

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.