

Poets and Others

Till brother John just helped me out.
He said : "I'll tell you how you can,

You feed the chicks,
And give them wheat and bone,
And your reward shall be a fine young hen
Which you may call your own."

She was a Missionary Hen,
For all her eggs I sold
For pennies for this Talent Social—
They were as good as gold.

Dear me, the way that little hen laid
Was wonderful to view.
She seemed to know her business well,
And sought to mind it, too.