

Heaven. The splendor of the Almighty Father, who by the shedding of His blood upon a cross was to give His life for our redemption.

Stella's cooking was highly commended and enjoyed by the weary travellers to the delight of her dear grandfather's heart.

"How old is he?" their host questioned, alluding to the child. The mother glanced at her husband, who replied meditatively, "seven years tonight."

"Oh! so he is, so he is," Nicholas chuckled, "We must not forget that, eh, little one?"

The Divine Child lowered his head, and a slight shadow for an instant flitted upon his lovely countenance.

After supper the holy virgin helped Stella wash and put away the dishes. Seeing the little boy's head nodding sleepily—he was sitting on his foster father's knees—she went to him. Winding her arms about him, she murmured, "Mother's own precious baby."

Stella with a lighted candle led the mother and child into the sleeping room. Later on she went in to have a good night look at the child. He was sleeping peacefully, his tiny hand clasped in that of his mother's as she knelt praying by the bedside.

"O-o— isn't he heavenly?" the little girl ejaculated in a low voice. "Yes, He is heavenly," the mother returned, rising from her knees, "He came from Heaven." She tucked him easily a little to the back of the bed, to make room for the holy man who had been chosen above all others, to support by the