

Sold Again !

This expression is heard in our every-day life,
In the selling of goods in the world's busy strife,
And the auctioneer keen on the money he makes,
Holds fast to the goods for the highest stakes,
And he earns his bread in this worldly gain,
While the hammer falls he says "Sold again."

There's a sale going on in the world to-day,
It has gone on for ages without delay.
'Tis a sale entirely regardless of cost,
The selling of souls in sin that are lost.
The selling of souls of women and men,
While the devil repeats it "Sold again."

You can walk on the streets of our city at night,
And see this cruel and horrible sight:
The selling of souls in disgrace and in shame,
Caring naught for their once good name;
While mothers at home wait with hearts like to break,
Waiting for loved ones whose souls are at stake.

And many a prayer seems to rise in vain,
From the heart of a mother so stricken in pain
For the girl who was once her pride and joy,
So sweet, she seemed to be just like a toy.
But years of sin left that horrible stain,
And the devil repeats it "Sold again."

Have the minds of the men lost their reason of right?
Or are their eyes blinded to this cursed sight?
That they trample in filth to the last degree,

The souls of our women that should be made free.

And when they have dragged them down to the last,
They scorn and forsake them as an out-cast.

And, oh what a picture it shows us at last,

A poor, forsaken, helpless outcast,
Tossed about in the world too and fro,
Heeding not for a moment what may come or go;

All hopes of the future left them and gone,
Nothing more to do but to die alone.

But thanks be to God for what he has done,

He gave to this world His only Son,
To bleed, and to die and to save us from sin,

Who says to all sinners "Thou may'st come in."

And in His own blood He will wash every stain,

And we hear Him saying "Thou art bought back again."

Angus R. Munro,
125th Battalion.

Big sparks flew from old Satan's eyes. "What's this I hear!" said he. "They say that when the Kaiser dies, he'll be consigned to me! Old Hell to me is mighty dear, the place is very fine; but if they send that guy down here, believe me, I'll resign! I'll stand for murderers and crooks, and I will not disown that I have now here on my books the worst thing ever known. But my boys would get sore I fear; I know they would rebel; the Kaiser cannot enter here, for he would corrupt Hell. Our sulphur is too clean for him, our brimstone lakes too pure; and if in one he took a swim, he'd ruin it I'm sure. Our company is not so swell, vile beasts we won't reject; but keep the Kaiser out of Hell, we have SOME self respect."