And standeth naked above her yellow attire; The larch thinneth her spire To lay the ways of the woods with cloth of gold.

It is not sufficient for the poet to describe tree, flower and landscape. Many have done nothing else; but what eminence they have won they owe not to themselves, but to Nature. For let a poet touch a thing over which she presides, and her spirit will slip into his work, however dully intent he be on rendering it, colour for colour, tone for tone, and leaf for leaf. Descriptive poems owe their life, not to the poetry in them, but to the interest their subject, Nature, everywhere arouses. She covers with her cloak the good and the bad.

The true poet not only describes trees and landscapes, but his feelings about them also. So much the better if he marks their colours with minute accuracy! He will not write poetry, however, unless he has some fit of feeling, merry, or sad, or joyful, over them. Now, Mr. Bridges is a true poet of nature; he "saddens and rejoices with all weather." He notes her appearances exactly, then weaves them into the texture of his moods. Here he is at play with her!

> When June is come, then all the day I'll sit with my love in the scented hay; And watch the sunshot palaces high That the white clouds build in the breezy sky. She singeth and I do make her a song, And read sweet poems all day long: Unseen as we be in our hay-built home, O, life is delight when June is come.

In springtime he makes a poem out of joy that,

The farms are all astir, And every labourer Has doffed his winter coat.

When the rain lashes down in sheets, and the bronzed October foliage droops heavily, he sits by his own fireside, turning the page,

In which our country's name Spoiling the Greek of fame, Shall sound through every age.

The falling of snow reminds him of the death of his dear friend.

I shall never love the snow again Since Maurice died: With corniced drift it blocked the lane, And sheeted in a desolate plain The country side.