

For art is not haphazard in its development, but follows both a norm and a plan. It does not develop by tangents, but grows from the center outwards. In this it follows nature, whose flower and fruitage grows through the seasons as art feels its way and ripens through the centuries.

The primary purpose of art is to minister to the soul and crown life with the deepest felicities of the spirit. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, is neither of yesterday nor today, for he holds the centuries as a scroll in his hands. Where Phidias struck his chisel and Raphael dreamed and Wagner told the music legend of Parsifal in sacred notes, there is neither time nor age, nor winter, nor summer. All is youth and the perpetuity of youth.

But we must go to the poets if we would, indeed, understand what poetry means. They have touched it; they have felt it; they have dreamed it. They know well what is the making of a poet—his