

THE MURMUR.

A note unrecognized before,  
The burden of the air  
Breathing its love the leaflets o'er  
In passionate despair;  
So heard we with foreboding sore  
The murmur sinister

That bluntly told us of the check  
To the life current's flow,  
Murmur presaging loss and wreck,  
Where vital forces go—  
Murmur significant—the speck  
Of cloud ordained to grow.