

So those demons and devils in shape of good men,
 When the laws of the land must be made,
 You will find at elections with tongue and with pen
 Are supporting the men of the trade.

Though those leaders of moral reform have their chance
 While elections are drawing quite near,
 And if they for the right now refuse to advance,
 At their lodge and their church I must sneer.

February 14th, 1898.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Who is the greatest fool, you think,
 In all their jaw and strife,
 The man who follows after drink
 Or his devoted wife?

You need not say, if she had known,
 Her lover would be scorn'd,
 For even then it can be shown
 His appetite was form'd.

For wild and sporting boys must turn
 Into the drunkards' band,
 And girls of wisdom these should spurn,
 And then refuse their hand.

So it is hard to form a rule
 For their degraded life,
 And tell which is the greatest fool,
 The drunkard or his wife.

Perhaps the greatest fools of all
 Are those, with pity great,
 Who on the Legislature call
 To pity their sad fate.

June 24th, 1898.

ANOTHER GLASS.

We often see a lad or lass
 Pass quickly into Satan's class,
 Because they could not stand the sauce
 When offer'd just another glass.
 And soon they reach old Satan's shore,
 Where many have gone in before,
 Although they hear them nightly roar:
 Oh, give us! give us! one glass more.