

In her heritage of sad memory.—  
 But the thrushes were hushed at evening,  
 And I waited to hear the brown bird try,  
 For the tongue of the singer needs must sing.  
 And I said — “ The thought of the thrushes will shake  
 With rapture remembered her heart, and her shy  
 Tongue of the sore times dead will take  
 To make her a living song, when sigh  
 The noiseless winds disburthened by :  
 Hark now ! ”—for the upraised quivering wing,  
 The throat exultant I could descry—  
 For the tongue of the singer needs must sing.

## L'ENVOI.

But the bird dropped dead with only a cry.  
 I found its tongue was withered, poor thing !  
 Then I no whit wondered, for well knew I  
 The heart of the singer will break or sing.  
 Chatham, April. 1881.

## IN THE AFTERNOON.

Wind of the summer afternoon,  
 Hush, for my heart is out of tune !  
 Hush, for thou movest restlessly  
 The too light sleeper, Memory !  
 Whate'er thou hast to tell me, yet  
 T'were something sweeter to forget ; —  
 Sweeter than all thy breath of balm  
 An hour of unremembering calm !