

showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood and fell upon the people's neck and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down the avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in the bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that had once lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and said, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into his room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth the child looked out when his time should come, and he thought he did not belong to earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he had never yet spoken a word he stretched his tiny form upon the bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and all the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all the former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother."

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the stars, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fire side, heavy with grief, and his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened again.

Said my sister's angel to the leader—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature, among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my mother's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining,

Thus the child became to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around him, he cried as he cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

And they whispered to one another, "He is dying"

And he said, I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to received those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and shines upon his grave.

Who will not hope and trust that Charles Dickens has gone to the star,