

By the Author of "*A Rise against Early Rising,*"
forthcoming.

REST, TOILER, REST!

A Parody of "Rest, Warrior, Rest!"

HE comes from his work, by the hours wearied quite;
He comes through the storm, and the first shades of night:
For rest and that hot meal he'd fain get once more,
The Toiler wends on to his lowly shed's door.
Pale, pale is his cheek—there's still sweat on his brow,
Each limb, through his efforts, tells rheumatic woe;
Yet the fire on his hearth cheers by fits his dull eye,
Like the lightning's bright flame that so flashes on high.

REST, TOILER, REST!

Soon, in silence and warmth, in his neat cleanly bed,
Sleep the soundest shall visit the poor Toiler's head;
Though once he may *dream*, and the sad vision tell
Of to-morrow's hard task, and the morning's "Farewell."
Illusion and night chase the Toiler's alarms,
He dreams, too, till TEN he lies lock'd in sleep's arms:
He *can* gain, on Sundays, a sweet boon like *this*,—
So, Toiler, sleep *then*—SUCH LATE SLUMBER IS BLISS!

REST, TOILER, REST!

DOWN, CRUEL SUN!

A Parody of "Rise, Gentle Moon!"

"FLATS" have gone down from their couch's soft pillow;
Phœbus, with pride, his first rays lends each billow;
Day hurries on, till time seems but life's oozer,—
Down, cruel Sun, for I'd yet be a "snoozer!"

'Twas by thy beams I was first daily bother'd,—
Brighter fate much in one's bed to lie smother'd:
Let but, *at morn*, each of me seem a loser,
Then is the time of all times to a "snoozer!"

C. C.

GREAT TOTHAM, 1846.