

went to do when he laid his weary head to rest upon our breast, like the nestling under the wing of the mother-bird. We wooed him to speak to us but once more, but his lips parted not, and the grave fact came stealing over us again that he was dead. We turned aside to weep, and said bitter things of Him who had taken one of the lambs from our flock. The evening shadows gathered, and words were spoken in whispers. The joyous laugh of children in the street made our loss feel keener. Unseen, we stole into the room where the body of our child lay shrouded for the grave, and kneeling by the little cot we voiced the anguish of our soul, unheard save by the angel-watchers in the room, then laid down our weary heads to rest. The holy visions of that night we never can forget. We dreamed we were sitting on the banks of a river in the loneliness of night, when suddenly a gleam of light shone across the water, and a child-like form, with folded wings and clad in white, across the river came. We recognized the loved one as our dear beautiful boy. "Mamma," said he, "I've come to wreath your faded cheeks once more with smiles." We clasped him in our arms, and pressed his lips to ours; while down our cheeks the tears were falling fast. He took us by the