

J U L Y .



WEAR

The "Season's" commenced, and
Am toiling all night and day,
With needle and thread to deck
Some very superior clay.

I'm a kind of working corpse,
(For a hopeless being is dead,)
I'm kept in mechanical motion
By the power of needle and thread.

We've a national song which says—
 "Britons will never be slaves;"
 But of course it doesn't include
 The victims of early graves.

Better to be a "black"—
 For at Exeter Hall I know,
 Among those Christian pious,
 They'd make me a raree show.

AND

TEAR.

Oh! this is a Christian land,
Where no Pagan worship's known.
Where no victim's slaughtered before
The "Idol of Pride" on its throne.

Far happier lot is hers
Who is scrubbing, or making a bed,
Than killing one's self to live
By means of the needle and thread.

Let the "Midnight Movement" think
More upon needle and thread,
And find a reason why
That terrible life is led.

Whenever I look in the glass,
And feel my shortening breath,
I see "decline" at its work.
For I'm face to face with Death.

Virtue is its own reward.