



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

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These little children playing near
The great, deep precipice,
Feel they have little cause for fear,
Their minds are quite at rest.
They know their angel standeth by,
And guards them with his watchful eye.

Men think it strange that little ones
May wander so at will,
That evil to them seldom comes,
Though they are never still.
They do not see the angel nigh,
To guard them with his watchful eye.

And so they pick the pretty flowers,
And chase the butterfly,
Oh, happy are the childhood's hours,
Without a single sigh.
They knew their angel standeth by,
And guards them with his watchful eye.

WALTER'S PLAYMATE.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Walter was so tired of playing alone. All the long summer morning he had marched his tin soldiers back and forth across the verandah steps and hunted for artichokes in the garden. Now it was afternoon; luncheon was over, grandmother was taking a nap, and mother was visiting some folks in the city. Walter thought he would be the happiest little boy in the world if only there were another boy on the big country place with whom he could play.

By and by he put on his straw hat and trudged across the lawn to the grove of trees that stood just the other side of grandfather's fence. It was very cool and still there, with only the leaves whispering together in the breeze, high overhead. Walter sat down on a big fallen trunk and

watched the shadows dance back and forth on the ground.

Presently there was a slight rustling noise, and down the tree nearest the little boy darted a tiny brown squirrel. Of course Walter was overjoyed; it was the first squirrel he had seen that summer. He wanted to make friends, but scarcely knew how to begin, for he knew that squirrels are very shy. Taking a seed cake from his pocket he held it out to the little stranger, but at the motion it ran quickly away and would not come back until Walter had hidden behind a distant tree. Then it returned and nibbled all the crumbs Walter had left on the grass.

Every day until he went home at the end of the summer Walter saw the little squirrel, which became very tame and friendly when it saw that the boy meant no harm. After that, with such a bright active little playmate, life on the big farm was not so lonely for Walter.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

How precious the assurance
Which God to us has given
That gentle, loving angels
From out the hosts of heaven
Encamp around us daily
To keep us from distress,
To hold our feet from falling,
Our souls from heaviness.

We cannot see the glistening
Their shining garments show;
We cannot hear the fluttering
As soft wings come and go;
But we believe they're with us,
As God himself has said,
To shield from harm and scatter
Bright joys around our head.

How careful is our Father,
How tender he must be,
To grant us such attendants,
With their sweet ministry.
Oh, let us love and praise him,
And daily, hourly grow
More like the loving angels
That watch and guard us so.

"Others may waste time by being tardy; I intend to be punctual," wrote a lad to his father from the distant town in which the youth was beginning a business life. The rigid training in the village household had required and enforced promptness as the only honest way of getting on. That lad will rise. His habit of being on time, never a moment late, always equal to the occasion, because never hurried or nervous through a rush for a boat or an outgoing train, always to be depended upon, will be worth an endowment in gold and silver. The punctual person will succeed.—*Christian Intelligencer*.