

"Old sinner, hast thou parted with thy wit?"
 "Wilt buy it?" "No." "But wherefore?"
 "It is mine."

In such work as this there is much of what the Spaniards call "salt": it stings healthily, it is sane, temperate, above all, ingenious; and the question as to whether or not it is poetry resolves itself into a question as to whether or not the verse of Martial, indeed Latin epigrammatic verse in general, is poetry. To the modern mind, brought up on romantic models, only Catullus is quite certainly or quite obviously a poet in his epigrams; and his appeal to us is as personal as the appeal of Villon. He does not generalize,

he does not smile while he stabs; the passion of love or hate burns in him like a flame, setting the verse on fire. Martial writes for men of the world; he writes in order to comment on things; his form has the finish of a thing made to fulfil a purpose. Campoamor also writes out of a fruitful experience, not transfiguring life where he reflects it. If what he writes is not poetry, in our modern conception of the word, it has at least the beauty of adjustment to an end, of perfect fitness; and it reflects a temperament, not a great poetical temperament, but one to which human affairs were infinitely interesting, and their expression in art the one business of life.

One Poet to Another

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS

(Accompanying a manuscript sonnet,—with emendations)

MY True-love's lute I love to tune aright,
 So truly doth he sing of truest love;
 His lightsome lay makes night's cold shadows bright.
 When his clear lute is truly tuned aright,
 Each note glows golden to the ravished sight,
 Each soul of man doth with that music move—
 When his true lute my True-love tunes aright,
 And sings, to Heaven and me, of deathless love.

His lightsome lay makes night's cold shadows bright,
 For, at his singing, see! my sun doth rise.
 Then all my life is radiant in men's sight,
 My earth outheavens Heaven's own golden light.
 As night grows day, so day is dimmed to night,
 By the true measure that my True-love tries.
 His lightsome lay makes night's cold shadows bright,
 For, at his singing, see! my sun doth rise.

Now, since my life is radiant in men's eyes,
 My True-love's lute I seek to tune aright;
 And all my flow'rs, gathered 'neath twilight skies
 (Ere, to his music, my life's sun did rise),
 I twine about, to please the world's cold eyes,
 His lovesome lute.

Ah! fragrant flow'rs and bright,
 For me he sings!
 Therefore my sun doth rise,
 Whether or no his lute be tuned aright.