

"I am not worthy," he said humbly, "to write of all that he taught and suffered, that should be writ by the hand of one that loved him while he yet lived; but I can gather up the tales that are told of his sinless childhood."

And so as they journeyed he made inquiry everywhere concerning the child Jesus; inso-much that after a time the children would point him out and whisper, "Yonder old man is the prophet of the Child Jesus."

And after many years he made a book of these tales, and it was called "The Gospel of the Infancy." He took great pleasure and comfort in the work, and it occupied all the closing years of his life.

"One thing only do I regret," he said to his wife many times, "and that is that I did not begin this work while the mother of our Lord yet lived; for she could have told me whether it be truly set forth; but now I shall never know."

"Thou wilt know, beloved, afterward," said Anna, her eyes shining with a wise and tender light. "For it must needs be that angels watched with awe each moment of that earth-life; be sure that it is all writ in heaven."