

whose duty compels them to stay above, go below for protection, and nearly all have faces marked with the deepest concern. A hurricane it is, and it is beautiful. Beautiful, because it is so like man—first good tempered and then in a rage.

Now your ocean voyage is over, and you are roving in the fields of a country place. Bright flowers surround you, and you go here and there, plucking the flowers, and making beautiful bouquets—the fragrance of which scents the air around. Wild roses, buttercups, clovers, daisies, and a host of other nature's offsprings tend to give happiness, and unconsciously you sigh, and murmur, "How beautiful!" Truly all of nature is beautiful—go where you will, be where it may!

Now you are transported to the nasty, horrid, smoky and most obnoxious old city! You regret leaving behind the ocean and the country fields. You regret not enjoying again the pleasant walks and happy moments, and make up your mind happiness and the beautiful are gone. You are wrong—you are followed by the beautiful—it will not be shaken off.

You can watch the hurly burly of the city's strife. Watch the great crowds hurrying here and there, according as their business demands. You can go to the theatre, and fancy yourself in ages now passed away, or admire the modern plays of our time. You have the museums, art galleries and libraries, all a storehouse of the beautiful, just as much as the ocean or the country places.

You may shut yourself away from the world, like a hermit. Still, in that solitude, what thoughts and remembrances appear! You fall to sleep—what delightful dreams! You awake and with fresh feelings of joy and an inspiration to leave all sorrows behind!

Thus no matter where you go, the beautiful haunts you. Throw it aside, you make your own sorrow. Be content, and you make

your own happiness, and that is beautiful. How beautiful is the beautiful! Let us admire and cherish it, and never let ourselves think little of it.

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