

I would that ye heard it always,
 That sweet bird's voice within,
 When the heart is sad and lonely
 In the long, long struggle with sin ;
 Till a rest comes out of the sunset
 For the laboring hands and feet
 And a silence has fallen forever
 On the noise and the dust of the street.

A QUESTION.

O ye Wise of the Earth, *are ye wise?*
 "We can tell from a bone," ye say,
 "An animal's shape and size,
 And the size and shape of its prey."—
 "For such and such joint" say ye,
 "For such and such use must be."
 When I show that since time began
 The soul hath longed for the skies,
 Ye say "Death is the end of Man."—
 O ye Wise of the Earth, *are ye wise?*

1883.

ON DARWIN'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Muse, when asked what words alone
 Were worthy tribute to his fame,
 Took up her pen, and on the stone
 Inscribed his name.

LONDON, 1883.