



The Children's Hour.

"He hath given his angel's
charge over thee."

By JOSÉPHINE MARIE.

DON'T the angels get tired flapping their wings all day, mamma?" asks a tired but wide-awake boy as "Mamma" tucks him, cosily, in a small bedstead next her own. "Angels do not get tired, darling," replies mamma with an amused smile. "They have not bodies like we have." "I know; but birds have wings and birds get tired," he persists. "Angels do not really have wings, dear. The pictures you see of the guardian angels spreading wings over the children whom they guard are only to teach us that even as a mother-bird shelters her little ones under her wing so our angels shield us with their tender care."

"Do they take care of us all night, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed, even while you sleep your angel is close beside you."

"That is very nice of him, for I can't even think of him while I sleep. Doesn't he get lonely then, mamma? If I were by someone so many hours and he did not speak to me all that time I would get lonely."

A very tender smile lights mamma's sweet face. "Your angel always sees God, my darling, so he never can be lonely. He knows the bad spirit is around you all the while, trying to make you do what is wrong. He baffles