HAUNTS OF BRYANT
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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I look on the peaceful dwellings
Whose windows glimmer in sight,
With croft and garden and orchard
That bask in the mellow light.
Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who needs and holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

W.C. BRYANT.
The leaves are swept from the branches;
But the living buds are there,
With folded flower and foliage,
To sprout in a kinder air.
I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart.
May look to heaven as I depart.

W.C. BRYANT.
Thou dost look on thy creation
and pronounce it good.

Its valleys, glorious with their Summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty; and its woods
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.
This little rill that from the springs of yonder grove its current brings, plays on the slope awhile, and then goes prattling into groves again.

W.C. Bryant.
The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
My heart is awed within me
when I think
Of the great miracle
that still goes on,
In silence, round me,—
the perpetual work
of thy creation,
finished, yet renewed forever.

W.C. BRYANT