



FUTURE PROCLAIMS THERE IS A GOD.

Down on the ocean's shore, the moon shone in the sky,
 And to its solemn roar—the music of its sigh;
 O'er its waters vast, upon the scene so fair,
 Grandeur of the moment, told me that God was there.

On the ocean's shore, and watched the roiling wave,
 Endless murmurings seemed to bear sweet voices from the grave;
 The mighty darkness round, there seemed to rise afar,
 The darkling billows, hope's ever beck'ning star.

The scene was glorious, the waters mingling with the light,
 The spirits of another world, seemed hovering on the night;
 In my eye aloft, and saw a twinkling star,
 Its bright companions, proclaimed that God was there.

On the ocean's shore, dread silence reigned around,
 When the sea-bird's scream was heard upon the night to sound;
 'Twas in my mind—my thoughts were inward turned,
 'Till I saw there is a God—the glorious truth I learned!
 C. M. D.

THE OCEAN. ITS GRANDEUR AND SUBLIMITY.

BY ART. WATER. COLOUR.
 A grand and impressive exhibition of power to our globe, belong to the Ocean: The val-

no, with its ascending flame and falling torrents of fire; and the earthquake, whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating ranges of their visitations. But the Ocean, when it once rouses itself in its charless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bosom of the earth, melts away, and is lost in vapor; but if it plunge into the embrace of the ocean; this mountain mass of ice and hail is horse about for ages in tumult and terror; it is the drifting monument of the ocean's dead.

The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains, but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves, which have called it up, still roll its terrors onward.

The mountain lake, and the meadow stream are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the leviathan; his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble, and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the returning tide has left on the shore as scarcely worthy of its care, and the watery gem, which the pearl-diver reaches at the peril of his life are all that men can fish from the treasures of the sea.—The grove of coral which wave over its pavements, and the halls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approaches, save when he goes down there to seek amid their silent magnificence his burial monument.

The island, the continent, the shores of civilized and savage realms, the capitals of kings, are worn by time washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake; but the ocean still remains, and still rolls on in the greatness of its unabated strength.

O'er the majesty of its form and the marble of its might, time and disaster have no power. Such as creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now. The vast clouds of vapor, which roll up from its bosom float away to encircle the globe; on distant mountains and deserts they pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again in streams and torrents, to return, with exulting bosom, to their parent ocean. These are the messengers which proclaim in every land the ceaseless resources of the sea; but it is reserved for those who go down

in ships, and who do business on the great waters, to see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

Let one go upon deck in the middle watch of a still night, with naught above him but the silent and solemn skies, and naught around him but an interminable waste of waters, and with the conviction that there is but a plank between him and eternity, a feeling of loneliness, solitude and desertion, mingled with a sentiment of reverence for the vast, mysterious, and unknown, will come upon him with a power, all unknown before, and he might stand for hours entranced in reverence and tears.

Man also has made the ocean the theatre of his power. The ship in which he rides that element is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first this floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the labouring oar. The sail at length arose and spread its wings to the wind. Still he had no power to direct his course when the lofty promontory sank from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is at length revealed to him, and his needle now settles with a fixedness, which love has stolen as the symbol of his constancy, to the polar star.

Now, however, he can dispense even with sail, and wind, and flowing wave. He constructs and propels his vast engine of flame and vapor, and through the solitude of the sea, as over the solid earth, goes thundering on his track. On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Actium was suspended that empire of the world. The gulf of Salamis the pride of Persia found a grave—and the crescent set for ever in the waters of Navarino; while at Trafalgar and the Nile, nations held their breath.

As each gun
 From its adamantine lips
 Spread a dark shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane's eclipse
 Of the sun.

But of all the wonders appertaining to the ocean, the greatest, perhaps, is its transforming power on man. It unweaves and weaves anew the web of his moral and social being. It invests him with feelings, associations, and habits, to which he has been an entire stranger. It breaks up the scaled fontains of his nature, and lifts his soul into features prominent as the cliffs which break over its surge.

Once the adopted child of the ocean, he can never bring back his entire sympathies to the land; he will