

THE CHURCH FIRE

The Central Methodist Church! We were pained to see it go
The day but one of First of March—a time of frost and snow.
The firemen worked so hard, to save that structure fine:
Heroes worthy pen of bard, (Beyond this one of mine).
"Seven lives endangered," so 'twas said, (one shudders at the thought);
Those lives were saved as by a thread, (let's praise when praise we ought);
Our gratitude should know no bound, for 'twas such noble deed—
No better men than Smart's are found—these heroes take the lead!
Though icy water clothes did soak—(They feared not fire nor water);
They passed through all to save the folk—that mother sick—that daughter.
Five braves were injured less or more—some burnt about the head,
But still with hurts and burns so sore, they did what "Cappy" said.
I scarcely think the people know, of Smart's years seven-and-twenty
Fighting fires 'mid heat and snow, in hospital been times in plenty:
Eighteen, to state the number full; (this sure deserves attention).
How if our people this way pull, when time arrives—donate a pension?
All honor to the crew of Smart! (Stiff tasks at times their work);
This incident of pluck and heart, shows duty none did shirk!
All those who suffered in the fire—we wish to cheer their hearts,
Sympathy's with mother, daughter, sire—we all thank "Cappy" Smart.

THE CHURCH FIRE—Part II

That now we've dealt with heroic side—the church we would review:
It's been a landmark and the pride of world, the pulpit and the pew.
A "landmark" for the immigrant—(We're nearly all in that),
To Doctor Kerby first of all, this "stranger" doffs his hat.
To us were said (the words so kind, well nigh a dozen years ago,
It showed a caring state of mind): "Shake hands before you go;
We welcome give, please little wait—we want acquaintance yours to make,
Lone strangers at our gate." (Grips yet that warm-hand-shake).

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The Reading Room has been a boon—writing materials found;
Where many a son has written home—to friendships all around.
You cannot tell what good's been done—with such as this attached—
To Church's work (may seem small sum), the two are so well-matched:
The Home comes first for tender child, (He soon grows up to man);
The Church it teaches "mercy mild," (Who'd learn it always can).
The "Men's Own" fills another need each Sunday afternoon.
For every week there's sown "good seed"—it always is a boon.
Who started this and gave it "go," we give a vote of thanks so hearty—
We'd now let each one of them know:—The Kerby, Hunt and Cushing party
Include the whole of Trustee Board—(the time's propitious—one of stress);
They'll need of help, our little hoard, to build the Church afresh.
Let "Men's Own" firstly "horn the bull"—be first to "don the collar"—
Together pull, a long, strong pull—Let's start it with a dollar.

A LITTLE SUCKER

To the parson's home there came one day a bounding baby boy,
The father's heart was full and glad—the mother's filled with joy.
The flock he claimed as his "dear sheep," with feelings undisguised
Gave dollars or cents (a nice little heap) to show they sympathized.
Then parson from his pulpit said (tears in his eye, his mouth a-pucker):
"I thank you very much, dear friends, for bringing me that succour!"