

has the words of that last line, so musically ordered and so faithfully correct.

There is a nameless charm in these lines too :

" And still she slept an azure-bidded sleep
In blanched linen, smooth and lavendered ;"

and in the words describing the dainties that Porphyro spread out by her bedside, especially the line : " Lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon," we like to say the words on the tip of the tongue and linger on every one.

I must confess, however, that my enjoyment of them is not as keen as it might have been. When a mere lad I was very fond of cinnamon. But one day I got possession of the precious stuff when nobody else was near and took so much that ever since the word *cinnamon* has been associated with unpleasant sensations. But even so I can enjoy this line ; especially when I read it thinking of the days prior to my overdose of the spiced dainty.

This line, too, is worthy of our respect : " From silken Samereand to cedar'd Lebanon." One smells the cedars especially. " Blushed with blood of queens and kings." The glamor of these words is not so subtle but it is as sure as that of the two lines in *The Ode to the Nightingale* :

" The same that oftimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn."

In *Isabella* the sensuous enjoyment is subordinated to the human interest in contrast to the *Eve of St. Agnes*, which subordinates the human to the luxury of the senses. As a poem it is scarcely less successful than the *Eve of St. Agnes*. These two, together with *Zamia* and the five odes, are not far short of perfection. They have glaring defects which even a novice in poetical intelligence might discover or at least acknowledge once they were discovered. But they stand, nevertheless, as examples of glorified estheticism. And the main secret of their charm is the wedding in them of the senses and the intellect, of beauty and truth, resulting in a beautiful restraint and imaginative inspiration. Keats does not paint to the eye. He