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SPENCE'S SELECT READINGS.

INTUITIVE ASPIRATIONS.

A little brown seed in the furrow,
 Was still in its lowly bed ;
 While violets blue and lilies white,
 Were whispering overhead.
 They conversed of glories strange and rare,
 Of glittering dew and floating air,
 And beauty and rapture everywhere,
 And the seed heard all they said.

The little brown seed in the darkness,
 And so close to the lilies feet ;
 Yet far away from the gladsome day,
 Where life seemed so complete.
 In heart it up-treasured every word,
 And longed for the life of which it heard ;
 For the light that shone and the air that stirr'd,
 In that world so wondrous fair ;
 Still wond'ring and thinking can I ever be there,
 And in such high ecstacies have any share.

This poor little brown seed in silence,
 So in-thrilled with a strange unrest ;
 A warm new heart beat tremblingly,
 In its hampered heaving breast.
 With its two small hands clasped as in prayer,
 It lifted them up in the darkness there ;
 Up ! up through the sod to the sun and air,
 The firm folded hands up press'd.