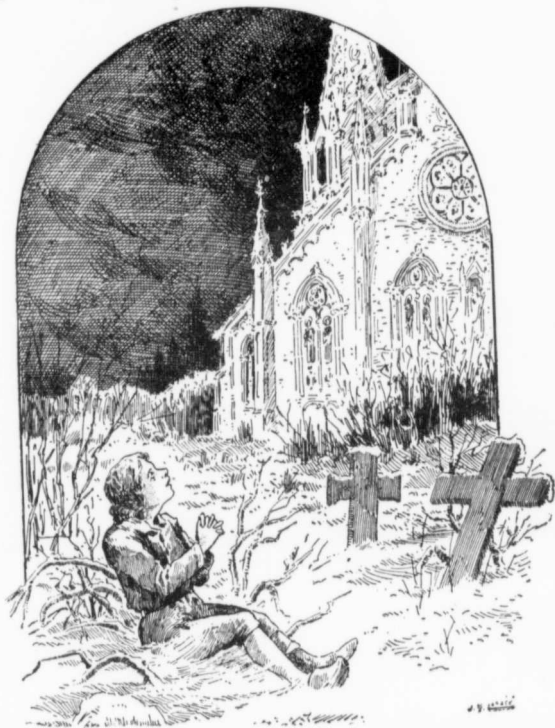


*The Angels come down from heaven."*

Little Pete listened, spell bound, for a moment then concentrated all his fast-failing strength in a superhuman effort to reach the enchanted spot... But the effort was too great. He fell prostrate near a snow covered bush,



with closed eyes but smiling lips as again the melodious voices in exultant gladness sang :

*" He is born the divine Child."*

Slowly and steadily the snow began to fall again covering the little rigid form with its lightly woven texture. And thus Susan's words were verified and Pete heard midnight mass in his little white chapel.

