

sweet young voices sing out their thanks and appreciation.

And let me whisper here that it was not toys alone, that the dear ones received from their good benefactors. There were the sweetest of cookies, Stella's own make, candy, apples and other kinds of fruit. And how the dear old man's eyes would twinkle with joy at the sight of the happy faces.

On one occasion when Stella was in the act of dressing up a manikin, she paused in her work, and after a few moment's meditation, rose, and going to her room she brought out her knitting box, putting some stitches on her needles, she counted and recounted, pausing to think every now and then, and after a few minutes, she had started what appeared to be a small wristlet. This she placed on the manikin's head. Resuming her work, she knitted and narrowed skilfully. Again she tried it on the little head, and again she knitted and narrowed, then finished her task. And what do you suppose the result was? She had made the cutest and prettiest little cap that ever was.

After dressing and putting away her small folks, a wonderful thought occurred to Stella. Would she, could she, make a cap like that for her grandpa? Another little girl would think of herself first, but not Stella. Her dear grandfather was first in her every thought.

Going upstairs, and to her dear dead mother's chest, she took from it her mother's long and glossy-from-work, wooden needles.