BEYOND THE SUNSET

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Beyond the Sunset by Ida M. H. Starr

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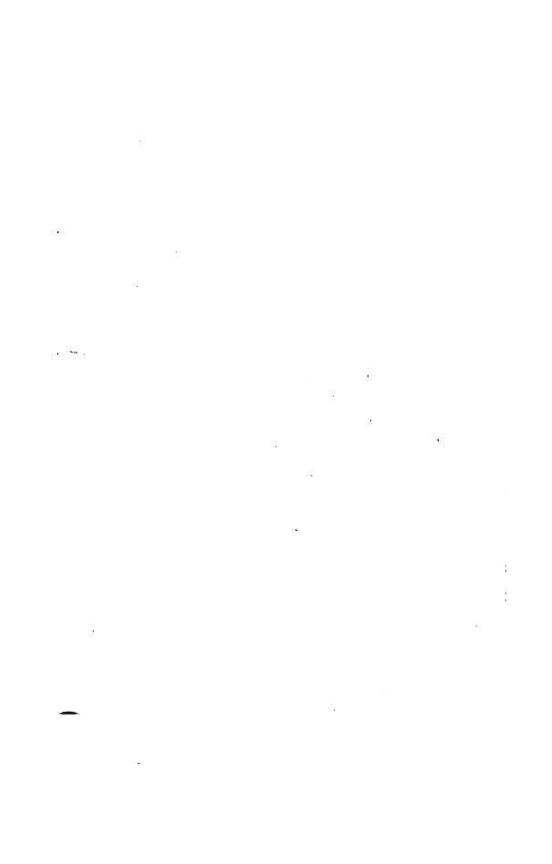
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FOREWORD

HE only circumstance that one may plead for inditing a preface to this charming essay, is that by so doing, we may honor the efforts of one who has served well the cause of Poesy. Served well. say we, and this we mean. Some there are, those bearing within them the high fire of creative genius, whose desire and whose care is to give forth that verse which we call great. Others, with the fine poetic instinct, but lacking, perhaps the poet's vivifying impulse, may yet be the apostles of his beauty and truth. For by sympathetic explanation they may reach those who have ears to hear. Too many alas, are quite deaf to

"the horns of elfland faintly blowing," and these are not to be considered, save with a

kind of bewildered compassion. Poetry can no more be made popular with the multitude than could romance flourish amid the cold reason of the age of Swift and Pope. Beyond a certain point man will not wish to be improved. But among those who harbor the sure