

young Porphyro of his own Eve of St. Agnes who has brought to us from the closet of his poetic imagination

"A heap
Of candied apple, quince and plum and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon ;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From fez ; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken somereand to cedar'd Lebanon."

At first, however, Keats lived chiefly in the realm of *pure* sensations. He was not then the apostle of *absolute* beauty which he afterwards became—that beauty that has come under the discriminating care of the intellect. Wordsworth loved a life of thoughts rather than sensations. At first Keats loved a life of sensations rather than thoughts. He is the prodigal away from his home. And thus the first poetry of Keats is unwholesome. It lacks the *gusto* and *glamour* of his matured work. In it he aims at no definite purpose beyond the desire to call up and luxuriate in sensuous images. Like a generous but under bred host it is regardless of its company. All are welcome. High and low, rich and poor, from the highways and hedges they come trooping in to enjoy the banquet of his mind. Their multitude is so great and so heterogeneous that he does not know what to do with them. He wants to make them all at home, but they are not at home. The shaping spirit of the imagination is not at work. He has not been careful to select, and in his large-hearted, universal predestination all are elected to the glory of poetic expression. And so these poems are overcharged and unrestrained, and as *poems* are splendid examples of the art of daubing. Yet in these early pieces we sometimes find the mind of a conditional predestinarian, the victory of the imagination and therefore some noble lines. The Calidore fragment does not aim at any unity of interest or perfection of form. It has also some cloying and unmeaning expressions, yet it is rich in exquisite detail and freshness of phrase whose message is direct and lingering. What could be better than the descriptions of the steeds:

"Slanting out their necks with loosened rein" ?