

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

The old church felt discouraged
 From its rafters to the floor,
 And its feelings down in the vestry
 Were deeper and more sore.

But it roused itself to investigate
 One glorious moonlight night,
 It started out with the belfry
 And declared the bell, all right.

Then it listened at the organ,
 Its tone was clear and loud.
 Well, really, of that organ,
 It felt a little proud.

Next it examined the pulpit,
 Found it as good as new,
 And what was a good deal better
 Liberal, yet orthodox and true.

Then it went through the pews,
 Found them sound and strong,
 Everyone labelled, "we're for the right, the
 Never the false and wrong." [right,

"We have never a debt to cancel,
 Salary was never behind."
 Better this for the pews
 Than velvet cushioned and lined!

"We give, we give," cried the pews,
 "With a large and generous hand
 To all missions of our own
 And those of a foreign land."

Then the old church looked triumphant
 Over valleys to farthest hill,
 And said "The truth abides with this people,"
 They are on the Lord's side still."

What matter, if ceiling is ragged!
 What matter, discomfort and cold!
 If foundations are only secure,
 And principles firm as of old.

But a thrill through the old house timbers
 Creeps from basement to steeple high
 A day of joy and good things,
 Must be surely drawing nigh.

A band of youthful workers,
 Eager, earnest and true,
 Have found here a work for the Master,
 And His work their hands will do.

They pledge their faith to each other
 That God's house shall stand renewed;
 No longer a reproach
 When by the stranger viewed.

This house shall be rebuilt,
 Its walls shall rise anew,
 In beauty and in comfort,
 Repeats, repeats each pew.

Then the old church grew resplendent,
 Its windows fairly shone,
 It scarce refrained from ringing
 The bell in its gladest tone.

Unseen beside the altar
 Do not the angels stand
 With blessings for those who honor
 God's house and His commands?

M. C. B.