

## 374 THE PARSON'S FIGHT

But he answered, firmly, "No, friends; I am punished, and I'll bear it.

But my enemies have wronged me; theirs the fault, let them repair it."

Then the last good-bye was spoken, as the guard's shrill whistle sounded.

And then—there happened something which the staring crowd astounded.

It was just the fat old Rector, with his face all hot and streaming,

Who came rushing on the platform, throwing up his arms and screaming.

"Stop the train! Stop! stop!" he shouted, and then—well, need I tarry,

Save to tell you how the Rector made a speech to Parson Harry;

How he shook his hand, embraced him, and in all the people's hearing

Told a tale that made the station ring again with hearty cheering.

Told them how he'd just discovered, through a woman's brave confession,

That his groom had but been punished for a dastardly transgression.