Sleeping Volcanoes

The icy smoke, lastly seconded by the snow, may be the only visible indication of these ancient mountains that once towered, when the sun was a fiery sun, and the earth was a fiery heat. The sleep of the earth is as the sleep of a child, and the dream of the earth is as the dream of a giant. In the sleeping of the earth, the secrets of the ages are hidden, and the mysteries of the future are foretold.

The snow-capped peaks of the sleeping volcanoes are like the heads of the wise men of old, resting on the lap of the earth. The spires of the snow are like the fingers of the great god, pointing to the stars. The glaciers are like the tongues of the sea, lapping the shores of the land. The forests are like the hands of the giant, holding the torch of knowledge. The streams are like the veins of the earth, carrying the blood of the ages.

The volcanoes are the lungs of the earth, breathing out the fire and smoke of the ages. The snow is the skin of the earth, protecting the body from the sun and the wind. The forests are the hair of the earth, shielding the head from the rain and the sun. The streams are the veins of the earth, carrying the life-blood of the land.

The volcanoes are the heart of the earth, pulsing with the force of the ages. The snow is the brain of the earth, storing the knowledge of the past. The forests are the lungs of the earth, breathing in the air of the ages. The streams are the veins of the earth, carrying the life-force of the land.

The volcanoes are the soul of the earth, the source of the fire and the light. The snow is the body of the earth, the instrument of the senses. The forests are the hands of the earth, the instruments of thought. The streams are the blood of the earth, the instruments of action.

The volcanoes are the very life of the earth, the source of all its strength and power. The snow is the very soul of the earth, the source of all its wisdom and knowledge. The forests are the very hands of the earth, the source of all its skill and dexterity. The streams are the very blood of the earth, the source of all its might and energy.

The volcanoes are the very heart of the earth, the source of all its life and vitality. The snow is the very brain of the earth, the source of all its thoughts and perceptions. The forests are the very hands of the earth, the source of all its actions and deeds. The streams are the very blood of the earth, the source of all its purposes and intentions.

The volcanoes are the very soul of the earth, the source of all its wisdom and discernment. The snow is the very body of the earth, the instrument of all its senses. The forests are the very hands of the earth, the instruments of all its actions. The streams are the very blood of the earth, the instruments of all its purposes.

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