

the country, and the marshes of the seashore, I have found many an interesting friend; and what can be more sweet, more elevating, than to be alone with Nature, and with Nature's God, on a far-stretching mere on a bright winter evening? The moonlight adds a weird exaggeration to the outlook: the little shore-birds appear to be much larger than they really are, and the great Geese, as they strut along, almost resemble superior beings. The sea sings a solemn chant as it slowly comes up to flood the mud or sand: the stillness of the air is broken by the many calls, some recognised, others unknown, of the birds as they move away, while the eastern sky gets lighter.

Such a place truly seems to represent solitude. Yet there is a deeper solitude even than this—that of the mighty snow-capped mountains. Amidst these eternal silences I have seen the Eagle in the majesty of his might: he, too, a lover of solitude. Look at him as he soars up higher, and still higher, with the gigantic snow-covered peaks beyond and beyond. At my feet there is a clear precipice of over one