

imagination that sparkles in the classics, and seems to have physical reflection or counterpart in the heavens.

We think of it in this way. The Straits of Sicily and some other parts afford beautiful sights. In the heat of summer, after the sea and air have been disturbed by the winds, a calm succeeds. Then, at dawn, aerial forms appear, some at rest, some moving very quickly. Palaces, woods, gardens, fountains, men are there, and towns; brighter, more beautiful, quicker in reality of existence than artist can paint them. These visions, created by refraction and reflection of light, are representative of earth's realities not very far away. They figure the fancies of the poet as to heavenly and future scenes. They warrant that splendid mental portraiture of the thinker concerning good things in a good time to come. They stimulate that power of scientific imagination by which we delineate to ourselves, as apparitions, the ultimate atoms; and the rays of light, millions of millions entering the eye every second. There is no dream so wild; no creation so vain of dreadful thing, or of blessed spirit; no myth, no fable so evanescent; that is not the shadow, or science and philosophy of things beyond the veil.

Buds on the tree mean blossom; and the blossom, fruit; even when blossom and fruit come not, their place is taken and purpose answered by something else; there is no loss. We obtain bits of meaning on the wings of moths, shells of eggs, in clouds, in crystals: meaning that concerns large use, which carries every created thing, and our thought of it, further than time and space, into that eternity and infinitude whence all things come and whither they return. Richness and profusion, everywhere, are inexhaustible. We are not so much on the shore of an illimitable sea, as borne on the crest of some vast wave carrying all mysteries to be solved by that Eternal Power who clothes the lily of the field with more beautiful array than that of Solomon.

Now, as we are sure that not one atom is lost, nor any force left behind and out of use: as bits of colour on the wings tell of what sort is the moth; and the marks on shells designate the coming birds; so human thoughts, wishes, acts,