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# The Methodist Church

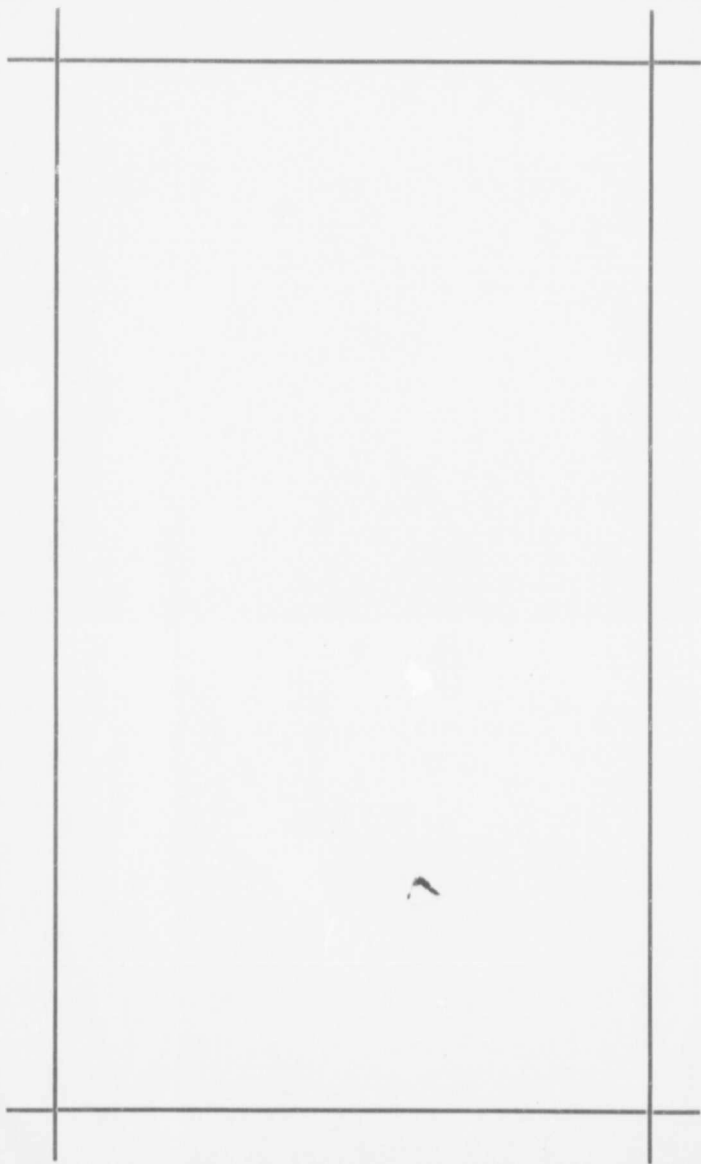
AT ST. MARTINS, N. B.



AS IT WAS, 1880

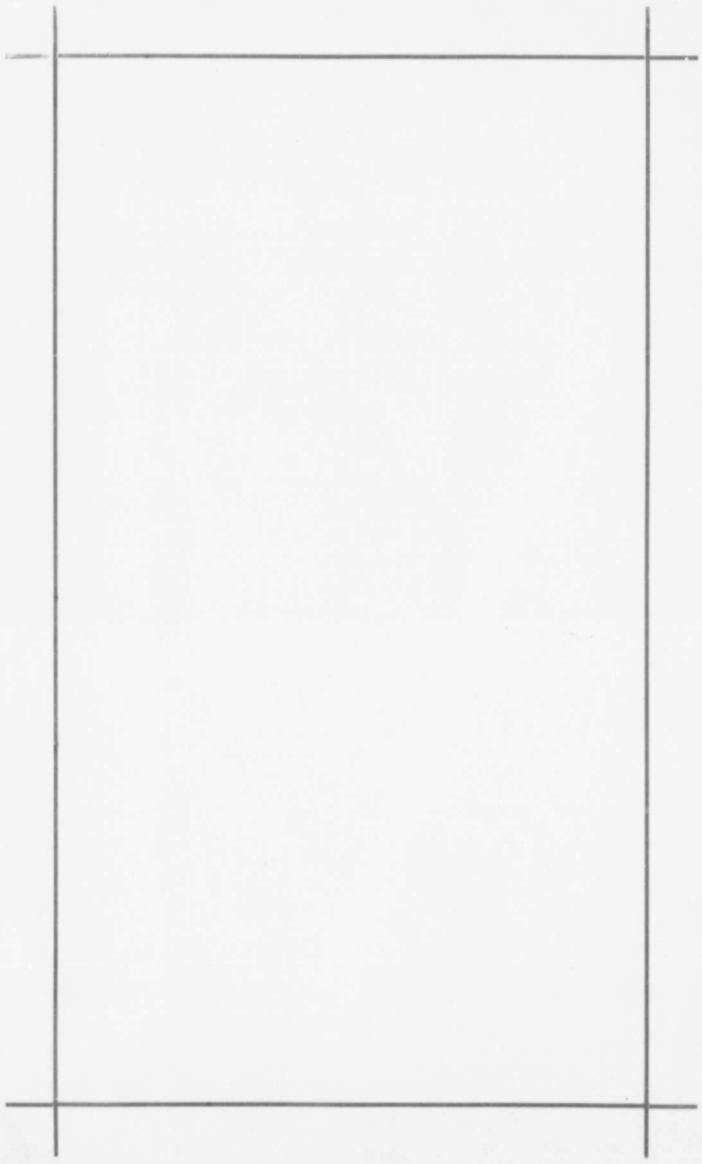


AS IT IS, 1910





REV. W. B. LEARD, Pastor  
His First Charge



## Send over to St. Martins Some Help to Us



DEAR FRIEND,—

My need at this time leadeth me  
To make my wishes known to thee,  
And since thy heart with love doth swell  
I'm sure that you will use me well.  
And yet, not for myself I plead —  
But only tell the church's need.  
The house in which we worship Him  
Who cares for every living thing, —  
Will you believe me, when I tell  
That for some time it looked not well ;  
In fact, it made the people stare,  
Until that we ' gan to repair.  
Inside and out we covered all  
The leaky spots in roof and wall.  
We with the back could nothing do —  
But shingle it all over new ;  
The South side, — it was all out-worn,  
And so new clap-boards we put on.  
The buttresses, that long had stood  
Upon the corners, — all of wood,

Were rotted, right from base to crown  
And so we simply tore them down.  
The front we shingled all up right,  
Which made the spire look out of sight.  
New brick we got, for chimney top  
And had a mason put them up.  
Inside the church, as well as out  
We had to do some work about ;  
The stove pipe, — we did paint it all,  
And put steel siding on the wall.  
And while it did quite some time take  
The job was done in proper shape.  
But more than half I told you ain't  
We gave the whole a coat of paint, —  
We made the church look bright and new.  
But, — who's to pay the bill ? says you ;  
Well, now dear friend, God doth us bless ;  
He gives us food, health, friends and dress ;  
The wilderness and desert lands  
He waters with His own dear hands.  
The early and the latter rains  
He sends, to water all our grains.  
Our Father doth abundance give  
That you and I, and all might live.  
So many are his blessings great  
I could not name them all, to-night.  
There's air and water, fresh and good,  
Fruit in abundance, fit for food.  
There's ' lectric street cars, and the train,

And steam boats, on the mighty main ;  
And if we do get tired of these  
We'll take the air ship, on the breeze.  
There's Doctors, and there's Doctor's bills —  
And every earthly kind of pills,  
And if these don't cure our ills,  
They'll tell us, " Worry is what Kills. "  
There's organ, and piano, too,  
And every sort of music, new.  
There's magazines and papers bright,  
We get them every morn and night.  
In fact, there's everything that can  
Help, bless or comfort mortal man.  
But, friend, you know as well as I  
These will not keep a man from die.  
And while these blessings are just fine  
They only can bless us for time.  
Then what's to comfort one of years  
Who looks beyond this vale of tears ?  
If he has only nature's guide  
He cannot see the other side ;  
And, friend, a fear comes o'er his soul  
Lest he should chance to miss the goal.  
But we have now a message kind,  
To cheer and comfort every mind.  
Our God did once, to mortal man  
Reveal a way, by which he can  
Inherit a possession great,  
Though far away, and out of sight.

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,



And fifty more." They deserve praise.  
"But then," said Philip, "What think you,  
How can we raise the other two?"  
"Well, now," said Mr. Leard, just then,  
"I think we'd better pray some, men.  
And I believe the money'll come  
For God owns all beneath the sun."  
The pastor's face lit up a bit,  
And "Oh!" he said, "A plan I've hit  
I think that we may help the Lord  
To send an answer to our word.  
I have an inspiration, true,  
And this is what I'm going to do,  
A score of friends I have and more,  
On this, and P. E. Island shore.  
Now I am going to send them word  
Of what we're doing for the Lord,—  
And ask them, in a way most mild,—  
(If I were only just a child)  
If they would like to help us out  
By sending fifty cents, about ;  
Of course I'll tell them that we will  
With joy receive a dollar bill."  
Now my dear friend, I've done my part  
To touch your pocket-book and heart.  
And now, when I am asked about  
Who's going to pay a bill so stout?  
I'll answer gladly, You're the man.  
I'm sure you'll do the best you can.

## PART SECOND

*A Vision which was seen by the Pastor, after he had sent the above lines.* THE RESULT.

DEAR FRIEND,—

Just list to me, while I relate  
A vision that I had, (It's great)  
I saw the dollars come so fast  
It seemed we'd never reach the last.  
They came from North, South, West and East  
It really was, for me, a feast.  
They helped us right out of the lurch,  
We paid the debt all off the church.  
I just got on my feet and stood  
And sang, the very best I could —  
" Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

### PART THIRD

*Grateful acknowledgement of the gift received.*

DEAR FRIEND,—

Our hearts go out to you in praise  
For helping us our debt to raise ;  
And we do pray to God, and trust  
That you may never need a crust.  
But that the Lord may give to you  
Abundance, for the good you do, —  
And till he does, at last release,  
Fill all your days with joy and peace.  
And when the summons then is given  
For you to leave this earth, for heaven.  
May you inherit, for your own  
A mansion, a white robe and crown.  
Our heartiest thanks to you we send,  
And may your blessings never end.  
And now there's nothing left to do —  
But, for a little, say " Adieu."

(Rev.) W. B. LEARD.

Saint Martins, N. B.



The Tribune Press  
Sackville, N. B.