

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRIST CHILD AND ST. ANTHONY.

LONG ago there lived in the city of Padua, a happy little child whose name was Antonio. He loved birds and flowers and all beautiful things, and he was so gentle to everybody and everything that the white swans sailing on the water would follow at his call; the robins and swallows would come from their homes in the trees to eat out of his hand, and the lambskins in the meadows would even leave the mother sheep to play with the little Antonio.

As he grew older Antonio became a very studious boy, and I think his parents and teachers must have thought that his name was well chosen—for Antonio or Anthony, as we should say, means "worthy of praise." The book this little scholar loved best of all, was the one that tells the story of the dear Lord, who made the sun to shine, the birds to sing, and the trees and plants to grow for His children.

When Antonio became a man, he went far from his home to a country where the people were rough and fierce to try to teach them to be wiser and more gentle in their way of living with each other.

Antonio himself was so patient in his teaching, so brave and loving in all his work for them, that the people, rude as they were, would always listen to him gladly, and it was not long before many of them had learned a great many lessons of love from him, and they grew wiser too. When he was tired and sad because of all the cruel things he saw, and the cross words that he heard, Antonio would go alone to the shore of the great sea, and there he would talk to the Heavenly Father, and ask him to make the people better. One story tells that the tones of Antonio's voice were so sweet and strong that when he prayed by the seaside the fishes would come in crowds to the shore, just as the birds used to come to him when he was a little boy, and then Antonio would talk to them about the One who made them.

One day as he knelt by his table to pray, dressed in the coarse gown that he always wore, a most beautiful picture seemed to be opened out before him. He seemed to see the Lord Jesus coming to him in the form of a little naked baby. All around the Holy Child floated and hovered a host of

baby angels; but the Christ-child walked on the bright clouds as if he were treading on the earth.

Looking up, waiting and hoping, Antonio stretched out his arms—when, wonder of wonders! the Holy Baby seemed to come down into the good man's arms, and nestle close in his bosom.

Birds flew about the room, pecking at the tall white lilies which Antonio loved to have near him; the little troop of cherubs came and went, but still the child stayed with the man who loved him so much, until it seemed to Antonio that the Mother Mary came from the clouds and beckoned to her son,—and then the vision faded and Antonio was alone again.

But never, through his whole life could he forget the clasp of that baby's arms as they twined about his neck; and he longed more than ever to have the people about him know of the Loving One, who really did come down to the earth one Christmas day to be near his children.—*Alice H. Putman in the Kindergarten Magazine.*

OUR BELOVED SLEEPETH.

John 11. 11.

Oh! empty now my darling's bed
Where oft I laid his nestling head,
And sorrow's tears are vainly shed—
Our little baby sleeps!

No more I'll watch his slumbers light,
No more I'll kiss his wakening bright;
My sorrowing soul is dark as night—
Our little baby sleeps!

Closed, closed, alas! my darling's eyes.
Once sunny as the summer skies,
For death's cold hand upon them lies—
Our little baby sleeps!

Those winning smiles are faded now
That chased dull sorrow from my brow:—
Oh God! 'tis hard to bow,
And let our baby sleep!

No more his prattling words I'll hear—
Heaven's music to a mother's ear—
Oh! silent now his dead lips dear—
Our little baby sleeps.

No more, no more, at set of sun,
When father comes, and labour's done,
His tiny pattering feet shall run—
Our little baby sleeps!

No more his rosy lips I'll press,
No more I'll feel his soft caress:
Would God! would God! I missed him less—
Our little baby sleeps!

It must be! but I cannot still
The stinging pain of sorrow's thrill:
Oh! help me bow to Thy great will,
And let our baby sleep.

—R. A. Scott, M.A.

MONEY AND MORE MONEY.

My advice is that you endeavour to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got or you spoil all. For it is well said, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that, and in the next place look to your health; and if you have it praise God and value it next to a good conscience; for health is a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it and be thankful for it. As for money, neglect it not; but note that there is no necessity for being rich.

I have a rich neighbour who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money. That he may still get more and more money, he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich," and it is true indeed. But he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having enough, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang, often so heavily, at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly.

I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings; one in Heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart: which Almighty God grant to you and me.—*Izaak Walton.*

In the daily events of our life we mistake the Divine for the human. You may cross a street, and not know the reason why, and in that very crossing you may unconsciously be obeying a Divine suggestion. You may hold over the letter box a letter, and suddenly you may say, "I'll not send it by this post," and your not sending it may occasion you a blessing you never thought of. You cannot account for these things. You say, "I thought just at the last moment I would not do so;" but that is a fool's explanation of