

"DO YOU KNOW ANY ANGELS?"

"MATCHES! Matches! Buy any good matches, sir!"

"No, no; don't want any. Besides, you should not come up the front-door steps."

Yet the face of the gentleman who spoke was a kind one, which doubtless had given courage to the little boy, who had mounted the steps with a basket on his arm, on seeing Mr. Train pause for a few moments after closing the door.

The child was neatly clad, with a blue jacket and dark cap; he had moreover a very winsome face and voice, and on a second look Mr. Train stood gazing at him in surprise. Then the boy said:—

"Please, sir, do you know any angels?"

The gentleman looked still more surprised, and said—"Why do you ask me that, my little fellow?"

"Because mamma said, 'Please God send an angel to show Lonnie where to go.'"

A tear moistened the old man's eye; he involuntarily put his hand in his pocket, intending to buy all the boy's matches. Then he said:—

"Your mother—is she living?"

"Yes, sir, but she's queer now since father died. Sometimes she talks to papa, though he isn't here. Josie says she's unanny."

"How came you, such a little fellow, to think of selling matches?"

"Cis when mamma's money was gone Josie brought us some food, and mamma said, 'I can't bear this, Lonnie.' Then I whispered to Josie, 'I'll go and sell matches;' and Josie helped me."

"Who's Josie?"

"The servant girl who used to live with us."

Then, said Mr. Train, as he opened the door, "Come in, my child. I think God sent an angel to guide you here, in answer to your mother's prayer. Come in, and I will call Mrs. Train."

So the boy was led into a beautiful room. Mr. Train went upstairs and told his wife all I have been telling you. He then added:

"The child has found his way to my heart already."

Mrs. Train went down and spoke kindly to the little fellow; then turning to her husband, she said:

"Oh just suppose this was our little Eldie!"

Then she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and her husband turned with quivering lips to the picture of the little boy that hung upon the wall; then, looking tenderly upon his wife, he said—

"Eddie will never know sorrow. Perhaps God

sent him to guide this little one here; and we will help him in his sorrow."

"Just what I was thinking, husband, dear;" and Mrs. Train drew the child to her and kissed him.

Then he put his arms around her neck, and said, "Does your little boy live in the sky? There's where my pap's gone; perhaps he knows him."

This idea of the child thrilled the motherly heart of the lady, and seemed to be a strong bond between her and the little stranger. With her arm around him, she replied—

"I dare say it is, my darling. And now we are acquainted with each other I intend to see you often."

"O, thank you! thank you! And now please to let me go tell mamma; it will take her sorry look away and make her well."

"Yes, dear," replied the lady; "I will go with you at once, and carry some nice things to her."

As soon as the child reached his mother he rushed into her arms, and said, "Mamma, mamma, here's the angel's mother. God sent her here and she loves me."

The poor lady, who had been sitting with folded arms and downcast face, looked up as if bewildered; there was a strange look in her eye which indicated mental derangement.

Mr. Train spoke in a cheerful voice, saying, "I have become acquainted with your dear boy. I love to visit the sick, and hope you will allow me the privilege of leaving you a few delicacies."

"George! George!" exclaimed the invalid, gazing upward. "Then you sent her. I thought you would."

"God sent me. I am His servant, and am already paid," answered Mrs. Train.

"Oh, oh! that is good—that is good!" replied the invalid; and the anxious, melancholy look gave place to a more tranquil expression, as she said, "Then I can take it." Having partaken of some refreshment, she revived a little, and turning to her new friend said, "Come close to me."

Mrs. Train did so: and the sick lady said, "George is waiting for me. I shall soon go to him. But my darling—my darling boy, what did he say about him?"

"I will take care of him. I have a very pleasant and happy home for him."

The invalid drew a deep sigh as if she would throw off her burden; then laying her head upon the shoulder of her attendant, she exclaimed, "Thank God! now I can rest." Then she seemed to fall into a quiet slumber. She lived but a few