

EARLY APRIL IMPRESSIONS.

While we lie prone beside the sea
It seems to me a mystery
That life transforms so mightily.
Husks strew the ground;
Lo these will grow,
Though all around
Damp mists abound;
The ear may hear a pleasing sound,
As here and there the melting snow
Seeks byways to the plains below,
Flows, finding rest in hollows low,
While gentle murmurs grace its flow.

Why does warm moisture swell the seed
Until from husky bondage freed
The gloomy plumule seeks the light,
Becomes a stem with colours bright,
Then bursts out into glorious bloom?
Her former tomb
Now feeds each weed;
Life lends the might
That scatters night.
What is that life, and whence, and why?
Can living essence ever die
Alas! it rests a mystery.

