

WHISPERING WINDS.

WHISPERING winds, as ye glide o'er the earth
Afar in your trackless course,
I question not of your mission here,
I ask you not of your source;
But take for me on your airy wings,
To the loved ones far away,
A message replete with the loving things
My powerless lips would say.

Go, speed ye on to the Northern clime,
Seek out my loved ones there,
Tell them I dream of the olden time,
And remember them in prayer;
Tell them I sit alone by the fire,
A-dreaming the olden dreams,
And as the flames rise higher and higher
I see in their golden gleams
The forms and hopes of the shadowy past,
So real and living then,
But from my vision they glided fast,
To never come back again.

There is one whose name I never speak,
Except when I kneel to pray—
Go seek him out, for I know he walks
Somewhere in the world to-day.
Our parting words, "We'll meet again,"
Sweet peace to my heart have given;
But now they bring me a dreary pain,
For 'twill only be in Heaven.

Tell him the treasures I've kept for years
Are a pictured laughing face,
And a few old letters, dimmed with tears—
Dim messengers of grace—
And a little tress of chestnut hair—
He'll remember all I know;
So take my message through the air,
As on viewless wings ye go.

EVENING PRAYER.

I COME to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet where no eyes can see;
And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine,
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
With all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.