

Three Kings asked all the people they met where Jesus, the new King of the Jews, was? Some laughed, and others teased, while just a Jew were interested but unable to answer the question. At last news of the three strangers and their question reached Herod, who immediately became excited at the idea that anyone looking for a king should want anyone but himself. After a while he remembered that the Jews said God would send His Christ into the world, and shrewd as Herod was, he made up his mind that these Three Kings might have some notion about this Christ."

"And did Herod catch the Three Kings?" asked Toddles, her eyes widening with alarm, the Kings, and the lovely camels, and all!

"God did not let him, dear. Herod called all the chief priests and scholars together at his palace, and told them to study their books and find out as fast as they could, where Christ should be born."

"And did they tell him in Bethlehem, mother?"

"Yes; they told Herod that one of the Prophets had certainly said that Christ would be born in Bethlehem; then Herod, very much frightened, sent for the Wise Men."

"The Wise Men, mother?" repeated Toddles, in perplexity.

"Oh, we sometimes call the Three Kings, the Wise Men, or the Magi."

"I like the Three Kings best" said Toddles judicially.

"Very well. Herod sent for the Three Kings and asked them all about the Star, and where they were going, and told them to find Jesus and then come back and tell him where the child was. Herod pretended to the Kings that he wished to go to adore Jesus, but he really wanted to kill Him, for fear Jesus would grow up to be King. The Three Kings listened to Herod, and when they left him, to start again upon their journey, fancy their joy at finding the wonderful Star once more going before them to show them the way! It never again failed them, and when they reached Bethlehem, this Star stopped directly over the spot where Jesus was. Just about as happy as they could be, the Three Kings entered the