

turning to her husband, "how heavy his eyes looked yesterday? But when I asked him if he was sick, he answered in his usual gentle way, 'Only a headache mamma.'"

"Oh, I had such a funny dream last night about Willie and I!" exclaimed little Frank.

"What was it, my boy?" asked his father, willing to be amused with the prattle of his child.

"Well, after mamma left us last night, the light was blown out; and Willie wanted me to get up in the cold and dark with him to say our prayers, and I wouldn't, because mamma said that we needn't say them till morning, and I thought she knew best. But Willie got up and said his, and when he came to bed again, he was so cold, that it made me shiver all over to touch him. But he said that he didn't mind it, he was so happy, and he talked a great deal about dying, and about the angels in heaven, until I fell asleep, and it was that which made me dream, I suppose, for I thought Willie and I went to bed, and that he said his prayers, and that I wouldn't say mine. But I thought that the window was raised, and that the shutters were wide open, so that I lay on the bed looking up in the sky, and thinking how beautiful the moon and stars looked, when I saw away up in the heavens, further up than the stars are, two shadows moving that looked like two pale white clouds; but they kept floating down until they reached the lowest star, and then I saw that they were angels. One seemed rather younger than the other, and she appeared to look up to the other angel, as if to be guided by her. But oh, such beautiful voices as they had! When they spoke, it sounded even sweeter than the church organ when it is played very soft and low.

"When they came towards our bed, Willie smiled, and stretched out his arms to go to them; but I was frightened, and covered my face with the bed-clothes. I was afraid that they would take me away with them, and I remembered that I had refused to pray, I did not want to be taken where God was. Then I heard one of those beautiful voices ask, 'Are we to take both?' Oh, such music as was made when they talked! All around our room it floated, sweeter than the soft, low carol of a bird; and I heard the answer—'No! only the one that prayed. We are to leave the other one a little while longer upon the earth, in hopes that he too may learn to pray, before we carry him before the Great Hearer of Prayer.' Then they came close to me, and I trembled dreadfully; and my heart beat so, that I could scarcely breathe; and they uncovered my face and looked at me, but I did not dare to open my eyes to look at them; by-and-by I felt a tear fall on my cheek. Oh, mamma, how grieved I was then to think that I had made the angels weep; how sorry I was that I had not prayed! for I now thought that I would so much rather have crowns like they wore, and be as good and as lovely as they, and have God love me, than to have all the kites, and tops, and marbles, that are in the whole world! But they passed away from me, and went to the other side of the bed, and then I opened my eyes to watch them, and they both smiled on Willie; and when they smiled, their whole faces grew bright, until they shone like the sun; then they stooped down and kissed Willie, and he smiled too; and I saw that his face was shining like theirs; and he stretched out his arms again, and the taller angel lifted him from the bed, and laid him in the bosom of the younger one, who hugged him close to her, as though she loved him very much. Then the other angel twined her arms around both, and they all three floated through the air, until they sailed passed all the stars, and became like pale white clouds that grew smaller and smaller, until they were nothing but little specks, and I saw them no more! For a long time I lay very still, looking up into the sky, hoping to see them come again, and bring Willie back. But when I found that they came no more—oh, I was so lonesome! I cried so! and when I looked at Willie's place in bed, and thought that he would never lie there again, and that I must always sleep alone, and have no little brother to play with, or talk to, I thought my heart would break! But when this morning came, and I awoke and found Willie in bed with me, I was so glad and happy! His eyes were only half closed, that made me think at first that he was awake; and his lips were parted with that sweet smile that he wore last night when the angels looked at him, which made him seem so like one of them, that it made me feel strangely again, so that I could not speak loud, but whispered softly, 'Willie, Willie!' but it did not wake him; then I laid my hand on him very gently, but he was so cold that it made me start; so when I found that he did not get warm all night, I put the bed clothes tight around him, and did not try to wake him again."

A strange chill crept through the mother's heart as she listened, and rising from the breakfast table, she hastened to the children's room. She found her little Willie lying on the bed-side, pale, cold, but very beautiful, in that sleep which knows no waking.—*American Protestant Churchman.*