

THE IMMIGRANTS

Through the open gates of the West there pours
An endless host from distant shores;
A murmur of tongues, a low-toned song,
A ceaseless, ceaseless, moving throng.

The gates of the West are ever wide,
As through them moves this restless tide;
There's never an ebb, but ever a flow
As on and on through the West they go.

They come as if by magnet pressed,
Their shibboleth is West, still West.
An army doth invade the land,
But with them peace comes hand in hand.

The Orient and the Occident
Have each their human tribute sent.
Type after type, the eye may find
Of foreign nation, creed and kind.