

her as an angel just come down from heaven, others as a tempting fiend just come up from the pit. Even the same poet—in different mood — has many a various estimate of her of whom he sings. Thus Byron in one poem describes one of his fair visions in words that many of us would apply to the woman — mother, wife or sister — whom we loved best.

“ She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright,  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.”

And in another one he declares :

“ What a strange thing is man ! and what a stranger  
Is woman ! What a whirlwind is her head  
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger,  
Is all the rest about her.”

Lord Lansdown in heartless cynicism puts it  
this way :