

always rolling from the Atlantic swell, even in a dead calm, is not boisterous enough to require much strength in resisting its force. The outside roller, or wave, breaks in water not more than five feet deep, and none of the bathers go beyond the outer surf unless by accident. It has happened, however, sometimes, that when the tide has been going out, persons not on their guard, and swimming, as they supposed, in shallow water, where they could easily take the ground when they were tired, have been carried out by the tide, without observing it till too late. In that case, unless the bather is a powerful and practised swimmer, or unless a boat be at hand, the accident may prove fatal. But when this possible danger is kept in mind, and bathers are careful not to go beyond their depth when the tide is going out, there is entire safety in any weather pleasant enough for bathing.

There are scarcely any rocks, shells, or sea-weeds at Orchard Beach. Nor is this the only thing in which disappointment is sometimes experienced. "Why," said a little boy from the coast of Lake Ontario, "this is just a piece of the Lake!" He, as well as some others, expected to find rolling billows, and waves mountains high. These are to be found there in the stormy season. The hills of fine shifting sand that dwarf the stunted pines, some distance inward from the ordinary high water mark, give evidence that the placid calmness of the summer sea does not always characterize the scene.

It is only those who have been at sea in a gale who can properly appreciate the poet's grand address :

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now,  
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
The image of eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible."