

been left ajar and she entered unobserved, her little foot-fall making no more noise than that of a mouse. However, as soon as the Judge perceived somebody coming, his first thought was to chase the intruder from his room, but when he saw it was only a child, his face relaxed a little.

"Who let you in? Why are you here?" he asked.

"I've—I've brought you a present, a lovely present," said Dottie.

The judge looked grimly surprised. "A present? I do not understand?"

"It's a ticket with a bu'ful angel on it. I thought you might like to look at it when the stone hurts you?"

The blue eyes expressed the deepest sympathy. The judge looked puzzled.

"The stone? What stone?" he asked.

"The one where your heart ought to be. Norah told me about it." At this the old man actually smiled.

"Come here," he said, "and let me see your present."

Dottie leaned confidently on the arm of his chair while he opened it. "You see it's all about a bu'ful angel and a great big stone; but the angel rolled it away."

The judge looked at the card, looked down at the sweet face of the child before him, and then, wonder of wonders! he lifted her on his knee.

"Talk to me little one" he said "I am so lonely."

For more than an hour they talked together as freely and as confidently as if they had known each other always. The judge told her of his own little girl that had died many years before, and, drawing a case from the desk before him, he gave her a little rosary of carved ivory. "Take care of it, little one" he said "for hersake."

In the meanwhile Dottie had been missed from home and Norah had been sent in search of her. The judge was loath to have her go. "I hope your people will let you come again" he said.

"Tell them" and his voice was quite husky, while something like moisture stood in his eyes, "tell them that the stone has been rolled away."

He looked at her as she stood before him a little white-robed figure with a halo of golden hair, one small hand clasping the rosary, the other placed confidently in his own, Obeying a sudden impulse he bent down and kissed her.

"Good night, little Easter angel," he said.