

## POETRY.

Wings not made with hands  
To eat no temples made with hands  
The great Creator does;  
But on the mountain top he stands,  
And in the lowly dell;

Whatever fervent prayer is heard,  
He stirs, subduing every word,  
In dells, on mountains, every where,  
He never fails our prayer.

—In the poor man's lonely cell,

And in the rich man's lofty hall,

The great Creator dwells;

Where two or three are joined in prayer;

He resides; His house is there;

Wherever prayer's child is born,

He is near, his presence is there.

—In the popular dwelling place,

He would serve no mean need;

He would serve for a painter. This

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