

coming its perception may bring, is at least as noble as to shut oneself up in a sweet reverie of the spirit, where no disturber may come, even though the rapt soul beholds the angels, descending on every shaft of sunlight, and hears the murmurous beating of their tinted wings in every breath which rustles through the ilax leaves at dawn.

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.

(From Job.)

A spirit pass'd before me : I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood—all formless, but divine ;
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake :

“Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
Than he who deems e'en Seraphs insecure ?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust !
The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
Things of a day ! You wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light !”

—Byron.