

THE LOST ANGEL: A CHRISTMAS DREAM

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The Lost Angel: a Christmas Dream by John Snyder

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JOHN SNYDER

**THE LOST ANGEL: A
CHRISTMAS DREAM**

12 W. C. C.

Written and published for the benefit of the "Ladies' Bazaar."

THE LOST ANGEL;

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY JOHN SNYDER,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS:
G. I. JONES AND COMPANY.
1878.

TO MY FRIEND,

REV. WILLIAM L. CHAFFIN,

Of North Easton, Massachusetts.

MY ESTEEM AND AFFECTION FOR HIM FIND THEIR FITTEST
VOICE IN THE WORDS OF HAMLET TO HORATIO:

"Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee."



CHAPTER I.

“Oh, Auntie! Auntie!” cried Enid Goodson in what would have been a scream except that Enid’s voice was always running over with music.

Enid had burst into her Aunt Helen’s room in a state of great eagerness and confusion.

At every step her little feet were tripped in her long, white night-gown. Her yellow, tangled curls looked like floss-silk, in which the fairies had been romping all night long.

When Enid was excited, her hazel eyes fairly glistened with light. As her mischief-loving broth-

er, Dick, said, "she turned on the gas under her eyelashes." Now the gas was on "full head."

"Oh, Auntie! Auntie!" cried Enid, as she ran, like a white rabbit, into her Auntie's open arms.

"What *is* it, darling?" said Aunt Helen.

It was Christmas morning—clear, crisp, and frosty—and Auntie naturally supposed that her little girl had just discovered the treasures left by Saint Nicholas. But not a single word of the dear old saint did Enid speak.

In her hurry and excitement she had even forgotten it was Christmas, and flitted past the black-haired doll with the garnet silk dress, the wonderful picture books in cream-colored bindings and gold letters, and all the tiny wax candles that

burned in the fresh daylight, as if their flames had forgotten to go out with the stars.

All these Christmas wonders the little girl ran by without notice.

“What is it, darling?” said Auntie, in her sweet, soft voice, that papa said always made him think of the down on a ripe thistle.

“Oh, Auntie! I have had such a splendid, funny dream; all about”—

“What, little curly-head?” said Aunt Helen, smoothing back Enid’s tangled curls.

“Take care, Nid!” called out brother Dick, who was looking at his new tool-chest and skates. “Gas is dear. You are running up an awful bill.”

“Now, you hush, Dick!” said Enid. “Auntie,

make him stop teasing me." But before Auntie could reply, Enid had got breath to go on with her story.

"Such a dream! You remember what papa said the day before yesterday, when Norah said she had been dreaming of ghosts? Well, he said that you 'most always dreamed of what you had been talking of or thinking of a great deal, and I guess that is the way my dream came. You know I went with Norah to the Cathedral yesterday afternoon, because it was the day before Christmas—oh! it *is* Christmas morning, isn't it?

"Go on with your story, dear," said Auntie, her own eyes full of smiles.

"Well, I went with Norah to the Sunday-school festival at the Cathedral, and there, over