

To a Clam.

O Clam!

O bivalve succulent!

Denizen of the salt mudflats,

And the mild, wet reaches swept by the incoming tide.

We love thee, Clam,

We delve for thee as for hidden gold,

Inserting the broad flat blade of the digger,

And with one foot on its shoulder, exerting a downward pressure,

Then levering backward with force rend the stiff mud till thy ridged shell gladdens our sight.

O Clam!

Most delicious of shell fish after thy sister, the oyster,

And there be many declare thee the only pebble on all the beaches,

A legend, a saying, survives among men, that happy art thou at high water,

Since then is thy heart free from fear of thy enemies; much have I wondered

Where thy heart is; methinks that, like man's, it must be in thy stomach.

Joy alike of the lonely camper and the crowded excursion art thou, O agreeable mollusk!

Salt and savor of the festive stew and the chowder; only to think of thee

Brings to my mouth the water of relish; I will betake me

Down to the beach and there I will sing thy praises,

For truly the soothsayer sayeth, "the praise of the pudding is the eating thereof;" thuswise will I praise thee.

NELL MURCHIE MCADAM.