

## POVERTY AND WEALTH



THE stork flew over a town one day,  
And back of each wing an infant lay;  
One to a rich man's home he brought,  
And one he left at a labourer's cot.  
The rich man said, 'My son shall be  
A lordly ruler c'er land and sea.'  
The labourer sighed, ' 'Tis the good God's will  
That I have another mouth to fill.'  
The rich man's son grew strong and fair,  
And proud with the pride of a millionaire:  
His motto in life was, 'Live while you may,'  
And he crowded years in a single day.  
He bought position and name and place,  
And he bought him a wife with a handsome face.  
He journeyed over the whole wide world,  
But discontent in his heart lay curled  
Like a serpent hidden in leaves and moss,  
And life seemed hollow and gold was dross.