

VOICES.

Hearken, hear the voices calling,
On the ear incessant falling,
Melodious, soothing, or appalling ;
Oft with memory's being blended,
When the speaker long hath ended
Speaking, and with dust hath blended.

A wond'rous thing are speaking powers ;
The gift is God's, the boon is ours ;
In thought and speech, man's being towers
In majesty, in power, and might,
High as the golden eagle's flight,
From mountain turret in the light.

Above the beast with instinct rare ;
Above the fowls that wing the air ;
Naught else created can compare ;
With man thus gifted to transcend,
To rule, to reign, to comprehend,
With soul abiding without end.

With voice to join in colloquy,
With voice a nation's fate to sway,
With voice to preach Christ's name or pray,
With voice melodious—set to song,
To modulate loud, low, or long :
To voices these and more belong.

Yes ; voices whisper, voices call ;
O, voices speak and tell me all
That voices do, both great and small ;
Sometimes you're social, sometimes stern ;
Sometimes with eloquence you burn ;
You teach sometimes, and sometimes learn