

Up rose Brothers Bryant and Gray,
 And several sisters, too,
 Each one tried to state their views,
 But nothing could they do.
 The argument waxed warm and keen,
 'Twas Babel o'er and o'er.
 "Order, please," the chairman cried,
 "Brother Brown has got the floor."

That good old brother held it, too,
 And finished up his speech.
 "This theme of new theology
 Is quite unfit to preach.
 I love the good old gospel best,
 By it I'll stand or fall,
 These new ideas are thoughts of men,
 Not born from God at all."

That speech upon the members fell
 Just like a thunderbolt,
 Not one of them dared speak a word,
 Their creed had got a jolt.
 Some members, from the president,
 New theology had learned;
 He looked around and quietly said,
 "This meeting stands adjourned."

