

No Room in the Inn

and he accepted the story as literally and simply as it was told. Which is, after all, the best way of accepting stories, though nowadays people are generally too clever to realize this.

Dr. Mortimer had not allowed the child's mother to come with him to the Laurence Arms—partly because she was an uneducated, though very handsome young woman, whose strong views on the subject of nursing were only equalled by her total ignorance of the same; and partly because he felt that it was straining Miss Sarah's Christian charity to the breaking-point to ask her to admit into her house, filled with regular customers, an unknown young gypsy-woman, for whose honesty he could not vouch. But when the boy was well again, the mother was sent for to fetch him back to the camp; which, in the meantime, had removed from Coombe Heath, and was now pitched on the wilds of Dartmoor.

The young woman received her boy back at the hands of Miss Selina, with tears in her beautiful eyes.

"How can I thank you enough, lady?" she said in her musical Romany voice. "It is the child's life that you have saved by taking him in out of the cold, and keeping him warm till he was well again."

"It is not me that you must thank," replied Miss Selina in her most dignified manner; "but Him Who was born on Christmas Day. It was His room that your child had—the room that I had specially prepared for Him."

"It was a blessed thing for this little lad that you did prepare the room, Miss Selina," interpolated Dr.