

## Poetry.

## EVENING SHADOWS.

There were only two of us, our little  
Brother had long since gone home to heaven.  
We lay'd each other dear. In happy  
Childhood we had played together;  
In Matur years had sweet companionship.  
So woven were our lives, even our thoughts,  
That one life actually seemed to be complete  
Without the other.

The hour of twilight  
Of all the day, we loved the best, and  
We would sit and talk, her arms encircling  
My neck, and the dear head resting on my  
Shoulder. Sometimes the converse would be sad,  
But often gay and joyous, verging  
Upon childish merriment. In Summer  
The sweet flower-laden breeze, entering  
The casement, gently stirred the loosened  
Tresses of my darling's hair: When Winter's  
Ice-chill had settled over Nature,  
We would gather round the fire, and the  
Lights and shadows playing round us; give our  
Happy selves, to the attractions of the  
Evening hour.

Often I would sing and play  
Not any deeply studied "Morceaux,"  
But what fancy only pictured. The strains  
Would lead us off to forest shades, where "The  
Brook" wandered, and told its musical  
Story; or to the notes of that beautiful  
Evening Hymn, "Abide with me" would rise, and  
Break the silence. No matter what the strain  
I never failed to love it.  
Strove to charm; and pleasing her, pleased me.

Twilight, the gentle death-song of every  
Parting day; I find me now alone. She  
Whom my soul lov'd best, has gone to that world,  
Of Light, where faithful shadows never fall.  
Gently, very gently, she has taken!

Though day by day, her steps grow feebler, and  
Her breath comes with less greater effort;  
Still, my dim vision, could not see the end.  
I only held her closer to my heart.  
Marvelling at the Christ-like patience  
Shining in her eyes.

As the fair, pure life  
Bled, to us almost imperceptibly  
Becomes a flower;—even so, did the  
Soul of my loved one, and bloom  
Into celestial loveliness; and  
The Master saw the beauty, and "gathering  
His lilies" drew her sweetly to Himself.  
Still is this house dear to me! The morning  
With its brightness, and its beauty, my  
Balm for my aching heart, and the brilliant  
Splendor of the midday sun, glares my  
Saddened eyes.

But these calmer evening shades!  
Full of holy memories; tenderly  
Sweet with thoughts of her, are doubly welcome  
To me now. I seem to feel again, her  
Warm breath upon my cheek; and the dear hand  
Closely clasped in mine.

Lifting my eyes  
They fall upon her picture, hanging o'er  
The mantel. The sweet face is turned in  
Profile, and the eyes fill'd with earnestness  
Are fixed upon some object, that we  
Cannot see. While a soft, pure, light kisses  
Eyes and cheek, lingering lovingly mid  
Her waving hair. Gazing my eyes are filled  
With tears, and my soul with deepest longing.

Good Father! may my  
Face be set thus Heavenward; and when Earth's  
Shades, life's twilight shadows, at the last are  
Father's round me; open thou these weary  
Eyes, on the Glory; the never-ending  
Brightness, of an Eternal Day!  
Feb. 19th, 1875. W. S. L.

## The Fireside.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

## THE ANGEL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"Bottle, pot and glass!" exclaimed old Aaron  
Bliss, standing in the light of his wood hearth-  
stone, one stormy night, late in autumn.  
"Why, father! Just off your knees, too! How  
can you?"

Father Aaron had been accustomed to say worse  
things than "bottle, pot and glass," before his  
conversion. Afterward he betook him to that  
old-fashioned, and although his wife was "faithful"  
Pledge and forgetful, they felt their need of some  
strong young arm on which to lean; some faithful  
young heart which could trust, and they had  
that very hour been laying their care and their need  
before God in prayer.

"It's some stranger. None of our neighbors  
ever think of going to that door," said the old  
lady, "and I don't believe we will get it open. The  
lock is rusted."

"I can never get whoever 's round here.  
The wind will blow you or me to the river in no  
time, if we was to stir out of doors. But we must  
see who 's out there in the storm. 'Twont do to  
let no fellow-critter perish at our door."

"Let's both go and try the door," said Mrs.  
Bliss, and each taking a candle, the pair started.  
They went through one entry and two square  
rooms; past a stairway and into a wide and long  
hall. Several heavy old-fashioned tables stood  
there, each of which was heaped with all sorts of  
deposits.

The eyes of the old man glanced up and down  
the hall with a look of disapprobation. "You  
don't ought to load up these tables so with your  
old traps. Strangers may come, you see."

The knocking had ceased; but a faint voice was  
on the nearest table, the old pair, with their united  
strength, tried to undo the fastenings of the  
door. At last they succeeded; and with a blast  
that came near leaving them in darkness, and  
covered with freezing snow and sleet, there stag-  
gered into the hall a woman. A mere girl, she  
seemed, but haggard and sick in appearance. Re-  
fashioning the door the folk looked the way back  
to the kitchen, and standing up the fire, they made  
what haste they could to get some warm food and  
drink for their stranger guest. They questioned  
her quite briskly; but she was so sleepy, as soon as  
she came to the fire, that she could scarcely hear  
or reply to them.

"Let her alone till to-morrow, Aaron," said his  
wife. The poor child is half-dead. Help me lead  
her to this bedroom, and I'll get her into some  
dry things, and into bed."

"This is very curious," was the old gentleman's  
comment, when, after what seemed to him a long  
time, his wife rejoined him. "Where could that  
creature have come from? How came she to get  
lost the snow and way out here?"

"We will ask her all about it, father, to-morrow.  
Perhaps God has sent her to be an angel to us—  
as we prayed to-night and often."

The trembling old hands then raked up the fire;  
the trembling old limbs and frames sought rest in  
another bedroom; on the ground floor, and lulled  
by the windy storm and tempest, they were soon  
in peaceful sleep.

What was the astonishment of the old lady, on  
opening her eyes next morning, to see through the  
crack of the door, a blazing fire and the tea-kettle  
steaming away over it. On the hearth grating in-  
tensely into the fire, her profile in a line with the  
door-crack, sat, perfectly still, the young stranger.  
She was clad in the cleanest white wrap the old lady  
had left for her use. Her profile was straight as a  
Greek's, and now there was a rich color on her  
cheek. Her black hair was fastened tightly about  
her head, and it shone so that the dim eyes of age  
observed its light.

"Father, whispered Mrs. Bliss, poking her  
sleeping lord vigorously in the back; father, wake  
up and peek."

"Woke and peeked.  
"Bottle, pot and glass! I am alone, mother, will  
you?" She had clapped a hand over her mouth;  
but he lifted himself beyond her reach, and began  
anew,—  
"Bottle, pot and glass! But this looks some-  
thing like, don't it mother? She's a pretty creature,  
ain't she mother? I wonder if we could keep her."  
"We will see. We don't know what sort of a  
creature she is yet."

"Good morning, my dear," said the old lady  
stepping into the kitchen. "So you thought you'd  
broke the silence. 'Thank you!'"  
"O, no, indeed!" returned the stranger, with a  
very bright, pleasant smile; "I am the one to return  
thanks. I really should have perished had I not  
reached your friendly door and been taken in.  
I feel as if I could never pay you for your kindness.  
That beautiful bed! I was never on but one such  
bed in all my life. I warmed and rested me so, I  
feel well this morning."

By this time Mr. Bliss was out. He went to see  
to the cow and the horse, two ancient fellow-  
creatures of his; and when he returned breakfast  
was all ready.

During breakfast and before prayers, the stran-  
ger gave them the following information:  
"My parents died before I can remember. I was  
brought up by an aunt, who was kind to me while  
her children were small; but as they grew up both  
they and she seemed to become jealous of me, en-  
vious of the favor I found with her, and sus-  
picious of all I did. I did not understand this for  
a long time, and tried hard to regain the standing  
which I felt I had somehow lost. I was not suc-  
cessful, and when a gentleman of fine appearance  
and considerable fortune, overlooking my aunt's  
beautiful daughters, paid marked attention to me  
things grew worse and worse.

"One of my cousins is of a hasty and unscrupu-  
lous disposition. I suspect her of having told false  
stories of me. At any rate the gentleman turned  
the cold shoulder on me suddenly, very suddenly.  
He had invited me to ride with him; and instead  
of coming for me at the time appointed sent me an  
excuse, and after that time scarcely ever spoke to  
me. Before many weeks he was engaged to that very  
cousin. I never regretted his loss; for a man who could  
thus judge and condemn one, without giving me a chance to  
defend myself, would not have retained my respect after  
I had found him out."  
"I think when people know they have done us  
harm, it causes them, if naturally ungenerous, to  
hate us. I am sure I came to be hated in that  
house by all my uncle. He saw how I was treated,  
and pitied me, and tried to make it up to me by  
my very means in his power. This was soon  
noticed; and I was accused of dreadful conduct.  
Finally, after this I could not stay there. But  
without friends, with a shameful following me,  
where should I go? What do I? My education had  
not been perfect in anything. When I should have  
been steadily at school, I was tending babies  
(who grew up to abuse and traduce me), and  
mending old clothes. I had never been strong;  
and I was wretchedly afraid of strangers; yet out  
among strangers I must needs go. For my sins  
against her and hers, I am sure I am very sorry,  
but I would gladly make amends, and pray God to  
forgive me and make it all up to me; but how  
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forsaking, a young, friendless and homeless rela-  
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me out to my fate. But she sent me away  
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me, she must have known. However, the thing  
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I went far from the place, and I have been here  
long before given me would take me, and then be-  
gan looking for a place. Without references no  
one would take me into any store nor household.  
At last I found a place as chamber-girl in a hotel.  
There I became sick and was carried to a hospital.  
Recovering, one of the hospital surgeons took me  
home with him, saying his wife wanted a waiter.  
He had no wife. There I had a dreadful time;  
but I saved myself, and at last escaped. I had been  
suffering from rheumatism and backache for some  
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little village, two miles or so from here. There  
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bonnet all bent and faded, and my face stained with  
dust and tears. No, I don't blame them. I felt  
strangely, though, as I turned from the village and  
took the country road. 'Can this be the Alma Bar-  
nab I used to know?' I asked. 'She was a merry  
girl—a girl among girls; she thought she had  
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Then in a few minutes I stumbled against your gate;  
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While Alma Barnes spoke, mother Bliss wept  
silently, and father Bliss kept saying, "Poor gal,  
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At last I found a place as chamber-girl in a hotel.  
There I became sick and was carried to a hospital.  
Recovering, one of the hospital surgeons took me  
home with him, saying his wife wanted a waiter.  
He had no wife. There I had a dreadful time;  
but I saved myself, and at last escaped. I had been  
suffering from rheumatism and backache for some  
time. I had just money enough to bring me to the  
little village, two miles or so from here. There  
I applied at several houses for shelter; no one was  
quite willing to receive me. I don't blame them  
much: I was certainly a forlorn-looking object—  
my clothes in disorder and so much soiled, my  
bonnet all bent and faded, and my face stained with  
dust and tears. No, I don't blame them. I felt  
strangely, though, as I turned from the village and  
took the country road. 'Can this be the Alma Bar-  
nab I used to know?' I asked. 'She was a merry  
girl—a girl among girls; she thought she had  
a home and friends. If I should die out here  
in the cold! I'm faint and hungry now, and 'tis  
beginning to storm. I wonder if God sees how I  
am treated? I wonder if He thinks 'tis anything  
wrong to abuse and forsake me? I can't tell, really.  
If 'twere any other person, I should know He  
frowned upon it. If that is forsaken, why, even a  
little child should feel utterly condemned; but  
somehow, it begins to seem to me that there is  
no place for me in this world, and that 'tis sheer  
impudence for me to stay in it. I talked thus to  
myself and walked on. The wind blew harder and  
harder; the snow and sleet blinded and cut me.  
By-and-by I began to pray to God to show me  
some shelter, if He wanted me to try to live, as I  
must soon lie down and die if He did not help me.  
Then in a few minutes I stumbled against your gate;  
and, after long trying, I managed to unlock it and  
reached the door; and so God heard and saved me."

While Alma Barnes spoke, mother Bliss wept  
silently, and father Bliss kept saying, "Poor gal,  
poor little gal!" When she had concluded her  
story, and prayers were over, her new friends told  
her that they should be pleased to have her remain  
awhile with them, and see how she would like to  
have a home there, adding that, if it tried, they  
would all assist, she might remain with them as long  
as they lived. The poor girl had her turn of weeping  
now. Had she, indeed, found friends and a home?  
She would try her best to be worthy of them.

Alma's best was very good. Only envy and  
jealousy could persist in thinking very ill of her.  
By no means perfect, her aim was perfection; her  
meaning and resolute effort was to bring her whole  
nature into subjection to Jesus Christ, who had  
for many years been her chosen Lord. This she  
did not imply that she was a grave, solemn, care-ridden  
being, child-like she was gay laughter or frolic-  
some feeling or capers. She had too much good  
sense for that. While her humble felt and willing  
hands were busy in daily toil, her merry mood  
chased gloom away from the faces of the kind old  
pair in whose service she delighted. She grew daily  
in favor with them both, and by the time she had  
been three months with them, they would not  
have parted with her for half their worldly goods.  
If they could not have said, "Leave us her, and  
bring and carry for us."

"We will ask her all about it, father, to-morrow.  
Perhaps God has sent her to be an angel to us—  
as we prayed to-night and often."

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The trembling old hands then raked up the fire;  
the trembling old limbs and frames sought rest in  
another bedroom; on the ground floor, and lulled  
by the windy storm and tempest, they were soon  
in peaceful sleep.

What was the astonishment of the old lady, on  
opening her eyes next morning, to see through the  
crack of the door, a blazing fire and the tea-kettle  
steaming away over it. On the hearth grating in-  
tensely into the fire, her profile in a line with the  
door-crack, sat, perfectly still, the young stranger.  
She was clad in the cleanest white wrap the old lady  
had left for her use. Her profile was straight as a  
Greek's, and now there was a rich color on her  
cheek. Her black hair was fastened tightly about  
her head, and it shone so that the dim eyes of age  
observed its light.

"Father, whispered Mrs. Bliss, poking her  
sleeping lord vigorously in the back; father, wake  
up and peek."

"Woke and peeked.  
"Bottle, pot and glass! I am alone, mother, will  
you?" She had clapped a hand over her mouth;  
but he lifted himself beyond her reach, and began  
anew,—  
"Bottle, pot and glass! But this looks some-  
thing like, don't it mother? She's a pretty creature,  
ain't she mother? I wonder if we could keep her."

"We will see. We don't know what sort of a  
creature she is yet."

"Good morning, my dear," said the old lady  
stepping into the kitchen. "So you thought you'd  
broke the silence. 'Thank you!'"  
"O, no, indeed!" returned the stranger, with a  
very bright, pleasant smile; "I am the one to return  
thanks. I really should have perished had I not  
reached your friendly door and been taken in.  
I feel as if I could never pay you for your kindness.  
That beautiful bed! I was never on but one such  
bed in all my life. I warmed and rested me so, I  
feel well this morning."

By this time Mr. Bliss was out. He went to see  
to the cow and the horse, two ancient fellow-  
creatures of his; and when he returned breakfast  
was all ready.

During breakfast and before prayers, the stran-  
ger gave them the following information:  
"My parents died before I can remember. I was  
brought up by an aunt, who was kind to me while  
her children were small; but as they grew up both  
they and she seemed to become jealous of me, en-  
vious of the favor I found with her, and sus-  
picious of all I did. I did not understand this for  
a long time, and tried hard to regain the standing  
which I felt I had somehow lost. I was not suc-  
cessful, and when a gentleman of fine appearance  
and considerable fortune, overlooking my aunt's  
beautiful daughters, paid marked attention to me  
things grew worse and worse.

"One of my cousins is of a hasty and unscrupu-  
lous disposition. I suspect her of having told false  
stories of me. At any rate the gentleman turned  
the cold shoulder on me suddenly, very suddenly.  
He had invited me to ride with him; and instead  
of coming for me at the time appointed sent me an  
excuse, and after that time scarcely ever spoke to  
me. Before many weeks he was engaged to that very  
cousin. I never regretted his loss; for a man who could  
thus judge and condemn one, without giving me a chance to  
defend myself, would not have retained my respect after  
I had found him out."

"I think when people know they have done us  
harm, it causes them, if naturally ungenerous, to  
hate us. I am sure I came to be hated in that  
house by all my uncle. He saw how I was treated,  
and pitied me, and tried to make it up to me by  
my very means in his power. This was soon  
noticed; and I was accused of dreadful conduct.  
Finally, after this I could not stay there. But  
without friends, with a shameful following me,  
where should I go? What do I? My education had  
not been perfect in anything. When I should have  
been steadily at school, I was tending babies  
(who grew up to abuse and traduce me), and  
mending old clothes. I had never been strong;  
and I was wretchedly afraid of strangers; yet out  
among strangers I must needs go. For my sins  
against her and hers, I am sure I am very sorry,  
but I would gladly make amends, and pray God to  
forgive me and make it all up to me; but how  
my father's sister expects to answer God for this  
forsaking, a young, friendless and homeless rela-  
tive, I know not. Had she said of me been true,  
it was an unchristian, yes, a savage act, to send  
me out to my fate. But she sent me away  
suffering under unjust accusations, as it seems to  
me, she must have known. However, the thing  
was somehow to get rid of me, and it was done.  
I went far from the place, and I have been here  
long before given me would take me, and then be-  
gan looking for a place. Without references no  
one would take me into any store nor household.  
At last I found a place as chamber-girl