

among the things seen and temporal he had a vision of the things unseen and eternal it was no figment; he declared what his faculty of faith, his spiritual imagination, saw. Spiritual imagination does not create any more than imagination working among the things of sense creates. It discovers what already exists. And we have no more right to say that the vision of Plato or Moses or Paul or Jesus or Clement or Knox or Beecher or Wordsworth or of any humble, pious devotee is a creation of the imagination than that the vision of a Newton or a Columbus is such. The latter saw what pertained only to the physical world. The former have looked upon the things of spirit. And the spiritual they have seen is as real as, far more real than, the physical.

Now such vision is the flowering of our humanity and the lack of it leaves men simply stunted, wanting in the real strength and glory of manhood. We are famed for a great many things these days but we cannot be said to have reached as yet the triumph of faith. We have scientific knowledge in plenty. We have gone out with tape line and measuring rod and gauged the distance between things. We know how far we stand from far off objects and how long we would take to travel thither. We can even compute the distance between the United States and the bodies that hang in space above us and tell to a nicety the world's pedigree. Through the power of steam and electricity we have practically annihilated space and time. We have developed our literary culture. We have our armies and navies and stand rich in the splendour of material civilization. We make loud protestations of religion, build churches, endow colleges and send out missionaries to make and defend our theological systems. But with all our material progress, our signs of outward piety and our theological orthodoxy we cannot be said to have faith. The prophetic wand would seem to be broken, the prophetic insight and message to be in abeyance. So busied are we with our material civilization that we have forgotten to farm the resources of the soul: so busied with the religion of the outward that we have forgotten the religion of the inward, of faith. The child is not the father of the man in our sad case.