

## The Little Primitive Church.

We found the little struggling Church  
For which we'd started out in search,  
Upon a corner it did stand  
Right in a bed of deep white sand.  
We'd left the City, quite far back -  
Our feelings said, if not the fact,  
For visit it we thought we must  
If covered were our clothes with dust.  
When we arrived - so very still,  
And found so few of places filled,  
We could not think that those were all  
'T would listen to the bells sweet call,  
A little band at first appears  
They call themselves the Volunteers.  
Each one was doing what he could  
By Scripture verse, and lesson good  
The Young People there to bring,  
For Bible study and to sing.