

vibrations that we set in motion go forth in indestructible strains, but a minute fraction of which is momentarily caught by human ears. We can compare the atmosphere to a vast library, on the pages of which are registered unceasingly all that man has ever said or woman whispered. We believe that there may be a world of spiritual existences around us—inhabiting this same globe, enjoying the same nature—of which we have no perception ; that, in fact, the wonders of the New Jerusalem may be in our midst, and the songs of the angelic hosts are filling the air with celestial harmony, although unheard and unseen by us. Truly, “there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

“Hearken ! Hearken !

If thou wouldst know the mystic song

Chanted when the sphere was young,

Aloft abroad the prean swells ;

Oh wise man ! hearest thou half it tells ?

Oh wise man ! hearest thou the least part ?

’Tis the chronicle of art,

To the open ear it sings,

Sweet, the genesis of things,

Of tendency through endless ages,

Of star-dust and star pilgrimages,

Of rounded worlds, of space and time,

Of the old flood’s subsiding slime,

Of chemic matter, force, and form,

Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm

The rushing metamorphosis

Dissolving all that fixture is,

Melts things that be to things that seem.

And solid nature to a dream.”

Nature is God translated into vitalized color, form, and beauty. The world is embellished by spirit, and its inaudible testimony is the cadence of the gospel of love. Nature is a vast kindergarten, whose easy object lessons train our childlike affection, so that they may gain strength to mount above and beyond. Her mountain peaks of truth stand out sharp and clear above the fog and mists of error. To view them we must climb the mountain side until our standpoint is above the leaden gloom of the lowland outlook.