

human. We forget the poor, old, shivering Beadsman as we luxuriate in the clear atmosphere of a winter scene surrounded with its exquisite associations.

What a gorgeous assembly and guest room that was!

"The carved angels, *ever eager eyed*
Star'd when upon their heads the cornice rests,
 With hair blown back and wings put crosswise on their breasts."

"At length burst in the *argent* revelry
 With plume, tiara and all rich array
 Numerous as shadows haunting fairly,
 The brain new stuffed in youth with triumphs gay
 Of old romance."

He doesn't describe here in detail. Had this been written in his Endymion vein he would have daubed, and lacked the far-reaching and unnameable imaginative splendor that these few well chosen words awaken in us. We can fill up the picture as we choose and there need be no limit to what we see and enjoy. The picture of Madeline, sweet, full of naive simplicity and frankness and trust, beautiful in love's awakening, her maiden eyes divine fixed on the floor, seeing many a sweeping train go by and lost in the thought of the possibilities to her of that St. Agnes Eve—that is ravishing too, inexpressibly and refinedly so. And to think of Madeline

"Asleep in the lap of legends old,
 While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy eyed."

And then, too, the casement in Madeline's room

"High and triple arched,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot grass,
 And diamonded with pawns of quaint device
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger moth's deep damask'd wings.
 And in the midst 'mong thousand heraldries
 And twilight saints and dim emblazonings
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings."

One does not need to visit the Tower of London to feel the strange, weird beauty of far off days and deeds, so long as he