

ling the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark, heaving, boundless, endless and sublime,"—

suggests forcibly a sense of the infinite. The mind fails to grasp or comprehend its grandeur. Its mighty waves, raised by an invisible power, thundering against isle and continent, seem able to destroy the solid foundations of the world. Dark mystery ! grim, relentless power !—these are the ideas it awakens till we connect ocean with Him who scooped out its mighty bed, and who "ruleth in the raging of the sea." Truly is it "the throne of the Invisible."

Then, think of the vast extent of this mighty ocean on which we float so securely. It plays with both poles. With its great arms it embraces the Old World and the New ; it drinks in the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Amazon ; it breaks in foam along Afric's burning sands ; it hoarsely resounds on the rock-bound Labrador ; it roars around the Cape of Storms, and flings up its spray along the white cliffs of Albion. Piercing the very heart of the Old World with one of its inlets, it bathes the "Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung," and swallows up the yellow Tiber and the historic Nile, touching the shores on which old Troy and Carthage stood, and driving its waves through the narrow Bosphorus. On the shores of the New World, it shows its resistless might when the tidal wave rolls back the waters of the Amazon in masses of foaming cascades, driving them steadily upward, and sending its roar and its thunder for miles into the upland. This great Atlantic has its rivers, broad and deep, traversing its bosom ; its luxuriant forests blooming in its deep vales, its broad savannas ; its submarine Alps and Andes ; its flaming volcanoes beneath its still surface. Its waters are teeming with life in its most varied and wonderful forms. No bleak waste—no howling, barren wilderness is ocean ; but full of eager, thronging life, from the microscopic infusoria to the great leviathan of the deep. What fathomless mysteries it hides ! What secrets, never to be revealed to man, its waters cover !

And my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

What a mere speck—a little toy on the bosom of the great ocean is the ship in which we float ! And yet, "walking the waters like a thing of life," guided by the little needle that "trembles to the pole," it is one of the greatest triumphs of man's genius ; and without fear we trust ourselves to its guardianship, amid the fierce conflict of wind and wave. Thus a voyage at sea becomes an emblem of human life :

"Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear."