

The Jungle



I dep't into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of our Isle as in years to come 'twill be.
Saw the forests filled with foxes; patches, blacks and
blues and reds.
With no bounds upon their freedom with no price upon
their heads.
Saw the great grass-grown highways of a people
scattered soon
Over arched with beech and maple travelled by the
sharp beaked coon.
Saw upon the rapid river vanished, was the trail of
steam,
Only in the shining shallows swimming minks and
muskrats gleam.
Farther inland to the westward, where the fertile mead-
ows sleep,
Wild as on the plains of Persia graze great herds of
soft wooled sheep
Thus I dream till sleep forsakes me, then to the
office wend to receive the final payment of my yearly
dividend.

MARY

Mary had some beauteous locks
Mounted on her dome ;
“They’re nothing,” said her rival,
“To what she has at home.”

Mary’s cheek was flushed and fresh
As the sky, when day doth dawn.
“Fresh,” said Mary’s rival, “Yes,
“She’s only put it on.”

Did you ever loll in the study hall
An exam about to write
With a teacher standing at your left
And another at your right,
And a long long list of questions queer
You’d surely like to shun,
That seem to say, “You may try all day,
But you’ll never get us done.”

Did you ever dig in your pockets big
For the notes you knew were there,
With a furtive glance as if by chance
At argus in his chair.
And brave with desperation grown
You hesitate no more,
Your conscience calms, so in exams
As is fairness in love and war.

Then your spirits rise as the swift pen flies,
No warning voice you hear,
Till a long arm shoots, and the cruel crowd hoots,
And your notes soon disappear ;
Then you open your eyes and realize
The feel of fortune’s frown
And if you’ve sand you’ll cross the land
For a pick, to the nearest town.

THE LIVING WAGE

At the feet of the beauteous damsel
The pleading rivals knelt,
Who came from afar to greet her
And tell what they thought and felt.

"Each plead his cause in turn," she said
And, when you both I've heard,
Then I will name the lucky one
Who cages the golden bird.

Quickly spoke the city man,
"My home's in a suburb fine
Luxury and ease I'll give you
If you will but be mine."

"On my rich estate," said the other,
"You'll have leisure and money and dress ;
All, in truth, that wealth can win,
If you will answer me 'yes.'"

Then answered the haughty maiden,
"With neither will I treat
I must have the use of your parlour
To hold my suffragette meet."

'Tis not a romance that I weave you
The kind that you read in a book ;
No 'twas only the servant problem
They were trying to hire a cook.

TECUMSEH

As when the forest's child
He met the hostile arrow's hum,
So with a haste as wild
Tecumseh grapples with a sum.

And as with victory nigh
Rose his war-cry to the sun,
So with as loud a cry
Comes the answer when he's done.

SONG OF THE JUNIORS

The seniors' time is nearly run,
Next year we'll put on airs,
And, departing leave behind
Footprints large as theirs.

My Friend

I had a friend—a good one too.
A friend through thick and thin ;
We'd often fight,—but then, what then ?
It made us more akin.

Half he was mine, with me the same,
We were just like the one :
He never quit was always game,
And ready for all fun.

That's the kind of a pal to make
A pal who's always there,
With a welcome smile and a little cake
And a friendship you can share.

JACK CURRIE

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

Order is Heaven's first law.

Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.