

# MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE

## Centenary of Ebenezer & Hope Street Sunday Schools, Hebden Bridge.

COULD I the poet's aid invoke,  
Or put my thoughts in verse;  
With facile pen or ready talk  
A Centry rehearse.

I'd weave a web of honoured names,  
Of men to mem'ry dear,  
Whose deeds of love and noble aims  
The Church doth now revere,

And first upon my list of song,  
Genial MR. CROOK,  
With face benign would converse long  
With sire at chimney nook

I see him in that corner chair;  
The glass of water too;  
With kindly smile he stroked my hair,  
My boyish prattle drew.

The visions of those early days,  
I do remember well;  
His visits to our upland "braes,"  
And ours to Old Chapel.

(Down woody dell and deep ravines,  
On Sabbaths wet or fine;  
By Caldenes banks mid sylvan scenes  
To Ebenezer's shrine.)

(And often as the months did roll;  
Oh I remember whence,  
We used to go by vale and knoll  
To School at Providence.)\*

The next I'll name is JOSEPH MOSS,  
Friend of our dear pastor,  
A feeling man if seeming cross;  
The village schoolmaster.

JOHN ASTIN was a glorious man,  
A household word I trow;

T. SHARPE he was a christian,  
They both were saints I know.

\* A branch School above Pecketwell.

JOHN SPENCER lived a holy life,  
Calm and serene I vouch;  
And S. CHAMBERS when sin was rife,  
A pattern in School and Church.

JOHN MOSS a man of zeal and worth,  
And STEPHEN FAWCETT too,  
For he the blessed truth held forth,  
And what he taught he'd do.

WILLIAM CLAY a man of faith  
Of wisdom and research;  
My Sire his life-long friend till death,  
Held fast to School and Church.

T. GREAVES and J. SCOTT we do miss;  
Many we hold most dear  
Have entered the portals of bliss,  
And are watching us here.

And One there is, he's with us still,  
In him the graces blend,  
Of kindly heart, full of good will,  
I'm proud to call him friend.

But time would fail to tell of all,  
Of the CHAMBERS BROTHERS,  
Of GREEN, of IBBERSON, and HALL,  
KITCHEN, CROSSLEY, SUTHERS.

These men of worth and men of grit,  
(I've mentioned but a few),  
Did love the School, and wrought in it,  
And all were men I knew.

P. S.—And now the web it is woven,  
May be it's soiled and rent,  
Some threads I know they are broken,  
Take it,—it's but a fent.

T. B.

ASHLEY HOUSE,  
Dec. 28th, 1886.