

There was no thought of conversation, and it seemed as if we were awakening from a celestial dream, when we approached the wharf and heard again the clatter on the stone streets. The bronze giants in the clock tower were striking six on the huge bell as we crossed the square; the little stores all around were glittering with their display of multi-colored beads, of mosaics, of glassware, of gold and silver ornaments, of pictures and elegantly bound books; the square itself was being lighted for the evening's concert; but the glamor did not appeal to us then and we went on quietly through the dark and narrow streets to live over the whole afternoon in the quiet of our room.

E. A. M.

A LAY OF THE PRESS.

*Flashed o'er the league-deep cable,
Winged o'er the singing wire,—
Eastward, westward, northward,
coursers that never tire,
Food for the hungry columns, morn-
ing by morning new,
The Utterly Unreliable, and the
utterly, utterly True.*

Ancient records, still intact, prove that
e'er the Babel act
The Press was in a flourishing condi-
tion.
Noah took a weather tip, cashed his
cheques, and built a ship,
Without regard to hints of supersi-
tion.
When they really got the rain, he was
safe upon the main
With his wife, Shem, Ham, and Jap-
heth, and the Zoo;
And the human race to-day owes its
being to the way
That the *Babel Daily Echo* gave the
cue.

Solomon, of later date, partial to the
wedded state,
Through the dailies thought to further
his design;
But their world-wide reputation bore
his "ad." to every nation,
And the "eligibles" flocked to Pales-
tine.

Even Sol.'s wise visage clouded when
he saw his entries crowded,—
Must have been a good ten thousand,
anyway.
But with brave resolve he thundered,
"I will marry seven hundred.
There will be three hundred left,—
and *they* may stay.

Men to-day make large pretensions
to perfecting new inventions,
And ascribe to Morse the modern
telegraph.

Which naive asseveration would cause
mirthful cachinnation
If the Shades beyond the Styx had
time to laugh.
C. J. Caesar, when his legions con-
quered Cleopatra's regions,
To apprise his Syndicate of his suc-
cess,
Since his purse could ill afford twelve
denarii per word,
Cabled: "Veni. Vidi. Vici. Guess
the rest."

In the post-historic ages, it will mys-
tify the sages
To pronounce upon our manners,
times and work.

Let us hope their observations be not
drawn from publications.
Found on fyle beneath the ruins of
New York.

It will pain those men discerning,
blind, and bent, and bald from
learning,
If they gather, as an inkling of our
life,