

beaten-out phrases of Racine or Corneille, or even the rhyming couplets in Shakespeare, and they detract from the author, but Othello's "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them" delights the ear, and in that

"Orbéd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon,"

we are glad to pay homage to the unpinioned flight of Shelley's genius. There is a tiresome, hollow beat to Cowper's lines that enhances the truth of Burns' songs. Poet, artist, musician, orator, in all we demand honesty. When Ulysses returned home, his old hunting-dog recognized him. We detest the boasts of Hector and Achilles, but how we love the truth in the dog and master. We do not want culture in the common sense. The orator or writer, through all his Greek and Latin quotations, his sentences cribbed from Burke or Canning, cannot conceal his insincerity. Something lacks. It is the vitality of personal contact with the tree or flower, with the tools of Nature and art, that vivifies and completes the man. When we look at the plough,