

That those who humbly seek to know,  
Are saved by Him, through bount'ous grace.

The school and church 'mid forest stood  
Like great oaks, neath the sun's bright rays,  
Affording strength and blessings great,  
To those who sought the nobler ways.

The declaration of God's truth,  
From sacred desk, in plainness came;  
McRoden, Graham, Weed and Coon,  
All held aloft the Saviour's name;

Then Blair, Magill and Patterson,  
With Black, each sowing precious seed,  
Whose fruit abides throughout the years,  
Yet seen, in hallow'd word and deed.

These servants rest from labors great,  
Their bodies moulder back to dust,  
Their souls, illumined, beautified,  
Enshrined with Christ in holy trust.

Then Tinker, Campbell, Logan served,  
With Thompson and McCrory, each,  
Who earnestly for Bethel pray,  
That she two hundred years may reach.

'Tis Sabbath, hour of hallow'd joy,  
When pray'rs ascend to God above,  
The bread is broken, wine is poured,  
Memorial of a Saviour's love.

The minister, devout, proclaims,  
Memorial, full and ever, free,  
As oft ye eat and drink of these,  
Ye do in faith "remember Me."

McCrory, Reynolds, Hutchison,  
Dick, Campbell, Mack and Fee;  
Bear holy symbols of His love,  
With rev'rence all can see.

They eat and drink, in simple faith,  
Commemorating Saviour's love,  
In humble trust, approach His throne,  
That one who lives and reigns above.

Bless'd foretaste of that joyous day,  
When saints shall gather 'round the throne,  
To celebrate the feast with Lamb,  
That One who did for sin atone.

A song we hear! like lute it thrills,  
The song a Shepherd once did sing,  
From out its strains great comfort comes,  
As cadences tow'rd heaven ring;

(Ps. 23—C. M.—Music Evans.)

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie,  
In pastures green, He leadeth me,  
The quiet waters by.

"Goodness and mercy, all my life,  
Shall surely follow me,  
And in God's house, forever more,  
My dwelling place shall be."

An echo from those hallow'd mounds,  
The congregation of the dead,  
Those who in life trod solemn way,  
In praise to Him, whose blood was shed.

From out these pray'r-fill'd, sacred walls,  
And those now crumbled back to dust,  
There still goes out a living stream;  
That fountain ope'd, in loving trust.

Your sires' and mothers' bodies lie  
Within God's-Acre, tear-stain'd spot,  
Near this lov'd temple, rear'd my saints,  
Who in it sang, communed and wrought;