

and whose laws prove them to belong to the same system as our own, we should be led to think of another state of being, in which the knowledge we have gained here is to be enlarged, and where the mysteries that now surround us shall be among the most familiar of our thoughts.

It has been well said that the laws of Nature are the thoughts of God. Hence, it is truly surprising to see the apathy of most people in regard to a knowledge of Nature. Of those not scientists, who favor science in a scheme of education, the majority do so on utilitarian grounds only. What a degraded view to take of the universe of God—its study being tolerated because thereby we may be enabled to put money in our pockets. Nature is truly a revelation of the Creator, and seek where we may, we fail to find in its study anything that is not ennobling. Can as much be said of other subjects? But we plead for science, for philosophy, the study of the works of the Almighty on their *own* merits. By all who cherish them, they are known to be worthy of all the attention they receive. They more than repay the labor by the fruit. What can be more delightful than to trace the secret mechanism by which God accomplishes His designs in the visible world; to enter into the hidden spring of Nature's operations, to perceive from what simple principles and causes the most sublime and diversified phenomena are produced? Even as a relaxation there is more delight experienced in the pursuit of science than in the charms of poetry, or romance, or song; and the more dignified entertainment of the intellect is a much better refreshment of the faculties amidst the ordinary work of life. All those who love Nature, she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things, as they are commonly called, but with the best things of this world;

not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment, and peace of mind.

From Nature we have coldly stood aside,
And gone our ways with all sufficing
pride;
Into her quickening soil a seed we sift,
Take the ripe fruit, nor marvel o'er the
gift.

She is our own dear mother. She and we
Are one magnificent totality!
Through us earth wheels self-conscious on
her track,
Our eyes are hers; they glass her glory
back.

Through us she sees her charms unfolded
far,
Green waving world, and glittering sea
and star;
Through us she sees her still streams glide
in grace,
And looks her blushing flowers in the
face.

In man's aspiring soul she yearns and
strives,
And through his cunning hand her
contrives;
Direct as dawn, or dew, or flower, or
flame,
Out of earth's breast her vast cathedrals
came.

You, I, all, is her speech—the poet's lines,
The player's touch, the dark sea-sound-
ing pines.
Even as the wind through Asia's forests
roared,
Not less from rapt Isaiah's tongue she
poured
His fiery and forever living song.

All sounds are hers—the viol's ponderous
pain,
The patter of the million-footed rain,
Through reed and roaring brass her
breath is blown;
The organ's monster music is her own.

The man whose mind is irradiated by the substantial light of science has views and feelings and exquisite enjoyments to which all others are entire strangers. In his excursions to the woods he is able to appreciate the beneficence of nature, the beauties