

THE EVENING BIRD.

WEET day in silence now is dying,
 The evening breeze is softly sighing,
 And vesper bells toll far away,
 From leafy bowers a bird is calling,
 Through growing shadows swiftly falling,
 He rings his loud and fearless lay.
 O! unseen singer
 Of peace the bringer,
 You hymn of dawn beyond the grave of day.

Not to the cold moon proudly striding
 'Mong veiling clouds the shy stars hiding.
 Those tender, thrilling strains ascend;
 Nor to the night shades earth investing,
 But out unto our still world resting,
 The harmonies in mercy wend.
 Among God's creatures,
 Our human natures
 Need all the sympathy that He may send.

Tired men from ended toil reposing
 List to the soothing song, half dozing
 At doorways domed with trellised vines;
 And blighted breasts benumbed by sorrow
 Surcease of pain and rest can borrow
 From pleasure born of sweetest rhymes,
 May rest be given
 By kind Heaven
 To eyes that weep and minds that sad repine.

September 15th, 1890.

M.

