

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.