

in earthly allurements; otherwise the greatest of gifts may prove but a curse to mankind. The mission of the poet is the ennoblement of the soul through its dower of faculties; the mission of God's priest at the altar is salvation through the gift of divine grace.

Now as all art eludes definition, seeing that in the last analysis a definition is a thing of logic, poetry, in many respects the greatest of all the arts, evades, too, any defining term. Matthew Arnold, if I remember correctly, defines poetry as the happiest thoughts of the happiest moments. Yet it is much more than this. Wordsworth defined it as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge and the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." But it is, too, much more than this. It is life keyed to the finest and most subtle whisperings of the soul, full of vision, full of imagination, full of fire, yes, fire from the altar of true inspiration, borne by thurifers of