Procession of Faith.

ROME—
I was the mistress of the world.
. . . . . my power.
Seized thrones and kingdoms.
The known earth was my dower.
Where'er I went I conquered—
. . . . . Land and Sea
North, South, East, West .....
Was tribute unto ME.
With arms I made the wide, wide world Mine Own,
And put fair Justice firm upon her throne.

VENICE—
I am the daughter of the Radiant Sea;
Both Art and Beauty find a home with me.
For Arms, for Art, for Song
. . . . . My Flags unfurled.
I stood for Progress; mid a vandal world.

NUREMBURG—
Aye strong was I—Strong and Free.
I gave the world The Press and Liberty;
For tyrants trembled, yes! in every land
When the First Printer first took type in hand.
In hearts aye stout, with craftsman's eye and hand,
I spread the light of learning thro' the land.

PARIS—
Music and song are mine.
I charm each heart
With dress and jewels, with coquetry and art.
Baptized by fire and flood
My spirits rise—
E'en from the toils of Blood
I mount the skies.
Paris the ever buoyant, ever gay,
Paris that turns black night to jocund day.

Other Cities Follow.

Mu