The Evolution of Idealism.

By

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Outline:

1. Introduction.
   2° Definition.
   2° Source.

2° The evolution in the:
   2° Individual,
   3° Child.
   3° Youth.
   3° Old age.

2° Man, as a Whole.
   3° Mentally,
      4° Religion.
      4° Sentimental.
      4° Education in general

3° Physically
   4° Development of body

3° Morally
   4° Psychological view
   4° Social view

3° Conclusion.
The dominating power of man is the will.—A dual monarchy.—An aristocracy: Realism and Idealism.—Contrasting terms yet one often embodies the other: neither is complete without the other; no mind is totally devoid of either: which dominates determines the character of its abide in this life, whether men as brute, ruler or sissy, heaven or hell.

The "subjective nature of knowledge leads to idealism" which is the doctrine of living up to or attaining to our highest ideals. Much depends on definition. Owing to some writers, the opinion of many held by many that the idealist is one who believes the whole empirical world to be a delusion; who sees no reality but his own truth, and cannot rest on that reality as a solid foundation; in short a nihilist. Is there a philosophy more triumphant, more surmounting with faith, more mild-storming, than Idealism? There is no one with a harder conscience of all that is transpiring.
around him, in our more thorough
awareness of the realistic side of life, we
are more clearly conscious of all the other
sentiments and inner emotions than
the mind where ideal is the achine
of perfection.

The child in his early years lays
the foundation for his life work; he
first determines what his influence
shall be for all future time. His
ideal is his model, after which he shapes
his life; and after his ideals change
with age and environment, still the
conditions are similar, and the man
who molds his character after that of
some world renowned hero need not be
ashamed that in childhood he copied
after a fascinating yet insignificant
acquaintance. He was strictly a case
like one of a part for the whole! More
than likely the same traits of charac-
ters that attracted the attention of the
child were shown forth more vividly
in the model of the man.

The child who passes the height
among men of youth without indi-
ing in the pleasures of delightful day-
dreams has missed the most fascinating,
most entertaining, most satisfying,
partner granted to him most highly
unequalled companions. In this as
in few other things in life, wealth,
power and position, power, success,
and mental ability have no dividing line.
The son of the fisherman may stake
himself on the shining sand and cre-
ble for himself the sterner fair among
the Hell street merchants' son is indulg-
ing in at the same time, while aloof
up among suspended cushions, in the
most luxurious parlors of New York, and
be perfectly confident that he is not
trespassing on pirated property. While
the air could not play ball with the other
or slide down the high man's cellar door,
there are no restricting barriers regard-
ing his flights of imagination. Bar-
s ters are realistic, but their and sur-
roundings idyllic. How many happy
hours he passes building遐想力 for
himself on the sea-shells of the near
till they reach far beyond the clear
This small boy. He sees himself similar to the more fortunate boys at his nurses; he is not envious, but leares to love his imaginary companions as they were real.

Some still, soundly sceptic may argue that the child should be but life. He regard such indulgences as a ritual wash of precious time, and of nothing more a detraction to the physical, as well as the mental part of his makeup. On the contrary, it has a soothing, refining influence and no place is so beautiful as full of the acknowledged love of the Creator be the dreamland of the dreamers.

Natives are idealistic as well as individuals. The will is the source, the origins of ideals, and also of their realization. The actual self is largely particular and unrealized. This will self which the will self before itself is its ideal, this ideal will serve as a spur to the actual self to realize itself; it leads to discontent with every accomplished result.
and urges us to prax and complete action; it serves also to measure all accomplish
ments, furnishing the criterion by which
is judged here. The feeling of Chambers
which is the mind's ultimate test of intel-
lectual truth, aesthetic beauty and moral
righteousness, is simply the feeling of the
sound between the accomplished act and
the completed activity which is the ideal.

It is not our self or will which
is the ideal, and another will which
is the source of its attainment but
the ideal will has been a constant inner
power which has emerged in bring-
ing forth the concrete attainment of
knowledge, beauty, and righteousness.

The idealist may be called, like
Rushkin and Carlyle, because of his im-
patience at not being understood, and
has been realization of not being able to
revolutionise established laws and cus-
toms, and have the world as he would
like it.

The savage has but little imagina-
tion. He may fancy beautiful hunting
grounds, with game in abundance, but
his mind tires and he cannot be made to think on any one subject for any great length of time. He has found his lines of his brain wavers and faultless marksman, which serve to determine his future actions. All the deepest think we are by no means the most perfect idealists, but the most perfect idealists are the deepest thinkers and most highly developed socially.

As the image advances up the scale of civilization, his mind widens and broadens. It is a law of nature to judge all things by our own limited experience, and this idea of the powers being

was first one of a great hunter who garnered all successes and failures in the one great pursuit of his existence. Later it changes to a number of gods, who control the different elements and hold the laws of all in their hands. To these ends, they offer needless sacrifices and live in dread and terror through the narrowness of their mental capabilities.

A later and more advanced step is
that of the Holy Trinity; in form, a name strong and perspicuous, in mind, possessing human feelings and instincts of unbounded power, and ruling with an iron hand the blind, helpless, groaning slaves to outward force instead of inward truth and Christlike deed.

But as each by each the world wavers, so point by point the stars of religious evolution rise above our horizon. We feel that there should be a new religion real and modern as our needs. This religion will recognize the perfect ideal as the only reality. The one object of all our labors, trials, and sacrifices, the total rise and effect of our whole existence. One has said, "Unitarianism is the religion of god alone, the least idealistic religion that has ever professed to connect itself with Christianity." That sentence is the embodiment of exhortation. The day is dawning when men will all be brothers, not in name but in spirit; when none will opine him as common origin and common
and with all nature; will allow the disappearance of things he was used to reverence, without losing his reverence, and after repeated failures to connect the new and old will establish his faith upon another basis, having satisfied his own conscience that a dignity is effective and not essential, will no longer measure his Creator by the ideal of the savage, but will so live that when he shall put off this earthly form, his soul may return to its debtor: his God and Maker's God, the God of the Universe.

Without idealism what would the hour be? Return to the primitive man, unenlightened, surrounded by four walls, no sentiment, no love, only animal instincts. How different today! The two-roomed cottage is transformed into a palace, the simple farm a vast estate fit for kings, the humble laborer's features as attractive as those of lords and ladies; and how? By that only element conducive of human happiness: — Idealism.

With idealism: —
A dweller in a hut alone, fed from a dish of mud,
A drinker of the flowing brook, a child of solitude,
A sleeper on a bed of leaves may find that life is good,
And hear high music in his way that bids his soul repair.
If his mind has learned to hear—then hear the Bird in Water.

But,

Dusk for the world would be the day that saw that voice withdraw;
Then would the day be unlighted, the race of man be speechless;
In twilight peace would fall at night, no hope would come with
In dreams would break the chalice, no powers through the glass,
The wicked might of iron bars would crush the heart of men.

The ideal object of which the mind is
conscious is visionary or representative of
a real object, unknown immediately, or
as existing, and known only meditatively
through this its ideal substitute.

Would the bell of today tink with tone
on the brass bedchamber and rainbow-fring
ed mission of the primitive ages? Would
her soul be thrilled by the voice enchant
ing melodies of the Cavalier, should it
sound beneath her window? Would
ever the ideal of her schooldays be that
of maturer years? No. So much for
this ever advancing element of society.
In education as in all other books,
This faculty has served as ministerial. To us the geocentric theory is no longer plausible, and when we go back to ancient Egypt we can realize how great has been the progress of the human race. From a time when the Universe comprised the hide regime and a portion of the Mediterranean, revolving by a changing compass, day by day and night by night, resting upon colossal poles on the mountainous thus form a profile to whose minds the men and stars were lamps suspended in some mysterious way only to fade and disappear the Trinity nest in his golden barge floated down the celestial river, to our day and our ideas, what a vast amount of growth and enlarge-
ment is represented!

All such crude notions are to us simply a glimpse of childhood, yet this was the intellectual condition of man before research had verified the theories of creative imagination. The day was when life was held in such slight regard that a man's life...
was no more than that of any animal, and murder was checked only by the practical uselessness of the act. This element has not yet died out, but will last as long as this relic of barbarism remains in a majority of the people. Nor in all its horrors does it offset the evils of a race capable of punishment in no other way, as many animals cannot understand and counsel and reasoning, but must be impressed by physical violence, so many men will not counsel to arbitration, but must be met on their own level. As long as idealism remains dormant, so long must the brotherhood of man remain in a state of constant disturbance.

With the poet and the novelist
more than in others success depends
on the height of the ideal. The familiar novelist no longer depicts in glowing
traces each incident, detail of these and
each incident of the romantic acts of
his work, but rather hints at each and
picks our imagination the comple-
ment of creative reading.
Your poetry can never be translatable into prose. Where would you find fitting prose that could express one-half the sentiment conveyed in that piece of metaphor—

"A home by a cliff that lifts its awful face
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the town.
The moon in its breast the milky clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on the head."

It would be equally more fitting to hail the purest bridal notes through the motley swarms of the slaves, than to attempt to disbelieve that sublime vision, and clothe it in the unbecoming epithets of the realistic.

She would prefer the life of a Sir Nicholas Blunt to that of a Retriever.

The one pursuing only the material side of life, the other soaring between the stars till the birds and melody of nature, as the in an ethereal gay land of beauty.

All will agree that Milton saw less of the idealistic in life than Shelley, while "Paradise Lost" is deep and full of that, what is more inspiring than "The Cloud"?

Beauty is nothing but the loveliest form of expression, to three dark impress—
was live and truth, magnificence may
subdue and minute ide rendering
three more antlers by her aspect with
which it illustrates these.

"Even the eternal form of ever be-
comes a shiner in the triumph by
making difficulty itself a part of the
pale, fertility and joy.

Otho. The world advanced to the
stage of poetry, literature and art as a step
was taken that can never be retraced.
The day will never come when man
shall cease to reverence these crowning
gems of the mind.

We are free with capabilities, and
they have to be developed in the physical
body as in everything else. "The old great
end of man's existence is enjoyed,"
said our has said. Of that is true, the
only way to attain it is to reach phy-
sical perspective. The Greeks in their
superiority attained the highest ideal
by efficiency a just harmonization with
The sea. But the world in the mad rush
for unbalanced perspective, has neglect-
ed this most indescribably requisite to
its attainment. We are now, to some
extent, acknowledging to the fact and have
by attempting to retrieve our lost
physical perception.

The ideal is a model—a matter
of rightness, for the coming short of
which there is a feeling of guilt. "Hold
fast to the high ideals, if they look
like cañiles in the sea, add new charac-
ters, while clover to them, rather than
leave them our inch to fit the ever-
changing Present." "There is a gap between
the moral and the actual end." "Give
it not for what we find manifested in
the moral will the action of the intel-
lect in searching for truth, and the
operative activity of the aesthetic imagina-
tion, would remain ultimately line-
comprehensible." While the aim of the
religious action is directed to the enc-

debishing of the ideal in the real,
the moral attempts to confuse the
real in the ideal. The unconscious
nature of man acknowledges that the real
and the ideal should be one, and blindly af-
turns this belief in the formation of character.
Each repetition of an act adds one more item to our ledger of character, either on the Dr. or Cr. side; and if it shall continue to be till the ideal and the real side of our moral powers have become unified, then the side will balance, neither will be in excess of the other, and the scroll of our life's work will roll back to display the first perfect record made under the creative influence of man. Then we can truthfully say.

The world has passed the crucible,
Perfection is attained,
The Spirit calls us to himself:
'To Paradise regained.