

the calm sweet pictures of nature. They are like Peter Bell of whom Wordsworth wrote:—

“A primrose by a river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

But we will not be like these, we will open our eyes, and ask, “What are these forces or fairies, and how can we see them?”

Just go out into the country, and sit down quietly and watch nature at work. Listen to the wind as it blows, look at the clouds rolling overhead, and the waves rippling on the pond at your feet. Harken to the brook as it flows by, watch the flower-buds opening one by one, and then ask yourself, “How all this is done?” Go out in the evening and see the dew gather drop by drop upon the grass, or trace the delicate hoar-frost crystals which bespangle every blade on a winter’s morning. Look at the vivid flashes of lightning in a storm, and listen to the pealing thunder: and then tell me, by what machinery is all this wonderful work done? Man does none of it, neither could he stop it if he were to try; for it is all the work of those invisible *forces* or *fairies* whose acquaintance I wish you to make. Day and night, summer and winter, storm or calm, these fairies are at work, and we may hear them and know them, and make friends of them if we will.

There is only one gift we must have before we can learn to know them—we must have *imagination*. I do not mean mere fancy, which creates unreal images and impossible monsters, but imagination, the power of making pictures or *images* in our mind, of that which *is*, though it is invisible to us. Most children