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## R E S T I N G !

Resting for a moment in the Summer sunlight, beside the banks of green trees, near the tinkling streamlets, with singing in the bushes, the thick and leafy bushes, the Great Chief, yes, the Great Chief, rests awhile. He is very tired and weary of fighting that great fight, of fighting that good fight against the World of Sin. For the World it is no better, and Sin it is so much greater than ever in the old time, the wild and wicked old time, the time that's gone before. For the classes of the people, the classes that are three-fold, are cruel as the whirl-pool, are wicked to the core, so TOMAHAWK, the great one, TOMAHAWK, the brave one, gently doffs his war-paint; this Chief of many battles, his war-knife too he loosens, and resteth on the stream. For his heart is very saddened, his eyes too, yes, are mournful, for he thinketh of the dead, the dead so great and mighty, the dead so soon departed, the dead so good and holy.

He seeth as he resteth the shades of those dear ones, those great and well-loved dear ones, they who've gone before. Dickens, mighty Dickens, writer great and godly, hater of the wicked, scorner of the foolish, friendly to the widow, careful of the orphan, perfect writer, perfect man. And he listeneth to more things, things written by the "daily's," the very gushing "daily's," who gush about the great ones with a taste that is not seemly, a taste both coarse and vulgar. For the "daily's" cost a penny, a small and dirty penny, for what is cheap is nasty, very cheap and nasty; so thus they gush and pander, and revel in the bosh-words, the wild and puzzling

bosh-words, until their story's told. So Dickens, mighty Dickens, the memory of Charles Dickens is hurried through the mud-thoughts, the mud-thoughts of the ginny, the very, very ginny, until one sighs in pain.

And Lemon, kindly Lemon, poor genial Mark Lemon, is numbered with the dead. And Prowse, so young and mirthful, so faithful and so hopeful, has gone for evermore. Dust to Dust and Clay to Ashes, till naught is left not soul-like, a soul that goes to God.

Resting, TOMAHAWK is resting. For three long years he's battled 'gainst foes of every order, foes who've fought him boldly, foes who've fought him darkly with words of lie and slander, with deeds hating sunlight, as cowards, knaves, and fools. For three long years he's laboured, till his hand is weak and weary of the fight, so hard and bloody, of the fight that's ever ended, in the wailing of his foemen, his cowed and beaten foemen, and though he rests a season he'll soon be up and ready with his War-Knife bright and gleaming.

“Justice”

for his War-Cry.

“Honour”

his Reward!







