

stranger extended his hand briskly as the two exchanged greetings, thus, "Nicholas!" this from the stranger. "Why! Joseph!" from the other, "Your wife and her child, I presume," he added, turning to the two. In a flash he was kneeling cap in hand, before the Holy Child, whose little hand was raised in blessing.

"Stella Matutina," he called out to his grand-daughter, who was hurriedly filling three small cups from the herb-pot for the strangers, "Stella, my child, we have with us tonight, the Holy Family."

Stella's face went white, she left everything, and approaching the group around the hearth, dropped on her knees before the Holy Child, and kissed his little wet feet. Nicholas, encumbered by a pail of warm drink and the lantern, went to see to the pony.

Joseph, after a short time followed him. Stella then accosted the Virgin Mother, who was removing the sandals from her child's feet. "I will get him a pair of stockings," she said, and slipping into her room, she returned with a lovely pair. They were pure white, with pink heels and toes. She also brought a pair for the Mother. Removing his wet stockings, she pinned them together with a small sharp thorn, and hung them to dry on a peg, by the chimney.

When the two men returned from the barn, Stella lit the candles and in a short time they all sat down to supper. Good enough to sit before a King, and did not indeed a King sit in their midst, a King whose kingdom was not of this world, but the glorious King of