

"To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,  
 E'en the loose stones that cover the highway,  
 I gave a mortal life; I saw them feel,  
 Or linked them with some feeling;  
 Add that whate'er of terror, or of love  
 Or beauty, Nature's daily face puts on,  
 From transitory passion, unto this  
 I was as sensitive as waters are  
 To the sky's influence in a kindred mood  
 Of passion; was obedient as a lute,  
 That waits upon the touches of the wind!

The great Baron Van Humboldt says, in his introduction to "Cosmos": "In reflecting upon the different degrees of enjoyment presented to us in the contemplation of nature, we find that the first place must be assigned to a sensation which is wholly independent of an intimate acquaintance with the physical phenomena presented to our view, or of the peculiar character of the region surrounding us. In the uniform plain bounded only by a distant horizon, where the lowly heather, the cistus, or waving grasses deck the soil; on the ocean shore, where the waves softly rippling over the beach, leave a track, green with the weeds of the sea; everywhere the mind is penetrated by the same sense of the grandeur and vast expanse of nature revealing to the soul, by a mysterious inspiration, the existence of laws that regulate the forces of the universe. Mere communion with nature, mere contact with the free air, exercise a soothing yet strengthening influence on the wearied spirit, calm the storm of passion, and soften the heart when shaken by sorrow to its inmost depths. Everywhere, in every region of the globe, in every stage of intellectual culture, the same sources of enjoyment are vouchsafed to man. The earnest and solemn thoughts awakened by a communion with nature intuitively arise from a presentment of the order and harmony pervading the whole universe, and from the contrast we draw between the narrow limits of our own exist-