

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

who "makes" or "does" things, and Keats was preoccupied with eternal "Truth-Beauty"—to coin a term like the "Space-Time" of Einstein—of a far less potent and intricate quality.

In Egyptian lore Tahuti, the god of language, is also the god of wisdom and of creative thought; the word "gramareye" (dear to Sir Walter Scott) is indeed, like the French word *grimoire*, etymologically equivalent to "grammar." Poets must not be ranked by their lyrical exaltation any more than by their technical ability: wisdom is justified of her children, and a poet of his!

The children of Keats are people like Rossetti, Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, whose eyes were fixed sadly and languorously on the sunset of things.

But the spilth of Shelley's seed flooded foreign and innumerable fields: James Thomson, Swinburne, and other poets of revolution and passion are only a minor branch of his great family. The reformers, the humanitarians, the feminists, the transcendentalists, from Bradlaugh and Huxley to Nietzsche and Anna Kingsford, were all suckled on that pale gold wine of Dionysus which issued from his martyred veins. The young lady was within her rights when she asked "What are Keats?"; and if she was a wise child she knew her own father to be Shelley.

Keats remains perfect and imperishable like his own Greek Vase; he is the chief treasure of the Museum of Humanity; but Shelley is the High Priest of the Temple of Spiritual Progress, the Prophet of the most High God of Freedom, and the King of the Republic of "gentleness, wisdom, virtue, and endurance."

He is dynamic as Keats is static; and the nature of the Universe is Becoming rather than Being. The nineteenth century stripped the gilded rags of religion from the mummy of existence, and found a crumbling corpse, but the twentieth sees that dust dissolve into a glittering film of motion and light.

Modern physical and mathematical research are making it clearer every day that the structure of matter is indeed that subtle spiritual vibration which Shelley perceived it to be. By a parallel argument, man himself is no longer conceived as a fixed quantity established in a world six thousand years old, and subject to a single law. He is an