

the seconds and minutes and hours. He is an idealist, too, in his conception of distance and the relation of things. He thinks the object toward which he walks is farther off than it really is. And so he often bumps his head and learns a lesson in experience, finding that things are nearer than he supposed. He sees nothing in perspective.

“ I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high :
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.”

He doesn't draw clear cut distinctions between field and forest, earth and sky. Everything runs into everything else and he always finds the universe a big and wonderful thing. When he goes to his next door neighbour's he has travelled as far and seen as much as we older folk who have been to foreign shores. He is an idealist in his attitude toward his elders. He invests them with the sanctity and awe of demi-gods. His father is sufficient in his eyes for all emergencies and is perpetually saying and doing marvellous things.

Childhood is all idealism, vision. It spends its days in the romance of faith.

“ Heaven lies around us in our infancy.”

It lives on the Infinite and Eternal. It feels a continual charm and is forever spell bound.

“ It lies in Abram's bosom all the year
And worships at the temple's inner shrine.”

Lately come from the celestial regions and from the bosom of the father everything is to it a remembrance of the splendor it has recently left.

But as we pass on to maturity we forget the glory we have known in youth. It fades away into the light of common day. We are suddenly disenchanted and find we are living in a cold, grey world, real enough, monotonous enough and