

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY W. T. TASSIE.

I scanned the world's fair lands and seas,
And tranquil skies, and sought in vain
Beyond earth's dark apostacies
For some apocalyptic flame,
For aught to solve high mysteries,
Or e'en unwind a tangled skein.

Yet I was swayed as all men are
Who drift across this wonder-sphere
Beneath the sombre clouds that mar
Our sunny hopes when days are clear,
Or 'neath some dimly rising star
When the long nights of gloom are here.

And oftimes through the morning mist,
Or at the eventide, there came
The light of one I should have kissed
As she reached out to me in vain,
And hung upon my neck, but missed
The chaste caress that love should gain.

There was no pathway she could take
Where light from God's throne was not shed,
And as she loved for love's fair sake
I caught the sunshine round me spread,
And swore, at last, I would forsake
All else and follow where she sped.

Yet every sportive wind that strayed
Fanned into flame the dying fires
That round the trembling heart are laid
In false delights and strange desires,
Which smoulder on and are obeyed
Until poor, trembling nature tires.

'Twas thus I lost her, and I met
Nor kith nor kin who had the grace
To grant me one true amulet,
Or lead me to some sacred place
Where folly I might all forget
And see again her happy face.

Yet 'twas not any friend I sought,
Since I had ne'er a friend like this,
For she was of such substance wrought
As to hold wisdom fair I wis,
And count dispraise or praise as naught,
And only perfect service bliss.