

him and only improves them, being thus only a developer of what is already begun. He tinkers up what he thinks needs mending. Keats is not a tinker. He leaves the world about him as he finds it; but, catching the contagion of the creative spirit, he goes on to manufacture new worlds. Nature is profitable to him chiefly for suggestion and inspiration.

It is true that the pure idealist is a worshipper of and a seeker after the enjoyment of the beautiful, that he is a rival of nature, a competitor with her in the attempt to create a lovelier world. But there is this difference between him and Keats. He does not create in the realm of the physical and temporal and finite. The sphere of his activity is the non-physical, the infinite, the eternal. Keats gives us another world from what we live in, but it is still of the earth, still governed by the same laws of light and shade, form and colour. The pure idealist gives us another world than this, but it is not of this earth. It is such as we expect to see when we become released from this present. It knows no finite limitations and slopes off into immensity. The realist is well satisfied with this world, but he sees some imperfections and touches up what he finds. The estheticist is unsatisfied with this world and creates another and larger, but of the same kind. The pure idealist ignores this world and creates in the realm of the spiritual.

Now these distinctions are not meant to be arbitrary. For there is a community of interest between these literary workmen, and sometimes the one is found transgressing upon the territory of the other. But the predominant touches of each is such as to merit the classification that has been made.

Keats, then, was a man supremely in love with the beautiful, with the longings and sensations of the body, and inspired with an unutterable craving for the absolute of sensuous expression and the absolute of sensuous delight. He was a young pagan born out of due time—born into our modern world when he should have inhabited the shores of Hellas before the Dryads fled. He was one, who, "having loved Antigone before he visited this earth ever afterwards demanded of life more than it could give." He is the