

the waves. How many poor souls have perished without leaving a record of their fate, history fails to tell. But this we know, that even since the light was established not a winter season passes without one or more total wrecks of sailing or fishing vessels and many narrow escapes from a similar doom.

"To-night there is a storm at sea,
I hear the breakers roar;
There comes across the grassy lea
The thunder of the shore.
And pity burns within my soul
For those upon the deep;
Kind Saviour, Christ, do Thou control
The waves and bid them sleep!

Alas! a schooner on our shore,
By stormy billows tossed,
Went down amid the tempest's roar,
And every soul was lost!
Ah me! the wind blows loud to-night;
Christ save poor souls at sea!
Burn brightly every beacon light
Wherever ships may be!"

North, south, east and west the scene is bounded alone by the distant horizon. We note the dangerous coral reefs marked by a fringe of feathery, foamy waves, which surround these reefs, as if caressing the spot they love.

"The world's a sea; my life's a ship that's manned
With labouring thoughts, and steered by reason's hand"

"Let not the water floods overflow me,
neither let the deeps swallow me up."—
PSALM LXII.

What insignificant beings we are! How small a place we inhabit on this wild waste of waters! We are filled with awe, almost with terror, when the rolling seas, unimpeded in their course for hundreds of miles, thunder against the shore and cause the whole building to vibrate from its founda-

tions. "Such thou art; stupendous ocean, image of Eternity; over time itself victorious; what must thy Creator be!"

"Great Ocean, strongest of Creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unrepoused, untired,
Thou rolled the wild, profound, eternal
bass
In Nature's anthem, and made music
such
As pleased the Ear of God."

Type of the Infinite, I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting place, or make
A shore beyond a vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think; then rests and then puts forth
again.
Thou holdst me by a spell; and on thy
beach
I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured
reach,
Far back beyond all date. And oh! how
old
Thou art to me. For countless years Thou
hast rolled.
Before an ear did hear thee, Thou didst
mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn."

Truly this is one of the fairest and grandest of Nature's scenes. The sight is a sermon in itself. The troubled waters breaking on reefs below seem to portray the turmoil of life, the harassing cares and sorrows of this world; while the faint, far-off line which melts into the hazy sky and marks the uncertain limit of the distant horizon reminds us of the boundless, endless shore of Eternity.

"Eternity, that boundless race
Which Time himself can never run,
Swift as he flies with an unwearyed pace,
Which, when ten thousand thousand
years are done,
Is still the same and still to be begun."

Adieu.

PLACIDIA.