

mocking us, and we rave and gnash our teeth at him in return. It is particularly hard that we cannot succeed in any one point, however trifling, that we set our hearts on. We are the sport of imbecility and mischance—We make another desperate effort, and fly out into all the extravagance of impatient rage once more. Our anger runs away with our reason, because as there is little to give it birth, there is nothing to check it or recall us to our senses in the prospect of consequences—we take up and rend in pieces the mere toys of humour, as the gusts of wind take up and whirl about chaff and stubble. Passion plays the tyrant in a grand tragic-comic style, over the Litiputia difficulties and petty disappointments it has to encounter, gives way to all the fretfulness of grief and all the turbulence of resentment, makes a fuss about nothing, because there is nothing to make a fuss about—when an impending calamity, an irretrievable loss, would instantly bring it to its recollection and tame it in its preposterous career—The truth is we pamper little griefs into great ones and bear great ones as well as we can—We can afford to dally and play tricks with the one, but the others we have enough to do with without any of the wantonness and bombast of Passion.

### A WALK BY THE SEA SIDE.

Ocean ! I love to view thy dark blue face,  
To hear the rippling on thy shelvy shore.  
To me, thy form has greatness, grandeur, grace :  
To me, there's more than music in thy roar.

Though inland landscapes are not without their attractions, yet they sink into insignificance, when compared with the everlasting ocean, as viewed from its shores. The apparent absence of all boundary, the deep blue sky, which in the dimly defined distance seems bending in reverence to the wave, strike on the mind with a sentiment of eternity, an expression of holy grandeur, deep, wild, and unearthly. Though the creator has on all things stamped the plastic hand of his divinity, though by the dark forests, the mountain glens, the roaring cataracts, he is seen, as if he was bodily present, yet it is over the boundless expanse of ocean that he delights to throw the expression of his benevolence and his vengeance. When in the creeping tranquility of twilight, we wander along the shores, and see at a distance the sun encanopied in his pavilion of clouds, throwing the hues of glory over every object that he tints. When we see the waves reflecting back his last lingering look of softness, and then murmuring calmly to the coast, as if afraid to break the stillness that reigns around, we are hushed in the repose of gentleness, and partaking in our thoughts of the silence we adore in nature, think of the deity only as the emblem of meekness and benevolence. But, when the winds are high, and the storm howls across the ocean—when blasts that 'will be raging at all hours,' lash the sea into a white mass of foam, and

hurl it with violence to the skies, it is then that we feel in unison with the restless spirit of the hour, and, taking our tone of action from the horror we behold, bend with mute reverence before the footstool of an avenging deity.

Perhaps in the whole range of external nature, there is no scene that so wholly absorbs the soul as a walk by the sea shore. The boundless magnificence of the landscape, the wonderful extent of sight, the receding or approaching tides, look us, as it were, in the face, and audibly pronounce that they are glorious scintillations of a light that burns from above. Every faculty of the soul may here find the most exquisite gratification. The lover of the wild and the sublime, while he roams along the sea coast, when Nature, like a bashful beauty, clothes herself in the veil of twilight, and hears the hollow sounding waters welcoming the approach of evening, and the wild fowl screaming around the surf-beaten crags, may be filled with transport even to satiety. The admirer of the picturesque and beautiful may find objects of adoration in every step that he advances.—He may see the upraising sun-beam stealing from the embrace of Thetis, and then mounting his chariot of the sky, the deep blue ocean whispering as it were the tale of lovers' bliss. The clear cloudless firmament, pure as the earliest smile of infant innocence, feeding the beauty of the landscape with its sunshine :—the white sails of the homeward-bound vessels moving merrily onward :—the richly tinted shells glistening upon the sands, and a thousand other objects of infinite grace, that may exhaust even the language of adoration and of reverence.

This subject is suggested by the ramble that we have at present chosen. Far removed from every haunt of man, on the desolate shores of ocean, which is now gaining imperceptibly on our home-returning steps, make us feel, deeply feel, the silent awe of the moment. We are here alone, with nothing to interrupt the meditations of the hour, or break the tranquillity of the prospect, but the sullen scream of the cormorant, as he wheels his flight among the beetling crags that tower to an awful distance above us. But hark ! a sound comes pealing on our ear, it is the voice of the evening breeze, as it wakes the slumbering music of the tides, and rouses the full chorus of celestial harmony. From the darkened hollows of the west the sea-fog is rising in his majesty, and hastens to spread the dull path of death over the living lineaments of nature. At distance, on the very verge of the horizon, where heaven embraces earth, and mingles with it the sweet influencings of his spirit, the Needle rocks are discovered ; and when the fog accumulates on his sterile sides, and conceals them from the view, woe to the adventurous mariner who approaches them with his little barque.—But while thus enrapt in contemplation, the increasing shades of twilight remind us that we are yet far from home ; the last footsteps of departing day are now hovering on the