

The March of the Toilers.

BY WEBSTER ROGERS.

NOT with the gleam of bayonets
Where the gapped ranks rushed to death
In the smoke of crumbling cities
And the flame-fiend's withering breath.

Not with the crash of cannon,
The rifle and thundering drum,
But armed with the peaceful ballot
The laboring legions come.

I hear their feet on the hillsides
Their tread on the dusty street
A sound like the voice of waters
Where winds in the darkness beat.

A sound like the groaning thunder
Far borne from a troubled sky
When thrilled on the trembling spaces
A fathomless fear goes by.

Scarred with the billows of conflict
Stained with the sweats of toil
Paled in the noisome sweatshop
And browned by the sun and soil.

Hands that are weak and weary
And calloused with burdens borne
And hands that are clenched in fury
Made strong with a vengeance sworn.