

temperature. See how all this is effected. The bed of the ocean rises. The hidden cavern becomes an elevated promontory. Where waves pursued their objectless course undisturbed, their progress is now arrested by an upheaved mass, it may be of mica-schist, or trap-rock, or limestone. The billows throw themselves on the obstruction, dash themselves into breakers, and strew the beach with foam, as if furious at the interruption to their long-established ascendancy ; while the emerged rock is dark and gloomy, as if it still frowned on the ocean which had so long obscured its greatness and contemned its dignity. Now that this mineral mass has escaped from the waters, and exposed itself to the day, what purpose does it serve—can it serve, in the material creation? On all its rugged surface there is no mould ; perhaps not so much sand that the finger might write in it the word Hope. But let that rude and naked crag be revisited after centuries have elapsed, and what appears now? An Elysian field—an island for the blessed. The pastures are clothed with flocks. The valleys also are covered over with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing.