

From shepherd's pipe at dawn of morn,
When mellowed by long distance borne,
A voice from out that misty veil,
Revealed to me this curious tale—

SPIRIT :

Like thee I once was living here,
A mortal on this mundane sphere,
And occupied the sacred place
Of priest among the Hindoo race ;
But centuries vast have rolled away,
Since I forsook my house of clay,
To dwell in realms of spirit life,
Beyond the din of earthly strife—
Yet when conditions will admit,
And in my judgment think it fit,
I sometimes leave the upper sphere,
To visit mortals dwelling here ;
Tho' seldom seen by human sight,
As I am now by you to-night—
I saw thee lift a longing eye,
And wistful scan the starry sky ;
I knew that you desired to find,
Some being to instruct your mind—
Now 'tis my duty and my joy,
To always be in such employ,
Then cast aside all fear of ill,
And catechise me as you will—
But haste in what you have to say,
I cannot make a long delay—

WRITER :

At words so strange, but yet so kind,
All doubt and terror fled my mind ;