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The Death of Samson.

"Go, drag the blinded felon here,"
The leaders ordered. Straightway, then,
They haled the giant to appear
A scoff for all the heathen men,
A bonden Titan forced to play
At antic on their holiday.

He stood within the temple court,
And stared abroad, with sightless eyes,
And ears that heard the railing sport
Of high Jehovah's enemies—
The Lord Jehovah, mocked in him,
Chained, by a traitress, in his limb.

"Play," said the shouting Philistine,
"And shape us sport, thou dotard man!
Thy God, although He do not win,
May make us pastime if He can."
And Samson heard, and answered naught,
And played with power that strongly wrought.

He rested from his toil anon,
And, "give," he said, "that I may lean
My hand the pillared props upon;
For I would breathe, the feats between."