

" Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon! "

I like to think that the angel who was specially appointed to be our guardian during our earthly pilgrimage has his frequent errands to our homes and hearts from childhood to old age. We are told that in Heaven their (the children's) angels do always behold the face of our Father. As we remain children in knowledge and understanding even when gray hairs have crowned our temples, we cannot imagine the guardian angel ever laying down his commission. Many an invisible foe he fights with that we may pass scathless, many an unseen danger never touches us because between it and us the angel-shield is interposed, many a hopeful message he brings us from our Saviour's loving heart, and many a consolatory word he speaks in our times of anguish and grief. Always our own angel, hovering over cradle, over pillow, over task, over toil, over strife, over death-bed, and waiting on the river-brink, when we cross the last flood to take our hand and lead us into the presence-chamber of the Most High, and in that place of the new name and the new home, to guide us to the streets and the fields where we shall find the mansions of our loved ones gone before.

Every individual life being a plan of God, and every portion of the life, moment by moment under His eye, there is no mere fancy in the belief