

poems of Greek life. *Endymion* has all the faults and all the promise of a great poet's early work, and no one knew its faults better than Keats, whose preface is a model of just self-judgment. *Hyperion*, a fragment of a tale of the overthrow of the Titans, is itself like a Titanic torso, and in it the faults of *Endymion* are repaired and its promise fulfilled. Both are filled with that which was deepest in the mind of Keats, the love of loveliness for its own sake, the sense of its rightful and pre-eminent power; and in the singleness of worship which he gave to Beauty, Keats is especially the artist, and the true father of the latest modern school of poetry. Not content with carrying us into Greek life, he took us back into mediæval romance, and in this also he started a new type of poetry. There are two poems which mark this revival—*Isabella*, and the *Eve of St. Agnes*. *Isabella* is a version of Boccaccio's tale of the *Pot of Basil*; *St. Agnes' Eve* is, as far as I know, original; the former is purely mediæval, the latter is tinged with the conventional mediævalism of Spenser. Both poems are however modern and individual. The overwrought daintiness of style, the pure sensuousness, the subtle flavour of feeling, belong to no one but Keats. Their originality has caused much imitation of them, but they are too original for imitation. In smaller poems, such as the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, the poem to *Autumn*, and some sonnets, he is perhaps at his very best. In these and in all, his painting of Nature is as close, as direct as Wordsworth's; less full of the imagination that links human thought to Nature, but more full of the imagination which broods upon enjoyment of beauty. His career was short; he had scarcely begun to write when death took him away from the loveliness he loved so keenly. Consumption drove him to Rome, and there he died almost alone. He lies not far from Shelley, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

155. Modern English Poetry.—Keats marks