



HEART-VOICES.



BORNE on the wings of the night-wind sighing,
Hark to the lullaby, drowsy and sweet,
In from the churchyard, all silent lying
Down where the woodland and water meet.

Hark to the child-voice lovingly calling,
Seeming to whisper that all is well—
Sweet words of comfort rising and falling—
Hark to the story your babe would tell.

Courage ! O, Mother, silently weeping,
Safe with her Father, why should you fear ?
Think not of sorrow, she is but sleeping,
Watching and waiting till thou art near.

Patience ! the day of joy is nearing,
Wondrous sweet is eternal rest ;
Dark though the night, the skies are clearing ;
Heaven is near, God knoweth best.

Borne on the wings of the night-wind sighing,
Hark to the lullaby, drowsy and sweet,
In from the churchyard, all silent lying
Down where the woodland and water meet.

THEODORE F. MILTON.