

As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil ;
 Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn !

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !

While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul.
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

* II. A.
 II. B