

"O Jehovah!" said childish voices, "O Thou Who givest food to the birds of the field, give it also to the poor children of Israel."

"Amen!" responded a deeper voice, and Jesus, from afar, joined His prayer to that of the mother and her children.

"Mother, there is the dear little Jesus passing by. Let us ask Him to come in; we love Him so much!" And without waiting for permission the children ran toward Jesus.

"Look!" they cried, joyously embracing Him, "look at the pretty little rosy apples. We found them under the old myrtle. You may have half if you like!" And, capering about Him, they filled the folds of His tunic. Jesus smiled and let them do as they would.

"Enter, Jesus," said the woman in the cottage, "sit down. How is it that you are on the road so late?"

The Child, sweet and humble, related that they had no more bread in the house, and as He said it He looked longingly at His little empty basket; but He said nothing of the harshness of the rich lady.

"You are hungry," sighed the poor woman, "Hungry, and at your age! Yes, I see it in your colorless cheeks. But wait, I will soon remedy that. Reuben, Samuel, Simeon, Naomi, Leah," she continued, "say good night to little Jesus and go to your beds quickly, my dears," and the good cottager closed the door of the inner room after them. Then she poured out for the Son of God, God Himself, a cup of milk into which she broke some bread.

"But you, Seraphia," queried Jesus, "have you eaten?"

"Don't trouble yourself my little friend; I am strong and can await my husband's return. Tomorrow he will bring us more bread."

The Divine Child regarded her fixedly and then, joining His hands and lifting His eyes to heaven, He prayed. What was His prayer?

The good woman, for her part, looked hard at Him, and it seemed to her that He was communing with angels. She herself saw more than an angel! She saw the