



That fellow in the ulster,
Which has seen most cruel use,
And a pair of squelching rubber boots
Which leak without excuse,
He used to be a Civil clerk,
Perched high upon a stool,
But dropped his tome to learn to comb
An ammunition mule.

Yon bull-dog face with the deep-cleft chin
Is owned by a miner old,
Who has roasted in California
And frozen in Klondike cold.
His thirst is a thing to conjure with ;
He shoots like the bolt of Fate ;
The dug-out roars with his husky snores
When he's back from patrolling late.

*Oh ! we are a jolly, motley crew,
With many a tale to tell
Of a life of love, a life of hate,
A life lived out in hell.
Whate'er we've been, wipe out the sin,—
We'll do our business well.*