

emotion. It is a sort of instrument which thrills the soul not only by what it reveals but what it suggests. For this reason, a mere esthetic word-picture, no matter how carefully wrought, is not in the true sense poetry.

It may emulate the careful photograph, which seemingly loses nothing yet fails to catch the one necessary insight which the painter who is a genius puts into his picture—that light that never was on sea or land, yet which all men see sometime or other in what the average world may call the dull and commonplace. There may be a danger, however, that a cult to see beauty in the commonplace will grow from the affectation to seem artistic and poetical. After all, the beauty we see in a special verse is in ourselves. There is the universal beauty which all see. That is the real, the lasting beauty. There is the greatness of life as life, the greatness inherent in noble actions and noble aims; the pathos of a great love, a great self-denial or a great despair. There is the greatness of a struggle for a lost cause (how mankind loves a lost cause!) There is a majesty of life and death; the majesty of ocean and shore and lofty hills. All of this is universal, and of this poetry is made.

After all, the real root of all poetry from Shakespeare to the latest singer is in the human heart. The mind is cold and critical. It plans and plots. It examines and sifts. Man with the mind alone were but a mean creature. Man the planner and plotter, the schemer and builder, may move mountains and yet be little better than the ape. It is man the hopper, man the