The Ethics of Rept.

To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language.

The forms of Nature are as seemingly simple as wild as complex, her modes of development are as perfect as the likeness between parts which are apparently as far separated as can be, in so truly drawn, when one stops to think of the analogies existing, that no one can express the thought more appropriately than did Bryant when he said: "She speaks in various languages."

Is one she speaks of York, Kent, & Perfection. York & Perfection being grouped around a center common to both, Kent. There is a likeness existing between certain things, which in their development of life history, each have a reason of seeming machinery or dominancy & then break forth into the brightness & beauty of perfection.

Take, for instance, the plant. Here its future energy self stored up within an insignificant looking little seed, plain & unadorned. Put this seed into the ground, leave it alone for a time in perfect rest & quiet; & finally as you watch its growth, you see first the two tiny little leaves break through the soil & keep up from the ground. Then come a few more, & every day by day until finally...
there is before you a beautiful plant with its more
I green foliage, its lovely flowers of delicate hue.
& shape, through which the fine markings of the
fibres which build it up are faintly discernible.
You can hardly believe that this is the outgrowth
of that small insignificant looking little seed
you held in your hand but a few short weeks
ago. Can it be that its long days & nights of in-
activity were but the preliminaries for such a grand
change & the whole as you see before you?
You notice a worm crawling at your feet.
It's as sluggish as it looks as it wiggles along, slow-
y, so slowly, yet how hard itreece & the work
by your curiosity is attracted. If you think as
an experiment you will take it home & watch
its growth. Every day you procure it food,
each day you watch it with increasing interest,
how it begins to grow liquid, then you fear
it is going to die. But no, it begins to spire,
you are inside of a silky cocoon. How long & how hard it has labored to prepare
for itself this resting place. After so much
work surely it deserves this rest. You put it
carefully away, & from time to time you examine
it to see if there are any traces of life. You find
none, no movement, no sound. It is dead &
silent. One day, however, your attention is rewarded. The cocoon is burst and these issues forth a beautiful butterfly that lifts itself from earth and flutters nimbly away on the summer breezes. You can see the delicate tracery of the veins in its gauzy wings, while its bright, spotty, brilliant color glimmers and shines in the sunlight. To this, the most beautiful of all the insects, could none have perfected its little life had it not been for the period of rest given it in the silken cocoon.

Suppose it to be a rainy day. You wander your way wearily along the muddy road near a manufactury. You see the thick smoke curling from the chimneys, and the root falling to the earth, mixing with the clay and making the road more black and dirty. Your pathway now appears insurmountable. But time goes on, countless ages pass. Toward the root which you had noticed, together with the sand and clay upon which it lies, has long lain undisturbed. Yet together they are throwing off the foreign material collected with them. The clay becomes white earth. Do not disturb it. It becomes soft and capable, finally, of absorbing all rays of light but the blue ones. Give them we have the butterfly.

The sand in the meantime has been going...
Through a like process while & all outward appearances it has been inactive. It too becomes white, then clear & hard. Then it arranges itself in tiny parallel lines which have the power of reflecting green, purple, & red rays of light as well as blue ones. The result of this transformation is the opal.

While the sand & clay have been transforming themselves, the coal, the dirtiest & filthiest looking of them all, has not been idle. Slowly but faithfully it has done its little work. The foreign materials have been thrown out of it, has become clear & white, hard. & harder, has it grown. & finally it is the hardest & most beautiful of all substances, the diamond. Not only that, but it has also been given the power of reflecting all of the rays of the sun & of the rays of light, & flashes in such dazzling glory & radiance as only the diamond possesses.

I think, if you will, of the long, long work that was necessary for the ultimate perfection of these three, the opal, the coal, & the diamond. Not only a few weeks as in the cocoon, not only a few months as in the seeds, but hundreds—yes even thousands upon thousands of years of perpetual quiet—never a disturbance...
but its own quiet workings in its inner self, was necessary before we could know of the marvels we work which had been wrought.

Come with me. We may go back to the carboniferous era of this world of ours. Together we will be spectators of a scene, more wonderful yet than this, which is taking place here. The surface of the earth is yet covered with water, while out of it grow trees of a singular form. We gaze upon them wane, for they extend many feet into the heavens; half and slumber they are, for their bark is beautiful, fully cased with plating, spireale as scale of the most intricate and curiously wrought patterns. Immense fumes are germinating everywhere. In the distance we see queer plants whose branching roots, reaching out into the water, are singularly dotted with figureis. At the base of the trees small is fumes are growing while all around are broken branches of vegetable detritus. The air is dense & hot. The sky is darkened with oppressive clouds! the only light is wan & shadowy, making the whole scene weird & ghastly. The flowers drench the dollars of the scene with their bright hues of delicate hue. To birds, fill the air with their sweet music. The only sounds which make the demented echoes of the forest are shrill calling
If the earth is bare of vegetation, as we watch time pass during the ages we see the earth slowly lifted up and afterward covered with vegetation. Then it in again sunk and the enclosed forest is covered with the water from the ocean and the sediment brought in its current is deposited there. Again comes a season of growth when the whole land is covered with verdure and once again it is submerged.

As we watch we see this same thing take place many times, and each time a new layer of earth is added, the earth is lifted up and covered with vegetation. Once a period when it seems as if the whole face of nature stopped. To all outward appearance, no growth, no change of any kind, takes place. Ages of ages pass, possibly millions of years go by, and now we are sitting before the bright fire on a winter's night, thankful for our warm room and pleasant quarters where we are surrounded with all that we could wish for—books, papers, pictures, flowers. Indeed, so loved ones, everything to make the heart content. The fire drives away the cold, as we sit and gaze on the setting sun where a great eventful day of our pauser, for, indwelling in the darkness, we notice the changing of a queer shade which, as we gage, grows familiar.
Do we not recognize it as an impression of one of our forest trees which we had watched until they were totally submerged by the water? Who deities joined the ocean? Surely we cannot be mistaken. By this glowing fire is the gentle heat it is giving out in the midst of the faintest darkness which we saw, or rather did not see at first. It too must needs have sent in order to fulfill its allotted end. As we watch the blue flames curling upward, taking weird and fantastic shapes we think of the slow gathering of forces—the long, long years of silence since these days of subterranean storms.

So too were the little built up, the quiet, the long, the everlasting hills.

So are the forces of nature working in silence all about us. He has made everything beautiful in its time. And if we see not the beauty now the time has not yet come. Only in nature’s quiet moments do we trace her grand design. Wait but for the slow thousands of years, that which seems crude and formless now shall come forth in the light of unavailing beauty, truly through that course of perfection.

*Die it too with life?*

Yet while here are earth we do our appointed
work in the best and great manner of which we are capable now we rest under that after our first great, we too may find a more perfect form of existence, may either upon a life of fuller and richer experiences may therefore, a life which shall be filled with radiance and beauty.

Whether the analogy will be completed, our existence will be in another form is not for me to determine, that rest with our Heavenly Father, but we may at least feel that it will be richer and more full of promise than this has been. That, though our work here may have been small and insignificant, like that of the root, or of the worm, we, after our passing from as they after theirs, may rise into the fulness and beauty of deserved perfection, conscious that in and there has been a development due to our period of rest which can be equalled in no other way, by no other method. A perfection which in its simplicity and purity will be worth the trials which we endured and the struggles which will be put a just tribute to the glory of the great Author and Finisher of the workings of all Nature.