



MUSCONETCUNG RIVER.

It is, we deem, an evidence of higher civilization, of nobler mental and moral development, that everybody nowadays possesses a keener appreciation of nature, especially of its sublimer moods, than did the people of a hundred years ago. Every one endeavours to enjoy his summer holiday in which he may get near to nature's heart. The greater tension of modern life, the more eager rush and crush of business, makes it imperative that men should leave its hurly-burly for a time and, Antaeus like, renew their strength by contact with mother earth. But this love of nature is, as we have said, a comparatively modern thing. Switzerland has become the playground of Europe. Its most remunerative crop is its annual crop of tourists. These receive not only health and strength from the mountain air, but moral uplift and inspiration from the mountain solitudes and sublimity, and are conscious of thoughts that lie too deep for words. Yet in this sense Switzerland was

discovered within a hundred years. Before that time travellers spoke only of the "horrid mountains," the "frightful crags," the "dreadful abysses," instead of going into rhapsodies about them as Coleridge and Wordsworth have since done.

John Wesley, although possessing a keener eye for the beautiful than most men of his time, makes almost no reference in his voluminous journals of his travels from end to end of the United Kingdom—to its beauties of mountain and moor, of river and lake. But with the nineteenth century a new sense of the beautiful seemed to be born in man. The great nature poets were the inspirers and the teachers of this new sense. These high priests of nature gave us a revelation of its might and majesty before unknown. Cowper, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Tennyson, and the school of Lake poets, all became high priests of this new form of worship which led men "from nature up to nature's God," and interpreters of its moral and spiritual significance. Pope and