

It touched the wavelets—then it sank
Until it would no deeper go,
The water was so dense below.
The wire's upper end to float
We built a tiny wooden boat.
Electric force to concentrate
An instrument assists the weight.
With all complete, we launched our wherry,
It found the center in a hurry.
I wondered what would happen next,
But was not long to be perplex'd.
"Altho' the hour is getting late,
If you're not tired here we will wait,
For know just when our sister planet
May link with us, we surely cannot.
We sat there looking at the speck,
The magnet quivered on its deck!—
Then came a brilliant, ling'ring flash!
I waited for the thunder-crash—
It did not come—I sat dismayed
Watching the lightning as it played
Around the needle on the boat
Which we twain had set afloat.
"And now my boy, if you desire
We'll homeward turn, and there retire,
For we tonight good work have done,
THE EARTH AND VENUS ARE AS ONE."

Morning came. We sought the shore,
And viewed what never was before
Exposed to any human eye,
A line of electricity