

282.—OCEANS

The ocean of the universe still rolls
About the earth, and breaks upon its shore
In billows, that are noiseless and sonore
Like time, whose footprints fade as it here strolls.

It runs from the equator to the poles,
The beaches washing daily o'er and o'er;
Till like the frosts in Autumn they are hoar,
And pure as angels swathed in albs and stoles.

The earthly oceans vast, inspiring awe
In angels' breasts, are nought in its compare;
As to an Autumn's yield a single straw:
Yet who can on these bounding billows stare,
And visions of eternity not draw,—
Of valleys and of mountains choice and rare.