

Memory Pictures.

spaces between, while the Sun-god throws his glowing radiance upon every sparkling jewel with which those robes are woven, and penetrates the low-down shadows of the hidden valleys—it is the same, 'tis those heights beyond for which I ever yearn.

And so, I ponder, is it always in this earthly journey. It's not the lesser hills that we want to climb—we can so easily do that—but to scale those lofty heights, to reach some pinnacle that no man has yet attained—Ah, that is what inspires and draws us on!

It's the allurements of the mysterious that draws us toward the far-off things. We can understand in part the tangible things that are near or within our reach; but after that—we want to know (O, how we want to know!), and we strain our eyes to get one glimpse into the mysterious beyond, questioning "What lies there?"

Yes, it is those things just beyond our reach that we long for most. Those veiled in a half-mystery which we want to fathom; the rare