

The Green Sheaf

A sickening clap of an iron trap,
The jingling of a chain,
That lame, frail man is prisoned fast
By four men, strong and sane.
Four men must bind his delicate hands,
And give his body pain.

In his jacket strait, he is dragged away—
He draws a shuddering breath—
Like worlds on fire his lonely eyes—
As with gasping sigh, he saith :—
“The weak have faith, the weak have dreams . . .
The strong have only death !”

PETERSBURG, 19—

Christopher St. John.



A PAGAN RHYME.

THE big men of the city
They walk her streets with ease,
And rule her men like gentlemen
Careless whether they please—
And if they sin 'tis licensed sin
By their own law allowed—
Give me to be an outsider
One of the crowd.

The ladies of the city
They drive adown her ways—
(Armed scornful 'gainst all glances
And heedless of men's praise—
Snow white for show to the city)—
Cry not their loves aloud—
Give me to love an outsider
One of the crowd.

These princes of society,
The narrow ring inside—
Without there beats the fighting world
A cramped but happy tide—
Bound all their little laws to keep,
Of high position proud—
Give me for friend an outsider
One of the crowd.

Give me to live beyond the pale
Not covetous of wealth—
Give me to keep the laws of life
And a strong law for myself—
Give me to love the hearts of men
And scorn the outward dress—
Give me to be an outsider
Nothing less.

Herbert Shaw.