

The angels seemed to gather there from off the
other shore,
And fold their wings in quietness, as tho'
they'd been before.

There was no high-priced organ there, no
costly singing choir,
To help you raise your hearts to God, and holi-
ness inspire ;
But sitting still in silence, we seemed to feel
and know
The still, small voice that entered in and told
the way to go.

The walls were free from painting and costly
work of art,
That in our modern churches seems to play so
large a part ;
For it seems that each endeavors to please the
eye of man,
And lose all thoughts of plainness in every
church they plan.

The windows had no colored glass, to shed a
gloom around,
But God's pale sunlight entered unrestrained
and all unbound,
And centred in a little spot, so bright, it
seemed to me
A glimpse of brightness, somewhat like our
future home will be.

There was no learned minister, who read as
from a book,
And showed that he had practiced his every
word and look ;
But a sermon, full of wisdom was preached by
an old Friend,
That took right hold of all our thoughts, and held
them to the end.

He used no long, high-sounding words, and
had a sing-song way
In drawing out his sentences, in what he had
say ;
But told the truth, and told it so that everyone
who heard,
Seemed to feel the prompting spirit, more than
just the spoken word.

There was no pulpit decked with flowers of
beauty rich and rare,
And made from foreign costly woods, almost
beyond compare ;

But plain and simple as the truths that we had
that day heard,
The common painted gallery did much to help
the word.

There was no bustle, noise or stir, as each one
took his seat,
But silence settled over all, so solemn, but so
sweet,
As each one in his solemn way implored for
strength to know
The right from wrong in everything, and asked
the way to go.

It seemed when I was there, wife, so peaceful
and so still,
That I was in God's presence, and there to do
His will ;
This simple peaceful quiet did more to move
my heart
Than any worship yet had done, with all its
show and art.

I'm going there again, wife, and you will like
it, too ;
I know what it has done for me—t'will do the
same for you ;
And you, when once you've entered through
the plain, but open door,
Will wonder why you've never tried the simple
church before.

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