





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  
I: 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*



