

Yes, we really have a church house, after all the years of thought;
And of fussing, and of fretting, and of knowing that we ought.
We've put our shoulder to the wheel, and pushed with all our might,
Until the thing we couldn't see, soon dawned upon our sight.
We counceled, and we labored, and prayed both day and night:
To get the project started, and make it come just right:
More room we surely had to have, we felt the need each day,
More space to do our training, and a place where we could play,
Our boys and girls are just as fine as any to be found,
But where to give them space, was a question most profound.
The Master says, "To bring the children, all, into the fold",
Into the sunshine of His love, where none are lost or cold,
For there are many little ones that we should gather in
And many many girls and boys whose souls we hope to win,
And there are poor, and out of work, who have no christian faith:
No blessed promices of help, and in no church a place,
But Christ has said, "Unto the least", of all this human tide,
Now let us show that unto them, our doors are open wide.
And so we come with grateful hearts, to those who heard the call,
For we have a new church house, and room enough for all.
To many, it meant sacrifice, and give until it hurt,
And all their energies and time, were put into the work.
Many had no time to give, but worked while yet t'was light:
And brought their income of the toil, e'en to the widows.mite:
And placed it on the alter, along with all the rest:
To be worked into the building of "The house that God loves best".
I'm glad that in the changes, our church was left to stand,
For we love its very presence, and the thoughts on every hand:
Of the dear ones who have worshiped, and have passed from out the door,
Not lost to those remaining, only just gone on before.
And we think, what a reunion it will be, when we all meet:
And recall our sweetest memorys from our blessed old Court Street.
How the bride, who at the alter, plighted vows of love and troth,
E'er they traveled on together, to experience farther off,
And the precious little babies, whom the parents love so much,
Brought to get a taste of Heaven in that pure baptismal touch.
Best of all, was when our loved one, kneeling, found their sins forgiven,
And went out like christian soldiers, to lead others on to Heaven.
So you see with all the memories twined oaround these sacred walls,
How we welcome this addition, for it means more answered calls:
To the tasks that we are doing as we strive from day to day:
Working in the Master's vineyard, pointing to the Heavenly way.
But the struggle is not over, there are still more hights to climb,
More of sacrifice and trials, more of energy and time.
We must aid our much loved pastor, and help up hold his hands,
In all his undertakings as he leads this Court Street band.

Nellie S. Thomas