usually invisible are brought into clear perspective. The mirage cheats us and makes us take it for a physical reality. Nature is forever romancing, idealizing, beautifying herself and hypnotizing us by her charm. The children perpetuate the spirit of nature, are always seeing things in large and beautiful perspective and dwelling in a world of romance· And if we would fulfil the one purpose that runs through all creation we should link ourselves to childhood and nature and crown their partial idealism in a life of conscious faith, of sensibility to the reality of the spiritual.

For the spiritual *is* a reality and can be realized here and now as truly as we realize the physical. And we are thankful that there are always some upon this earth who preserve the faith of childhood and set to their seals that the Kingdom of spirit is at hand. There are two classes of individuals in this world although the one is in an almost hopeless minority so far. There is the man of earth and the man of heaven; the man who is material and the man who is spiritual; the man who is sure only of what his physical eye sees, his physical ear hears, his physical body touches and the man who is also sure of what his spiritual eye sees, his spiritual ear hears and his spiritual body touches; the man who trusts the evidences only of his senses and he who also trusts the evidence of his spirit; the man who is chiefly a machine and a drudge and he who is greater than the tools he handles; he to whom heard melodies are sweet and he to whom the unheard are sweeter; he who fulfils the description:

> " A primrose by a river brim
> A yellow primrose is to him
> And it is nothing more ; "

and he who fulfils the other description :

> " To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears ; "

he who looks into the heavens and counts the stars that come forth to pasture in the fields of space . nd he

> · " Whose eye among the heavens can see
> The face of things that is to be ; "

the man who has grown away from the glory of childhood,