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I.
 TRAVELLER fair, with the eager feet,
 With lightsome heart and smile so sweet,
 Whither away
 This sunny day?
 What will you do with the hours so fleet?
 To regions of song, of flowers, and fight,
 Where love fills the heart and all is bright,
 Thither away
 This sunny day:
 I heed not the hours yet hid from my sight.
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PROSPECTS

II.
 Pilgrim tried, with the faltering tread,
 With chastened heart and careworn head,
 Whither away
 This cloudy day?
 Come, tell how the hours with you have sped.
 To lands where sorrow and sin are unknown,
 Where hopes are fulfilled and joy reigns alone;
 Thither away
 This cloudy day,
 To reap evermore what the hours have sown.

T. C. MUL-
 HOLLAND.

