

Materialists will say the child had been told of the beauties of another world, and at the last moment memory and reason returned, and the beauties which had been depicted, were suddenly recalled to mind. But in this instance the child was too young to have been told pleasing stories ; and the mind could not have created for itself a vision. Then what was it ? At the moment of dissolution the soul had flitted through the gates of the eternal city.

A study in sombre tints :

In one of the large cities in the wretched portion where men, women and children hive together, there lived—or existed—a little boy, so small, so insignificant, that the people with whom he came in contact would scarcely have considered him worthy of mention. He was a wee specimen of humanity with flaxen hair and blue eyes, and people who stopped to notice him at all, saw something so strange, so pathetic in the childish look, that they involuntarily turned to look again. He spent the days sel-