

## KEATS.

You hold my dog-eared volume in your hand,  
And idly ask me what I think of Keats.  
Now, let me likewise idly question you :—  
In summer-time, well toward the close of June,  
Have you once walked down dusty meadow-paths  
That face the sun, and quiver in the heat,  
And, as you brushed through grass and daisies' heads,  
Found glowing on some sunburnt little knoll,  
A deep red over-ripe wild strawberry ?—  
The sweetest fruit beneath Canadian skies  
(In all that withered field the only touch  
Of lustrous color to redeem the Spring)?  
And have you ever taken in your hand  
That swollen globe of soft deliciousness ?—  
You notice first the colour, richly red ;  
And then the odour, strangely sweet and sharp ;  
And last of all, you crush its ruddy core  
Against your lips, till colour, taste, and scent,  
Might make your stained lip stop to murmur: "This,  
The very heart of Summer that I crush,"—  
So poignant, through its lusciousness, it seems !  
Ah ! then no further need of idle words ;  
I've shown you now just what I think of Keats.