

paints to the imagination. There are very few color words in that supposedly highly colored romance, the *Eve of St. Agnes*. The colors are largely imagined. He bewitches us through suggestion and not through description. And it is so with all his best poetry. By antique words, phrases and themes ; by a melody enriched through a subtle management of the open and closed vowels and by variety in rhyme ; by the constant exercise of the imagination whose chief office is to teach what to leave out and what to put in, and, which is very thrifty of words ; by fidelity to the truth—beauty's law ; by far off allusions, some of which are wholly unaccountable ; by the faculty of imbuing dead things with life ; by sinking into and becoming one with the spirit of nature and by simplicity—the poetry of Keats like the poetry of *Earth* is never dead. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Matthew Arnold makes the distinguishing feature of Keats to be gusto. William Michael Rossetti refers to the glamour of the *Eve of St. Agnes*. But this glamour is characteristic of all his best poetry. It is a feature of the *Ode to Autumn*. It is especially marked in "*La belle dame sans merci*" and the "*Eve of St. Mark*." And that vague, transcendental, emotional, supernatural entity of these two latter poems made a deep impression on D. G. Rossetti, whose distinctive quality is glamour. So that Keats appeals to us in gusto and glamour both. That is to say he provides us with a super-refined relish and leaves us delicately and entrancingly bewitched.

In respect of this latter quality of glamour he reaches his high water mark in "*The Eve of St. Mark*" and "*La belle dame sans merci*." In these he strikes the note of wonder, of awe, of the supernatural—which Coleridge has sounded so clearly which has become the distinctive note in the poetry of the 19th century and which finds its consummation in Rossetti's "*Blessed Damsel*," the noblest poem of any language of any age.