

"Papa, then," persevered the little one.

"Papa will be asleep, too."

"Then auntie will," said Alice, triumphantly.

"But auntie will be up stairs, and perhaps asleep, too," was the reply, for the invalid could not feel at all sure that sleep would come to her. "God never sleeps, though. His kind, watchful eye is over us all the time, and He takes especial care of little children."

"Will He take care of me?" asked Alice in awe-stricken tone.

"You have not asked Him to," replied auntie, "and He has told us to ask Him for what we want."

Alice's bright eyes looked steadily at her aunt for a moment, and then she kissed her and danced off to her bed. She was asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow.

But in an hour or two there was a dismal wail for "Mamma!" and Mrs. Macy hastened into the little room opening from her own, where Alice's crib stood.

"Mamma, mamma!" sobbed the little one, "I want to be taken care of."

Then auntie had to explain what this meant; and Alice knelt in the crib and repeated the childish prayer taught her as soon as she could speak. Then she went to sleep again, with a smile on her lips; and the invalid thought of the beautiful promise: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

And she felt in the wakeful watches of the night that she was "taken care of," too.

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