books to prove such commonplace! It is so common that we forget its share of truth, and if any of my hearers will read the Prelude for himself, he will there discover very many points which time forbids me to mention. Instead of poetry being the reality and philosophy the illusion, both are realities, and, in the crowning works of genius, dramatic and other, they are, in so far as they can be, mutual helps. In Memoriam is one of the finest and most emotional poems in English—a pretty piece of mosaic, cast in philosophical figure, put together by a mind striving to express in it philosophy not only abstract but also fully abreast with our age. Take that element from it and then perhaps Mr. Matthew Arnold will declare the purblind critique of M. Taine just.

Keats manifests individuality of another nature. His deepest belief is,

> ' Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' that is all
> Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

And so the thought and, in consequence, the imagery of Keats refer for the most part to the artistically beautiful. Keats lived away from the turmoil of his generation. Its revolutionary throes he neither witnessed nor sympathized with, as a poet. Wordsworth put a stone of the Bastile into his pocket ; Coleridge and Southey dreamed of ideal republics ; Campbell was so stricken down at the news of Warsaw's fall as to be in jeopardy of his life—Polish newspapers printed in large type, " The gratitude of our nation is due to Thomas Campbell "—Poland herself sent a clod of earth from Koscuisko's grave to be cast into Campbell's tomb as a tribute of love ; Shelley threw political tracts from a window in Dublin that Ireland might be bettered ; Byron joined the Italian Carbonari and fell in the cause of Greek liberty. But the spirit of these men never found an abiding place in the soul of Keats. He indulges in no ethical moralizing, worthy of the name. Moreover, Keats views antiquity not as an incentive to future endeavour or as historically interesting.

> Hence, pageant history ! hence, gilded cheat !
> Swart planet in the universe of deeds !
> Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
> Along the pebbled shore of memory !