

Meeting with graceful persistence
The north-wind's wrench and strain.

Unregretful, the old leaves shedding,
That fringed thee with music before,
And deeper thy roots embedding,
In the grace and beauty of yore."

Who would not admire the picture
of the trees in their winter garb?
"Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

Spite of winter thou keepest thy green
glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number!
The snowflakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence."

The poet often wandered through
the murmurous pine wood, when the
"magical moonlight steeped every
bough and cone." He watched the
growth of the trees with interest:

"And it grew like a true Northern pine,
First, a little slender line
Like a mermaid's green eyelash, and then, anon
A stem, that a tower might rest upon,
Standing spear-straight in the waist-deep
moss,
Its long roots clutching around and across.

'Twas a natural growth and grew fearlessly
there,
A true part of the landscape as sea, land and
air,
For it grew in good times ere the fashion
it was
To force up the wild births of the wood under
glass."

No tree is forgotten by Lowell; they
were indeed his friends and he did not
slight one of them. He watches the
cedar's shadow, slow and still, creep
o'er its dial of crisp gray moss, and
notices how, on Spring's approach,

"The gray horse-chestnuts little hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old."

The ash seems to "drop her purple
forgivingly and sadly breaking not the
general hush;" the elder is "foamed
over with blossoms as white as a spray;"
while the barberry, with its sensitive,
fly-catching yellow flowers, is described
as "dropping its strings of golden

flowers." In spring, "The maple crim-
sons to a coral reef," and in autumn

"The maple swamps glow like a sunset sea
Each leaf a ripple, with its sparkling flush."

Describing the oak:

"What gnarled stretch, what depth of shade
is his,
There needs no crown to mark the forest's
king,
How in his leaves outshines full summer's
bliss,
Snow, storm, rain, dew to him their tribute
bring.
How towers he, too, amid the billowed
snows,
An unquelled exile from the summer's throne.
Whose plain uncinctured front more kingly
shows
Now the obscuring courtier leaves are gone.
His boughs make music of the winter fair
Jewelled with sleet like some cathedral front,
Where clinging snowflakes with quaint art
repair
The dints and furrows of time's envious
brunt."

To the never-unsympathizing trees
the poet carried all his sorrows.

"Pines, when you're blue, are the best friends
I know.
They mope and sigh and share your feelings
so."

"Beneath the trees,
My life-long friends in the dear spot,
Sad now for eyes that see thee not,
I hear the autumnal breeze
Wake the sear leaves, to sigh for gladness
gone."

Those dear friends, "never es-
tranged, nor careful of his soul," gave
him new hopes and aspirations.
While walking in the dateless woods,

he felt that he walked undeserted,
"But forever attended
By the glad Heavens that bended
O'er the innocent past."

Nature was his inspiration, for she
amply rewards her admirers. He who
learns from her mystic books

"His verse shall have a great commanding
motion
Heaving and swelling with the melody,
Leant of the sky, the river, and the ocean,
And all the pure, majestic things that be."