

aks,

Of passion and of thought
Till the soul rings
With voices that are fraught
With all the mystery of Nature's tones.
'Tis in such voices that our nature owns
The universal nature that we share.
O therefore ye, to whom these voices bear
Their message, bring with you the mind
Of eagerness to find
Whatever love selects of good
To be the food
Of that true life which knows not death,
But draws its breath
From the eternal thought
Of which the world is wrought.

III.

For, though these voices cannot thrill
With the melodious skill
Of bards whose sense of tone
By tender art has grown
Until it seems a finer ear
Tuned with a subtle power to hear
The rhythmic motions of the Eternal Will,
Yet the dear lisplings of a child
Speak to the gentle heart
More than the phrases that are piled