

"There, little angels with their crowns
Of gold, all fair and bright!
And harps and hymns, and glorious throbes
For overshine in light.

"O how blissful 'tis to droll
Within a world so fair!
Where all are safe, and fear no ill,
For all aroholv there."

"But, Willie, 'tis far pleasanter
With pa and ma to stay,
And have my kites and tops, as hero,
Than on a harp to play."

"No, Frank! I'm sure you always love
To sing our hymns of praise;
But sweeter far, with harps above,
Will be the song we'll raise."

Then gentle sleep their voices still'd,
And Frank began to dream;
But not as when, 'mid fancies wild,
Things are not what they seem.

For, when he told his dream next day,
His mother found it true;
It seemed to have described what lay
Before his open view.

He said, "We lay a while in bed,
When mother went away;
Then Willie rose and prayers he said,
While I refused to pray."

"He ceased; and side by side, awhile
In bed of heaven we spoke;
Till sleep stole o'er me to beguile
Me, and methought I woke.

"I thought the window then was raised,
Apart the curtains flew;
And on the midnight sky I gazed,
With moon and stars in view.

"The scene was lovely, and, in view,
Two small white clouds I spied;
As they approach'd, and larger grew,
Two angels I descried.

"With rapid wing they hasten'd down,
And seem'd two ladies now;
And each appear'd to wear a crown
Upon her snow-white brow.

"Within our room they stood, and spoke,
As they approach'd our bed;
In every limb with fear I shook,
And cover'd o'er my head.

"But Willie smiled, nor was afraid,
When th' angels came so near;
I fancied 'twas because he pray'd,
That he was free from fear.

"Are we to take them both away?"
The younger angel said,
"O, no!" replied the guide, "we may
But take the one who pray'd."

"The other for a while must stay,
And in this world remain;
Until he too may learn to pray,
And grace from God obtain."

"They spoke so mild and joyfully—
No music half so sweet—
'Twas strange I trembled sore, and high
My heart with terror beat.

"They raised the clothes, and saw me
Oppress'd with grief and fear. 'I said,
O how I mourn'd I had not pray'd,
When angels were so near!

"They pass'd to Willie, and there shone
Around a glory bright;
At midnight it appear'd like noon;
The four was fill'd with light."

"They stoop'd, and kiss'd him, and he
And stretch'd his arms, till they smiled,
Uplifted him: one took the child,
And carried him away."

"The younger angel seem'd so fond
To carry him with care;
The taller threw her arms around:
All floated throw the air."

"Beyond the stars I saw them soar—
A small but shining speck;
And, when I could not see them more,
I thought my heart would break."

"I look'd around—his place was there,
But Willie now was gone;
I grieve'd that, for neglected prayer,
I thus was left alone.

But in the morning when I woke,
I found I'd only dream'd;
For there was Willie; and I spoke,
But sound asleep he seem'd,

"I was so glad and happy now,
That I had found my Willie,
I quickly rose and kissed his brow.
But it was cold and chilly.

"And as he had been cold that night,
When last to me he spoke,
I wrapp'd the clothes around him tight,
To warm him ere he woke."

Such was the story, simply told;
And Frank yet felt no fear:
But Willie, as he said, was cold—
Sad found to parents' ear!

The mother ran to see her child;
But silent was his breath:
The lovely boy was pale, and smiled
In the cold arms of death.

Let mothers learn a lesson here,
And DUTY NEER DEPART:
Let children learn, death may be near,
And NEER FORGET TO PRAY.

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHERS.

We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood-pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meat-house for meat for the breakfast. This is not as it should be.

There is much work about the house too hard for a woman; heavy lifting, hard extra steps, which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy housework is irksome enough at the best. It is long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is done; and then, on the morrow, the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think.—*Morning Star.*