Poems by

And should she raise a brood of chicks, I'll draft them all in To swell the ranks and revenue Of my Missionary Hen.

J. S.

Knitting

(MITTENS FOR LADIES, NOT FOR MEN)

God giveth a talent, To some He gives ten, And unless we use them He takes them again.

Few have the ten talents, But many have one, And are apt oft to wonder At what others have done. -38-