

known how to use their powers or how to take advantage of their opportunities. This may be called—indeed, it is sometimes called—the conceit of Youth; but I like better to call it the enthusiasm of Youth. It is literally the divine spark in Youth, which would kindle into flame all that is around it in order to make itself known and to give itself fullest expression. Youth assumes authority and independence that it has not yet had time to win. But why not? Otherwise it would not be Youth, but still-born Age. If Youth did not think and feel that it could do better with the materials of human experience that lie at its hand than has yet been done, there would be no progress and no hope in the world. Every experiment would have been tried, and dull, animal-like contentment that ends ambition and paralyzes ideals, would settle down upon mankind.

It will lessen the sharpness of this conflict and make this revolt seem less desperate if one remembers that some day Youth too will grow old, and that Age was once as young as the youngest. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

Yet it is not fair or kind or true to call all Youth's hopes illusions, and all Youth's ideals dreams. It is out of these hopes and these ideals that the stuff of human advance has been made from the beginning of time. Man's most powerful attribute is not his sensibility, not his understanding, not even his reason; it is his image-making power, with capacity to project images forward into measureless and yet unmeasured time and set these up as goals of human action. This youthfulness characterizes the greatest natures of whatever age, and those most adorn old age who carry this power with them to the end.

It has been my good fortune to know two great men who never grew old. Very different they were, and widely separated in the sphere and in the character of their activities. Both died full of years and of wisdom, and both