

THE GUIDING ANGEL.

CHAPTER I.

TOMMY AND HIS DOG.

It was a bright summer morning, the sunbeams were glittering on the dewdrops which hung on every blade of grass, when little Tommy Vincent, with his dog Button at his heels, sallied out of the miserable hovel he called home, for a frolic in the fresh air. Tommy threw up his shaggy, uncombed head, sniffed the sweet, blossom-laden breeze, and seemed suddenly to awaken to an appreciation of the beauties by which he was surrounded.

"My! Button, ain't this splendid?" he said, clapping his hands and addressing the