

Along the margin of the sea
 A youth with shining face there came,
 His soul steeped in love's mystery,
 And breathing oft a dear one's name.
 The shell sang to his yearning ear
 That song which all the spirit fills ;
 And on his soul her voice fell clear
 From o'er the sundering hills.

An aged man with silvery hair
 Came slowly o'er the gleaming strand ;
 With faint smile on his face of care
 He took a smooth shell in his hand.
 No song for him of emerald seas
 It sang, but breathed of woe and pain :
 He heard sad voices in each breeze,
 And sighed for youth again !

IN VANITY FAIR.—FLORENCE TYLEE.

Through Vanity Fair, in days of old,
 There passed a maiden with locks of gold,
 And a pedlar opened his tempting pack,
 Crying : ' O my pretty lass ! what d' ye lack ?
 Here 's many a ware
 Costly and rare.
 Come, buy—oh, come, buy !
 In Vanity Fair.'

' Silks and satins are not for me ;
 Lace is for damsels of high degree ;
 The 'ads would laugh in our country town
 If I came clad in a broidered gown ;
 But yet there 's a ware,
 Precious and rare,
 I fain would buy me
 In Vanity Fair.