

NATURE

*"The babbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given,
And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;"*

—Jones Very.