

Upward, half-way, or it may be
 Nearer the summit, slowly steals
 A hay-cart, moving dustily
 With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
 Is slouching slowly at his ease,
 Half-hidden in the windless blur
 Of white dust puffing to his knees.

And, in the very next poem, *Among the Timothy*, still another characteristic is revealed, one present everywhere in his poetry — his gift for the creation of striking phrases, phrases that sparkle like gems, sentences that appeal irresistibly to one's sense of the beautiful, and live in the memory after the rest of the poem to which they belong has dropped out of sight. Here is a stanza made up almost entirely of such phrases :

Hither and thither o'er the rocking grass
 The little breezes, blithe as they are blind,
 Teasing the slender blossoms pass and pass,
 Soft-footed children of the gipsy wind,
 To taste of every purple-fringed head
 Before the bloom is dead ;
 And scarcely heed the daisies that, endowed
 With stems so short they cannot see, upbear
 Their innocent sweet eyes distressed, and stare
 Like children in a crowd.

And again, in the same poem :

Through the noonday glow,
 That crazy fiddler of the hot mid-year,
 The dry cicada plies his wiry bow
 In long-spun cadence, thin and dusty, sere...

(*To be continued*).