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NATURE.

“God taught me to read ;
He gave me the world for a book.”—*Anon.*

“When a bad man looks at a flower
He sends a chill to its little heart.”—*Parker.*

“To him, who in the love of Nature
Holds communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language.
For his gayer hours she has a voice of gladness,
And a smile, and eloquence of beauty ;
And she glides into his darker musings
With a mild and healing sympathy
That steals away their sadness
Ere he is aware.” —*Bryant.*

“I have described so much, and I die without ever having
seen Switzerland, and the ocean, and so many other sights ;
but the Ocean of Eternity I shall in no case fail to see.”—*Jean
Paul Richter.*

“When our fellows forsake and wound us, the sky and the
earth, and the little blooming trees, open their arms and take
us into them ; the flowers press themselves to our wounded
hearts, the streams mingle in our tears, and the breezes breathe
coolness into our sighs.”—*Richter.*