

## The V-A-S-E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,  
The maidens four and the Work of Art,  
And none might tell from sight alone  
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,  
The Philadelphia Pedigree,  
The Boston Mind of azure hue,  
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved art in a seemly way,  
With an earnest soul and a capital A.  
Long they worshipped ; but no one broke  
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,  
Who blushing said : " What a lovely vase !"  
Over three faces a sad smile flew,  
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred  
To crush the stranger with one small word.  
Deftly hiding reproof in praise  
She cries ! " 'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase !"

But brief her unworthy triumph when  
The lofty one from the home of Penn,  
With the consciousness of two grandpapas,  
Exclaims ! " It is quite a lovely vases !"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,  
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.  
But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee  
And gently murmurs : " Oh, pardon me !

" I did not catch your remark, because  
I was so entranced with that charming vases !"

*Dies erit praegelida*

*Sinistra quum Bostonia*

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.