

COMMUNINGS WITH NATURE.

Ocean.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

OCEAN! how I love to gaze
 When a sunbeam o'er thee plays,
 Sporting on thy bosom bold,
 Tinging thy broad breast with gold.
 Art thou not a wondrous thing,
 Full of deep imagining?
 Treasures rich thy caverns fill,
 Treasures—all immortal still.

Ocean! how I love to hear
 Rippling wavelets soft and clear,
 When the moonbeams glisten pale,
 'Neath their spangled gauzy veil,
 Breaking on the silver'd shore,
 Flowing on for ever more;
 Beauty doth thy gemm'd waves fill,
 Every change is beauty still.

Ocean! how I dread to mark
 Waves beneath the storm grow dark,
 Lashing like a furious thing,
 Flapping hoarse thy snow-white wing,
 Making lithe thy winding-sheet,
 For the choicest of the fleet;
 Gallant hearts thy dark depths fill,
 Yet I love thee, Ocean! still.

Ocean! be it calm or storm,
 Still I trace one viewless Form;
 See Him in the smiling waves
 When the moon her bosom laves;

See Him in the joyous light
 When the morn shines blue and bright;
 Hear Him, when rude winds rush by,
 And the tempest hovers nigh—
 He who when those depths He scanned,
 Held the Ocean in His hand—
 Bade them roll forth at His will,
 And His might their vastness fill—
 Much I love to gaze on thee,
 For thou speak'st of God, thou Sea!

(From the South Carolina Temperance Advocate.)

LINES,

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE JEWISH SUNDAY SCHOOL IN COLUMBIA.

BY THOMAS FREAN, ESQ.

AWAKEN, sweet minstrels, awaken again
 The notes of that holy and heart-melting strain,
 My spirit is longing to hear you once more
 Sing those songs which the Prophets and Priests sung before.

And again let the incense of prayer ascend,
 From a virgin's pure lips to that Father and Friend,
 Who by her poor Nation hath hitherto stood,
 In trials and troubles, in flame and in flood.

Let the Parents again hear their child with delight,
 Their Creator adore, his commandments recite,
 While the teachers those lessons of wisdom instil,
 That correct the affections and govern the will.

And Israel, poor Israel! how cold must he be,
 Who feels not his sympathies wakened for thee,
 When he thinks on the glory that circled thy brow,
 And sees only sackcloth and ashes there now.