POMES BY THE EDITOR

Continued from page 1.

For the law of hospitality toward those who are in need

Is o'ershadowed by the crue', grasping monster we call Gree?,

And the scanty profits won by those

who tramp the country o'er

Are exacted by the prosperous who
have abandant store.

But to dwell upon my history and re count the grave and gay

That has happened in my lifet me since that 19 h day of May.

Or to institute comparisons, rehash and animadvert

Could not serve a useful purpose, and might someone's feelings hurt.

So, I'll gently close the curtain, slowly, sadly, and meanwhile

Hot the briny tears will gather and anon I'm forced to smile,

As before my mental vison in kaleidoscopic view

Pass the joys and tribulations of the years when life was new.

Farewell to Umslagoogas.

And fling the shovel down;

And fling the shovel down;

The time has come to bid farewell

To Umslagoogas town

Wherefor three months in Sewell's mill

I grappled with the dust:

I leave it not of my free will

But just because I must.

B cause the logs have all been cut,
The crew have gone away,
And silence resigns in hall and hut
And none are left to stay
Except Fred B ston and his crew
Who run the three machines
That cut the shingles, and the few
Who run the store and teams.

When spring again in brightest green
Clothers meadow, vale and lea,
And the unfettered river's seen
To flow down to the sea
And once again the forest kings
Float down into the boom,
Maybe, amoung the other things
For me they may find room.

Meanwhile I tread a path untrod †
For many weary years;
With faith in man and trust in God,
A'though with bitter tears,
I enter once again upon
My dreary pilgrimage
With hopes and aspirations gone,
And fast advancing age.

Many will reach the ready hand
Of welcome unto me,
Whether I travel far inland
Or by the sounding sea;
But selfishness, commercial greed
And aristocracy
Each year choke out, as baneful weed
Sweet Hospitality.

Nevertheless, the years go by,
The seasons come and wane,
And unto each their meed of joy
Of suffering and pain
Will be aliotted while they tread
This treubled earthly sphere—
Let's hope more joy awaits us dead
Than what we have got here.

‡ The leather padding used to protect the sensitive places that came in contact with the shovel handle. †Alluding to my purposed resumption of the peddling business,



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