

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
'Twould listen to the bell's 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.

But soon the place was running o'er,
With Tourists front, and round the door,
And we began to think about,
Their own folks being crowded out. B
But soon someone began to read
Regardless of our Church or creed.
The hymn, two lines the pastor read,
So they'd remember what was said.
Then how they sang, short meter, long,
Were joined together in that song.
Their bodies swayed, their groans were deep,
And time kept beating with their feet.
They clapped their hands and closed their eyes,
Sang as if working for a prize.
Up got one brother by the desk,
"All things are good, but dis am best,
Our Parson poah, de church am small,
A good collection now from all,
For you am rich, yes, eb'ry one,
And twenty dollars am the sum
Dat we mus' hab, to las' a month,
Out ob de pockets ob dis bunch.
I'd lock de doah, and take de key,
And ne'er de outside would you see,
Until that money we hab got.
But don't you see, dares sich a lot,
Fo' our church am so mighty thin,
Jes& half the people can get in.
So while we pass de hat in heah,
Some odder brudder'll pass it dare."
Mid songs and groans the hat went round,
And money counted - all 'twas found,
Then once again he faced the crowd,
"Only foah-fifty you've allowed.
Once moah around dat hat mus' go.
You all can help, and will, I know,
We's mighty poah, dare now, I've said it,
We sing for cash, but preach on credit."
At last the sum desired was raised,
Mid groans and shouts, and songs of praise.