

is a wide gulf fixed. The Keats of *Endymion* and the Keats of the *Eve of St. Mark* are two entirely different individuals. And seeing this change of heart we forgive. With all his iniquities, however, he has left us some enduring work. I wish to point out the nature of that work.

The poetry of Keats is that of idealized sensation. It waits upon and ministers to the absolute longings of the body. The mighty abstract idea of Beauty informs it at every turn. It breathes the air of glorified estheticism and proclaims the gospel of the life that now is.

There are three attitudes toward this world. There are those who are satisfied with it and take and enjoy what every day has in store for them ; who sing their songs at their work and are never weary or heavy laden ; who are delighted with everything about them and to whom the last event is always the chiefest, so perfectly happy and contented are they in their environment. These are the healthy realists in life, who in the horse language of David Harum always eat their oats and pull their load. Then there are those who if they are not dissatisfied, are yet very unsatisfied with their lot. They are feverishly haunted with a sense of a something lovelier and happier than this world. They chafe under their toil as under a yoke of bondage. They are impatient with the creative spirit around them and feel that this is not the best possible universe. The bluest sky is still very grey to them. The loveliest landscape is unsatisfying. The rich variety of color and sound and work and joy about them is monotonous compared with their abode of imagined beauty. These are the estheticists in real life. We know them by their sweet, sad faces. They are prisoners in life who long to break their chains. Then there are those who, while in this world, are yet quite insensible to it. Every sight and sound is to them a symbol of immensity, a suggestion of another non-material and invisible world. They are being continually caught up and carried away from physical and finite things. Their conversation is in heaven. They are neither satisfied nor dissatisfied nor unsatisfied with this world. They are insensible to it. They take knowledge