

beautiful was something more than that of the surface. Keats's vision penetrated the soul of things, and his greatness lay in his mastery of the unity of life and his identification of the highest beauty with the highest truth.

How far  
"The Eve of  
St. Agnes"  
Reflects  
the Genius  
of Keats.

His genius is well reflected in "The Eve of St. Agnes." It is, as the poet himself said, a regular stepping of the imagination towards a truth. "The Eve of St. Agnes" is not only radiant with beauty, it is beauty itself. Its poetic thought is flashed through the cloister windows of the imagination and is warm with the breath of incense and prayer. Take for instance the twenty-fourth stanza of this poem. Did poet ever before write lines so full of pomp and grace and color as the following? —

"A casement, high and triple-arched, there was,  
All garlanded with carven imageries  
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;  
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
And *Twilight* saints, and dim emblazonings,  
Ashied 'scutcheon *Blushed* with blood of queens and kings."

"The Eve of St. Agnes" is, indeed, a casket of gems. Perhaps there is nothing finer in the forty-two stanzas that make up the entire poem than the following exquisite lines:

Some Pas-  
sages of Rare  
Beauty.