

He left a message, as a trust —
And tell to others, — it we must.
We wanted to do what we could
To help the people to be good,
And so we built a church quite grand
Upon a little raise of land.
A bell was put in, tower high,
To tell the people, — far and nigh
It was the time now to begin
To worship our Almighty King.
Our work did prove a great success,
For God did all his people bless.
But, Friend, the storms of years have beat
Upon that church, up Chester Street ;
Till, one by one, the boards did fail
To keep out either rain, or hail.
The water, it began to fall
From both the ceiling and the wall.
The church, that once that street did grace, —
Had now become a great disgrace.
And so they said, — “ Dear Mr. Leard,
Our church should surely be repaired ?
But what could any one man do
With such a very little crew ?
Sure all our people, young and old
Would not be fifty, — when all told.
These stood together, to a man,
And said, “ We'll raise you all we can,
Three hundred dollars we will raise,