

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1877.

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
There with a slight and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea ;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.

So sings in tuneful numbers the poet Percival the wondrous secrets of the sea. Among the most beautiful of the strange forms of life that disport themselves in the placid depths of ocean, undisturbed by the wildest storms that tempest its surface, are those shown in the engraving on the following page. The corals are of almost innumerable variety and of surpassing beauty—some have branching arms, like a submarine tree ; but for blossoms, they have brilliant-hued, living, flower-like animals. Others form a dome-shaped mass, studded with tiny, star-like organisms. Others again, as the brain-stone, (*Mandrina cerebri-*