

## Died on the Ice Floe.

Tribute to the heroism of Richard Parsons, of Flat Rock.

(The following song was written by P. J. Dyer, a native of St. John's, but now a resident of the United States. The following incident, in which a son of Richard Parsons, of Flat Rock, near St. John's, perished on the ice floe, took place on March 24th, 1894. —Publisher.)

The white, rugged ice-floe came gliding along

On the ocean, with seals scattered o'er,

And the eyes of the fisher-folk sparkled with joy

As it pressed closer still to the shore.

There was sharp'ning of sheath knives and seizing of "bats,"

There was gathering of "tow-lines" in haste;

And the heart of the youth in his teens swelled with pride

As he buckled a belt round his waist.

With hearts light as air they rushed out o'er the ice,

There their "bats" raised a torrent of blows

On the harps, while the keen, glittering sheath knives soon gave

Them the "sculp" they required for their "tows."

In the midst of the bustle the fickle wind changed,

And the ice 'gan to move from the land;

There was slipping of "tows," there was running for life,

'Mong the men of that brave little band.

Richard Parsons of Flat Rock, and his eldest son

(The younger had gone home before),

Were speeding along when the weary boy cried:

"I am tired; I can travel no more."

His garments, brine drenched, were now stiff with the frost,

His limbs had grown helpless and numb;

And the father with anguish untold was o'erwhelmed

Lest the boy should e'er morning succumb.

His own clothing straightway he tore from his back,

And in it did quickly enfold

The shivering form of his perishing boy,

In an effort to keep out the cold.

Then clasping him close in a frantic embrace,

Thro' that dark night he did strive,

By breathing his own warm breath o'er his face,

To keep his chilled off-spring alive.

He recked not of hunger, or cold or fatigue,

With his son on the brink of the grave;

And when found in the morning his pulse was as weak

As the boy he had labored to save.

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