

With his hairy ears turned deafly
 To his needy brother's pleas;
 As he lies there like a drunkard
 In his poisoned, rotten mood
 Whilst the starving folks are weeping
 For a little bit of food.
 May the god he makes of money
 And the love he makes of wealth
 Tear his calloused heart asunder
 And deprive him of his health;
 May the curse of all the legions
 And the curse of Heaven crash
 O'er the death-bed of the reptile
 Who sells everything for cash.

Low-Rate.

—o—

AFTER LANGEMARK.

There's a story that men shall utter,
 When the strife of the world is old;
 When Hate has passed from the earth at last,
 And the heated guns grow cold.
 And the heart of a great Dominion
 Will swell with a mighty pride,
 When the scroll of Fame will bear her name,
 And show how her sons have died.

From the peace of the vasty prairies,
 They went to the strife of War;
 From the scented rains of the free-born plains,
 To the land where the Shadows are.
 And long will the world remember,
 Thro' the peace of the years to be,
 How dearly bought was the prize they sought
 In the cause of Liberty.

Oh men of the lake and river,
 Oh sons of the plain and pine,
 Proud Valor crowned, with a fame renowned,
 Your brave, unbroken line.
 We read, but our lips are silent—
 We strive, but we strive in vain,
 To voice the praise your deeds now raise
 Beyond the tongues of men!

—Jack Cadden.