

The Canmore Accident,

A widow in that mountain town
Kept an house for borders,
And workmen from the shops around,
Were the regular comers.

Her little boys, age seven and ten,
Were bright and full of glee.
Both had the making of good men
But that was not to be.

An accident took place one day
While all the boys were playing;
From off a tank the eldest fell,
When taken home, was dying.

What sad news it was to state
To that mother, about her boy,
Who never dreamed of such a fate
For her son, her hope and joy.

His great delight a day before,
Was to have a kite;
To see its movements in the air,
Till distance dim'd the sight.

Little did the poor boy think
He too would take his flight,
And be another link in heaven,
Before next coming night.

How oft' the choicest flowers are cut—
Sometimes the brightest gem;
One by one in turn they're took,
Just as the Lord needs them.