

And these lines are worth preserving too :

" And then their features started into smiles,
Sweet as the heavens o'er enchanted isles,
Softly the breezes from the forest came,
Softly they blew aside the tabor's flame ;
Clear was the song from Philomel's far bower,
Grateful the incense from the lime tree flower;
Lovely the moon in ether all alone."

Apart from such lines the fragment is not worth perpetuating. But these redeem the rest. They are a thing of beauty and a joy forever and their loveliness increases as often as they impress themselves upon us.

Endymion as a poem is a sad failure, and no one has been more sensible of this than Keats. It is too copious, too obscene, and shockingly unrestrained and enervating. His theory of poetry at this time was that it should surprise by a fine excess; and he succeeds tolerably well in carrying that false theory into practice. Yet Endymion is full of true and ever delightful touches; and it is the record of a soul bound in sweet, sad, unnameable and baffled yearning for the absolute perfection of beauty and enjoyment. And as such it can never pass into nothingness.

As yet the young poet is in bewilderment of ecstasy. His sensations troop in upon him too fast, and he has them not in orderly control. Besides he cherishes them like a fond lover, brooding over them, luxuriating in them. And thus his progress is stayed. And yet, at times he is master of the situation and we are held in happy thrall.

" Rain scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well wooing sun ;
The lark was lost in him ; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass ;
Man's voice was on the mountains ; and the mass
Of Nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,
To feel this sunrise and its glories old."

In these opening lines we find the promise that was shortly to be fulfilled in him. The hymn to Pan is worthy of the noblest Greek culture and inspiration. For sweet, sad, weird,