

flows in to cool, invigorate, and cleanse the atmosphere. Impurities of all sorts rise from city and town, from bog and swamp, from decaying animals and vegetables, upon the face of the whole earth. The air would become intolerable; pestilence would stalk abroad at noon-day; the odor of a pest-house would pervade our homes and fill our nostrils, but for these grateful, health-charged sea breezes.

"The sea is set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy, and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they are blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep; to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they rest, when they are weary, cradled into sleep on that vast, swinging couch of the ocean. There they rouse themselves when they are refreshed, and lifting its waves upon their shoulders, they dash them into spray with their hands, and hurl them backward and forward, through a thousand leagues of sky, until their whole substance, being drenched and bathed and washed and winnowed and sifted, through and through, by this glorious baptism, they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and striking their wings once more for the shore, breathing health and vigour along all the fainting hosts that wait for them in the mountain and forest, valley and plain, till the whole drooping continent lifts up its rejoicing face, and mingles its laughter with the sea, that has waked it from its fevered sleep, and poured such tides of returning life through all its shriveled arteries." By its chemical properties and mechanical forces, the sea is the great sanitary commission of the nations. It fills the veins of the earth with pure water, and "feeds its nostrils with the breath of life;" "keeps its bosom pure and sparkling as the sapphire sky, thrills its form with eternal youth, and fires it with the flush of eternal beauty."

*The Broadway of the Sea.*—The sea is the great thoroughfare which brings the ends of the earth together, and binds them in a most effectual brotherhood. The great nations of the civilized world have been located on the sea, as England, Italy, Greece, etc. It develops both individuality and enterprise. It rouses courage and stimulates adventure. It makes a bold, resolute people, who begin by creeping, at first, along the shore, and end by turning the prow seaward and striking boldly across the deep. In this way the ends of the earth are brought together. Were the globe solid land we never would have known who lived on the other side of it. Without ships there never would have been railways, and only a primitive and puny population. How much more rapidly a nation develops in all material resources that lies on the sea-board, and is penetrated by gulfs and bays, those arms and hands of the sea, reaching inland

to gather up the materials of commerce, the products and manufactures of the interior; or is pierced by great rivers that wash the roots of the mountains, and form "a silver pavement" for thousands of miles, over which men may pass to settle the inmost heart of the country, and bring its products and treasures to the shore. Our own country is a striking instance of this sort. With "our necklace of lakes thrown around our southern borders," and that stupendous river coming up from the gulf to meet them, our whole land is opened up.

The whole gigantic commerce of the world, whose sails whiten every sea, and whose prows are thrust up every bay and inlet and navigable river; whose huge steamers, floating palaces, nay, almost cities, that cross and recross every ocean, and steam along every coast, that brings all the treasures and luxuries of the earth and lays them down at our feet, and piles them in our warehouses, spreads them on our tables, and brings us the plants and birds, the plumage and flowers of all lands, the fruits and gems of every clime, uses the water as its highway, and is the first-born child of the sea. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, the master trinity of human industries, all depend upon the sea, and live and move and have their being from it.

*Animals and Plants.*—The sea seems one vast grave, a receptacle of the dead waste and refuse of the earth. But it is far from being a receptacle of the dead. It is crowded with the intensest and busiest life. The inhabitants of the sea outnumber those of the land many thousand-fold. There are more than eight thousand species of fish, and some of these swarm in such countless millions, that they "move in columns that are several leagues in width, and many fathoms thick; and this vast stream of life continues to move past the same point for whole months together. Incredible numbers are taken from the sea: in Norway, four hundred millions of a single species in a single season, in Sweden, seven hundred millions; and by other nations, numbers without number." Those that are taken are as nothing to those that remain. This is only one species out of eight thousand. The fish of the sea, innumerable as they are, bear no sort of proportion, are but a drop in the ocean, compared with the multitudinous forms of microscopic and animalcular life with which the ocean is filled. Some of these creatures are so small that it would take forty thousand of them to measure one inch in length. They are so densely crowded together that a drop of water contains five hundred millions, half as many as there are inhabitants of the whole globe. Every drop of the sea is all astir with intense and innumerable hosts, a whole continent of busy, happy beings, that draw their existence from God, and wait on him for food. No two of these minute creatures are alike.

They are marked and formed distinctly. Their shells are fluted, dotted, punctured, and variously and gorgeously coloured.

Many of these species of fish are good for food. The inhabitants of the polar region live from the sea. The savage tribes of the islands of the Pacific, and along some of the shores of the continents, draw upon the same source of supplies. All civilized lands levy immense contributions on the life of the sea. The fishing marine is large and active, and uncounted millions are taken from the water and distributed by commerce, in various forms, as food and oil and fertilizers, over the civilized world.

The flora of the sea is as remarkable as the fauna. The plants and flowers, if less numerous than the fish, are no less wonderful. The sea bottom in many places is a royal garden, the king's vale. The variety, colour, beauty of the flowers and plants are a source of exhaustless study and wonder to those who have given attention to them. Almost every storm that stirs up the sea from the bottom strows the shore with masses of various and exquisite plants. Whole windrows of sea-weed and mosses are rolled upon the beach by the marching and counter-marching of the waves, which catch these wrecks of marine gardens in their teeth and spit them upon the shore. One of the most exquisite ornaments ever devised by man, or worn by woman, is a cluster of deep-sea mosses, ethereal as a dream, clear as a beam of light, of all the rare and rich marine colours, clasped in a plain band of gold, and worn at the neck, or in the hair.

*God.*—"The sea is his, and he made it." He holds exclusive possession of it. Its vastness and loneliness proclaim the name and majesty of Jehovah. Man's empire stops at the sea. Here his proud steps are stayed. Man has "no inheritance in it." If he goes upon it, it is as a pilgrim and a stranger. If he crosses it, he leaves no foot-prints behind him. He leaves no trace of his presence or power; he builds no roads, rears no houses, pitches no tents, erects no monuments, fixes no boundaries. The spot of no naval battle or great calamity is marked by a monument or an arch. It scorns and laughs at man's puny power. "All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind, and all the noise of his commerce and all the thunder of his navies it can hush in a moment within the silence of its impenetrable abysses." What a vast multitude of things have gone down into its dark, tumultuous waters, and not a trace "or a bubble marks the place" where they sunk. I suppose it is true, that if all the people and cities and monuments, the marine of the ages, all the accumulations of the generations of men, were cast into the sea, the waters would roll over them in derision, "a thousand fathoms above their topmost stone." Though

all the steamers that ply between the Old World and the New were to pass over the same track for a thousand years, they would not leave a trace behind to tell where they went. The sea is to-day as if man were never upon it. It is God's habitation, the liquid floor of his great temple, where none but the Majesty on high dwells. Its great waves and billows voice his name and praise. When going over it we seem to be borne us into the presence of the Unseen.

### The Phantom Printers.

BY F. M. KOERNER.

In an ancient German city,  
In a narrow, gloomy lane,  
There stands a mouldering dwelling,  
With many a broken pane;  
The mildewed walls are crumbling,  
And the spirit of decay,  
Like a black, ill-omened raven,  
Broods o'er it night and day.

As the gossips say, at midnight,  
When wise folks are a-bed,  
'Tis thronged with spectral shadows,  
And filled with shapes of dread;  
The wraith of Faustus hovers  
High in the ebon air,  
And at his awful summons  
The phantoms gather there.

They throng that ancient building,  
They seize on rule and stick,  
And like the beat of seconds  
Resounds the ghostly "click."  
With lightning speed they pick up;  
No "whip" Australia boasts  
Could vie in speed or deftness  
With any of those ghosts.

They are the shades of printers  
Who lived in olden times,  
Condemned to ceaseless setting  
In penance for their crimes—  
For drinking and for sweating,  
And sins done in the flesh,  
Which still despite much preaching,  
Draws souls to Satan's mesh.

'Tis said that they are setting  
The grim and endless rolls,  
Where gleam in blood-red letters  
The names of all lost souls;  
And wayfarers belated  
Who chance to wander nigh,  
With limbs that scarce support them,  
And hair upstanding, fly.

But when the cock's loud clarion  
Thro' mornin'g's air sounds shrill,  
At once the phantoms vanish,  
And all again is still.  
Through broken pane and doorway  
Streams in the sun's fair light,  
Nor shines on any vestige  
Of the fearful deeds of night.

### How to be Happy.

1. OBSERVE, invariably, truth in all your words and integrity in all your actions.
2. Accustom yourself to temperance, and be master of your passions.
3. Endeavour to spend your life profitably both to yourself and others.
4. Never make an enemy or lose a friend unnecessarily.
5. Cultivate such an habitual cheerfulness of mind and evenness of temper as not to be ruffled by trivial causes or inconveniences.
6. Let it rather be your ambition to acquit yourself well in your proper station than to rise above it.