

*That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singing of summer, in full-throated ease.*

*"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,  
No hungry generations tread thee down :  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown ;  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,  
The same that oftentimes hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous sea in fairy lands forlorn."*

So far as fame is concerned, I had rather secure it from being the author of this ode than have it as the Wellington of Waterloo.

The flight of a flock of wild geese from their lofty height shouted down from the shades of oncoming night suggests a good dinner, a gun or a feather pillow to men of common mold, but in the ears of Bryant it was a bugle call to awaken his genius and give us the best short poem in our language. It can never be quoted too often, and with it I bring to a close this booklet, not for lack of material but for lack of space to set it down. I have had in mind a purpose to arouse curiosity in my readers as well as to describe natural objects and scenic features. I hold that the test of a man is, "What are his questions?" The lower the creature, the better its content.

*"Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way ?*

*"Vainly the Fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As darkly limned upon the crimson sky  
Thy figure floats along.*