

THE SEA SHELL SPEAKS.

WOULD you like to know where the Sea Shell grew,
Or hear it tell

What it hopes to do?

Then sit down a spell

And hear it through,

While the starlit sky sifts down the dew.

The Sea Shell grew by a lovely shore,

Where soft winds sigh

And the sea-birds soar,

Where the rocks rise high

And breakers roar,

And the clatter of war is heard no more.

At fair Kirkclawn, in its Island home

Was spent life's dawn,

Where the plashing foam.

Leaps light as a fawn;

It loves its home;

It is neither a fairy, ghost, nor gnome.

The daily cares of its father's farm

Engaged its youth,

Keeping moist and warm,

Though mayhap uncouth,

It's soul frail form;

While it found in nature's soul a charm.

It would like to tell with trumpet blast

That souls may live,

For the doom is past.

Now, shall your life give

Your soul its cast

Like a gnarled old trunk, or a tall ship's mast?