

## Seeds of Pine

flock hither of spring-time, and how the fish  
up against the streams though it be to suffer  
to die. These cannot resist the drag of  
magnetic pole, any more than you and I who  
souls and are feeling folk!

But it is not always frigid here, for we  
springtide and the season of seven sweet  
"Good morrow!" shouts the tired Winter in  
time of melting snows. "Good morrow!" sh  
back the nimble Spring as he throws a mist of  
over the young aspens. "Come fly with me  
touch the sun," pleads the eagle to his sweethe  
"Come with me and be my love," woos K  
boatman of the Athabaska; "already the yo  
birds are in their nests and soon they will fly a  
Soon will the time of mating be past."

Aye! but the summer winds are honey-mouthed.

Aye! but the skies are star-enchanted,  
there are fair stories I might tell about yell  
grain fields and of red lilies like blown flame,  
none save those who are prairie rangers wo  
understand aright.

Besides, there are woolly-mouthed men a  
chattering daws who say secretly that we of  
North are boasters, and that we tell ill tales.

But though we are impeached, yet will we s  
that our song is tinged with no lie. We are you  
men, and sowers of grain, and it is pleasant  
glorify the largess of our harvest.

We are boasters, they tell, and full-mouthed  
but why should we keep hidden and unshared th  
all-golden treasures of our fields? We will n  
hide this thing in our hearts, but, with fair speech