

poets who are pure idealists, who are insensible to the facts about them, sort of color blind and deaf, whose "eye among the heavens can see the face of things that is to be." They are continually forgetting that there is such a thing as the physical. They are being forever caught up. They are poets of the spirit. Plato and Swedenborg and Paul and Wordsworth were such. Swedenborg not only said that every physical thing has its spiritual counterpart, but he was more conscious of the spiritual than the physical. Wordsworth was preeminently so, and in being so he is in direct line of succession with the prophets of the olden time. All these walk in two worlds, the world that is seen and that which is unseen; but they are conscious chiefly, or only, of the unseen. Wordsworth tells us that, in early life especially, he had to often reach out his hand and touch the objects about him to be sure of their reality. Isaiah says that he saw the Lord, and Paul declares that, moving about among the things seen and temporal, he was more sure of the things unseen and eternal. Ready, the early acquaintance of Sentimental Tommy, was a pure idealist; that is to say: Tommy did such wonderful things and told her such marvellous tales of Thrusus, that she had to pinch him to be sure that he was flesh and blood, and not some ethereal and uncreated essence.

There is the third class of poets: those who are estheticists, who are unsatisfied with the common and imperfect life about them: who yearn for a world of absolute beauty and enjoyment; who steal nature's thunder; who go on to rival and outdo the creative spirit and who give us a world such as their creative vision loves to contemplate. Among these we place Keats. Others record what they see, but he records what he imagines. He draws this distinction himself, in contrasting his poetry with that of Scott. Now it is true that the realist is a worshipper of and seeker after beauty and pleasure, and is a rival of nature—a competitor with her in the attempt to create a better world. But there is this difference between him and Keats: he is less ambitious and rivals nature on her own ground. He is less inventive, imaginative. He takes the scenes and events and individuals that nature has given