

Oh little brown seed in the furrow,
At last you have pierced the mould ;
And quivering with a life intense,
Your beautiful leaves unfold.
Like wings outspread for upward flight,
And slowly moving up into the light ;
Your sweet bud opens till in heavens sight,
You wear a bright crown of gold.

Oh ! aspiring soul, seed immortal,
Here so dark, so earth-confined ;
In thy intuitions instinctive,
Of heavenward aspiring mind.
Still upward, press on in thy might,
On, on to thy high birthright !
Till crowded in the long'd for light,
Earth's darkness is left behind.

THE WIND-HARP.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

I set my wind-harp true attuned,
And a wind came out from the south ;
Soft, soft it blew with gentle coo,
Like sweet words from maiden's mouth.
Then like the stir of angels' wings,
It gently touched the trembling strings;
And Oh ! my harp gave back to me,
Its wondrous heavenly melody.

I set my wind-harp true attuned,
And a raging storm blew loud ;
From the icy north it hurried forth,
And dark grew sea and cloud.
It wildly screamed down mountain's height,
It smote the quivering chords with might ;
Yet still my harp gave back to me,
Its tender heavenly melody.

Ah, me ! that *such* a heart were mine,
Responsive, tuned and true ;
When all was glad, when all was shine,
Or when storms of sorrow blew.