

THEY SPOKE IN WHISPERS.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

They spoke in whispers: it was not
Because a crowd was nigh,
For all alone they breathed each thought
Beneath a moon-lit sky.
Nature seemed conscious of the flame
That in their bosoms slept;
And, filled with pity for the same,
A holy silence kept.

They spoke in whispers: not because
They feared the birds might hear;
Or that the murmuring breeze might pause
And bend a listening ear.
Not that they deemed the slumbering flowers
Might open to their view,
And for their grief in after hours
Shed pearly drops of dew.

They spoke in whispers: Love had made
A dwelling of each breast
For long, long years, and each had prayed
Its growth might be suppressed.
But dashing Reason's reins aside
With mountain strength it rose;
And, like a conquering brave, defied
Whatever might oppose.

They spoke in whispers: they had learned
That they must dwell apart;
And he had fondly, wildly yearned
To clasp her to his heart.
Then was it strange that last good-bye
Was breathed in whispered tone?
Or that they crushed the rising sigh,
E'en though they were alone?

They spoke in whispers: marked by care
The upturned face, that lay
Upon his breast, as lily fair
Rests on the lap of May.
Pride had been banished by the woe
That wrung her very soul,
And love, in triumph, kept a flow
That would not brook control.

They spoke in whispers: strong arms twined
That fragile form around;
Their warm lips met—joy undefined
Life's silken thread unbound.
The casket of its jewel reft
Upon his bosom lay:
'Twas all those guardian angels left
Who bore their prey away.

He spoke in whispers: fondly strove
His treasure to recall;
Deep, tender, earnest words of love
Flowed at affection's call.
But all was vain—as blossoms most
Fade 'neath the sun's warm kiss,
Her young head drooped, and life was lost
In overwhelming bliss.

She speaks in whispers: from on high
Her spirit wanders down;
And her low tones, when hovering nigh,
All earthly whispers drown.
An old man now he sits alone
With dim eyes fixed above,
Hoping when life's few sands are run
To join his early love.