

long before the day-break cock crows, he has seen trains that baffle his very conception of mechanics, by their locomotion and their speed, start off with these mails, bearing these improved "maps of busy life," to greet with the rising sun, their expectant readers miles and leagues away. And well may he delay his flight till the cock crows, and contemplate it all. He has seen these mammoth sheets fall like the flakes of snow, has wondered over every step of the process of their manufacture, their superior execution, their variety and number. He has seen these sheets made up since the night set in; and like the fabled works of magic, it is the labor of a night; though it goes on and is repeated day after day, night after night, as if for all time, reciting the story of each day of the world's life to the world itself. He has seen the news of the day, in one hour, gathered from the ends of the earth, multiplied a myriad times and told again to a nation in a night. In short, he has seen, in the slow world of matter, so near a realization of his spirit home, that he might well doubt if he had left it, did not the messages he has seen called up and dispatched, tell such tales of woe and sorrow - tell so vividly that they belong to earth, and are the work of mortals.