

the sun's light or before a fire, the beautiful phenomena called ice-flowers make their appearance—"a fairy seems to have breathed upon the ice, and caused flowers of exquisite beauty suddenly to blossom in myriads within it."

When we remember that the enormous icebergs of the arctic and antarctic seas, the snow-caps which crown the Alps, Andes and Himalayas, and the glaciers which urge their way with resistless force down the mountain valleys, are all made up of these delicate and beautiful snow-flowers, we are struck with the force of the strange contrasts which nature presents to our contemplation. We may say of the snow-crystals what Tennyson said of the sea-shell. Each snow-star is

"Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well,
So exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design."

Yet, massed together with all the prodigality of nature's un-sparing hand, they crown the everlasting hills; or, falling in avalanche and glacier, overwhelm the stoutest works of man; or, in vast islands of floating ice, show themselves to be

"Of force to withstand, year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap the three-decker's oaken spine."

PROCTOR.

"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is
Tyrannous to use it like a giant."

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