

The
Troubles of a Village Church

PART XI.

Why the Minister Was Asked to Resign

By maple trees surrounded,
Yet hidden not from view,
There lay a pretty cottage, o'er
Whose walls sweet roses grew.
It was the village Parsonage,
All was home-like there,
Gravelled walks, a well-kept lawn,
Flowers bloomed everywhere.

The parson in his study sat,
Books before him open lay,
He was studying a sermon
To preach next Sabbath day.
When he heard the tread of footsteps
Upon the gravel walk,
And then the sound of voices
Engaged in earnest talk.

He peered out through the window,
And there before his eyes
He saw the deacons of the church;
It was a great surprise.
He rose, and opening the door,
Then bade them step within,
Gave each a chair and then at once
The trouble started in.