





on the bare ground, — my head bathed by the
and uplifted into infinite space, — all mean
vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball; I am
I see all; the currents of the Universal Being
through me; I am part or particle of God. The
he nearest friend sounds then foreign and
l: to be brothers, to be acquaintances, — master
t, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover
tained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I
ething more dear and connate than in streets or
In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the
ne of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as
as his own nature.

Waldo Emerson, *Nature*



