

WHEN SHE COMES

BY CHARLES B. GOING

MY love may come in early spring
Through orchards, April kissed,
With happy blue birds carolling
In dreamy skies of mist.
Then sing, glad oriole, and hush
The mourning of the dove;
But sing! sing, bobolink and thrush,
Of love, and love, and love!

Or she may come in summer days,
When heated meadows rest,
And down the fields a goldfinch sways
Upon the thistle's crest.
Then, blackthroat, sing! You love the sun;
Sing, quail, amid the heat;
And all your songs shall make this one,
My sweet! my sweet! my sweet!

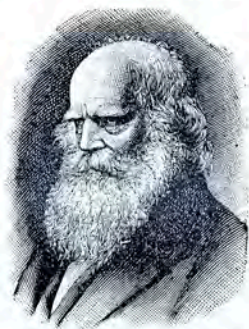
Her path may lie through leafless trees;
Her dainty feet may stir
Soft rustling leaves; the chickadees
May all make love to her.
Then, sun, shine soft from golden skies;
Stay, happy wind, to kiss
Her cheek, and fill my sweetheart's eyes
With bliss, and bliss, and bliss!

Across a track of drifting snow
If she should chance to tread,
The lingering flakes shall come and go
Around her darling head.
The longing flakes shall touch her hair.
Then, snowbird, 'round her dart;
Sing, shining snow and shining air,
Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

I would, if she shall come in spring,
That springtime might be here;
I long for winter, if it bring
My love a day more near.
For what is spring, or what is fall?
Love only makes the skies.
My love shall blend the joy of all
Sweet seasons in her eyes.

WHERE BRYANT LIVED AND RESTS

BY HAROLD GODWIN



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

FOUR years ago the one-hundredth anniversary of the old Bryant homestead was duly celebrated at Roslyn, Long Island. The old hewn beams of the house rang, but with the merry laughter of a far different generation from that which laid the massive old rafters. When the house was built it

was an old-fashioned dwelling place such as the Quakers, who thickly populated this entire region, were wont to build—square, solid, with a row of severe columns adorning the front, and, it is said, with windows made inordinately high, so that the feminine part of the family might not be enticed from household duties by wayward peepings out upon the highway just in front.

A lovely spot, indeed, was that which old Kirk built toward the end of the last century. It was but twenty miles away from New York city, but it was wild and beautiful and inaccessible. In those days there were but a few thousand composing what was to be the magnificent metropolis of the New World during the next hundred years. Even when Mr. Bryant went to live there, it was like a remote corner of the earth. Built upon one of the sloping hillsides of Hempstead harbor, the spot was one which was graced by every natural beauty, while the surroundings were as still as a mountain fastness, except for the songs of wild birds which came in great quantities as if to a chosen retreat. It must have been this solitude, mingled with the natural charm of a gently rolling country, half wooded, half cultivated, which made the author of the "Forest Hymn," of "Thanatopsis," and of countless verses singing the praises of Nature in all her moods, think it the most beautiful spot he had ever seen. Here he determined to pitch his tent in 1843, and here he lived for thirty-five of the years of an ever active and busy life as editor of the New York "Evening Post."

And to-day, Roslyn is much as he found it. The sleepy little place from which the towers of the great Brooklyn bridge, and the spire of Trinity can be seen, and the hum of the busiest city of America can almost be heard, has escaped the envious eye of the land developer.

After taking possession of the house, he transformed it as well as the grounds around it, and the simplicity of the Quaker gave way to the comparatively luxurious taste of a New England Puritan,

It seems not a little odd to speak of Puritanic luxury. Mr. Bryant was imbued with the most orthodox New England views, and clung to the stern and rigorous tenets of his forefathers throughout his life. Nevertheless, his tastes must have seemed almost Oriental to the stiff-necked old Quakers of Long Island, as they watched him discard the straight-backed rush-bottomed chair for the lesser terror with hair-cloth covering. He was a moderate man in all his tastes, but yet there was one thing in which he was extravagant, and that was his love of the country—the trees, the birds, the water, flowers and fruits, shrubs and vines, the air, and all the life and color of the landscape. To this taste his home at Roslyn ministered. There he loved to work, and, though he yearly made his pilgrimage back to his New England home at Cummington, in the Hampshire Hills, Roslyn was, I am sure, the place he loved best in all the world, because of its wonderfully varied beauties. Within a stone's throw of his workshop—a well-stored library—was, on one side, a crystal lake with its laughing brook; on another was the garden with its teeming flower beds and fruits. Further off was the salt water bay with its hills beyond, above which the poet viewed the setting sun from his window. On another side of him the hills rose abruptly, and there stretched a piece of woods—dense, like the forest of Fontainebleau—and leading with rambling paths to a point where, from the clearing, the low, rolling hills and the distant waters of Long Island Sound spread an enchanting panorama at his feet. As the bay narrows to the south, following the shores with the eye, the little village of Roslyn is seen nestling between overhanging hills, a picturesque hamlet, as sleepy now as it was then, and every whit as quaint.

Mr. Bryant's grounds were ample, and he scarcely needed to wander from them to find inspiration for one of his thoughtful poems. He beautified the more immediate surroundings of the house with shrubs and trees, but left the rural parts as he found them, taking pains to preserve their purely rustic character.

The poet rests beside a most loving wife upon the hill overlooking this, his stamping ground for many years. There were none thereabout who did not know his slender figure. Armed with a stick cut from the underbrush of his wood, he was a constant cross-country wanderer, and at eighty was still expert in vaulting the five-barred fences of that region, pausing as he went to pluck the wild flowers or to note some novel aspect of nature which interested him.

His day, when away from the editorial duties on his paper, was an alternation of work and play. In the mornings he shut himself up in his library, occupying himself, in his later years with his translations of Homer's great epics. The work was a more or less arduous one, but was accomplished with the regularity of clockwork, each day adding its quota of lines to what had already been done. From the time when this task was over he was at the service of his friends, of whom he nearly always had a houseful, or armed with pruning knife, or other implement, was at some physical labor in the open air. Had he lived in the days of the amateur photographer we should doubtless possess a picture of him as he appeared in these many outings, a generous Panama hat shading his face while he busied himself culling a handful of berries. He was a great believer in the cultivation of fruit, and, while not a strict vegetarian, ate very sparsely of meats.

Indeed, there was a generous corner of the library itself devoted to works upon horticultural art, the margins of which, marked with various notes in his handwriting, attest the care with which he read them.

As for the rest of the house it was large and roomy, and was filled rather with souvenirs of the poet's life than with articles which appealed alone to the taste. He cherished more than any other thing the collection of autographic paintings presented to him on his seventieth birthday by the artists of New York. It was a diminutive, yet characteristic, collection of the work of his contemporaries and friends. Some of these were illustrative of his poems, others were merely characteristic landscapes. This little collection—for none of the pictures was more than a foot square—hung in the dining-room, as it does still.

In his last years he hurried to this retreat early in the spring and lingered until late in the autumn, making only occasional visits to the city, though never giving up his interest in public affairs. He scanned the newspapers closely till the last and dispatched his editorials by messenger from Roslyn as occasion arose. It was this easy and modest activity in his old age which kept body and mind in splendid vigor till the day of his death, when the desire, expressed in one of his poems, that he might die in June, came to pass, and children from the village scattered over him the field flowers of which he was so fond.



The Bryant Home at Roslyn, Long Island