

## Poetry.

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And like phantoms grim and tall;  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor wall.

Then the forms of the departed,  
Enter by the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife;  
By the wayside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore;  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them the Being beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given;  
More than all things else to love rue,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
Comes that messenger divine;  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,  
With those deep and earnest eyes;  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the Spirit's noiseless prayer;  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside;  
If I but remember only,  
Such as those have lived and died!

—*Longfellow.*