

ing the cathedral of Chartres, gives us a master picture of all the Gothic temples:

It rose before me patiently remote
 From the great tides of life it breasted once,
 Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.
 I stood before the triple Northern Port,
 Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
 Stern faces bleared with immortal watch,
 Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
 Ye come and go incessant; we remain
 Safe in the hallowed quiet of the past;
 Be reverent ye who flit and are forgot,
 Of faith so nobly realized as this.

The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
 Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
 The one thing finished in this hasty world,
 Forever finished.
 But ah, this other, this that never ends,
 Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
 As full of mortals half-divined as life,
 Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
 Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
 Heavy as night-mare, airy light as fern,
 Imagination's very self in stone!
 With one long sigh of infinite relief
 From pedantries past, present or to come,
 I looked and owned myself a happy Goth.

And they could build, if not the columned fane
 That from the height looked seaward many-hued,
 Something more friendly to their ruder skies;
 The gray spire molten now in driving mist,
 Now lulled with the incommunicable blue;
 The carvings touched the meanings new with snow
 Or commented with fleeting grace of shade;
 The statues motley as man's memory,
 Partial as that, so mixed of true and false,
 History and legend meeting with a kiss
 Across the bound-mark where their realms confine:
 The painted windows freaking gloom with glow,
 Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,