

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke, then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehosaphat to the Golden Gates —
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.