

Angel! Angel? There are no Angels!—and thou—thou art not Truth,—thou art a Lie!”

Even as he uttered the wicked words, the Angel vanished. Great darkness fell upon him and deep silence;—and to the soul that had rejected Heaven, Heaven's gates were closed.

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Many years passed,—years of distress and poverty and pain,—and he who had once been given an angel-spirit of Truth to be his guide, sought everywhere for Truth and found it not. The woman he had loved betrayed and fooled him,—friends deserted him,—fortune evaded him. No more the glow of inspiration warmed his thoughts,—the fires of great endeavour were burnt out and dead. Starvation stared him in the face,—disease laid hold upon his life,—and maddened by despair he poured forth curses on his fate, too blind to see that all his wretchedness was but his own choice and his own creation. Wrapped in his own weak egotism,—injured by his own arrogance, he called God unjust, and saw no blame in himself for any of his actions. And one night in his foolish frenzy, he flung the last poor pitiful defiance of a coward's nature against the invincible Eternal, and rushed on death, self-slain,—for in his folly he imagined death to be the end of all things. Stark and stiff his body lay, senseless and sightless—without a loving hand to close its glazing eyes—without a friend to lay one flower of sweet regret upon its breast;—but his Soul, stained thick with evil, sprang forth into the