

But—where'd you git that nightie?
Where DID you git them socks?"

The German soldier was not mum—
Indeed he seemed enraptured.
"I took this pile of plunder from
A Wentworth boy we captured."
The Devil laughed with fiendish mirth.
He said: "I'll treat you well for this;
You were the meanest thief on earth;
I'll welcome you in hell for this!"

THE PEOPLELESS PLAIN

The Prince of Peace when war is o'er
Shall don His diadem,
The homeless folk whose hearts are sore,
The People—what of them?
Tears no more shall stain their faces,
The scalding tears of pain,
These People shall people God's peopleless
places,
Shall people His peopleless plain!

Whene'er the Lord doth shut a door,
Another opens wide,
He'll find them homes when war is o'er
This side the rolling tide;
Of tears He'll wipe away the traces,
And make them smile again;
His People shall people His peopleless places,
Shall people His peopleless plain!