

There is happiness in the lyric where he describes himself leaning his fishing-rod against a tree, and dreaming over a book,

While curious fishes peep  
About his nibbled bait.

You may call him sad when he compares the ruin of his fair hopes to the ruin caused by a summer tempest among "the delicate ranked golden corn."

At times in his lyrics he strikes deeper than in any I have yet spoken of. He is not always comparing his thoughts to the texture of a hyacinth petal, or indulging melancholy among the tombs,

In the windy moon-enchanted night.

For, into the calmest mind, sorrow clothed in terror sometimes comes stalking. It is, in truth, when face to face with her veiled, unexplaining, unexplained figure that Mr. Bridges writes best. He puts then into his verse the strongest things in his nature and the most worthy of his gatherings from experience of life. "On a Dead Child," is an example of the kind of lyric I refer to.

Perfect little body, without fault or stain in thee,  
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!  
Though cold and stark and bare,  
The bloom and charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.  
To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,  
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;  
Startling my fancy fond  
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.  
So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death whither hath he  
taken thee?  
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?  
The vision of which I miss,  
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken  
thee?  
Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us  
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,  
Unwilling, alone we embark,  
And the things we have seen and have known and have heard  
of, fail us?

This is sheer sorrow courageously endured. By his very quietness of contemplation—he is calm enough to note how, by chance, the head lies in an attitude of life—he makes one feel how unsearchable is death. Yet, having looked into its measurelessness he is not afraid. Leaning on stoic courage, and trusting to what Christian hopes he has, he refuses to cry out and lament.

Mr. Bridges is a musician as well as a poet; he has edited one or two hymn-books, and written a book on choir-singing. It is well known, too, that he and his family play on the viol and the lute as unceasingly as did Herbert