

Misletoe ! I too can sell you ; of its virtues need I tell you,
How of old the saintly Druids revered this humble tree ?”

Just as the last was sold, Andrew met Dick, and showing him his blue bag, and feeling as if they were both bewitched, the two happy boys went into a shop that seemed a very Aladdin's palace in brightness, beauty, and odors, and there bought their long-wished-for famous goose, and mammoth plum-pudding. After this was taken home, the boys went for the wood-cutter's family, and came back all together, stopping in the soft grey of the Christmas eve twilight cut the Yule log, which lit as happy a fire as was ever sat round at Christmas eve. Nine of these happy poor ones also enjoyed Andrew's feast, none so happy as he, for to him truly there was a Star in the east, and a heart full of sweet thoughts that, like the Christmas angels of old, were crying: "peace and good will."—*Christian Observer*.

THE HONEST LITTLE MUSICIAN.

"A story, a story; a true story, please, Aunt Kate!" was the exclamation of a group of merry children, clustered around the school-room fire one dark winter's afternoon, when work and play were both over for the day. The request was too earnest and unanimous to be refused; and, indeed, long and frequent practice had made compliance with it very easy, so Aunt Kate took the arm-chair prepared for her and began:—

"My story shall be of a little boy in France."

"But is it really a true story?"

"Yes, really true."

"All right, then, Auntie; please go on."

"Just at the time that the terrible war between Charles I. and his people was raging in England, a young monarch reigned in France, widely known as the 'Grand Monarque,' though it is hard to understand why Louis XIV. should be called great, as surely there is nothing so utterly mean as selfishness and cruelty. At his gay court few were so powerful as the Duke of Guise; and few, if any, so beautiful, gay, and witty as his cousin, the Duchess of Montpensier, better known as Mademoiselle; and with both those grand personages my little boy's story is connected.

"Baptiste Lulli was born in Florence; his parents, poor but respectable, both died while he was yet young—his mother when

he was but a few months old. From her he inherited an intense love and a great talent for music. His father lived till the boy was six years old, and then died, leaving him as his only inheritance the remembrance of his true and loving words and good example. 'Be honest, be truthful,' were his last words. 'Be honest; trust in God, and He will take care of you.' And poor little Baptiste, in the midst of sorrow and poverty and temptation, was honest and truthful. Often his only lodging was on a door step. He was too young to work, yet he never stole. One thing besides his words and example had his father left him—an old violin; with this he earned his bread, though often it was but a dry crust or a handful of olives. On it he played from door to door, and the servants seldom turned him away without breakfast or supper. It was, besides, his loved companion, his comforter, and his sole possession.

"One evening, as he sat dreamily playing at the door of the principal inn in Florence, the sweet and plaintive tones attracted the attention of the Duke of Guise, who had stopped there for refreshments for an hour, on his return from Naples to Paris. He spoke to the child, was as much pleased by his frank and modest answers 'as by his music, and when called to supper, threw to him a louis d'or, the very first gold coin our boy had ever touched. 'It is gold! it will make me rich! I shall have a new coat, and not go to bed supperless for many a day,' were his first thoughts. 'It is a mistake; it must be. That great man could never mean to give me gold for that music. It is not mine, and I must give it back,' were the second.

"The temptation was strong—how strong we who were never friendless and hungry can hardly imagine; but he remembered his dying father's words, and resolved, 'I may be poor, but I will never be dishonest.'

"But how return it? In vain he begged of the Duke's servants to let him speak even for one moment to him; they only pushed him roughly aside. The carriage was at the door; another minute and the Duke had taken his seat in it; another and he would be gone. In desperation the child sprang on the door step, favored by the darkness, in the hope that when the carriage stopped, as surely it would stop, he should manage to return the gold to its rightful owner. Then only he remembered he had left his one friend, his loved violin behind him, and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks at his sad loss; but it was too late now to change his plans; besides any thing but dis-