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THE WORDLESS VOICE.

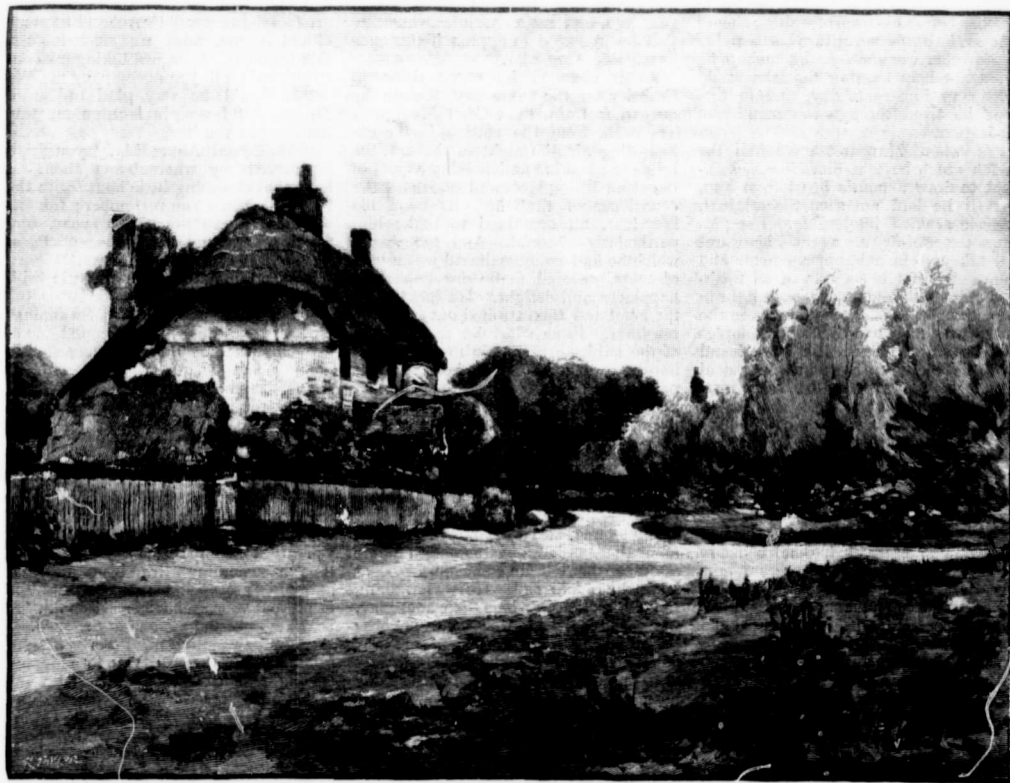
By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

WHEN daisies star the grass in spring,
 When summer roses blush so fair,
 When winds of autumn sigh and sing,
 Or winter's chill is in the air,

A sound there is—a wordless hum—
 Which stirs an echo in our souls,
 And seems to reckon up the sum
 Of Life's real meaning as it rolls—

“On go the seasons, on the years,
 No halt, no pause,” it seems to say,
 “For human wishes, human tears,
 In that swift march from day to day.

So fast that march with wool-shod feet,
 But as Time slips past young and old
 He flings his hours us to greet;
 Gather them up—they are of gold.”



SUMMER DAYS.

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