

## Communings with Nature.

No. VII.

### ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

SOUND on, thou mighty Deep, sound on, thou Sea,  
Lash thy blue waves to snowy crested foam,  
Wake into music, glorious and free,  
Proclaim thee bulwark of our island home.

Sound on! thou hast a voice of freedom, Sound!  
My soul hath thrilling echoes to thy voice,  
And throbs and bounds, as if on thee were found,  
A home where life all chainless, might rejoice!

Thou beautiful! thou glorious! all unstained  
With earth's sad curse, thou rollest on thy way;  
Might! majesty! music! all retained,  
Thro' whelming ages, tinged not by decay.

Thou hast no dream of shadow or of change,  
No murm'ring voice of wailing or of wo;  
Free on thy glorious path, uncheck'd to range  
And do His will, who rules thy billowy flow.

I dream not of thy gem'd and treasured caves,  
The slumbering riches, on thy breast that lie,  
Or treacherous smiles, that beam from sunny waves,  
When death-fraught storms are darkly hov'ring nigh.

Thou speakest not of these, I do but gaze  
In childish marvel on thy billowy sea,  
And list the breeze, with thy bright waves that plays,  
And feel thee still, the beautiful! the free!

Then, oh sound on! my soul drinks in each tone,  
Of gushing waters, as a voice of love,

Whose melody in infancy was known,  
Lifting my spirit on those depths above.

Yes, 'tis of God thou speakest, ay, of Him  
Who held thy rolling billows in His hand,  
Before whose voice thy wildest war sounds dim,  
And 'neath whose eye, thy whelming depths are span'd.

Fit altar for His praise, thou mighty deep,  
Oh, my full soul doth faint and quiv'ring lie,  
Whelm'd 'neath the thoughts, which o'er it rushing sweep,  
Ere they burst forth in words of ecstasy!

Hail! hail! once more I come to thee, thine own,  
Thine own true, loving child, with bounding heart,  
And fancy free—and memory's deep tone,  
And hope's sweet dream, that hath in care no part.

I deem'd them flown; but, oh they did but sleep  
Neath the full grasp of inward care and pain;  
Thy voice, the spell hath broken, and they sweep  
O'er my full soul, rejoicingly again!

Let thy rich voice sound on! roll on thy waves  
'Mid storm and sunshine, still the blue, the free!  
Life is upspringing from my soul's deep caves,  
To hail, to bless thee, oh, thou glorious sea!

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### Jewish Lyrics.

No. VIII.

BY MRS. M. HARTOG.

### SONG OF THE EXPATRIATED.

I.

Oh, land of mine adoption,  
Much loveliness is thine;  
Tho' thy fruitful vales produce not  
The olive, fig, and vine;