

point I cannot do better than quote from Tennyson's "Maud," where the exile finds himself musing on the Breton shore :

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot !
Frail, but a work divine ;
Made so fairily well,
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute !
A miracle of design !

What is it ? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name ;
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

WM. HOUSTON.