

gan to relate it. As the children were all at home, they were soon seated around me, and with shining faces, were busily engaged in making known to me this remarkable incident, and it has made an impression upon me that shall never leave me. While they were telling me I felt that such a good thing should not be kept a secret any longer. Therefore on the day following, I wrote out a minute history of it just as the children told me. Of course they were no longer little children, but all except Pearl had grown up to be young men and women.

The reader may imagine what a thrill of joy and gladness filled my soul while, by the help of God, I undertook to write this story. Here I was in the very room where it occurred. To my left was the same sofa upon which these children had their family worship on that memorable night in February, ten years before. A little farther on to my left was the very door through which the angel had come and gone. To my right was the same rocking chair in which this heavenly messenger had been seated. In my lap lay the same book, opened at the very picture which had brought from them the wish that they might see an angel once ; and upstairs is the stove which he said was nice.

Nearly five years later (Nov. 27th, 1901), I visited them again. All the children except