

THE SONG OF TOIL.

O LISTEN to the bustle and the rustle in the street!
List to the click and clatter of ambitious, hurried
feet!

O hear the steady voices,
While fresh young life rejoices
In the raging battle heat!

O how I love the gladness and the madness of the
crowd,
That blinding, winding, finding goes a-hunting,
where the loud,
Incessant, rhythmic laughter
Fills bright hearts with the after
Peace, so free and love-endowed!

How like a mighty ocean is the motion of the tide
Of human beings, gaily, daily passing down the wide
Paths of hopes undiscovered,
Where sickly Pain oft hovered,
And where Sorrow knelt and sighed!