

GOLDEN-ROD.

It stood, the blooming flowers among,
When spring's soft airs were whispering,
And all the woods were glad with song,
A poor, unsightly, weed-like thing.

The summer, with her languid sigh,
Stole on and warmed the unmoving air,
And still the wild bee passed her by,
And still she grew neglected there.

All scattered lie the flowers of spring,
The summer's early bloom is dead,
The song-birds have forgot to sing,
The thrush to other haunts is fled.

The mountain wears a misty crown,
The first red leaves are flitting by,
But to the fields is drifted down
A glory from the glowing sky.

A reflex of the ripened sun,
All spring and summer stored with care.
The patient plant-heart's work is done,
And now all nature owns her fair.

And from each dainty golden cup,
With amber nectar richly stored.
The Bacchant bees with rapture sup,
And hum love ditties at her board.

Thus the slow changing soul that keeps
Within her secret depths aglow,
And feels, as in long dreamful sleeps,
The germ immortal stir and grow—

The soul that feared itself so poor,
Half doubtful of its ripening—
When autumn's sun hath warmed its core
May bloom at last, a radiant thing.
—*Danske Dandridge, in Demorest's Monthly.*