

summit of a lofty mountain, and thence survey the great ocean over many broad regions, — over plains, and forests, and undulating tracts of hills, and blue remote promontories, and far-seen islands, — than to look forth on the same vast expanse from the level champaign, a single field's breadth from the shore. It can indeed be in part conceived from either point how truly sublime an object that ocean is, — how the voyager may sail over it day after day, and yet see no land rise on the dim horizon, — how its numberless waves roll, and its great currents ceaselessly flow, and its restless tides ever rise and fall, — how the lights of heaven are mirrored on its solitary surface, solitary, though the navies of a world be there, — and how, where plummet-line never sounded, and where life and light alike cease, it reposes with marble-like density, and more than Egyptian blackness, on the regions of a night on which there dawns no morning. But the larger view inspires the profounder feeling. The emotion is less overpowering, the conception less vivid, when from the humble flat we see but a band of water rising to where the sky rests, over a narrow selvage of land, than when, far beyond an ample breadth of foreground, and along an extended line of coast, and streaked with promontories and mottled with islands, and then spreading on and away in an ample plain of diluted blue, to the far horizon, we see the great ocean in its true character, wide and vast as human ken can descry. And such is the sublime prospect presented to the geologist, as he turns him towards the shoreless ocean of the upper eternity. The mere theologian views that boundless expanse from a flat, and there lies in front of him but the narrow strip of the existing creation, — a green selvage of a field's breadth, fretted thick by the tombs of dead men; while to the eye purged and strengthened by the euphrasy of science, the many vast regions of other creations,