

LINES SENT TO MY SISTER,
*Mrs. Champ, Coolegagan Park, Rathangan Co., Kildare,
Ireland, on hearing of her accident, by which her
arm was broken.*

Your card so welcome, just has come,
As evening found me straying home,
The injured member long so bad,
Shall sweetly soothe and yet make glad,
The Temple rare with lofty aims
That ne'er was reared for sordid gains.

The incident will surely prove,
A Fathers wisdom, grace and love;
Who called the storm cloud from the hill,
And in its midst said, "Peace be still,"
Trials and cares on every hand
Are His alone to plough the land.

The forbidden tree that caused the fall,
Of which we are partakers all,
Is said by most to be the first,
For which our parents long were cursed,
To own we fell and then to rise,
Is truly noble, great and wise.

RED DEER, ALBERTA.

I'll tell you with the greatest cheer,
Of our noble town that's called Red Deer.
It's on the main line just half way,
Between Edmonton and Calgary,