

own. On the bosom of a lake you never feel that consciousness of the infinite which takes hold of the mind as you gaze on even a quiet arm of the sea. *Of the Sea*—it is this that furnishes the basis for your strong emotion: this is the undertone that stirs the fountains of feeling. You are as one that plays with leviathan, or that shakes the paw of a slumbering but uncaged lion. Deep as may be the sleep of the waters around you, in the distance is the crash of great waves rolling in on some unprotected beach; and the stiller the air the more mighty seems this distant battle. It is as if the sea could never forget its old warfare against the shore. Here and there we witness a truce of longer or shorter duration; but the heart of this peace is smitten by the thunder of an ever-coming struggle. Thus greater zest is given to the enjoyment of this repose. We thank God for the headlands and islands that guard us from the tameless fury of the sea: we thank Him that His winds are under control, and that so many return from the stormy main to rest in the desired haven.

Fog often comes in on us and blots out all the beauty of the landscape; it comes wet and heavy, driven by the chill east wind. But wait a few hours, till the sun is high, or, at worst, till the wind changes to the west or north, and then you will see a picture not soon to be forgotten, as the fog gathers up its trailing skirts and reveals the islands, the gleaming headlands, the snowy sails of ships, and the wide limitless sea. Sometimes our unwelcome visitor creeps up again at night and hovers around till scared by the morning sun. Sometimes it lies as a great wall, far out seaward, and impedes navigation for several days. Our wildest storms come from the south-east; and these do harm in the harbour, well-protected though it is. Those who live far inland have no idea of the might that is in an angry sea driven into fury by fierce winds. I have often watched the big waves as they come in tumbling, rolling, dashing madly against the rocks, with a crashing noise as of thunder. There is a small part of our peninsula open to the full force of the ocean in a south-east storm. Niagara itself is not more terribly grand than the view from this point when the wind is blowing a gale and the tide is high. Huge fragments of rock are hurled about, churned, dashed against each other and on the beach, as light as if they were mere pebbles. The spray is flung in landward "many a rod." The roar of the battle is so loud that thunder, or the discharge of a park of artillery, would hardly be audible. Few, very few, seem ever to take the trouble to enjoy the wild sublimity of these scenes, which may be safely witnessed at the expense of nothing more than a wet skin, and a cold shiver for an hour or two.

The peninsula on which Halifax is built looks as if it were created purposely to be the site of the greatest, the sightliest, and the most healthful city in America—water all around it, except in the space of a quarter of a mile—its foundation the everlasting rock—the ground sloping gently on all sides towards the water, thus securing facilities for perfect cleanliness—the supply of good fresh water from lakes in the vicinity superabundant—constant access to the wide wide world by sea and land! On what philosophers call teleological grounds I judge