

lifting to the sky, is the relative of that which carries man, the products of man, and the materials of nature, to a tomb in the ocean. A great part of the city of Rome is no longer on the ancient site, but at the bottom of the Tiber, or washed into the sea—a strange transfer. In the course of ages all coast lines are changed; vessels, artillery, treasures, are lost in the deep—yet not lost, for there are two kinds of level on the earth: the apparent in a straight line for small uses; the true, which is a spherical curve for great distances, or tangent of the globe. One level, if we apply it to future use, is for things not conscious of personality; the other level of spiritual meaning is for our instruction; the line of life forms a tangent of the universe, a way of approach to the greater, the higher life, where we shall indeed find “the keys of all the creeds.”

There are other differences: we cannot tell why or how the sap of a tree is made sweet in the pulp of its fruit, stony in its kernel, bitter in its leaf, insipid in the wood; nor why or how the same soil produces healthful aliment and deadly poison; nor how the slight shades of differences, separating lower parts of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, pass into those grand distinctions which distinguish the living from the dead, and man from beast. They are only apprehensible as wrought by Him who enables the insects, before they have seen a web, to spin transparent workmanship; who fits every one of them for its own mode of life and industry; who puts into them, as into the hearts of men, an intuition of the future; making all lives rightly understood, a happy physiognomy, in their presentiments of a commensurate future, harvest time, when every good man's loss will prove a gain with far-off interest.

Nature has given these her truths in richest colouring, in the permanent instinct of insects, in the many intuitions of men. Every day has object lessons; whatever our senses reveal and our reason apprehends are the bones and muscle, the veins, arteries, and life-strings of knowledge; every knowledge everywhere and always, in little and great, is a key to other knowledge, and a prelude to other states. Take