

serve for mere amusement. They are Admetus and Alcestis—Alcestis who died for Admetus' sake, the great classical exemplar of deep devotion and faithfulness, that Alcestis to whom Milton, in after time, likened his own "late espoused saint." The walls of the Englishman's palace wherein the Court is held are adorned with the symbol of constancy. They are

"Depeinted wonderly
With many a thousand daisies rede as rose,
And white also."

Let me add that the daisy speaks eloquently for Chaucer. In the prologue to his poem, *The Legend of Good Women*—you cannot fail to notice how significant the place is—Chaucer tells how no May morning dawns without seeing him walking in the mead to behold the daisy open at sunrise; how in the evening he runs to watch its petals close; tells how he would that he had English rime or prose capable of praising this flower aright; how he dreamed that he lay in the meadow gazing on the daisy when the god and queen of love came from afar, and how she bore on her head a fret of gold and on it a white crown,

"For all the world right as a daisie
Y-crowned is."

The English poet took the little modest flower and by its heart of gold and white corona of purity he typified virtues which the foreigner esteemed lightly.

I pass to the second example: The tales of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, that never-failing storehouse for posterity, were told simply to amuse. They were to make the gay listeners quite callous to the plague raging at their very doors. Those seven fashionable ladies and three gentlemen talking in a garden near Florence could scarcely have foreseen how winged their thoughts were to be. A healthy English mind was to moralize their stories in the mouths of a band of English pilgrims, representing all classes of English society, both gentle and simple, as they trotted along the highway of life in honest hearty fellowship, with intent to worship at the shrine of the one modern English