

BEN WARREN.

Ben Warren, I have seen to-day,
 He certainly can swear, sir;
 It does not hurt him what I say—
 And neither do I care, sir.

He says his mother she is pure,
 And anything but bad, sir;
 I do not care for her, I'm sure—
 By sample of her lad, sir. * * *

His parents he may give them praise,
 And spread their gospel free, sir;
 I know what sort of boy they raise—
 And so they don't suit me, sir. * * *

Now in this poem be it known
 Their life I do not blot, sir;
 Ben Warren, by his life, has shown
 What parents he has got, sir. * * *

Our Ben is not the only one
 Whose life shows up his mother,
 For every child beneath the sun
 Can say: I am another.

January 24th, 1898.

FINIS !

These rhymes I made to cheer my breast,
 When I was dull and dreary;
 They gave me comfort, peace, and rest,
 When I was tired and weary.

To cheer up others cheers yourself,
 And what there is remaining
 Of your dull heart, lay on the shelf
 When you are entertaining.

Perhaps these rhymes will make you smile,
 As day by day keeps raining;
 You need not heed the form or style,
 If they are entertaining.

What good comes of a groan or sigh,
 Or of a fate complaining?
 Let me be cheerful, if I die,
 If I am entertaining.

My friends and foes alike declare
 My rhyme they are disdaining:
 They cheer'd my soul, what need I care,
 If I am entertaining.