

The Spirit voice.

"Nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we walk and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,
Both day and night." Paradise Lost.

In morning's flush in twilight's shade, a spirit voice
I hear—

Brought with lovely tidings, are its accents low and
clear;

In wood's dreamy hush, in solemn night it comes.
Like whispers from a distant shore, haunting mortal
somes.

When