

But that means not that we should be different in kind from our childhood but that we should be different in degree. Manhood should be a progress out of childhood. We should not put away childish things in the sense that we are done with them. We should merge them gradually into the larger world of maturity and have them take upon themselves a rich, large, noble development. Just as the tree is the unfolding and not the disannulling of the seed so the child should unfold into the man, carrying his child vision up into the flowering of conscious faith, into the vision of spiritual realities. And in our maturity we should enjoy a nobler romance and a keener delight. Disenchanted of our child world with its vagueness and untranslatableness we should be re-enchanted with the clear consciousness of the kingdom of the spirit. The idealism of childhood should itself become idealized. It should go on refining itself until we are brought to feel the charm, the glamour of spiritual realities. As the body grows toward its finite perfection so should the soul expand toward its infinite perfection. And as we grow to take in the meaning of and give names to and see the relations of sensuous things so should we grow to see the larger meaning of and adjust ourselves to the kingdom of the supersensuous, the non-material. And what in youth was vague and yet so beautiful should become clear and still more beautiful. Manhood, to fulfil the promise of youth, should arrive at a strong development of faith and a clear and entrancing perception of the reality of the spiritual world.

The whole tendency of life is toward the realizing of the Kingdom of faith. Nature is forever idealizing, forever improving her appearance. She abhors mere matter of fact. She decks out her landscape in light and shade and thus variegates and softens our view and makes us behold more than what actually is. The distant hills are being perpetually and exquisitely and tremulously idealized. They might stand out in their bare prosaic details. But instead they are surrounded with a halo of delicate blue or purple and the eye never wearies of looking on their romantic heights. Out in the Western world, on a clear frosty morning, distant scenes