

THE ANGELUS.

man with anxious eye and haggard face,
Lost in an unknown forest, hurried on
While growing dusk involved in deeper maze
The half seen terrors of the lonely ways—
He shuddered as he passed the wild beast's den,
And drank the foul breath of the savage fen.

But, hark ! the Angelus melodiously
Sounds thro' the gloomy forest from afar—
As if a spell had fallen, rock and tree
Appear transfigured into shapes that bar
All apprehensions of calamity ;
Altars and pillars of a domed church are
Around him as he hails on bended knee
Her who is traveller's guide and mariner's star.

E. C. M.