

At our Best

Freedom Press

April 1892

We tell thee, poor toiler, how hard we had striven,
To better thy lot, and to sweeten thy life ;
How much of our health and our brains we had given,
Engaged for thy sake, for thy weal in long strife.
And thou, ever-grateful to those few who love thee,
Wouldst listen, and never remind us of this : —
That but for thy toil, there would none be above thee,
Not even to work in thy cause, for thy bliss.

M. W.

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