

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH**The Wonder of the Seed**

By MRS. JOSEFINA I. DE LA CRUZ



I dug a hole down in the ground,  
 And dropped a seed, a little seed;  
 I covered it and marked the spot,  
 And cleared the place from choking  
 weed.

The days went by, the nights went by,  
 The rain, the dew, the sunshine fell;  
 The little seed still slumbered on:  
 Perhaps it dreamed—no one can tell.  
 At last, one day, green leaves ap-

peared

Just where I dropped the little seed.  
 A stem with shoots to light was  
 reared;

'Twas beautiful—a joy indeed.  
 It grew and grew, it branched each  
 way,

It bore some fruit for birds and me;  
 But what I wonder every day  
 Is how the seed became a tree.

