

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.