

heard by those who are in peril of becoming the children of a day instead of the sons of God. . . . And how beautiful the sea is! With what radiancy of color, what soft loveliness, what splendor of light, God has clothed it as with a garment! The land has its majesty of mountain outline, its endless charm of varying form, but the sea is all motion, atmosphere and changing light. Its voice seems to come from far beyond the horizon, and all its beauty is steeped in mystery. The land reveals its sources of use and charm; one feels that he may count and possess them; but the sea hides and baffles and eludes. Its secret is never told; one never becomes familiar with it; it make its appeal always to the imagination, never to the memory."

But the sea is more than a voice of nature to all mankind. Its illimitable reach of influence, its inscrutable mystery suggest the question: "Is it not a symbol of that mystery which encircles man's life as the sea encircles its islands? A mystery sometimes of darkness and storm, and sometimes of unsearchable light and splendor; the mystery of forces not yet mastered, of elements not yet comprehended, of a world vaster and more wonderful than that in which we build our homes and plant our gardens?"

The grandest thought in Byron's grand hymn to the ocean is this, that the sea is a reflection of the Almighty himself:—

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou,  
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,  
Thou writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—  
As creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now.