

A POOR LAYMAN

The barn-yard fowl!
What without it would we do?
The laying-hens, the little chicks,
And cock-a-doodle-doo!

The hen; we know her modest work:—
(Her feathers ain't so very fine,)
But Rooster, loudly he doth squalk,—
And cuts the biggest shine!

This one: the theme of present story,
Was proudest of the bunch!
He stalked about in all his glory,
Not modest he, but proud as Punch!

But lo! his pride soon has a fall;
The farmer's wife on him had eye
For Sunday's dinner: the Parson's call,
So Rooster, day before must die!

Thus mourned the little chicks to mother-hen:
"What pity 'tis that dad should die!"
The widow young was sorry too, and then
Just this was her reply:

"Your father, dears, we mourn his loss:
He's answered higher calling,
He helped to make you what you are:
Was ALWAYS fond of BAWLING!

There's consolation yet, I trow:
He always was a 'game un'
The ministry he's entered now;
He ne'er was good as layman!"

HER PERQUISITE (A FACT)

I had a friend in olden times,
They called him "Johnny" Coates,
His favor wasn't quite in line
For women having votes:
He thought domestic splits there'd be
Disturbing peaceful hearth—
She'd like vote "blue," while "yellow" he
Would think the best on earth.

One day, while riding in the train,
(From market homeward bent),
A "pair" were having lively strain,
(To harsh words both gave vent).
The man was losing ground,
(Where woman's logic went),
To catch her up, he let off blows,
To clinch his argument.

Our friend, (so full of chivalry,
For this the vessel weaker),
Was raged at drunken devilry,
And smashed him o'er the "beaker."
At this the lady, (?) jealous was:
"You interfering feller!
"Tis my own right to lubby fight!"
On John broke umberella.