The Gothic cathedrals were built, when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone. The Madonnas of Raphael and Titian were made to be worshipped. Tragedy was instituted for the like purpose, and the miracles of music;—all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm, and never out of dilettantism and holidays. But now they languish, because their purpose is merely exhibition. Who cares, who knows what works of art our government have ordered to be made for the capitol? They are a mere flourish to please the eye of persons who have associations with books and galleries. But in Greece, the Demo of Athens divided into political factions upon the merit of Phidias.

In this country, at this time, other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish. The genuine offspring of our ruling passions we behold. Popular institutions, the school, the reading room, the post office, the exchange, the insurance company, and an immense harvest of economical inventions, are the fruit of the equality and the boundless liberty of lucrative callings. These are superficial wants; and their fruits are these superficial institutions. But as far as they accelerate the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. For beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man; they are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany, or the Isles of Greece. And that Eternal Spirit, whose triple face they are, moulds from them forever, for his mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.

What is there in the full moon, that it should disturb the soul with these thousand old dim recollections? Why should her long shadows point ever to the past? Why should they waken melancholy? Childhood and youth, romance and love, sad and merry hours,—ye are all out there in the moonlight! Ye have gone out from my soul, and hang all around me in this silvered darkness. Mysterious power of association! How strangely Nature mirrors the soul! How her phases reflect back, and give us again our long-lost dreams! He who has never hung with fond sadness on the wondrous moon, has never loved.

What should we be but for the gentle teachings of this green summer time? I feel that I am at God's school, when I sit on the grass, under these elms, and look about me, and think upon Nature's impersonality. Man has not broken into the charmed circle in any way. Least of all does Nature imitate the obtrusiveness of our moral codes. She reads her mysterious fables, but we are not pestered by the word "application" at the bottom of the picture. What lesson, before another, shall she point us to, who is thus infinitely wealthy? Generously she lets the soul feed its own instincts, grazing where it will in her green pastures, — knowing that if we love her wisely, we cannot be poisoned or starved in her company. Thus she feeds us as she does the bee and butterfly, with many flowers and odors, trust-
ing that like theirs, our appropriative instincts will be unfolded harmoniously, and that we shall come evermore to her law by coming to ourselves. And here come the bee and the butterfly themselves to tell us about it. But, as I said, they obtrude not their precepts upon us. Nay, they seem rather shy than not. And yet these two insects have been, unconsciously to themselves and to man, preachers and parable-bringers since Thought began.

So come here, thou little citizen of this green republic, and tell us more than the dull books, which prate as if they knew all about thee. We may fling aside Kirby and Spence, now thou art here. Come, leave that clover-blossom awhile, where thou art rolling thyself about and packing away thy nectar;—cease that monotonous talking to thyself,—that hurried merchant-like air:—leave duning the poor, drooping, insolvent field-flowers, for they will pay thee one day:—come out of the sunshine, thou hot, petulant, systematic little worker, and tell us why thou hast ever been a stirrer of deep thoughts and resolves to the earnest soul! And thou, my lady butterfly,—gay dancer in the breeze, living air-flower,—silent ever, but not from thought,—making thy demure morning calls on the very flowers at whose doors the disappointed bee has been grumbling;—who made thee a proverb and a perpetual homily in the courts of kings;—or saw thee flitting along in thy relations of the street or the ball-room?

Did some poet invent these correspondences, or stand they not as they have ever stood, written in the double-leaved book of the Most High?

For indeed God writes all his decrees dually. They are simultaneously proclaimed at the two open gates of His city, to the inhabitants of the suburbs,—which open gates are nature and the soul. They who hear one proclamation rejoice, but feebly. But they who hear both, mingle faith and wisdom with their joy. The gliding river tells me of this fleeting time; the sunrise, of the appearing of God's truth; the fragrance of the fields, going forever silently up to heaven, teaches me how to pray without ceasing; the young green spring says more to me of the New Birth than libraries of sermons;—and so all the world over, and from the beginning of time, has nature been a scroll, whose letters and pages are nought, till the soul's language, in which it is written, be mastered.

I am no Swedenborgian, nor must the following lines be bound down to a dogmatic meaning; yet I will confess that they were written after rising from an hour or two spent over the attractive writings of the great Seer of Sweden.

CORRESPONDENCES.

All things in Nature are beautiful types to the soul that will read them; Nothing exists upon earth, but for unspeakable ends. Every object that speaks to the senses was meant for the spirit:

Nature is but a scroll,—God's hand-writing thereon.

Ages ago, when man was pure, ere the flood overwhelmed him, While in the image of God every soul yet lived, Everything stood as a letter or word of a language familiar, Telling of truths which now only the angels can read.

Lost to man was the key of those sacred hieroglyphics,— Stolen away by sin,—tilt with Jesus restored.

Now with infinite pains we here and there spell out a letter: Now and then will the sense feebly shine through the dark. When we perceive the light which breaks through the visible symbol, What exultation is ours! we the discovery have made! Yet is the meaning the same as when Adam lived sinless in Eden, Only long-hidden it slept and now again is restored.

Man unconsciously uses figures of speech every moment, Little dreaming the cause why to such terms he is prone,— Little dreaming that everything has its own correspondence Folded within it of old, as in the body the soul.

Gleams of the mystery fall on us still, though much is forgotten, And through our commonest speech illuminates the path of our thoughts. Thus does the lordly sun shine out a type of the Godhead; Thus does the word of God distill like the rain and the dew-drops, Thus does the warm wind breathe like to the Spirit of God, And the green grass and the flowers are signs of the regeneration.

0 thou Spirit of Truth! visit our minds once more! Give us to read, in letters of light, the language celestial, Written all over the earth,—written all over the sky. Thus may we bring our hearts at length to know our Creator, Seeing in all things around types of the Infinite Mind.

COLOR AND LIGHT.

The word unto the nations came And shone o'er many a darkened spot; The pure white lustre of its flame The darkness comprehended not;