



## The Angel and his charge.

**W**AXEN lights are faintly gleaming  
On the altar cold and bare,  
And their fitful rays are beaming  
On a child and spirit fair.

*Spoke the child, so free from malice,  
And all guile, with hands o'erbold  
Stretched before him toward the chalice,  
Wonder in his face untold :*

*" Look, my angel ! O what is it  
Sparkling in this golden cup ?  
See ! 'Tis rid—you cannot miss it,  
And anon comes bubbling up ! "*

*" Sweet my child," the star-crowned murmured,  
" Sweet my child," the angel said,  
" 'Tis the Blood of Him who suffered  
And rose glorious from the dead."*