

At first looking out of his own happy light into the darkness on the downward side, little Boy-Angel could see nothing. But he soon grew used to the murkiness and began to be able to see farther and farther.

The first thing he made out was a tiny lark, soaring so high that it seemed coming quite near to him and Heaven, and singing a song as it came that that little Boy-Angel thought as sweet as the hymn he was listening to. Then he put his lips close down to his Star peep-hole, and sang back to it little bits of the Angels' song. And the lark rested on its wings to listen, and thought the song so sweet that it never sang again without warbling out the fragments it had caught of the Boy-Angel's singing. And, often afterward, as the lark sang, men stayed to listen. And as they listened they smiled, and as they smiled their hearts grew lighter and purer. But they never guessed that the sweet joyousness of the song was caught from the Te Deum of the Angels, that the Wee Boy-Angel had taught it.

Then lower down he saw the spires of the Churches pointing, every one, to Heaven, and he smiled and clapped his hands. And while he was smiling, a sunbeam glinted the gilt cross at the point of one, and it flashed and sparkled the light of hope into the soul of a weary climber.

Still lower he saw a man and woman kneeling by a tiny mound in the churchward, the woman was weeping. Then the wee Boy-Angel's face grew sorrowful, and he pulled all the petals off some little Heaven-daisies he had been playing with. And kissing them all "good bye," he squeezed them through his Star peep-hole, and told them to fall just where the father and mother were crying. And as they fell on the little grave their tender fragrance cheered the weepers; and taking root, they grew and bloomed, bloomed into a flower so sweet and strange that every one said, "Surely God must have sent baby's Guardian Angel to plant it, and surely Guardian Angels must tend it every night while we are sleeping." But not all of them fell so close, for the wind caught some and hurried them away, and two stray sunbeams caught others and coaxed them out of their course. But wherever they fell they rooted and bloomed, and earth grew sweeter with their fragrance.

Presently, as he watched, he saw a group of children playing in a dirty street. Some with bare toes, and little or nothing of bonnet or frock, were playing jolly games with the mud in the gutter. But two of the little midgets, too forlorn even to enjoy the mud, were setting on the kerbstone, crying with the cold. Little Boy-Angel pulled at his own pretty white robes, in the hope that perhaps they too might be rumpled thro' the Star peep-hole. But it wouldn't do—he couldn't struggle himself out of them anyhow. Then he thought of his own little shoulders and wings, with their fluffy feathers and their soft white down. So he tugged away with all his Angel-Baby might—without thought or care how it hurt, till his chubby little fists were full. Then he blew and blew feather after feather, and fluff after fluff, till the soft white down was falling like snow. And some fell straight upon the group of little

children, and they stopped both tears, and playing to catch the soft white snow as it fell, and to wonder over its soft downiness. And as it fell on the street, they grew warm and were glad again, and fell to singing Nursery Rhymes and telling each other wonderful Fairy Tales. And the wind and the sunbeams joined in again to catch the fluttering feather flakes as they fell. And as they whirled them away, they fell here and there on the hearts of men and women shivering with the chills of life, and wherever they fell they left the cosy warmth of Love.

Then the Wee Boy-Angel looked again, and saw a tall man leaning wearily against the railings of a public park. His head was buried on his arms and his form shaken with suppressed sobs. And the Wee Boy-Angel knew that the tall man was too weary with disappointment to go farther, and too sorrowful to go home. He could get no work, and had no money to take home to buy bread or coal for his little children, whose little faces were pinched with hunger and blue with cold. Then the Wee Boy-Angel forgot all about his Star peep-hole and the wonderful new world he had been looking at, and buried his head on his fat little arms and began to cry too, as if his very heart would break, for pitiful sympathy. And the big tears rolled down and followed the way of the flowers and feathers through the Star peep-hole. And one fell where the man was standing, and rested on his coat-sleeve. A sunbeam kissed the tear, and shone into it till it glistened. And when he raised his head, and saw the rainbow gleaming in it, he took fresh heart, and hoped again for sunshine. And another tear fell, and glistened on a rose-bud that nestled in the great-coat of a gentleman passing by. And as it glistened there it carried a new pulse of tender, pitying love to his heart, and he touched his brother-man upon the shoulder, and they walked on together. But that night the father took home honestly earned bread, and his little children laughed over the happy supper, and went to sleep to dream happy dreams.

But when the Wee Boy-Angel cried so, the grown-up Angels, who were practising the new Te Deum close by, stopped, and one of them ran off to comfort him at once. She helped him on to his little feet again, and asked him where his flowers and toys had gone and what had hurt his shoulders and rumpled his robes? And he sobbed out all about the Star peep-hole and what he had seen through it. And she took him in her arms to carry him away to the King of Heaven, who wipes away all tears from off all faces. And as she looked at him, she thought "How like to the Christmas-Love-Angel he had grown!" And as she passed the other Angels, one of them said, "How like he grows to the Holy Christ-Child!" And another "How our Wee Boy-Angel grows like the Son of God!" to one standing near him, who answered, "Yes, even as the Son of God is ever the express image of the Father of Love."

But when she brought him to the King of Heaven, He took the Wee Boy-Angel in His arms and said: "And Love is of God, for God is Love."