

J. G. Withwell Esq
with cordial regards of
Charles G. Roberts

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Autochthon,

I.

I am the spirit astir
To swell the grain
When fruitful suns confer
With laboring rain ;
I am the life that thrills
In branch and bloom ;
I am the patience of abiding hills,
The promise masked in doom.

II.

When the sombre lands are wrung,
And storms are out,
And giant woods give tongue,
I am the shout ;
And when the earth would sleep,
Wrapped in her snows,
I am the infinite gleam of eyes that keep
The post of her repose.