

breast and smiled. But he, ere he embraced her, trembled a little, saying—

“Hush—hush!—Seest thou not an Angel near me?—one clad in sunbeams like the morning who doth beckon me away from thee?”

“Angel!” she cried; “Thou dreamest! No angel yet was ever seen, save woman in her loveliness! I am thine Angel!—be content!”

And again she clung to him,—when lo!—the glory of his Heavenly Guardian shone upon him, and her restraining voice, sweet, true, but infinitely sad, gave warning for the last time—

“This woman is thine evil fate!—Beware of her lest thou fall into a darkness deeper than the shadow of death! In following her, thou dost invite thy ruin—her love for thee is naught,—her smiles and kisses are shared by many men,—her ways are pitfalls for thy feet,—her end for thee will be destruction. Arise, and put this curse from thee before it is too late!”

But he, now overcome and drawn into the thrall of sin, suddenly raged and swore, blaspheming God and all that he had once deemed holy. And, turning furiously on God’s Messenger, he cried—

“Henceforth, be silent! This woman is far more to me than thou, for she is real and of the world,—but thou art naught save a vision of my fancy,—a chimera of the night—a dream evolved from idle thoughts! What have I to do with thee, thou foolish spectre whom I have deemed an