

# WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

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## GOOD ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US

*The preacher in the pulpit stood and talked of harps and strings  
Of golden streets, and jasper walls, and crowns and other things.  
And eloquent he waxed about the angel chorus strong  
That wings its way about the throne in sweet melodious song;  
Where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths never cease,  
And all about is perfect joy, and love and rest and peace.  
He drew a picture of the place in words he knew would please.  
Till all were carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease.*

*He had his hearers all wrought up about that golden clime  
Until it seemed they could not wait the meet and proper time  
To don their white ascension robes and swiftly fly away  
To Jordan's fair and happy land where shines eternal day.  
"Let all," the pastor loudly cried, "who want to join our band  
And go to that celestial home now rise and proudly stand!"  
Then came a mighty rustling noise, and all rose to their feet  
Save one lone stranger who sat tight and never left his seat.*

*"My brother, I cannot believe," the pastor cried, "that you  
Prefer to join that other throng we know as Satan's crew  
And journey on that downward path that surely leads to hell!"  
"Well I guess not!" the stranger cried--his voice rang like a bell.  
"Then why," the pastor asked of him, "did you not stand to show  
That you with us to that fair land would love to quickly go?"  
"Because I'm pretty well content," the stranger said with glee,  
To stay right here--Nebraska is good enough for me!"*

--WILL M. MAUPIN.