

I'm richer than with gold and lands
The proudest monarchs be,
With thee for mine, and these two hands
'To work, sweetheart, for thee!'

THE MUSIC OF THE SHELLS.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

Bright crimson bars flecked all the west
With deeper glow than molten ore ;
The soothing, sober hour of rest
Crept o'er the haven on the shore.
O'er cliff and vale athwart the land
Floated the sound of evening bells,
While all along the shining strand
Glad children gathered shells.

A simple, laughing child of three
Long held one to its eager ear.
What glowing, wondrous mystery
Did it in soothing murmurs hear?
Was there recalled the dream of heaven
Which its pure spirit knew of yore,
But which at its birth-hour was riven.
Here to be seen no more?

A sailor's rosy boy of nine
Placed to his ear the self-same shell.
What made his face so gladly shine?
What tale of wonder did it tell?
He saw fair isles in emerald seas,
And felt the fragrance of the air,
And bright song-birds on stately trees—
He sighed and wished him there.