And hayseed ready to be sowed
And flaxseed for the nearing June.
  The uneventful summer days
Hung shrouded in a maze of heat
That warmed the slow maturing grain.
And when the tassels turned to gold
The reapers stood and flashed the flint
Upon their scythes, and all day long
Crossed and recrossed the waving field,
Stopping at noon to eat their fare
Of bacon, cheese, and sweetened rum.
And scarcely had the meadow hay
Scented the barns from loft to floor
When barley must be harvested
And sent to mill.
  'T was August now;
The flax still ripened in the sun,
The fruit still hung upon the boughs,
And Ursula with restless hands
Toyed with the sampler which had lain

Unfinished long. Across the room
Her Cousin Matthew held his peace.
"You find it lonely," she had said,
Half echoing his last remark.
"I find it very dull and drear,"
He answered her; "I sometimes hoped
To find companionship in books,
But they are cold, so cold and grim."
He rose the while he spoke, and she,
Intent upon his words, forgot
Her work and listened as he said:
"The heart alone is quick and warm."