

And who had wov'n the wreath to crown her queen—
Queen of his heart—which felt but did not know—
For golden haze of youthful ignorance—
The sorrowful joy, and feverish bliss of love,
Prompting his thought, and sparkling in his eyes.
Dear friends they were, although they wist not why,
And close companions. "Sit quite still," he said,
"Dear Edith: do not move your head an inch
Till I have drawn your portrait."

And he drew,
With facile fingers, and a ready touch
For one so young, a semblance of the maid,
Crowned with her garland, and alight with smiles,
And wrote beneath it, "Edith Bellenden,
By Arthur Westwood, on a morn of May."

"For me?" she asked him, with inquiring eyes;
Then put the paper in her tiny breast