



"OLD PINE STREET CHURCH."

Composed by the Pastor for the Sabbath School.

Old Pine Street Church, I love !
Full eighty years—
Leading the heart above
And hushing fears—
Its ancient walls have stood,
Reared by the wise and good,
To yield a Balm, that could
Dry human tears.

Old Pine Street Church I prize—
And well I may—
My mother in yon skies
Here learned the way :
My father, too, here trod
The way that leads to God—
He sleeps beneath yon sod—
Here let me pray !

And shorter graves are near
Thy sacred fane ;
My gentle sister dear,
They here have lain ;
My brother too here sleeps,
Where rose or wild-flower creeps,
And love in sadness weeps
The early slain.

Old Pine Street Church, my heart
Still clings to thee ;
I well may claim a part
In each old tree ;
For in their summer shade
My early footsteps strayed,
And my first vows were made
Oh, God, to Thee !

Old Pine Street Church, thy gates
Yet open stand—
And there in mercy waits
The Teacher band—
Who by the truth would guide
All to the Saviour's side,
And through Him open wide
A better land.

Old Pine Street Church!—that hour
When life is o'er,
And Sin with tempting power
Can vex no more—
Oh, let my grave be found
In thy long cherished ground,
Where saints may me surround
Till time is o'er.

L. R. Bailey, Pr.