

*"There are two ways before literature—upward into ever-growing subtilty, with Verhaeren, with Mallarmé, with Maeterlinck, until at last, it may be, a new agreement among refined and studious men gives birth to a new passion, and what seems literature becomes religion; or downward, taking the soul with us until all is simplified and solidified again."*

*W. B. Yeats, The Cutting of an Agate, p. 59.*