

REVERIE NO. II.

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“Oh! there are tears,—big bursting tears for thee.”

WE have had numerous accounts of supernatural beings presiding over, or watching the destiny of, particular individuals. The most remarkable of these is, probably, the demon of Socrates, which always warned him of any approaching evil. What his demon was we have nothing to do with at present. The agency of spirits has been allowed in all ages, and even at the present day obtains belief among the vulgar.

Whether these spirits are of a good or bad character, they always appear to be eminently qualified for their station. Each one is acquainted with the secret thoughts and desires of his *protege*. Hesiod says: “Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen.” It has been the opinion of some that every individual has his guardian angel. Be this as it may, there are comparatively but few that have revealed themselves. The instance I am about to relate will serve as one illustration. It had more effect on me, probably from my more intimate acquaintance with the facts, than any other of which I have any knowledge.

Nathan Harwood, I think I may say, was the only true friend I ever possessed. His whole soul was