



Children's Hour.

— Angeline —



NGELINE was a bright, winsome, merry, little girl not yet ten years old. She had lovely large grey shining like stars, golden love locks curling over a snowy brow, cheeks like roses, lips like ripe cherries, and she was loved and petted by every body especially by her father who playfully called her his bonnie fairy.

Every evening when he returned from his office, looking anxious and care-worn, his little fairy was watching and waiting for him and as soon as she saw him comfortably seated in his easy chair, jumped into his lap threw her arms round his neck, gave him hug after hug, interjecting between times. "Oh! You are the very best of good Papas. How the shadows fled like magic from the weary brow before the loving greeting! How the bearded man grew happy and glad under the spell of this irresistible charmer, who would not desist from her endearments until Papa's mood corresponded with her own gaiety! Nothing pleased that fond father so much as to hear it remarked that his little girl was the perfect image of himself. There might have been slight exaggeration, kindly meant in the comparison; but there was none in affirming that Angelina's heart was the exact image of her mother's. Imperceptibly, drop by drop, with her