

## THE OFFICE AND FUNCTION OF POETRY

Today it would seem that poetry has fallen from its high place; that its office and function have ceased to be understood by the people. No longer does "this flowering of the soul, this golden ear of the century, this summit of thought," hold votaries at its altar. Men and women of our day worship at other shrines where burn dimmer but more alluring tapers. Not only has the breath of joy left our meadows and the subsoil of prose been turned up and sown with the seed of science and harrowed into sharp ridges of every-day facts, but the great temple of song, with its glorious symbolic windows and its crowning turrets, its altars of truth and light, its carved niches of grace, its figures and forms of heaven speaking to the heart of each devotee, stands silent by the wayside with scarce a pilgrim at