

Poets and Others

I held sewing bees in the parsonage ;
Also socials and meetings and teas ;
I called on the sick and afflicted,
And tried my utmost to please.

To please all the congregation—
The black sheep as well as the white—
And aimed at being the pattern
Of everything that is right.

So you see that my talent money
Was earned in the sweat of my brow ;
And being first aid to a parson
Is no easy task, you'll allow.

W. P.