

its door or a worshiper bowed before its altar lamps. The poet has, indeed, fallen upon barren times.

Yet this is all but a phase of civilization, or rather a psychological index of the attitude of the world of today towards the idealism of the soul. We are living in an eminently material and practical age. The dreams of the artist have given way before the imperious sweep of science and invention; genius in our day is more concerned with the conquest of the air and the subjugation of land and sea and all material forces to the will and purpose of man, than in bodying forth in lofty rhyme or glorifying on canvas or in Carrara marble "the light that never was on sea or land"—that vision which comes to the soul in moments of inspiration as the gift and dower of God.

Still the old gray earth is not wholly without dreamers. From time to time great souls arise to bear aloft the torch and light up the avenues of life and labor,