardly be called a spoiled child; indeed she was one of those quiet, gentle children who puzzle us with their simple goodness.

This particular Christmas morning, Mr. Wrayton stood in his drawing-room looking out of the large bow-window, his little one by his side. They were watching the thronging crowds passing the door, and a peculiar sneer had settled upon Mr. Wrayton's generally pleasant countenance.

Could any one have looked into his heart, they would have read there such thoughts as these: "Christmas! What is Christmas? The birthday of a man who claimed to be God! I can't see why people will believe in such an atrocious doctrine as God becoming man! I never shall believe it. In fact I don't believe in any God; He has never revealed himself to me.

"If people are going to be religious enthusiasts, and make fools of themselves by going to church, let them do so. I shall not, that's certain."

He stroked Elsie's curls as she stood on her high chair, and turning from the window, resolutely set himself to the reading of his newspaper.

"Father, dear! What are the bells ringing for, and where are all these people going?" she cried at last in amazement.

"They are going to church, my little darling," answered Mr. Wrayton in the usual affectionate manner with which he always addressed his little girl.

"And what are they going to church for, father?"

"To pray to God, and because every one else goes, dearest."

"Why don't we go to church, father? And who is God?"

"There is no God, my child."

"Why do people pray to God then, if there is no God?"

"My precious little philosopher," said her father, taking her in his arms, "you must not ask such questions."

You must not think of such things. You think too deeply for one of your tender years. Just see how beautifully white that tree is, all covered with the glistening snow."

Poor little Elsie had been brought up without having ever received one word of religious instruction. She was too young when her mother died to be taught her prayers, and her infidel father had expressly forbidden her governess to speak one word to her on religious matters. One governess, who had ventured to teach her a short prayer, was sent away immediately. But Elsie was not to be put off in this summary manner. She kept looking at the beautiful tree her father had pointed out, but her thoughts were wandering to other things. Her father had never refused her any information hitherto, why should he do so now? So she simply repeated her question, "Why don't we go to church, father?"

A shade of vexation passed over Mr. Wrayton's face, as he said,

"Because we don't believe in it, my precious. Come, don't ask any more questions."

"Why don't we believe in it, dear?"

Elsie coaxingly caressed her father's face with her small hands.

"My dear child, it would take the wisdom of the world to answer your questions. We don't believe in it, because—because—"

Mr. Wrayton seemed perplexed, and the awkward pause was broken by a beautiful pair of black horses and a handsome sleigh driving up to the door.

"Ah! there's the sleigh. Come, my little one, let nurse to wrap you up warmly, for I am going to take you for a drive through Beaumont Park. You have not been well lately," and an expression of anxiety for his child's health settled on Mr. Wrayton's features. "It is a beautiful morning, and I am sure we shall enjoy our drive."

Elsie was soon ready, being comfortably encased in furs; and getting into the sleigh they drove off merrily, to the cheerful music of the sleigh-bells. The church-bells had stopped ringing, the crowds had disappeared, and the streets were comparatively quite deserted.

II.

The little temporary church of St. Agnes was situated in the poorest district of the town, but it was a neat and pretty building, carefully ordered within and without.

It was the afternoon before Christmas Day, and the snow was falling fast, but not enough to discourage the Guild of St. Agnes from meeting for the purpose of decorating God's sanctuary, in honour of the birth of

His Only Begotten Son. The Reverend Herbert Thorne, Rector of the Parish, was personally superintending the work, and giving his aid and advice when required. One of the workers, however, noticed that he placed the palm of his hand to his forehead, as if tired, so he came up to him, and said:

"Mr. Thorne, you look tired; you are not very well. I think a sniff of fresh air would do you good. It has stopped snowing now, and we can finish the decorations by ourselves. You ought to be fresh for your services to-morrow."

"Thank you, Saunders, I do feel head-achy, I think I will take a run down to Beaumont Park, and get a good supply of fresh air in my lungs. Don't forget that the banners must be brought down from the rectory, and that the font must be wreathed with the holly and mistletoe sent out from England. I think I can leave all the rest to your care. I shall be here again to-night to take a last look, and see that everything is complete for to-morrow."

Muffling himself in his great coat, Mr. Thorne bent his steps in the direction of Beaumont Park, which was only about half a mile from the Church of St. Agnes. It would have been better for him if he could have banished all care from his mind, but his was one of those active minds which even in the hours of sleep is not entirely in repose. He was now thinking how few, were those who looked upon Christmas in its true light, as a religious festival, and not only as a social event; that as on that first Christmas Day, there was no room for Him in the inn, so too, on this coming Christmas Day there would be no room for him in many a dwelling, where feasting, drunkenness, and rioting would hold high carnival. As he wandered through the many widening snow-covered walks of the Park, an idea struck him: Why should Christmas decorations and texts be confined only to churches and to one or two houses? Why should he not trace texts appropriate to Christmas on the white snow-banks on the road-sides? To-morrow promised to be a fine day, and the Park would be fairly alive with sleighs, containing parties of pleasure-seekers, intent upon making the day a merry Christmas.

Might not some one be brought to realise the sacredness of the day by this little act? He proceeded at once to put his idea into execution, for he was not a man to allow good impulses to come to naught. With his light walking-stick he carefully traced on the snowy banks such words as "The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us;" "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee;" "The Day-spring from on high hath visited us;" "Far unto is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

At last he came to a place where the road turned abruptly by the side of a high, steep bank. The bank presented a splendidly clear surface, on which he printed in large capitals: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Around the text he placed a border, and then he stood back and admired his work. Nay, not his own, for surely the idea had been prompted by some angel of light. It was now getting dark, he was no longer tired, fresh and invigorated he retraced his steps homewards.

III.

Lightly over the crisp snow sped Mr. Wrayton's sleigh, and merrily jingled the silver sleigh bells, keeping time to the movements of the horse's feet. Only little Elsie's face wore a careworn expression, unusual in one so very young. Her father's anxiety about her was not unfounded, she was a delicate, and precious child, too thoughtful for her years. How much she reminded him of her mother, but—bah! he thought to himself, her mother was a devoted Christian, and Elsie, thank God, is free from such nonsense. Thank God! what had he to thank God for? There was no God. The idea was only a worn out, monkish superstition, invented to keep people under the rule of priestcraft.

"Oh, father, father!" cried the child suddenly, "just look! look at the snow! Somebody has been writing on the road side! Oh, how pretty and Elsie pointed with her tiny muff to the text written on the snow only the afternoon before by Mr. Thorne."

"Read it, father!" But Elsie read it herself slowly and carefully, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee."

"What does it mean father, dear?"

Some silly person has been writing nonsense on the snow, dear. Horribly bad taste. Take no notice of it, I wish there was a law against that sort of thing. If people wish to be religious themselves they need not thrust their religion under other people's noses.

"And look on that high bank, father! Oh look! 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' Father what does that mean? Who is Jesus? I want to know about Jesus."

Mr. Wrayton made no reply, for he was in deep thought himself. "He shall save His people from their sins," were words which seemed to cling strangely to him, and which he could not shake off. He could not banish them from his mind, try how he might. They would still remain to haunt him. The sleigh-bells seemed to echo the words. The wind, as it swept through the snow-laden trees, repeated them with a soft, murmuring sigh. The text seemed to be staring at him at every corner, and bend of the road; it was written with living letters on every snow-bank. He could stand it no longer, and he gave orders to be driven home.

For a long time there was a dead silence, broken only by the jingle, jingle, of the sleigh-bells.

Presently Elsie said gently, but persistently, "Father, tell me about Jesus. You know."

"He was a man who was nailed to a cross eighteen hundred years ago."

"What is a cross, dear?"

"A cross, child? Why, it's a—there's one!" he said, as they came in view of the gilt cross on the bell-cote of St. Agnes' Church. That's a cross. Oh, the people are just coming out of church; look what a stream."

"Father, dear! Can't I go to church like those people. Won't you take me to church?"

"My darling, what an idea! What do you want to go to church for?"

"Because they will tell me about Jesus, perhaps, under that cross."

Elsie's father had never in his life denied his child a single wish, so after a little sallying on her fantastic choice of an amusement, he promised to take her to church that very night, and as it made no difference what church it was, he gave her the choice. She unhesitatingly said she wished to go to "the church with the cross on it." Mr. Wray-

ton thought to himself: "Perhaps it's just as well, the services are bright and short there, I have heard. I wish she hadn't taken this idea into her head. But there, I can't say her nay, poor darling! I am afraid, very much afraid." What he was afraid of, he did not, could not say.

IV.

Christmas night. The clear, blue Canadian sky was studded with its myriad of twinkling gems. Once more church-bells were ringing, but not so generally as in the morning; for many people fancied that Christmas night could be spent most agreeably in home pleasures and festivities. Mr. Wrayton's sleigh was again at the door, and in a few minutes Elsie and her father found themselves in the church of St. Agnes. Elsie had never seen the interior of a church, and Mr. Wrayton had not entered one since his marriage-day. They were shown into a seat by one of the attendants, and as soon as they were comfortably settled, Elsie looked about her in astonishment. Everything was new to her. The brilliantly lighted altar, with its vases of rich flowers, the beautiful reredos, the rich white festal hanging, the rood screen, wreathed with living leaves and blossoms, the texts and banners placed in conspicuous places, all made up a scene as striking as it was new. Neither did it fail to make an impression on her father, but he looked upon it all as a dream, a superstition. Yet he had been haunted all day by the words of the text, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins," and even now, he could not force it from him. Soon the organ burst forth into the melody of a dear old hymn he had heard in his boyhood days:

"Oh come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh come, ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels;
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord."

The choir entered the church from the vestry at the west end, and marched in procession to the chancel, sweetly singing the words, the large congregation joining in lustily. The service was sung throughout.

Once during the Magnificat Mr. Wrayton looked at the face of his little daughter. It was the face of an angel. The Rev. Herbert Thorne preached, and took for his text, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Elsie's eyes met her father's for a moment, a world of joyful meaning in their depths. Mr. Thorne was not what might be called an eloquent preacher, as far as language was concerned. His was the eloquence of earnestness. Without any circumlocution, he plunged straight into his subject. He had a divine message to deliver, and it was of too great importance to spoil the effect of it by any mere verbiage. His message was

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who Came into the World to Save Sinners." The only source of true joy in the world. The man who had earthly friends, and health and wealth was not happy unless he knew and had a personal daily intercourse with Jesus, the Friend of sinners. Some men made an idol of worldly possessions, others of position in society, others worshipped husband or wife, to the entire exclusion of the love of Christ, which demanded the first place in all men's hearts. Suppose a father or a mother idolized an only child, and God should see fit to take away that child; unless they knew the love of Christ, and felt sure of meeting the dearly-loved child in the bright hereafter, what prospect of real happiness could there be for them? Oh, my brethren, believe me, real happiness cannot be found out of Jesus. Whom have I in Heaven, but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. Mr. Wrayton heard no more, could listen to no more. He knew it now, knew that Elsie, his darling, his pride, was fading day by day, he was sure it would not be long before she, too, like her mother, would be called away to the great unknown land. Would he ever meet them again? What would life be to him without his darling child? Could there be anything in the Christian religion, the Christian hope, after all? He had despised it, and had looked upon the followers of Jesus as a set of foolish fanatics. He could see that everyone in the congregation, even his dear little Elsie, looked unutterably happy, but he felt in his own heart, that he was the most wretched, miserable creature in existence. Was it their belief, their creed, that made these people happy? Or was it that their love found a reflex in the higher love of a God, whose existence he had so long doubted? He looked at his little child, and a tear dimmed his eye as he watched her gazing so intently at the clergyman, drinking in deeply everything he said. Putting his arm around her, he pressed her little form closer to him, his whole heart, went out to his darling; he must have her for his own—now—forever.

The service being over, Mr. Wrayton drove home with Elsie on his knee. He kissed her cold cheeks, and said:—"Well my little daughter, I have gratified your wish, and have taken you to church. Tell me which you like best, the singing or the beautiful decorations, or the white-robed choristers?"

"Oh, father, dear! what I loved best, was to hear the man in white tell all about Jesus, and how He Himself was once a little child, and how He loves little children, and wants them to love Him; and oh, father, I feel so happy because He loves me."

V.

Three days after Christmas the Rev. Herbert Thorne received the following note: "My DEAR SIR:—My little daughter is gifted with strange fancies. She has been ill for the last two days, and nothing will content her, but that she must see you, and talk to you. You would greatly oblige me by humoring her fancy. And if there is any remuneration in connection with your visit—for I know your time must be valuable—I shall pay you what ever you demand."

"I am, your faithfully,"

"CHAS. WRAYTON."

"Elmwood, Dec. 28"

"What an extraordinary note," thought Mr. Thorne. Pecuniary remuneration indeed; as if a priest served his God for the sake of dollars and cents! I feel more than half inclined to take no notice of it; Mr. Wrayton is well known in the town as an avowed infidel, I hear, and he sat down to puzzle over the matter. The result was that Mr. Thorne called at the residence of Mr. Wrayton at the appointed time, being cordially received by that gentleman.

"I hope I have not inconvenienced you by this strange request," he said, "but last Christmas night I took my little daughter to St. Agnes' Church, and since then she has been unwell, in fact confined to her room, and has begged me to ask you to come and talk to her. I am afraid,"—and his voice shook though he instantly recovered himself—"that she is in a very delicate state of health. Her mother died when she was but an infant and perhaps I have not brought her up as I should have done. This way, please, here she is." Elsie was in bed.

The sunlight was streaming through the half closed lattice; its bright beams falling on her golden head seemed to crown it with a halo of glory, such as is seen in pictured saints. Stopping down the clergyman kissed her saying, "God bless you, little one. I have come to see you, and talk to you. Tell me, what do you wish to see me about. Can I do anything for you dear?"

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" said Elsie, and she clasped his hand in hers. "I want you to tell me more about Jesus and if He loves me the same as other little children."

"Mr. Wrayton quietly stole out of the room, leaving the clergyman and his little daughter to themselves.

"I had such a nice dream last night," continued Elsie, without waiting for an answer to her last question, "I dreamt that I saw a lady all dressed in white, and she kissed me and said she was my mother, and that I must soon come to her, and be a little child of God. May I be God's little child? Will He let me come?" Elsie sat up and looked anxiously at her kind friend.

"Assuredly He will, dear child. Have you ever been baptized?"

"Baptised? What's that? Perhaps father knows. Yes, father will know."

"Do not look anxious. You shall be made God's little child." Long and earnest was the conversation between these two, the priest of God, and the child groping in the darkness, and seeking after the Light. He was astonished at her questions and recognized that the Holy Spirit was moving her young heart to seek a closer acquaintance with God. He was reminded of those Greeks who said, "Sir we would see Jesus." On leaving Elsie's room, Mr. Thorne asked the father if his child had ever been baptized.

"No! to tell the truth, I have never believed in such things, but if you think it best, you may do as you like."

"Have you ever been baptized, Mr. Wrayton?"

"Yes, I was baptised in infancy, but I never have thought much of such matters, not—not—until Christmas night," and Mr. Wrayton blushed as if he had been guilty of some childish act.

"May God open your eyes, as He has opened the eyes of your little child," was all that the clergyman could say, and with a strange feeling of joy in his heart, a feeling which only comes to those that feel that they may be the instruments in God's hand for working out His will, he took his departure. The next day the baptism of Elsie Wrayton was duly recorded in the registry of St. Agnes' Parish.

VI.

The end is not far off now. Elsie is lying on her death-bed. It is the last day of the year, and gusts of wind are sobbing in the leafless trees. At the bedside, looking greatly aged, Mr. Wrayton is sitting (where he has sat for days past) close to the pillow of his darling. She sleeps most part of her time, but just now there is a kind of rapture in her face.

"Elsie, Elsie! daughter, darling daughter! do not look so strange. Do not die and leave your father, Elsie, Elsie!" The strong man burst into tears, and sobbed like a child.

"Father, dear, don't cry, I am going to a much happier place. I shall see mother, you know, and we shall watch and wait for you to come too, and all be together. That will be sweet, won't it? Don't cry, dear, I feel so happy! I hear such nice music, just like what we heard on Christmas night. Dear father, promise me one thing before I die."

"Yes darling! Anything; I promise you anything that money can buy."

"Oh, Father!" and her voice grew weak and faint, "Money cannot buy this. You must promise me that you will love Jesus, and let Mr. Thorne tell you all about him; and he will love you, and make you so happy. Dear, dear father, I know you will do this for Elsie's sake."

The promise was given. A slight tremor shook the little frame. There was a smile, on the pale lips, and a cry of "Look! Look!" and then the end came.

The bereaved father hid his face in the pillow close to the face of the dead child. The blow had been an awful one, but it had been dealt in mercy.

"Elsie, I must go to you—one day," he groaned in his agony. It was a prayer, an earnest prayer, and it was answered. Little Elsie lies in a green grave in St. Agnes' churchyard, not the building in which the child once worshipped is it now, but a splendid church of carved stone—her monument, raised by her once infidel, now believing father. The same gilt cross on which the child's eyes once rested, glitters on the summit, and round the entrance door is an inscription, cut deeply in polished granite. What are the words? Come near and read.

It is the very text which shone out that Christmas time on the snow-bank of Beaumont Park, the one chosen by the preacher for the only sermon which little Elsie Wrayton should ever hear:

"And thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Obesity Cure.

Never eat more than one dish at a meal, no matter what that dish may be, and a person may consume as much as the stomach may bear, and satisfy the appetite without the least reserve. Nevertheless, nothing but the one dish should be taken; no condiments, no soups, nor supplementary desserts should be allowed. This system was recommended by the author of the note to a lady who was slightly obese; and who put it into practice with the best results. The lady observed that she suffered no inconvenience whatever from this diet, and the result obtained by several others, may be well understood, as she found by her own experience that the partaking of only one dish, whether it be meat, fish, or vegetables, brought on a sense of satiety much sooner than if she had partaken of a variety of dishes, whence the effect of a relative abstinence.

Synonymous of Group.

It is a very curious fact that the English language has a separate word to designate nearly every kind of beast or bird in groups. To be sure, some of these instinctive terms are used by few except sportsmen or ornaturalists, but the majority of them are more or less familiar in common speech, especially where groups of the different animals are found. We suppose that the use of each one of these different words was originally founded on some reason, etymological, zoological, or ornithological, but it would take much research to ascertain these reasons and this we have not time to give the subject. But we offer a table which shows in brief space, the most of the different terms given to various classes of animals; perhaps some of our readers can add to it:

A covey of partridges,
A nid of pheasants,
A wisp of snipe,
A bevy of quail,
A flight of doves or swallows,
A muster of peacocks,
A siege of herons,
A building of rooks,
A brood of grouse,
A plump of wild fowl,
A stand of plovers,
A watch of nightingales,
A clattering of choughs,
A flock of geese,
A cast of hawks,
A trip of dottrell,
A swarm of bees,
A school of whales,
A shoal of herrings,
A herd of swine,
A skulk of foxes,
A pack of wolves,
A drove of oxen,
A sounder of hogs,
A troop of monkeys,
A pride of lions,
A sleuth of bears.

Also, at the risk of repeating some of the above oddities of language, we quote the following newspaper paragraph, which further illustrates the subject: "A number of sheep together is called a flock. But a flock of pretty girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves is a pack, a pack of thieves a gang, a gang of angels a host, a host of porpoises a shoal, a shoal of buffaloes a herd, a herd of children a troop, a troop of beauties a galaxy, a galaxy of ruffians a horde, a horde of mules a drove, a drove of rowdies a mob, a mob of whales a school, a school of worshippers a congregation, a congregation of engineers a corps, a corps of robbers a band, a band of locusts a swarm, and a swarm of people a crowd."

Dining With The Queen.

To "cut mutton" as the saying is, with her Majesty Queen Victoria may be a coveted honour, but the meal can hardly be called a lively one. This is what takes place according to the statement of one who has apparently gone through the painful experience. "During dinner there is very little talking. The guests converse among themselves in whispers, for it is not according to etiquette to speak loud. From time to time the Queen speaks to some one of her guests; but as it is not proper to disagree with her, there is naturally not very much done in the way of conversation between her Majesty and her subjects. Dinner usually lasts for an hour or so, after which the whole party adjourn to the drawing room. Here the Queen makes a few remarks to each guest in turn, which the latter reply to suitably, and without the smallest trace of originality. This ended, the Queen returns to her private apartments, and the dinner party is ended."—And very glad, too, we daresay, to get such a dismal and stilted business over.

The Scotchman's Thistle.

The story goes that many years ago an army of Danes landed on the Scottish shores, and, finding that their approach had been unheralded, determined to attack the Scotch army by night. Approaching the sleeping camp with the greatest caution, success seemed almost certain, when suddenly there arose from one of the Danes an awful scream, which aroused the men they were about to attack. The screaming invader couldn't be blamed when it was known he was barefooted and had stepped on a thistle; but the sturdy Scotchmen soon armed themselves, fought well, and vanquished their enemies. To show their gratitude for the plant that had been their salvation, it was determined that the thistle should be the emblem of Scotland, and the motto, "Nemo me impunè læcessit" (No man provokes me with impunity), is one of the most applicable extant. However, the bride assumes it for good luck, and not because she wishes to be aggressive.

Playing a Different Tune.

A singularly amusing case which came before the court of Quarter Sessions at Lurgan, adds to the comicities of the time which are multiplying. There was a serious question about the properties of a local home rule band, the bones and trombones, the fifes, drums, and horns, jenkins, and sashes. These had disappeared, and what became of them? It turned out that the instruments of music and coats of divers colours—mostly green, no doubt—had been sold to a crafty buyer, and now the Orange band of the place wears the jackets blows, blows the brass, and humours the castanets. So great a political change as this could never have been expected. His Honour was surprised the tunic did not split their sides laughing, and that surprise might just now have a wider application.

A Cheap Mode of Transit.

Some time ago a passenger on the North London Railway remarked in the presence of one of the company's officials how easy it was to "do" the company. "I often travel," he said, "from Broad St. to Dalston Junction without a ticket. Any one can do it. I did it yesterday." When he alighted he was followed by the official, who asked him in a pleasant and affable way how it was to be done. But the wily traveller was not to be coaxed out of a secret by a few soft words. At last he agreed to tell for a substantial consideration. This was given. "Now," said the eager official, "how did you go from Broad St. to Dalston Junction yesterday without a ticket?" "Well," was the reply, "I walked."

Pendants of Florentine mosaic, set with pearls and diamonds, are one of the late styles in jewelry.