

strong in her affection, knocked at the dreary door, and her loving cry, "Charley! dear Charley!" echoed sadly back.

"Do you hear anything?" asked Belle, with parted lips. "Is he coming?"

"No," replied Katie; "I thought I once heard his little feet, but it was only the rain."

"Perhaps," suggested Belle, with large and eager eyes, "perhaps he is playing with the angels, a great way off, in a beautiful garden."

"Oh!" sobbed Katie; "I hope he will not love the little angels more than me."

"Knock once more—just once," whispered Belle.

Again the little soft hand pleaded for entrance, and the tremulous voice cried piteously—

"Charley! darling, dear brother! please open the door to Katie. Don't love the little angels better than me. O Charley! Charley!"

She threw herself upon the wet ground, and sobbed in an agony of grief and disappointment.

"Katie," said Belle, half frightened at this outburst, "let us go home now, and come again to-morrow, and try."

"No," said Katie, with touching hopelessness; "I shall never come again. Let us go."

She rose without another sob, or fresh tear even, upon the wet cheek; but the grieved expression of the sweet, childish countenance was pitiful to behold. Back again over the dreary way went Katie and Belle. Little shoes wet, little dresses dripping, little heads bent like dew-laden flowers, little hearts very heavy.

At Katie's door stood her anxious mother, peering through shadows for her darling. The child sprang forward, and with one cry, that spoke all the agony of bitter doubt that had crept into her young, confiding heart, exclaimed—

"O mother! I have been knocking at the door of heaven, and Charley would not let me in."

The mother soothed the poor child's sorrow, and comforted her with the assurance that one day they should meet in heaven, and never part again. She told her that the gate of heaven was not in the graveyard, but beyond the skies; that pilgrims to the heavenly city must seek in

prayer the guide which God alone could give to bring them safely on their way to that blessed home; that God's Holy Spirit was that guide, sent down by God to teach and comfort those who sought his face; and that all who asked received this holy guidance, and were at last brought safely home to heaven.

And Katie, to whom at first all this was a great mystery, saw it at length, and cried out joyfully, "Mother, I see my way! Charley is not in the dark grave, but yonder in the bright sky; and there, when I am dead, I shall see him, and be with him for ever!"

Katie never again went to look for her brother in the graveyard; she knew that he was in heaven, and that thought was always with her throughout a long, long life. She never was heard to mention the visit to the grave until her own hour for departure came; then, with a light, not of the world; in her face, she cried out in her childish words, "Charley! dear Charley! it is your sister; open the door!"

DUBLIN.

It had been long felt and deplored among the best friends of Ireland that the intelligence derived from the reading of good books was sadly wanting among the people. On the rolls of the National Schools there are the names of *one-seventh* of the population, and this does not include great numbers who are being taught by other instrumentalities. The increasing capacity to read demands literature of some kind, and it had been sad indeed if there had not been provided that which contains the bread of life. Four years ago the Bible and Colportage Society entered on its work without much material encouragement. It issued, in 1859, 14,605 publications. In 1860 they increased to 21,563. With 1861 they rose to 130,718, which the last year has nearly trebled, the number being 344,038, realizing the sum of £1873, and amounting to as much as was accomplished in the three previous years. The mode of operation is very simple. The society does not publish, but avails itself of the literature produced in London, Edinburgh, Stirling, Dublin, Belfast, and elsewhere. It goes into the market, and purchases in the ordinary way of business, and then distributes Bibles, books, and serials over the country by book-agents and colporteurs. The book-agents are usually employed in other business, having shops, post-offices, and so forth; the colporteurs give themselves