

ing, too. She was dreaming of her little brother, Charley, who in the bright spring time, when the violets were just opening their sweet blue eyes after their long sleep, had strayed away from earth, and passed through those gates of glory always open for the entering of little feet; and she dreamed that she clasped him to her lonely heart, and begged him never to leave her again. Amid the greatness of her joy, she sobbed aloud, and started to find Belle's soft arm around her, and to hear her whisper—

"What is the matter, darling?"

Before poor Katie could well collect her thoughts to answer, the school was dismissed, and she heard the teacher exclaim, as he pointed to the darkening west, "Hurry home, children, or you will be caught in the shower."

Then Katie poured into the sympathising ear of her little friend all her troubles, and finished by saying, "I could not bear to find it only a dream; I feel as if I must see Charley once more."

"Where do you think he is?"

"In heaven, I hope," replied Katie, "and mother says he cannot come back to us, but we can get to him some time;" and her sobs broke out afresh.

"Why don't you go to him now?" cried Belle.

"I don't know the way," said Katie; "I was very sick when they took him away in the little coffin, and I don't know where they went."

"Are you sure they went to heaven?" asked Belle, eagerly.

"Oh! I know it," said Katie.

"Then," said impulsive little Belle, "then I can show you the way; I saw where they put your little brother." The glad light in Katie's tearful eyes was beautiful to behold.

"Will you show me, Belle? will you show me this very afternoon?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Belle, and with clasped hands, unmindful of the gathering gloom, these little pilgrims set forth on their journey to what they were pleased to call heaven.

Once on the way, a doubt oppressed little Belle.

"Oh!" said Katie, with sweet assurance, "how Charley would run to open the door!" and her cheek flushed with anticipation.

"Do you suppose Charley is very happy?" urged Belle.

"Very," said Katie, emphatically.

"And what does he do all the time?"

"Plays with the angels," cried Katie, with great animation. "And they pick up stars that lie all over the floor of heaven. And the rainbows—I suppose they keep them up all the summer; and, oh! Charley used to love rainbows. He once cried because——"

"Dear me!" said Belle, interrupting her in great dismay, "it rains, Katie, and we are ever so far from home. What shall we do?"

"But we are very near to heaven, ain't we? Let us hurry and go in there."

"Yes," said Belle, "I see the door."

"Where? where?" cried Katie, breathlessly.

"There?" responded little Belle, pointing to the little rising ground and iron door in the village churchyard vault.

"Oh!" faltered Katie, with disappointment; "is that heaven? O Belle! it is like a great cave!" and her little lip quivered sadly.

"Why," said Belle, "that is where they took your brother—the very place—and you said he had gone to heaven; besides," continued she, brightening, "when we get through the little dark door, it may be all bright and beautiful on the other side."

"Perhaps it is," said Katie, more hopefully.

But now the large rain-drops began to fall very fast, and a thunder-storm in all its sublimity burst upon the little travellers. Still the little children, with clasped hands and pale lips, pressed on, and their angels, who "do always behold the face of our Father," watched over them as they walked.

At last, the tiny pattering feet reached the gloomy entrance, and Katie's sweet, hopeful lips were pressed close to the cold door.

"Knock," cried Belle; and, a hollow echo was all her reply.

"Charley! dear Charley! it is your sister—your sister Katie; won't you open the door?"

"He does not hear you, Katie, it thunders so," said Belle; "let us wait a little while." And they waited. Soon there was a lull in the storm, and again Katie,