

God who stand eternally at the altar of Beauty and Truth and serve God in the great temple of life.

Of late years we have been paying too much tribute to the mere artistry of poetry—to the excellence of technique, to the color and jingle of words—to a kind of society poetic debut noticed and advertised in the social columns of our newspapers. In all this there is absolutely no pulse. In all this there is no pillar of fire to lead us on. In all this we are neither touched nor exalted, nor inspired. There is no step upward, no trumpet call from beyond the blue. We pace the earth and breathe fine air and joy in the friendship that is ours and are contented.

But true and genuine poetry creates for us an ideal world and takes us into its keeping. It does not satisfy, it is true, but in its divine dissatisfaction we taste something of the joys which, ripened, will be our dower in eternity. Then God will complete the splendid vision of the soul,