

" An' that's God's truth !" says I, an' felt about
 To touch her dawney hand, for all looked dark,
 An' in my hunger-bleached, shmall-beatin' heart,
 I felt the kindlin' of a burning spark.
 " O, by me sowl, that is the holy truth !
 There's Rosie's cheek has kept a dimple still,
 An' Mickie's eyes are, bright—the craythur there
 Died that the weeny ones might eat there fill."

An' whin they spread the daisies thick and white,
 Above her head that wanst lay on my breast,
 I had no tears, but took the childhers' hands,
 An' says, " We'll lave the mother to her rest,"
 An' och ! the sod was green that summers day ;
 An' rainbows crossed the low hills, blue an' fair ;
 But black an' foul the blighted furrows stretched,
 An' sent their cruel poison through the air.

An' all was quiet—on the sunny sides
 Of hedge an' ditch the stharvin' craythurs lay,
 An' thim as lack'd the rint from empty walls
 Of little cabins, wapin' turned away.
 God's curse lay heavy on the poor ould sod,
 An' whin upon her increase His right hand
 Fell with'ringly, there samed no bit of blue
 For Hope to shine through on the stricken land.

No factory chimbls shmoked agin the sky,
 No mines yawn'd on the hills so full an' rich ;
 A man whose praties failed had nought to do,
 But fold his hands an' die down in a ditch !