
While Abeka mused and pondered
On the mystery of his new life,
Came a voice of softest cadence,
Floating on the gentle breezes,
Floating like a cloud in summer.
Though the accents thrilled Abeka,
And he knew their fullest meaning,
Yet the words were not a language
Spoken by the Earthly nations.

All around they felt a Presence,
In the shadows It was near them,
In the sunlight It was with them,
But their eyes could not behold It.

As the mother stills her infant,
By her sweet but wordless singing ;
As the wild bird sounds her warning
To the timid brood around her,
So the Voice that reached Abeka