

'Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.'

Carry the argument a little farther. An ideal can do much. It can inspire wonder, admiration, desire, worship. But there is an emotion, deeper, warmer, and sweeter, which no ideal can stir. An ideal cannot enkindle love.

The object
of love:

not an ideal,

The only possible object of love is a person. And what manner of person? Not an ideal person. Is not this taught by the Greek fable of Pygmalion? His Galatea was indeed his own creation, but it was not until his ideal took visible shape that it enkindled love in his heart, and the responsive marble breathed and moved. It is impossible to love an ideal person; nor is it possible to love one who, though real, is merely historic. We cannot love Moses or Isaiah or St. Paul or St. Augustine or Martin Luther or John Knox or Sir Walter Scott. Nor can we love even a contemporary personage whom we know only afar off. A king has the reverence and loyalty of his subjects, but

only a
person, real,
living, near.