

Let us be in the rush of the north-west wind that clears the sky and brings out the moon and stars, and not simply read about it. Let us consort with the mountain ash and the Briareus-armed oak, the striped trillium and the evening primrose—soon we will know more of them than books can tell. Then when the ferns turn white in fear of October's chill and exhale their last sweet fragrance, when the three days of the Northern Fury come, whitening river and sea, and crimson leaves drop like agonized tears from the moaning trunks, then, perhaps, by the knowledge gained, we can speak.

Why pore over Thucydides, Guizot, Livy and Hume, or pry into the meanness of kings, queens, and gentry? We waste time in these lucubrations and forget the heart. Life is not all for study, nor for gold or dancing. Life is for love, tenderness, thought and reverence. The thousands of nerve-points in our bodies warn us of unfriendly cold or burning heat; so the intuition of the soul warns us of good or evil. The clear, calm intellect of the head attracts, but the soul's intuition develops. It is what we feel that illumines. Read the