

Harvest time.
End of summer – things
begin to die.

Harsh sun.

It was a hazy sunrise in **August**. The denser nocturnal vapours, **attacked** by the warm beams, were dividing and shrinking into isolated fleeces within hollows and coverts, where they waited till they should **be dried away to nothing**.

Sun has ability to take away life as well as give it.

The sun, on account of the mist, had a curious sentient, personal look, demanding the masculine pronoun for its adequate expression. His present aspect, coupled with the lack of all human forms in the scene, explained the old-time heliolatries in a moment. One could feel that a saner religion had never prevailed under the sky. The luminary was a golden-haired, beaming, mild-eyed, **God-like creature**, gazing down in the vigour and intentness of youth upon an earth that was **brimming with interest for him**.

Personification of sun. Sun can choose what to do? It has human qualities.

Creator of life.

Because he provides life.

His light, a little later, broke though chinks of cottage shutters, throwing stripes like **red-hot poker**s upon cupboards, chests of drawers, and other furniture within; and awakening harvesters who were not already astir.

More 'harsh' imagery of sun.

Hardy not happy about threshing machine – ruddy means red so this continues the imagery of the sun lighting up the landscape.

But of all ruddy things that morning the brightest were two broad arms of painted wood, which rose from the margin of yellow cornfield hard by Marlott village. They, with two others below, formed the revolving Maltese cross of the reaping-machine, which had been brought to the field on the previous evening to be ready for operations this day. The paint with which they were **smeared**, intensified in hue by the sunlight, imparted to them a look of having been **dipped in liquid fire**.
(Chapter 14)

Suggests little care has been taken. Don't need as much care and attention as people.

Anger. This echoes Hardy's feelings about the agricultural revolution at the time and the destructive nature of the machine.

So the baby was carried in a small deal box, under an ancient woman's shawl, to the churchyard that night, and buried by lantern-light, at the cost of a shilling and a pint of beer to the sexton, in that shabby corner of God's allotment where He lets the nettles grow, and where all unbaptized infants, notorious drunkards, suicides, and others of the conjecturally damned are laid. In spite of the untoward surroundings, however, Tess bravely made a little cross of two laths and a piece of string, and having bound it with flowers, she stuck it up at the head of the grave one evening when she could enter the churchyard without being seen, putting at the foot also a bunch of the same flowers in a little jar of water to keep them alive. What matter was it that on the outside of the jar the eye of mere observation noted the words "Keelwell's Marmalade"? The eye of maternal affection did not see them in its vision of higher things.

(Chapter 14)