

little room which was the dwelling-place of the Son of God, and finding Jesus with Mary, His Mother, they fell upon their knees, and adored the Divine Child, in great thankfulness that God had given them this wonderful privilege of seeing His Christ. Then the Kings brought out their treasures and offered Jesus gold, frankincense and myrrh. The most precious things they possessed."

"I would, too, mother," said Toddles, earnestly; "I'd give Jesus all my very best things. Even my big white lamb."

Mother patted the drowsy little head; she was sure the dear Child Jesus appreciated the offer of the best loved toy Toddles owned.

"That is right, darling. Our best is poor enough to offer Jesus. And that is the way the Three Kings thought."

"But," said Toddles, suddenly, "Jesus was so very little. What could He do with the gold and frankincense and myrrh?"

"The Blessed Mother took care of them for Him. Even all the words spoken of her Child, she treasured up in her heart, and certainly she cared for the gifts brought to Him by the Three Holy Kings."

"And after that, mother, did the Kings go back to Herod? Naughty Herod!"

"No, dear. God sent them a message while they slept, telling them not to. So they went home by another road, and never saw Herod again."

"And Herod never hurt Jesus?"

"Never, although He tried very hard to do so. I couldn't tell you about that to-night, dear."

"But you *did* tell me all about the Kings, mother. I thank you for the story. I liked it. And I wish I could have seen the Three Kings. But we shall, when we get to Heaven, shall we not, mother?"

"Yes, Toddles." They are there, with Jesus and Mary, like they found Him.

"Good night, mother dear."

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