

And I look away o'er the well tilled fields,  
Bright now with the springing grain,  
And the orchards, which glorious promise yields  
That fruitage will come again.  
And think of the time when our grandsires cut  
These homes from the forest wild.  
No labor, no hardship too great, they thought,  
To win home for wife and child.

They were strong and sturdy knights of toil,  
They were men of brawn and brain,  
So they won their bread from the virgin soil,  
Each was king in his own domain.  
With the help of wives who cheerfully shared  
Privation and strenuous toil,  
Rude homes were built, their lands were cleared,  
And their families reared the while.

Their habits were simple yet, healthful and good  
As the homespun garb they wore,  
Life moved but slow to the ox-team's plod  
But progress was steady and sure.  
They were founders of these goodly homes,  
Upon which we rest our eyes,  
Surley fairer heritage have none,  
Under blue Canadian skies.

They were men and women who feared their God;  
And each Sabbath saw them low  
In the log school house, near the very sod  
Where the new Church rises now.  
They came with their children, from far and near,  
Over rough unbroken ways;  
And out through the forest strong and clear,  
Rang the good old hymns of praise.

And they built the old Church where it stands:  
Neighbors labored side by side;  
'Twas the work of strong and willing hands,  
And they viewed it with honest pride.  
They served their day and age full well;  
One by one we laid them by,  
While the old Church guards like a sentinel,  
The spot where their ashes lie.

Yes the Church is old; it has had its day  
The archives are dim with age.

But sacredly cherished those names should be,  
Which are traced on each time-worn page.  
You will build the new one of brick and stone;  
Build it staunch and strong and fair,  
For you build it not for yourselves alone,  
But for those who your names shall bear.

God blessed the old, May He bless the new;  
May He still with His people dwell;  
In its courts may souls be born anew;  
And go forth His praise to tell.  
May its youth be led in the good old way,  
Age be cheered and comforted,  
All it's members joined in unity,  
And all by His Spirit led,  
That in years to come, fond hearts and true,  
Both near and far away,  
May hold as tender memories of the new,  
As of ours of the old to-day.

By M. C. H.

A daughter of Delmer.

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Delmer*