

many, and the world-wide wanderings of the few, have alike their origin in this innate longing which urges man forward to look upon some portion of the globe of which he is an inhabitant. The young and the old, the learned and the unlearned, the barbarian and the philosopher, are alike desirous of beholding new scenes and places. The more highly endowed, the artist and the poet it may be, are at times thrilled even to ecstasy, but all, even the rudest and least intellectually gifted, are pleased to look upon whatever is grand or striking. The fact is hopeful, and argues the possession of something godlike even in the lowest of our race—a humanising element to be developed hereafter, even though it be repressed for the present, a strange mystic sympathy with nature as the corporate and visible expression of the Eternal asserting itself in all men. And in this world-wide sympathy with our external surroundings is the original source of our admiration of the “beautiful” as it lies before us, inviting worship, with its temples by hill and dale, by wood, and lake, and sea—temples where the weird and subtle harmonies of nature steal upon the receptive faculties, and though at times the inward response to them be feeble, yet will they nestle in the memory to be again and again revived and called forth with increasing vividness and power, until the soul at length, like an Aeolian harp touched by the passing breeze, becomes attuned to harmony, and sensitive to every pleasing aspect of the material and visible world around it.

But though the inexhaustible wonders of nature abound everywhere, appealing on all