

Aidan, still prostrate, heard a voice,—
 A gentle voice, "Arise!"
 "Arise and fear not, but rejoice."
 What vision fair doth greet his eyes;
 A form of more than mortal grace
 In snowy white arrayed,
 Whose radiant wings and angel face
 Brighter than morning sunbeams chase
 The last pale tempest shade.
 "Aidan, good youth, thy faith is strong,
 Go, love the right, abhor the wrong,
 And God will be thine aid."

Unnumbered echoes rung the tones
 In one long, thrilling strain,
 When Aidan looked around with awe,
 Nor form divine, nor human saw,
 Nor where the pagans stood that day.
 Could he of animated clay
 The slightest sign or token say,
 Only some broken stones
 In weird, expressive figures lay,
 And leaves around were hung with spray,
 Like drops of crimson rain.

CAMEO.

"By little strokes,
 Men fell great oaks."

"The stone is hard and the drop is small,
 But a hole is made by the constant fall."

"Where there is a will there is a way."

"The sun shines for all the world."

"Cheer, boys, cheer, God help them that help themselves."

"Never mind Luck. The best luck in the world is made of
 elbow-grease."