

## GROWTH.

The dumb earth yearns for the expressive seed,  
The fruit fulfilled gives ear to her desire  
And she but conscious of her bitter need,  
In vernal beauty doth again aspire.  
The fruit perfected wooes the seeing eye,  
The eye demands it that the body grow ;  
The soul, aspiring to the Most High,  
Demands the body seeking strength to know.  
And He that forged the all-embracing chain  
That binds us to him lest we fall, undone,  
What we may bear of what we seek to gain  
Accords in love and when the goal is won  
    Of perfect peace and poised self-control,  
    Lo, God himself has voice through such a soul !