

Mrs. Parkins and her Visitors.

BEFORE we can the Christmas pudding try,
Or dead march give the traveller from on high,
Outside the door the hoar-frost scatter'd lie,
In season for the cards and domin—i,
Two players met and each one had a tie,
Each was a Jew, and would not crucify,
In the land of Canaan he was a spy,
The Gentiles oft his deeds do mystify ;
From their friends when leaving its all good-bye
If in wealth, though in poverty all fie*,
Like drawing water from a well that's dry,
Or the man of Ross from the river Wye,
Our sticking plaster got wedded to the sty ;
We next summoned to our aid the shoo-fly,
Our tormentors, like gods, they flutter'd by,
And into their secrets we could not pry,
It was the heart-break business of a sigh ;
Then next, to please them, we hung up a guy,
And everything we thought we would apply,
And to our trapping they would not comply ;
Behold ! our homes we could not purify,
We have before us one that would not die,
And it was life or death to the hero-fly.

* Mrs. Parkins was mistaken.—"AUTHOR."