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THE DREAM OF YOUTH

HUGH BLACK, M.A.

HD WIDENER



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THE DREAM OF YOUTH

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The Dream of Youth

By

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“Your young men shall see visions.”
—Joel.

“I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.”
—Paul.

“We are such stuff as dreams are made on.”
—Shakespeare.

“ In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.

“ And Solomon said, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child.

“ Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discover between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?

“ And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing.

“ And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment;

“ Behold, I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart.

“ And Solomon awoke; and, behold, it was a dream.”

—I. KINGS, iii. 5-15.

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The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and said, Ask what I shall give thee.

IN R. L. Stevenson's *Across the Plains*, there is a little scene described which is a true allegory of life. It tells the story of an emigrant train from New York to Western America. Some had come 3,000 miles, to find that they had not come far enough; some had been crushed out of the Eastern States in the struggle for life; others were picked up at various points along the line. Nowhere was there found, it seemed, the supremely desirable spot of earth. But all looked to the West for the solution of their very practical problem. Was it not the land of gold? As they neared the

*Across the
Plains*

The Dream of Youth

Promised Land they met other emigrant trains travelling eastward, crowded, not with people who had made their fortune, but were still seeking it. It was the backwash of the waves, as hungry as the influx. The return emigrants wailed through the windows, "Come back! Come back!" The scene is full of the pathos of life. The East and the West united in the common confession of failure. There is no El Dorado. It is the death of a dream.

*Dreams are
immortal*

There is always a Beyond in life. We never reach the end. Peak rises above peak, and a summit is but the base of another. The infinite is the finite continued back and front, and it is not easy to say where the one ends and the other begins. The Beyond haunts us at every turn. It represents our highest joy—and our deepest despair. The pleasure of a longing is the measure of its pain. We are never satisfied with getting, because although we get all our heart's desire, by the

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time we receive it our hearts have grown too big to be satisfied there, and we have reached out after a larger hope.

Say when you have had enough; of pleasure, seeker after happiness; of knowledge, searcher after truth; of life, greedy soul that will live forever; enough of anything desired and striven for—say when! But not a lip moves to form the word, and some lips, that have grown paler since age has tempered the red blood of youth, are parted in a sigh. Is the heart of man a bottomless pit that with all its filling can never be filled? Will the cup of life never run over, pour in what you may? It is because we can't get the Beyond out of life. The world does not end at the horizon. Life is not bounded by present possession. The heart is not limited to vision by day. Beyond vision by day there are dreams by night. Beyond present possession there is future hope. Beyond the horizon there is another

*When have
you enough?*

The Dream of Youth

scene as large and fair bounded by its horizon, and beyond that another—and another.

*The growth
of desire and
capacity*

You have played with a child who would not let you stop, but greeted the end of every game with More! More play! till you felt that life was too short even to give a child enough play. The child is father of the man. The same scene is enacted, and re-enacted, with the same result. Desire grows by what it feeds on. Capacity increases by every fresh effort after satisfaction. The eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing. The heart is not satisfied with beating nor the life with living. The Beyond, which is ours and yet not ours—ours in intention though not ours in possession—creates a place in our lives for praying and dreaming. The attained is the discarded: the unattained is our legitimate sphere. We live for the future, and thus must live by faith. Faith does not fear the mysterious. Life has mystery in it because it

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has a future. If we had more imagination we would have more faith. God has made His mountains high that men might climb; unattainable that men might attain.

All life is an asking, a lifting up of the eyes and hands. We have not got all we want. Our needs are clamant, and in some form or other we ask for what will appease them. Hence the prayers and dreams. When you have stopped praying, you have stopped living. When conscious prayer ceases, when you no longer seek after God, when you no longer desire to be conformed to the image which once stole away your heart, then the higher functions of life cease. Unconscious prayer goes on all the same on a lower plane. Your every breath is a prayer for the next. Your daily work is a prayer for daily bread. Prayer is not something out of place in the universe, a magical force which enters abruptly in the region of religion, like a bolt out of the

*So long as
life is not
confined to
the present,
there will be
room for
prayers—
and dreams*

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blue. Prayer is the universal law of all living. It is the expression of dependence and desire; and dependence and desire are at the basis of every form of life—dependence upon a higher power, desire after larger power. The great distinction lies in what kind of life it is, on what scale the praying is. The dependence is universal and fixed; the desire fluctuates and has a moral meaning. Life persists through dependence, and is evolved through desire. The past is conserved, and the future is opened up to further progress. Unconscious prayer is everywhere. It is a praying universe, held in God's hand trustingly, and looking up into His face expectantly. The tree roots itself downward in strenuous dependence, and stretches out its arms upward in dumb desire. Everything depends on God.

*All men
depend on
God*

Conscious dependence, and conscious desire, seem possible only to men. All men depend on God. But not all men desire God. That is

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where the dividing line comes in. Every human desire has moral contents, which color the whole of life. It depends on what sort of asking, what you want, what your heart is set on. Every man can apply the touchstone to his own soul, and apportion exactly the value of his life, by finding out what his aims and desires are. The kind of asking you do in the world settles the kind of praying you do, and the kind of dreaming.

Dreams, by day or by night, are usually thought to be unsubstantial fabrics, of no market value, and worthless from any point of view. Will it surprise you to be told that your dreams are the most important things in your life? They are often worthless enough, but if they are worth nothing, what are you, the dreamer, worth, since they represent your highest life? Even a dream by night is but the passive impression of what you pray for, or long for, by day. It is the reflection of the

*Dreams are
the most
important
things in
your life*

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heart's desire, the commanding thoughts, the imperative needs, the purposes for which you spend yourself, that which you expect to get from life, that which you are asking of God and man.

*A dream is
the other side
of a prayer*

In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and said, Ask what I shall give thee.

And he asked that which was lying deep in his heart. He unveiled the secret desires and purposes of his mind. He asked out of the great responsibility of a new position, for an understanding heart, to judge rightly, to discern between good and bad. High thoughts surged through the mind of the young king, humbling and inspiring him. The heavenly light afterward faded into the light of common day. The glory of his great resolve died out of his soul; but never was he a truer man than then,—

When on the glimmering limit far withdrawn,
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

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And out of the depths there seemed to come an answer granting his request, giving with lavish hand all that he asked, and more.

And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Tell me your dreams, and I will read the riddle of your life. Tell me your prayers, and I will write the history of a soul. Tell me your askings, and I will tell you your gettings. Tell me what you seek, and I will tell you what you are. I do not wish to know your possessions—only your wants. I care not to know what you have—keep it!—only what you have not and desire to have; not your attainments, but what you have not yet attained, and *follow after*. That which comes to you in your visions by day and your dreams by night, the ideal you set before you, the things which you approve as excellent, what you seek after and have given your heart to; these are the measure of the man.

Only a dream, and therefore nothing?

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In a truer sense than Shakespeare meant, "We are such things as dreams are made on." They have no price in the market, but they, and they alone, give worth and dignity to life.

*A living
dream is
better than
a dead
achievement*

Renan says, "At bottom every ideal is a Utopia." It is the word of a man who has lost his faith, and forgotten his youth. It means that the aspirations of good men are but fancies which end in failure. The high thoughts which are our glory are, in this creedless creed, lights from heaven which lead astray, dreams which delude and mock with a barren result of nothingness, a will-of-the-wisp which allures into the quagmire. It is truer to say with Martineau, "At bottom every ideal is an Inspiration." It is not a Utopia that can never be, but an Inspiration that will make it be. When the dream dies out of your heart, your feet are at the gates of Inferno with its motto of despair. When

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youth abandons hope, it loses the glory of life. These ideals of youth are not human illusions, but divine visions; not dreams painted on the night, but the glimmerings of the eternal dawn. We are not set to cry like children for the moon. We are not set to break our hearts for the unattainable, but to realize the unattained. The ideal is the highest, truest, real; that which *shall be*; that which at the heart of things *is*.

“Utopianism,” says Ruskin, “is one of the devil’s pet words. I believe the quiet admission which we are all of us ready to make, that, because things have long been wrong, it is impossible they should ever be right, is one of the most fatal sources of misery and crime from which the world suffers. Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well on the ground that perfection is Utopian, beware of that man. Cast the word out of your dictionary altogether.”

Utopianism

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It is Utopian to believe in, to hope for, to work for, all that are best worth thought and effort in the world. All the achievements of the race, every hope which has inspired, and every faith which has dared, everything attempted for God and the right, have been branded as absurd and impossible. The passion for personal holiness, the love for humanity, the efforts on behalf of men for juster laws and purer lives, the glorious Kingdom of Heaven itself, have been condemned as Utopian. When a dream is killed by a sneer, the dreamer must adjust again himself and his dream. His faith will make both inviolable. We must not make a cowardly surrender to the prevailing enemy that would lower every ideal. We are called to resist the low tone that eats like an acid into the fabric of our dream.

*A typical
American*

Emerson was a typical American in this respect, that he was full of faith in the great

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ideas contained in the Declaration of Independence, ideas for which men suffered and died. Some one in his presence once spoke of these ideas sneeringly, as “glittering generalities,”—just the sort of sneer which men throw at all lofty programmes for human progress. “Glittering generalities!” cried Emerson, “they are *blazing ubiquities*.” Such principles with such a history are glorious ever, and glorious everywhere. Listen not to the evil taunt, but ask for more and ever more, for higher and ever higher things. Be not like the ox, which is content to graze and be fattened for the slaughter. Dream on! Keep your aspirations; preserve the fresh purity of your youthful vision. It is your ideal which settles your place in the universe. Your thoughts give richness and value to your life. Your strivings show what spirit you are of.

God comes to us, as He came to the young king, and says, “Ask what I shall give you.”

*You are
judged by
your
dreams*

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It is not derision, but sober fact. What a man asks, he gets; what a man seeks, he finds; where a man knocks, it is opened to him. This is a law of nature, as well as a principle of religion. It is a rich world that knows no respect of persons, but gives us each what we desire most. We may not get as much as we desire, but we get along the line of our desire. Nothing worth getting is got cheap, but if we will pay the price we will get what we want. The price is just that we should *ask*. To ask in this cosmic sense is not merely to form the words with our lips. One of the unchastened dreams of every heart at some time or other has been to possess some talisman, which will give us the power of magic to gratify every desire at once—an Open Sesame to unlock at will the world's treasure-trove. We remembered the Lamp of Aladdin, which needed only to be rubbed, to bring forth unseen powers to do the bidding of the possessor of the

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*An open
sesame*

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wonderful lamp; and the Cap of Fortunatus, which needed only to be put on to have every wish fulfilled.

The longing to have the Arabian Nights realized could not survive childhood. We had to learn that the universe has a moral and causal basis. We had to learn that the asking to which the world responds is far removed from such idle wishing. The world has nothing to say, no joys to unfold, no secrets to reveal, to the idle wisher. The world would be even less worth living in than it is now, if a few of us had the power of the wizard's wand. To ask for a thing is to give up your heart and life to it, to desire it and work for it above all things, to be ready to sacrifice everything to gain it, to foster it as the imperious need of your life, to make it your thought by day and your dream by night. What a man seeks thus he finds without fail. If a man asks resolutely, unflinchingly, determinedly, he

*Asking and
wishing*

The Dream of Youth

*The great
underlying
uniformity*

gets. If he seek what the world can give, if he pursue a single line with a single eye, giving up all for this, applying every power to this, making this his one aim in life, will he not succeed where the idler or the *dilettante* fail? We can count upon the law of cause and effect. There is a great underlying uniformity, on which we can rely. If a man apply himself exclusively to business, he will attain some measure of success. If to study, he will reach some height up the steeps of knowledge. The success may not be conspicuous in its material fruits, but the making of the man will be in the particular mould of his dream. To have one thing as the dream of your life is to get it. We are in the region of strenuous life. This asking has nothing to do with the incoherencies of rambling fancy, nor the flimsy furniture of castles in the air, nor the tangled farrago of slumberland. We are in God's moral world—

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Where all men's prayers to Thee raised,
Return possessed of what they pray Thee.

There are no failures in life. From the point of view of the world, it is true, some of the greatest successes are counted failures. And from the point of view of heaven, some of the greatest failures are called successes. But strictly speaking, from the point of view of cause and effect, in a world which has eternal justice at the heart of it, there are no failures. We reap as living souls the measure of our sowing. We get what we ask. We are the spiritual offspring of our dream.

We recognize the working of this principle in all our calculations. You can't have knowledge, without making it your dream and your toil. You can't have even pleasure, without making it your dream and your toil. We are paid in the current coin of our own highest good. If you nurse your dream to your heart, if you know what you want from the world,

*Your dream
and your
toil*

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if you have made up your mind as to the chief end of your life; then your future is settled, and you can walk along your path to its end.

*The dream
is working
itself out*

Ask what I shall give thee. Youth is the time for asking. It lays hold of life, and would exhaust its capabilities. The world is before it, and youth has to re-create it, to appropriate it, and fashion it according to its will. "The world's my oyster, and with my sword I'll open it." We do not always realize that our young men are seeing visions, which are their contribution to the world's store, whether for weal or woe depends on the visions. Are they dreaming right dreams, and seeking true ends? How important the enquiry is, the past declares, and the future will disclose.

If only I had my wish!

What would you wish? What would you choose?

It is a new edition of the story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. You are Aladdin

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—stretch forth your hand for the Lamp. Take time to make up your mind. Rub the lamp, and issue your majesty's orders. Make sure of what you ask—*you shall get what you ask.*

In Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, you remember the dramatic tableau, when Fitz-James is being guided along the side of Benledi by a Highland Clansman, to whom he declares that his greatest wish is to be brought face to face with Roderick Dhu and all his clan.

“Have then thy wish!”
Instant through copse and heath arose,
Bonnets and spears and bended bows.
“How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu.”

Not so dramatically but as really, when you have asked, the word is passed, “Have then thy wish.” When God has given you the liberty to choose, He will not withhold your choice. It is not a choice in words. It is not a dream in which an answer is idly given to an idle question. It goes down to the centre of

*“Have then
thy wish.”*

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your being. It is the tragic choice in which are presented the alternatives of life. It is the vision you call up of your highest good, the purpose that takes possession of you, and calls for your life's service. When you were younger the world's distant prospect lay before you with an enamel of glory, gilded by golden joys; and now you have come up to take possession. Your dream is going to come true. You who have been cozened by a dream of pleasure, and have nursed it in your bosom, did you not get it? Whose fault is it that it has been a viper you nursed, which in its viperous nature has stung you? You had dreamed of it; you set your longings toward it; you planned your life to reach it. You would have it, and you have it—*it and its sting*.

*Oh those
dreams of
youth, the
terrible thing
about them
is that they
come true!*

The dream of youth is the dream of a satisfied life, of a great good to be attained; the method of reaching joy and fullness of life. The methods used to reach it are legion. An
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exhaustive catalogue is impossible; for each dream is a new creation. But in essence they all resolve themselves into one of the two great alternatives. On the one side the list would contain the countless gilded pleasures to which men lose their heart—dreams of ambition, of wealth, of gratified sense.

These are all broken lights of the one dream; just as Solomon might have asked long life, or riches for himself, or the life of his enemies. Any one of these, or all of these, would have represented the one alternative. He chose the better part, which may also be represented in many ways, according to the different person choosing. The one is selfish in its essence, seeking only for gratification of some passion or desire, craving for personal satisfaction. Where the point of least resistance is, and how the temptation appeals to each soul, only that soul knows; but it presents itself to all as the *first feasible plan for a satis-*

*All are parts
of one dream*

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fied life. The other alternative takes account of God rather than self, believes in a higher life, a greater good, and chooses ever the higher, even at the expense of present loss or pain. It thinks of others, of God's will for self and the world; and in the glory of the dream the lower self is forgotten, and His will is done.

*The great
cleavage*

The great cleavage, which cuts through all the world, has cut through your life, and divided it into the two portions familiar to you. Good and evil range themselves invariably in opposing ranks. God and the world, the Christ-life and the self-life, make their conflicting appeal. It may be in a crisis of an external kind, as it came to Solomon, when he ascended David's throne with a young man's high thoughts and aspirations. Would that he had kept his dreams! The *blasé* king was a poor caricature of the youthful dreamer. It may come in a moment of great feeling, when

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your life is laid bare to you in a flash, and the shame of it rises before you, when the narrow way almost seeks your feet, and the glory of it draws your heart. Or it may come in the gradual strengthening of your moral powers, the gradual opening of your eyes to the possibility of a new life, the soft unfolding of the dawn, until at last you waken to God's plan for you in the world.

What have you been asking? What has been your whole idea of life? Have you sought grovelling ideals, low pleasures, and selfish pursuits? Have your legitimate yearnings for a wider, fuller life, ended in weak indulgence? Could your whole dream be defined in the scathing words, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life"? If that be all, the world shall be none the richer for your presence. Your presence in it is itself a bad dream, full of fear.

Has God gone out of your life as the sun-

*What is
your dream,
and the in-
terpretation
thereof?*

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shine creeps out of the valleys? Has the divine vision, that once filled your eyes paled and faded before the dominant worldliness of your days? Have you sold your soul for a fleeting passion, your birthright for a mess of pottage? Are you going through the world maimed, and with spiritual nature so stifled that the dream of good has lost its power, and is even denied altogether?

*The death
of a dream
is the loss of
a soul*

The dream-life is sacred to the dreamer. It belongs to the inner Sanctuary, unentered by stranger's feet and unseen by stranger's eye. It is there that God meets a man, in that holy of holies of the heart, shut to every other visitant. That is why the dream of youth is so far-reaching, affecting the whole man to the very finger tips. Remember that what you dream, is what you are, or will be. Keep the Sanctuary holy. It is folly to harbor evil in the heart, thinking to enjoy the stolen sweets of it, and yet preserve the rest of life from con-

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tamination. To pollute the Sanctuary is to make a centre of contagion for every part. Dreams of evil find their issue in deeds of darkness. Unholy thoughts end in unhal- lowed acts. Impure imaginings stain the life. No man can breathe poisoned air with impu- nity. The false dream of liberty results in the pitiful slavery of passion. What a change from the early splendor of the sacred dream, to the hideous nightmare, which blights the life with shame and remorse and the spectral brood of sin. It cuts a man off from the pure, and the true, and the good, and the great Father, and the beautiful Christ. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

All is not lost yet. So long as there is a future there is a sphere for hope, and despair can be beaten back from the gates of life. There may be a *new dream*, with a *new inter- pretation*. Life is surrounded by God. His

*Dreams
translate
themselves
with absolute
accuracy
into life*

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dreams come to us with the possibility of a new departure.

Every hope which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

*God will
help you
choose*

God is not regardless of moral issues. He cares supremely that the good should triumph in you, as well as in the world. He is near to help you in your choice. It is He who gives you the choice, presenting once again the sacred vision which redeems youth, and manhood, and age. It is not for nothing a man sees the heavens open, and has his Bethel dream of the ladder and the angels. It is not easy to destroy him, whose palm still keeps the impress of Christ's hand. It is something to have known a spot on this dull earth as the House of God. The vision fades somewhat: the ladder disappears: the gleam of the angels' flight is lost in the cold grey light of morning: the dreamer may forget his high resolve,

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and may falter and fail. But it cannot be as though it had never been. His eyes never quite lose the reflection of the far-off glory. The music is never quite silenced in his soul. He dies with his face to heaven, and within reach of the ladder. To know that the Lord is in this place is to have pierced into the secrets of this mysterious life, and to find the world transfigured by a new splendor.

Walt Whitman, in the Preface to his *Leaves of Grass*, finishes his advice to his readers with this broad principle, "Dismiss whatever insults your own soul." He asks them to read his book by the light of this canon of criticism, or canon of selection,—and it may be that the book needs it. But the same principle is true for life as well as literature. Take that upon which your soul can feed and grow, and dismiss not only whatever insults your own soul, but rather dismiss whatever insults, or dishonors, or is unworthy of Christ. Dis-

*The future
is protected
by the early
ideal*

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miss whatever belies your dream, whatever dims for you the vision of Christ. With this touchstone the world's treasures are tested. With this, all things are yours; of art, and knowledge, and literature and life. With this, you can go through the world untainted by the evil. Christ's stainless knights can pass through the fierce fight undefiled—and stainless still.

*All progress
must be
along the
lines of
Christianity*

Every true dream must come in terms of Christ. *He has set the type.* Christ has set the type for the race. All progress for the world, all development of the social organism, must be along the lines of Christianity. When we have realized the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; when Christ's teaching has colored all our thinking and living, and dominated legislation and industry and human intercourse; when the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are commonplaces of practical ethics, we can afford to discard the Faith

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which seeks to save society. If progress ever lies "along the line of limitless desire," we have many a weary mile to travel before Christianity can cease to be to us as a race the Religion of Progress. We are face to face with difficulties, political, economic, and social—with social upheavals and labor wars; because we have refused to dream Christ's dream of a redeemed humanity, and to obey His commands; because we have thought to do the world's business without God.

We must retrace our steps patiently, and lay the foundation of our society, not on the rampant selfishness of the natural life, but on the love, which is more than justice, of the spiritual life. The world and its institutions need to be christianized—the Church as well as the State—and to approximate more and more to the Ideal of Jesus.

Christ has also set the type for the individual. If progress for the world lies along the

*The
foundation
of society.*

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line of Christian desire, it is because progress for the individual can only be found there. Only as we grow in His grace; only as we become liker to Him in affinity of soul, thinking His thoughts, seeking His purposes, living His life; only as we get nearer Him in true spiritual union, in winsomeness of character, with the same mind in us which was in Him—in that measure only we must confess can we make true personal progress. The Christian soul must write its own *Imitatio Christi*, or the writing is to no purpose. Christ is the center of the race spiritually—the manifestation of the divine and the culmination of the human. He is the rallying-point for all the forces of righteousness and good in our midst. A man outside the stream of influence that emanates from Him in an anachronism. He exists in the nineteenth century, but he belongs to another age—the age that knew not Christ—and even then he would find it diffi-

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*Christ the
spiritual
center of
the race*

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cult to secure his true place; for Christ is the Fruition of the past and the Prophecy of the future. Such a man has no real standing in God's whole universe.

This is the Christian Era. The type has been fixed permanently; for there is none higher. All else is a flagrant deviation from the original thought of God. Christ is the heavenly ideal and the humanly real. To call Him Saviour and Master is to choose the life of God as your portion. To know Him is to love Him, and to love Him is to *realize the ideal*—to live forevermore.

When the vision of Christ comes to you as it came to Paul; when His life makes its great appeal to you, and His love pierces you through; may you be able to say with Paul, humbly and thankfully, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." The vision comes with an appeal to the heroic. It is easier to go with the crowd; to drug the conscience with

*If we are
judged by
our dreams,
our dreams
are judged
by Christ*

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the thought that in doing the evil we are following a multitude. It is easy to forsake the heavenly ideal for the love of this present world. It is easy to give up the agony of conflict with the sin of self, and the necessity of protest against the sin of the world. But the appeal is not in vain, for the highest in us leaps in response to the call.

Who so hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound, nor doubt Him, nor deny;
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on one side, for on this am I.

*Ask alway
for the best*

Ask what He shall give you. Ask for the best gifts. Ask for the peace which comes from the kiss of righteousness; for the smile of God which changes the world. Ask to be kept from the evil; ask to be led up over the shoulder of the hill, on whose flinty track are blood-marks, telling stories of unselfishness, and sacrifice, and love that will not die.

The glittering peaks tower heavenward, bathed in the glory of eternal light—appallingly
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far, and appealingly near. They beckon as we gaze. Oh for the heart of a mountaineer!

IT IS A REVELATION. It is a revelation of what the inner life may be. It is a revelation of God and of man. It is the Idealism which shall live, when all our blatant obtrusive Realisms find their fitting graves—the idealism which even now is the life of all that lives. It is not relegated hopelessly to the future. The present is Christ's, because the future is His. His faith is for the life that now is, as well as for the life which is to come. It is not a Despair, but an Inspiration.

Is it a dream?

Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatso-

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ever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

*Think on
these things*

Now unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of His glory without blemish, in exceeding joy, to the only God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, dominion, and power, before all time, and now, and forevermore. Amen.

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