

JACOB DAVID ALLEN

Jacob David Allen was born June 12, 1805 in the borough of William Henry, now called Lorel, Quebec. His grandfather, Jeremiah Allen was one of the original founders of Greenwich, Massachusetts in the United States.

Jacob's parents moved to Canada, where he was raised, finishing his education in France.

During a trip through Upper Canada, Jacob saw and met a girl in a Quaker village near Norwich. They later married. He and Maria Congdon had six daughters. Two sons died in their youth.

Jacob Allen taught school on the ninth concession of Nissouri Township, near Elmer Day's farm, in 1838 or 1839.

According to an account written by his granddaughters, Jacob Allen "settled on a large acreage near Thamesford, Ontario. The management of the land he left so much to employees that he obtained poor results. He was able to trade the property for a store and warehouses in Thamesford where he spent several years in successful trade with farmers.

He sent produce by wagon-train to Hamilton and sold retail at Thamesford in his store. The property in Thamesford, purchased from Eleazer and Joel McCarty and wives, in 1852, was on the northeast corner of the Governor's Road and Allen Streets, extending from the river along lots 1, 2 and 3.

He operated a mercantile business on the corner and sold off the back lots, one of which became the Sons of Temperance Lodge. The store was sold to James Mitchell in 1862. Jacob Alien finally took a partner in business with disastrous results. He spent his last years travelling and selling, during which time he wrote his verses, later published in book form. The books titled: *The Musings of Uncle Jake, 1866* and *The Wandering Bard, 1869* are held in the Lawson Library at the University of Western Ontario. Florence Surby and Edith Slater, continue on to tell that their grandfather was beloved by the Indians with whom he hunted in the early years of his marriage. He often read in fluent French from "The Good Book" and recited his verses "for the amusement and enjoyment of others".

In 1860 the family moved to St. Marys where Jacob Allen died and was buried in the Baptist cemetery in 1874.

Nathan P. Allen, who lived in West Nissouri was well known around Thamesford but is not recorded as being a relative. However, Issac Brock Allen was a brother of Jacob D. Allen and George Allen was his infant son who was buried in St. Andrew's Cemetery. Catherine Allen was a daughter and taught school in Thamesford. Kay Butt, a Thamesford historian, now living near Embro is a great granddaughter of Jacob David Allen.

Above excerpt from: [Thamesford History Book, 1994](#)

THE
MUSINGS OF UNCLE JAKE,

BY

JACOB D. ALLEN.

THE WANDERING BARD.

LONDON, C. W.

1866.

JOHN CAMERON,
Cheap Book and Job Printer, "Advertiser" Office, London.

MUSINGS OF UNCLE JAKE.

Dream.

One night as on my bed I siept,
I dream'd a pleasing dream;
A text I took—Jesus wept—
No dream to me did seem.

When I awoke, my pillow wet
With tears of joy I shed;
That dream I well remember yet—
For me the Saviour bled.

Methought that I did sinners tell
The way that leads to God,
And taught them how to escape hell,
By Jesus' precious blood.

It seem'd to me that sinners felt,
The spirit's blessed power.
O! how in love my heart did melt,
To me 't was a sweet hour.

MUSINGS OF

It seems to me I yet shall preach
 To sinners big and small ;
 God can make me able to teach
 The Jew, gentile and all.

On the Trinity.

Glory be to Father and Son,
 And Holy Spirit—three in one.
 One God, but one in persons three,
 O holy, blessed Trinity.

Glory be to the Father God,
 Who gave his Son to shed his blood ;
 To wash away all our vile sin,
 That we, in his sight, might be clean.

Glory be to Christ, the bless'd lamb,
 The Son of God, the great I Am ;
 Who did descend and came below,
 To save us sinners from endless woe.

Glory be to the holy dove
 Whom Christ doth send down from above,
 To be our leader and our guide,
 Having him we need none beside.

Glory be to the Holy Three—
 Three persons, but of God but one :
 O holy blessed mystery,
 Three—one Father, Spirit and Son.

The Pearl.

Give me the pearl—ah, give it me,
 The sweet pearl of great price,—
 The Pearl that died on Calvary,
 To make my soul rejoice.

That Pearl—Jesus the bless'd Lamb,
 That gave Himself for me—
 And Jesus is the great I Am,
 He gives me liberty.

That liberty may I ne'er use,
 As some are apt to do;
 Never Jesus commands abuse,
 But His precepts pursue.

God gave us Christ; oh, what a pearl:
 His only blessed Son;
 O, let our hearts around Christ curl,
 For He hath all things done.

That pearl, if ours, can ne'er be lost,
 But ever shall abide;
 Little we know what it did cost;
 But this we know—He died.

 Love.

[Composed for Miss B. P., of N. E.]

Love is the theme that lasses love;
 All other subjects far above.

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MUSINGS OF

I blame them not, for I do too,
In perfect love a beauty view.

But perfect love alone doth flow
From Christ above to us below;
And if we are what we profess,
We've cover'd Christ's righteousness.

The love of God is passing strange,
And often it my mind doth range,
That God would send his only Son
To die for sins that we have done.

O, God is love; I know it well;
And Christ alone doth save from hell;
But what it costs, I cannot tell;
Jesus bought me—Immanuel.

I love: but still my love is small,
Whilst I stay on this earthly ball;
But this I know, that when I die,
In love I'll reign with Christ on high.

I Am Weary.

I am weary, I long for rest,
But little here I find,
By sin and sorrow I am press'd,
Which doth corode my mind.

I am weary, it makes me long
To leave this earth of care,
I long to sing Moses' sweet song
In regions bright and fair.

I am weary, I know I'm weak,
But here no rest I find,
For I do long, Jesus to seek,
'Tis he that fills my mind.

I am weary, but Jesus can
Fill my poor soul with love ;
Looking to Christ is the best plan,
All other plans above.

I am weary, but soon expect
To leave this earth of sin,
If I am one of God's elect,
In God's sight I am clean.

Prayer Meeting Night.

Saturday night has come again
And we're met together,
I trust it will not be in vain,
For Jesus's our brother.

In Jesus' name, O let us pray,
And to him let us sing,
He is the truth, he is the way,
Our Prophet, Priest and King.

Last night at church, my soul was fed
 With manna from above;
 O! how I pittied sinners dead,
 They knew not what is love.

But we who have been born again,
 Can tell to sinners all,
 The way to flee from endless pain
 And get above the fall.

Poor sinners look to Christ alone,
 No other name is given;
 If we believe what he has done
 We're sure to go to heaven.

Composed and Sang during Sabbath School, [sec. 1. N. E.]

I long to leave; I want to go
 To regions bright and fair;
 For here I find much sin and woe,
 Pain, sickness, and despair.

I long to leave and go above;
 I wish not here to stay;
 I want to go where all is love,
 In realms of perfect day.

I long to leave this earthly place,
 And fly to regions bright,
 F'or God has sav'd me by his grace—
 In Jesus I delight.

I long to leave—indeed I do,
For this is not my home;
I long to leave, and Jesus view
In my bless'd home to come.

I long to leave and go to rest,
Beyond this earth of care;
I long to be among the bless'd,
Jesus' sweet love to share.

New Birth.

O, I bless God that I can tell,
And know when I was born;
O, once I was afraid of hell;
With grief my heart was torn.

But now I long to leave this earth,
For love doth fill my soul;
For since I've got a new birth,
Christ's love on me doth roll.

O, God is good: He sent His Son
To this poor earth of ours,
And died for sins that we have done,
To make us pure as flowers.

When Adam did from Eden fall,
He ruin'd all his race,
But Jesus came to save us all
By God's sovereign grace.

I love Jesus—O, yes I do—
 With all my soul and heart;
 And what I write, I know is true,
 From Christ I ne'er shall part.

I Love Jesus.

I love Jesus, for he did come
 From regions bright and fair,
 To provide for me a sweet home,
 Of love and not despair.

I love Jesus, for he did die
 To save my sin sick soul;
 Soon with him I shall dwell on high,
 Where peace doth ever roll.

I love Jesus, he is my friend,
 In him I do confide;
 He loves his own unto the end,
 In him we all abide.

I love Jesus, for he is God,
 He gave himself for me,
 For once he shed his precious blood,
 My sin sick soul to free.

I love Jesus, for he is good,
 He daily doth provide,
 By giving me my earthly food,
 And heavenly beside.

Trust in Jesus.

Trust in Jesus, for he did come
From heaven above, his blessed home,
To save poor man from guilt and shame;
If not sav'd man's alone to blame.

Trust in Jesus, God's only son,
Who died for sins that we have done;
For when he died upon the tree,
'Twas done for our iniquity.

Trust in Jesus and you will find,
Ease of conscience, true peace of mind;
True happiness our souls do need,
From Christ alone it doth proceed.

Trust in Jesus, God's blessed son,
Who hath for us all things well done,
And if we do on him depend
We're sure of an Almighty friend.

Trust in Jesus, and we shall be
Bless'd in time and eternity.
None from Christ our souls can sever,
Once in Christ in Christ forever.

Hope.

I hope in Christ, and so I find
Much happiness and peace of mind;

I hope in Christ, the Son of God,
For me he shed his precious blood.

I hope in Christ, that when I die
I'll reign with him beyond the sky;
I hope in Christ: on Him I trust;
In Christ the Father counts me just.

I hope in Christ, though sorrows come;
In him I have a blessed home;
I hope in Christ, for all I need,
As on my journey I proceed.

I hope in Christ and love him too;
The son of Mary was a Jew;
I hope in Christ: He is my prop,
And once in Christ, there shall stop.

I hope in Christ, whilst here below,
Therefore to Him I'm sure to go;
To regions bright, in realms above,
In one eternal scene of love.

Christ (Trust)

Trust in Jesus, and you shall be
Bless'd in time and eternity;
Trusting in Christ will save us all
From what we got in Adam's fall.

Trust in Jesus, God's only Son,
 Who hath for us all things well done;
 Then the Father can us behold,
 More pure than silver, yea, than gold.

Trust in Jesus, for He is God;
 For us He shed His precious blood;
 For us He died upon the tree,
 To set our souls at liberty.

Trust in Jesus: He gives us all
 We need on this terrestrial ball;
 He gives us clothes, and likewise food,
 And every blessing that is good.

Trust in Jesus, our righteousness;
 He gives us all that we possess;
 He gives us life, and peace and joy;
 Then let us long to meet on high.

Rock of Ages.

Rock of Ages, sweet Lamb of God,
 I know that I am thine,
 For thou didst shed thy precious blood—
 Jesus, Thou must be mine.

Rock of Ages, in thee alone,
 I find all that I need;
 Thou didst all my vile sins atone,
 On thee I daily feed.

Rock of Ages, inspire my heart
To love thee most sincere,
Nor ever from thy precepts part,
Then I shall have no fear.

Rock of Ages, grant me thy grace
To love thee more and more;
Lift on me thy bright, shining face,
That I may thee adore.

Rock of Ages, may I look up
To thee for all I need,
Thou didst for me empty the cup,
On thee I daily feed.

On Faith.

Faith in Christ is a great gift,
The gift of God alone,
He gave it us, our souls to lift,
And place it on his son.

Faith, of all grace it is the best,
It lifts our thoughts above,
Like John we lean upon the breast
Of Christ, the God of Love.

Faith in Christ will give us peace,
Sweet peace without alloy,
From our righteousness we do cease,
But Christ alone employ.

Faith in Christ is all we need,
As long as we are here;
As on our journey we proceed,
We shall have naught to fear.

Faith in Christ will keep us up
Until we go above;
Christ did for us empty the cup,
That we may dwell in love.

Sampson.

I feel this morn as if I were
Like Sampson, shorn of all my hair;
For when Delilah cut it off,
Loudly the Philistines did scoff.

But when his hair again grew out,
He had much strength, there is no doubt;
So I, a poet, this morn feel
For Jesus but a little zeal.

But, looking up, I'm sure to find
In Christ a little peace of mind;
And so this morn I'll strive to write
Of him in whom I take delight.

Jesus, the name all names above—
The Saviour, Christ, my God, I love;
For He did come, my soul to save
From hell, from death, and from the grave.

And when I die, I'm sure to rest
With Christ above, among the bless'd;
And sing a song that hath no end,
In sight of Christ, the sinners' friend.

Hope.

I hope that I do love the Lord,
And for my guide, I take His word;
I hope that I my Saviour love
All other good far, far above.

I hope I shall to Christ prove true,
For Jesus was an humble Jew;
I hope I shall be useful yet,
Although now I'm but a poet.

I hope that I may tell to all
How Father Adam got his fall;
I hope, likewise, that I may tell
How sinners may be kept from hell.

I hope that I may useful be,
Striving to live in poverty;
I hope that I shall make it plain,
That I can feel for others' pain.

I hope to leave this earth in peace;
From all self-righteousness to cease;
I hope that when I come to die,
My soul will soar to Christ on high.

Poverty.

I am not poor, but rich, indeed ;
For daily I on Jesus feed ;
Jesus, the true bread from heaven came
To save my soul from guilt and shame.

Can I be poor with such a prop,
My murmurings then let me stop,
And rejoice in Christ who did give,
His precious life that I might live.

His blood he shed upon the tree,
To set my soul at liberty ;
No reason have I to complain,
And if I do 'tis all in vain.

'Tis right that we should passive be,
Travelling to eternity ;
All trials with patience endure—
Knowing the words of Christ as sure.

Tribulations here you will find,
But in me peace and ease of mind ;
Then let us look to God's bless'd Son,
Who saves each, all and every one

Bethlehem's Star

The sweet star of Bethlehem came
To light this earth of ours,

To save poor man from guilt and shame,
And make him pure as flowers.

The star of Bethlehem is God,
And God's only bless'd Son;
He shed for us his precious blood—
God and the Star are one.

O! Holy Star, impart thy love,
That I may worship thee,
And by my actions ever prove
My heart's sincerity.

O! Blessed Star, do thou impart
Thy grace to make me walk,
And wholly love thee with my heart,
And sweetly of thee talk.

O! may my soul, bless'd Star on thee,
Alone for help rely,
For thou didst die, that I might be
Bless'd with thee on high.

Snow Storm.

I love to see the snow flakes fall:
It is a pretty sight;
But I love not a sudden squall,
As it doth me affright.

I have to travel day by day,
 Though the winds may blow;
 I have no home where I can stay,
 But travel in the snow.

Sometimes the storm rages most high:
 It matters not to me;
 I then look up beyond the sky,
 And there my home I see.

All things are best for mortal man,
 If he but knew the same;
 All things are ordered by God's plan;
 To complain, 'tis a shame.

Content, I'll strive always to be,
 Let winds and storms arise;
 Christ gave Himself, and died for me;
 Well may it me surprise.

Selfishness,

Decrease in self is what we need;
 'Tis self that blinds us all;
 All sin, from self it doth proceed,
 Witness old Adam's fall.

'Twas selfishness that made Eve sin;
 She thought she would be wise;
 But nought but trouble she did win
 When God she did despise.

Satan, 'tis true, did blind her eyes,
 When she the apple took,
 And she made Adam to despise,
 (As written in God's Book.)

Man by women are often told
 To do what is not right;
 Women, I know, are very bold:
 Poor man they oft affright.

For sake of peace, man will comply
 To anything almost;
 She made Adam the apple try,
 By which his grace he lost.

The Love of God

The love of God is passing strange,
 Few there are that know it,
 But oft my mind on it doth range,
 Yet I'm but a poet.

God's Love was great, for he did send
 His blessed Son below,
 To be the sinner's only friend
 To save from sin and woe.

Jesus did come from regions bright,
 And left his Father's home,
 That we might dwell with him in light,
 In his kingdom to come.

All that's in Christ do love the Lord,
Shall ever be most bless'd;
God has given to man his word,
That we may on it rest.

For in his word, Jesus we find,
And he is all we need,
For he doth purify the mind
As heav'nward we proceed.

On the Death of J. S., Son of N. E.

My boy has gone, he's gone away,
And left this world of ours;
His soul is now in endless day,
And pure as purest flowers.

Although 'twas hard for me to part,
And lose my only boy,
Whom I did love with all my heart—
My greatest earthly joy.

But he is bless'd and dwells above,
Why then should I be sad;
He is with Christ in perfect love,
Indeed, I should be glad.

For he has left this earth of care,
And dwells in bliss divine,
And O! I long with him to share
His Saviour's love and mine.

'Tis true, my boy to me can't come,
 Yet to him I can go—
 'T will be a sweet and happy home,
 Free from all sin and woe.

At J. A.'s, G. Road

In this wide world of sin and pain,
 Dear friends do meet and part again;
 Here we meet changes day by day;
 Nor can we wish each other stay.

But when we leave this place of care,
 And go and dwell with Jesus, where
 Sin or sorrow ne'er can come.
 O! how I long for that bless'd home.

When we get there, O, we shall dwell,
 In presence of Immanuel—
 That blessed Saviour, who did die
 That we with him might reign on high.

O! what a boon the Father gave:
 His only Son our souls to save;
 The darling of his bosom came
 To save our souls from guilt and shame.

O! bless'd Jesus, to thee I cry;
 On thy merits alone rely;
 Thou art my Saviour and my God,
 And thou didst save me by thy blood.

On the Death C. B., N. O.

Dear Charles has gone to regions bright ;
He's left this world of care ;
He's now with Christ in endless light ;
I wish that I were there.

It pleas'd the Father, Charles to take
From this vile earth of ours ;
To heaven above, for Jesus' sake,
And make him pure as flowers.

Where Charles does dwell, it is all love ;
O, how I long to go,
And dwell with Him far, far above,
Where love doth ever flow.

Charles cannot come and dwell below,
But we can go above ;
His soul is now as white as snow,
And dwells in perfect love.

Then let us look to Christ alone,
Who gave himself for us,
And did our every sins atone—
Holy, blessed Jesus.

At B.'s, N. O.

Here I sit me by a window,
In hopes that I can write,

If the muses o're me do flow,
I write with sweet delight.

I'm tir'd and have sat down to rest,
Waiting for my dinner,
Though by affliction often press'd,
I'm but a poor sinner,

Where e're I go, I'm sure to find
What I do need to eat;
God makes the people to me kind,
'Tis truth, let me repeat.

From Monday morn till Saturday,
No hunger do I feel,
And for my food nought do I pay—
God increase my zeal.

God's dealings I do plainly see
Where e're I do wander
Food and lodgings he doth give me,
My love should be stronger.

'Trusting in Christ

Believe, says Jesus, on my name,
And I will save you from all shame
And if happy you wish to be,
Place your affections all on me.

Dear Lamb of God, I own I sin,
 For I do feel unclean within;
 But still I strain with all my might,
 Alone in thee to take delight.

But if I thought that I could fall,
 My peace of mind—'twould take it all.
 Keep me, bless'd God, thyself me keep,
 For I'm a silly poor old sheep.

I know I sin, but still I find
 In going to Christ ease of mind;
 O! keep me Saviour by thy power
 In temptation's most fatal hour.

For my trespasses I do crave,
 For thou alone my soul canst save;
 I still will look and cling to thee,
 Sweet Lamb of God that died for me.

Lonely

My heart is sad; I long to leave
 This world of sin and care;
 How day by day I do but grieve
 To go to Jesus where.

I shall find what my soul doth need:
 A blissful resting place;
 Blessings all from Jesus proceed,
 For He's the God of grace.

The most of men do love this earth,
But 'tis not so with me ;
For since I got a new birth,
I'd rather be away.

Sometimes I'm happy in my soul,
At other times I'm sad ;
When Jesus' love on me doth roll,
O, then I feel most glad.

On this earth we do changes meet—
Sometimes up—sometimes down ;
But when around God's mercy seat,
We'll wear a golden crown.

On the Death of Mrs. C. N. E.

Death has taken my friend away
From this earth she has gone ;
Her soul is now in endless day,
And dwells with God's dear Son.

Five years my friend did suffer pain,
But now she is at rest ;
I never knew her to complain ;
She's now among the blest.

I mourn, but have no reason to,
For she is bless'd indeed ;
And now her Saviour she can view.
Who once for her did bleed.

I long again with her to meet
On that fair peaceful shore;
Like Mary, fall at Jesu's feet,
And him alone adore.

I soon shall go and meet my friend,
For death to me will come;
I long, indeed, for my last end,
That I may dwell at home.

A. H. McC., N. E.]

I am waiting for H. to come,
I sit me by the fire,
In truth I have no pleasant home,
Yet one I much desire.

But this I know, when I have done,
With all things here below,
I'll go and dwell with God's dear Son,
Where love doth ever flow.

The time seems long, I do declare,
But patient I must be,
I long, sweet Jesus' love to share
In perfect purity.

Whilst I remain on earth below,
Sin, I am sure to find,
It causes me both grief and woe,
It doth pollute the mind.

But when death comes, then I shall go
And dwell in bliss above,
Where love divine shall ever flow
From Christ—the God of Love.

Time

I long for time with me to end,
For time keeps me away
From Jesus Christ, my only friend,
I wish not here to stay.

I long for time with me to cease,
That I may happy be;
I long for endless perfect peace
In bless'd eternity.

I long for time to flee away.
That I may ever rest.
With Jesus Christ in endless day,
No more to be oppress'd.

I long for time swiftly to flee,
That I may go away,
And dwell with him who died for me,
And all my debts did pay.

I long for time swiftly to run,
So it may soon be out;
My hopes alone rest on God's Son,
He saves without a doubt.

Jesus.

I love Jesus, the Lamb of God,
Who came from heaven above,
To earth below and shed his blood
To prove to us his love.

I love Jesus and so I ought,
For he did die for me,
'Twas by his blood my soul was bought
Upon the rugged tree.

I love Jesus, for he did die
To redeem my poor soul,
That I might dwell with him on high,
Where pleasures ever roll.

I love Jesus, on him alone,
I for help do depend,
For he my sins did all atone—
O! what a loving friend.

I love Jesus with all my heart,
To him I soon shall go;
From him I know I ne'er shall part,
His love is ever true.

I love Jesus because he came,
And died the just for me;
If I love him not 'tis a shame,
But it can never be.

I love Jesus, O! yes I do,
And shall unto the end,

And what I write I know is true—
For Jesus is my friend.

I love Jesus, God's only Son,
The son of Mary too;
The blessed Lamb—the holy one,
Now what I write is true.

I love Jesus, but not enough,
I wish I loved him more,
But filthy lucre and such stuff,
I wish I could give o'er.

I love Jesus, my God impart
Thy grace that I may prove,
That I love thee with all my heart,
Thou God of perfect love.

Time

Time with me will soon run out,
Then I shall go to rest,
And dwell with Christ without a doubt
Among the souls that's blest.

Time with me I hope will end,
That I may go away
And dwell with Jesus, my best friend,
In one eternal day.

Time with me I hope 'a not long,
 For I desire to go
 Above to sing Moses' sweet song,
 Where joys forever flow.

Time with me does drag but slow,
 'Tis wearisome to me;
 I'm in a hurry for to go
 Where all is purity.

Time with me keeps me away
 From those I love most dear;
 My best friends are in endless day,
 When shall I there appear.

The Jew

I love the Jew, I do indeed,
 Of him I drink, on him I feed;
 He gave himself for I and you—
 The Son of Mary was a Jew.

The Jews of old God's people were,
 And now we gentiles with them share
 An equal right, both I and you,
 The Son of Mary was a Jew.

Dear Lamb of God to thee we sing,
 And humble hearts we trust we bring,
 His precious blood saves I and you,
 The Son of Mary was a Jew.

High on the cross the Saviour died,
 To save our souls, 'twas naught beside;
 Then let us ever keep in view,
 The Son of Mary was a Jew.

The Son of Mary is the Lord,
 'Tis proved so by God's Holy Word;
 Then let us keep Jesus in view,
 The Son of Mary was a Jew.

Let us praise the Father who gave,
 His only Son, our souls to save;
 The bless'd spirit let us pursue,
 The Son of Mary was a Jew.



I Mourn

I mourn, my Savior, for I find
 I'm prone to commit sin,
 In thee alone, true peace I find,
 O! make me pure and clean.

I'm sure that I will have to fight
 As long as I live here;
 I'm sure that I in thee delight,
 O may I never fear,

That when by sin I am oppress'd,
 To thee I quickly fly,
 For thou canst give me perfect rest:
 With thee beyond the sky.

O! may I go to thee alone,
 When sorrows do arise,
 For thou canst melt my heart of stone
 And dry my weeping eyes.

My gratitude, O Lord! increase,
 May I depend on thee,
 For thou canst give me that true peace,
 For thou art Deity.

Lime Kilns, St. Marys

I sit on stone, and that of lime,
 To know if I can make a rhyme;
 What shall I say, what shall I write,
 This calm and lovely summer's night,

The landscape now, as by me seen,
 Is beautiful!—the trees are green;
 The flowers bloom, all nature's gay,
 And yet my thoughts on earth can't stay.

I think of one who died for me—
 The blessed Lamb on Calvary;
 The Lamb of God, he's now on high,
 But I shall see him by and by.

I long to be with him above,
 Betimes my soul is filled with love;
 I long that time with me be o'er,
 That I may my Jesus adore.

That I may see him face to face,
And thank him for his boundless grace,
And worship him without alloy
In praises sweet and perfect joy,

The Virgins

At death, my friends, we then shall find,
Who have, or not, a renew'd mind;
'Tis the new birth, and that alone,
That makes us with our Saviour one.

Keep ever in your weak mind's view,
The twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew;
There you will find what Jesus said
About the living and the dead.

Of ten virgins he doth relate,
And tells us likewise of their fate;
They alike did make profession,
But five alone had possession.

Five had grace or, oil in their lamps,
The other five were merely scamps;
They did profess alike, 'tis true,
And appeared so to human view.

But when death came 'twas plainly seen,
Five were not what they should have been,
For when the cry of death was made,
The debts of five were still unpaid.

Their sins, my friends, were not forgiven,
And their souls were shut out of heaven.
The five had oil, ah! happy five,
Your souls by Christ were kept alive.

Why the five differ 'tis most plain,
Christ for us all was truly slain,
And if we will but Jesus trust,
God will save us—indeed he must.

The five did think themselves to save,
But when they came near to their grave,
They found that they would perish all,
Then on the wise for oil did call..

The wise did answer plain enough,
And taught the fools, though 'twas tough,
That they had no more than would do,
To carry them their journey through,

And bade them go to him who sold,
The best of oil as pure as gold;
And who sells oil or grace I say,
But Jesus Christ, the truth, the way.

Then let us to the Saviour go,
His love for us doth ever flow,
And when his spirit he doth give,
Look to the cross and ever live.

Alas! the foolish, they did try,
But 'twas too late, oil for to buy,

Their hopes were gone, they were too late,
Like many a poor professor's state,

Now, my dear friends, it is most sad,
The most of men act as if mad,
O! Jesus came from regions bright
That we might dwell in endless light.

The way is clear, the way is plain,
Then why should mortal man complain;
Sinners, be wise, read God's bless'd book,
And for salvation to Christ look.

Hope

I have a hope, when I do die,
And leave this world of care,
That I shall dwell with Christ on high.
I wish that I were there.

I have a hope that none can take,
For God gave it to me,
A hope that keeps me for Christ's sake
In perfect liberty.

I have a hope, both sure and fast,
A hope of joy above,
A hope that shall for ever last,
A hope that's full of love.

I have a hope that can't be lost,
A hope that buoys me up,
Though much that hope my Saviour cost,
For me he drank the cup.

I have a hope, I soon shall go
And leave this earth behind;
A hope to escape pain and woe,
And love to fill my mind.

Christ Saves Alone

Christ saves alone, for he doth give
His bless'd spirit that we may live;
His spirit guides us and we find
In Christ alone true peace of mind.

Christ saves alone. Ah! yes, indeed,
For he bestows all that we need;
He gave his life, his blood he shed,
To raise us sinners from the dead,

Christ saves alone, it is a truth—
He saves the aged and the youth;
And all that do on Jesus call,
Are raised above old Adam's fall.

Christ saves alone. Ah! who can tell
What it did cost Immanuel,
To leave the courts of bliss above,
And die on earth to prove his love.

Christ saves alone, for he is God,
 For man he shed his precious blood
 Upon Calvary's cursed tree,
 To set our souls at liberty.

Christ saves alone, and ever will,
 His bless'd spirit he doth instill,
 To fill our hearts with peace and love,
 And after death to dwell above.

Camp Meeting Ground

I sit under a poplar tree
 Waiting for the hour—half-past seven,
 Then I shall hear, or perhaps see,
 One that will direct us to heav'n.

Preaching will commence at that time,
 Which if all true 'twill delight me;
 I do love truth and I love rhyme,
 In both I see a great beauty.

Truth to hear will a saint delight,
 For it will cheer him on his road;
 And when I rhyme I feel most bright,
 It makes me think of Christ and God.

I thank the Lord for what I am,
 A sinner saved by thy free grace,
 Procured for me by Christ the Lamb,
 My sonship may I ne'er disgrace.

If thine, bless'd God, thy sons we are,
Jesus is our elder brother;
Soon with our Saviour we shall share,
That pure love that none can smother.

Prayer (By the Roadside)

O Lord! this morn, do thou impart,
Knowledge and wisdom to my heart,
That I may worship thee
In purity, for thou art pure,
Thy love likewise, shall e'er endure,
O Lord do thou keep me!

Thy goodness, Lord, is very great,
Thou didst call me from nature's state
And didst my sins forgive
When I from self did get away,
And looked to Christ, the truth, the way,
Thou had'st me to live.

And now, O! bless'd Lord, I'm alive,
Though daily with sin I've to strive
Until I go above,
O Lord! my love is getting strong,
Do thou my gratitude prolong,
And fill my soul with love.

Great God, thy love is passing strange,
 Thy plan thou didst so full arrange,
 Thy son to send below
 To die, the just, such was thy plan,
 To save poor sinful wretched man,
 From misery and woe.

At T.'s, Gravel Road

Where e'er I be, where e'er I go,
 I am but a poor sinner,
 I'm stopping now with friend T—low,
 Waiting for my dinner.

And day by day I am well fed,
 And when at night I rest,
 'Tis often in a feather bed,
 Thus constantly I'm bless'd.

God makes the people kind to me,
 In him for all I trust,
 God's dealings I do plainly see—
 The holy and the just.

And for my soul the father gave,
 His only Son to die,
 That by the shedding of his blood
 I'll reign with him on high.

Christ did fulfil the holy law,
And Justice satisfied ;
The law he filled without a flaw,
And Justice magnified.

On Peace of Mind

We cannot have true peace of mind
Unless we do pursue,
The blessed Lamb who's ever kind,
To sinners such as you.

In Jesus our minds do find rest,
Though sin may us bother,
When by sad care or sorrow press'd,
Christ's our elder brother.

Then when we feel our minds are sad,
To Jesus let us go,
For he alone can make us glad,
True joys from him do flow.

Sin is the cause of all our woe,
Of body and of mind,
But Jesus came to let us know,
True peace in him we find.

So when our mind is ill at ease,
To Jesus let us fly,
Our troubled mind he soon will ease,
And turn our pain to joy.

At Home (Garden Rock)

I sit me down upon a rock,
 To meditate and muse,
 Of the great Shepherd of the flock,
 Whom oft I did abuse.

Jesus, the Lamb of God did come,
 And left his throne above,
 That we in him might find a home,
 A home of perfect love.

Great God, thy grace we do behold,
 When Jesus thou didst send,
 More precious to us far than gold,
 Our everlasting friend,

In Christ we find all we desire,
 In him alone we trust;
 Increase our love, our hearts inspire,
 Wholly to love the just.

Glory be to the Holy Three—
 Three persons—God's but one;
 Glory be to the Deity—
 Father, Spirit, and Son.

 Longing for Heaven

I want to go, I hate to stay
 Where all is sin and woe;

I want to go to endless day,
And leave this earth below.

Here I do find but little rest,
But often suffer pain;
When shall I with Jesus be bless'd,
On Jordan's happy plain?

I want to go, for I do find
But little comfort here;
Guilt doth corrode my sin-sick mind,
And ever will I fear.

I want to go, indeed I do,
Where sin no more can come;
I want to see and Jesus view,
In my bless'd home to come.

I want to go, and leave this ball
Of vile impurity,
That I may get above the fall
To dwell in purity.

I hate sin and yet practise it—
'Tis strange and still most true;
I know I am a silly poet,
But then, what can I do?

Well, I shall strive and strive most hard,
To overcome vile sin;
Although I am a silly bard,
I do wish to be clean.

The Love of God, (River Side)

I love the Lord, I speak the truth,
But still my love is small,
'Twas not so with me when a youth,
I had no love at all.

I love the Lord, increase my love,
O! melt my stony heart,
May I view Jesus now above,
Thy spirit Lord impart.

I love the Lord and ever will,
May I to Jesus look;
Thy spirit, Lord, do thou instil
And guide me by thy book.

I love the Lord for he is kind,
His goodness I do see,
For daily he doth fill my mind
With love and purity.

I love the Lord, he doth bestow
All my poor soul doth need;
His spirit guides me where to go,
On Christ alone to feed.

I love the Lord, I have no dread
That I shall ever fall,
But shall live in Jesus my head,
My Saviour and my all,

Henry P.

Little Henry's body is cold
It lies beneath the sod;
He was but nine months, nine months old,
When his soul went to God.

Happy infant, thy soul is bless'd,
Around God's dazzling throne,
And thou shalt there forever rest,
But not always alone.

For God will raise thy body too,
To meet thy soul above;
O! what a holy, blessed view,
And dwell in perfect love.

Henry, dear, we may feel thy loss:
Our loss is thy bless'd gain,
If we do look up to the cross,
We'll meet with thee again.

We'll meet thee, Henry, in thy home
Thy home of perfect joy;
We long that sweet time to come,
To meet thee, dear, on high.

Henry, God did take thee away,
From this vile earth of sin,
To dwell with him in endless day,
Where all is pure and clean.

I Do Feel Sad

I do feel sad, and well I may,
Sin doth corrode my mind,
To escape sin I know the way,
Yet much of it I find.

Some times I do feel most happy,
In mind most contented,
And think I always so shall be
By sin I'm prevented.

For sin will come—unwelcome guest,
And vex me on my way;
By sin, my friends, I'm often press'd,
Though oft to Christ I pray.

As long as we on earth remain,
Temptations do arise,
Here we must suffer sin and pain,
Nor need it us surprise.

For when Jesus on earth did dwell,
Satan did Jesus try,
And tempted him—the imp of hell—
Then why not you and I.

As long as we on earth do stay,
Satan will go about,
And strive to vex us day by day—
By Christ he's put to rout.

We Must Fight

We must fight against Satan's power,
For he is going about,
Seeking poor sinners to devour,
But Christ will keep him out.

Satan does strive with all his might,
Poor sinners to procure;
But Christ will put Satan to flight,
In him we are secure.

So, when Satan tempts let us fly,
To the bless'd bleeding Lamb,
He intercedes for you and I,
He is the great I Am.

Temptations here we oft will find,
If rightly exercised,
They will strengthen the human mind,
By fools they are despised.

Then to me let temptations come,
They make my mind to fly,
To that sweet place, that happy home
Above, beyond the sky,

Where I shall see my Saviour dear,
Yes, see his shining face;
Where all is love, there is no fear,
Christ is the God of grace.

Sabbath Morn, (River Side)

I sit me down upon a rock,
Under a maple tree,
And think of Christ and of his flock,
For Jesus died for me.

Although I know I'm weak and small,
Jesus did die for me,
I'm sure that I shall never fall,
In Christ I am made free.

Jesus did die that I might live,
Beyond this world of care;
His blood he shed, his life did give,
That I with him might share—

An endless life of bliss above
Where there is no sorrow,
Where all is peace, where all is love,
Lord take me to-morrow.

This world is full of guilt and sin,
Here's no abiding rest,
Here we see much that is unclean,
Not so among the bless'd.

Where Jesus is, all, all is pure,
For sin can't enter in,
And when I die I am most sure,
I'll dwell among the clean.

God's Priests and Kings

God's priests and kings are only those,
Who are born from above,
Whom God in Christ did long since choose,
Such was his boundless love.

'T was love that made the father send
His blessed Son below,
To be our brother and our friend,
And save from endless woe,

And all that are born from above,
Are priests to our bless'd God,
And Kings likewise, and prove their love,
By doing good abroad.

Then all that are born from above,
Should labor to instil,
And teach poor sinners for pure love,
To do their Maker's will.

They all should strive, daily to preach,
And let their light to shine,
That by their actions they may teach
The love of God divine.

O! Jesus is our great Bishop,
And we are priests and kings,
For us the Saviour drank the cup—
Our faith doth fly on wings.

Camp Ground (Bishop S.)

I'm waiting to hear the Bishop preach,
I'm sure he's able sinners to teach,
For he is old and experienced too,
And knows enough to teach both I and you.

On what subject he may preach I cant say,
I trust 'twill be Christ, the truth and the way,
For all other preaching I do despise,
As it tends to blind the poor sinner's eyes.

But let me here tell of Christ the sweet Lamb,
Who was a poor Jew and the great I Am,
Who alone saves sinners, none other can,
And salvation, my friend, is God's own plan.

It was a great gift the father did give,
His own dear Son, and in him we do live,
And Jesus is able, he has all power,
To save a sinner in this blessed hour.

Then from all self, O! let us get away,
And look to Jesus, the truth and the way,
Then on Jesus, my friends, we all shall rest,
Like the holy John, on the Saviour's breast.

And when we die, we shall see God's bless'd son,
Who did atone for all the sins we've done,
He's now at God's right hand far above,
And we shall dwell with him in endless love.

At G. McK.

Beautiful sight when we can see
By faith, the Lamb, on Calvary;
Though mournful the sight may appear,
Yet still the sight ought saints to cheer.

Man's salvation, Christ for us bought,
'Twas by the cross that it was brought;
The blood Christ shed upon the tree,
Saves poor man's soul from misery.

None can tell how much it did cost,
When God gave Christ to save the lost.
All that are sav'd are sav'd alone,
By what Jesus hath for man done,

Jesus saves sinners, one and all,
From what they got in Adam's fall;
All that we've got to do is look
To God's great gift—his holy book.

In it we read that Jesus died
To save poor man, 'twas naught beside,
And if on Christ we do depend,
We're saved, for he is our best friend.

On Christ alone then let us trust,
He will keep us, he is the just,
In him we live, in him we move,
And he will perfect us in love.

When Shall I Go.

When shall I go to regions bright,
And leave this earth below;
When shall I dwell in endless light,
Free from all care and woe.

When shall I go and reign above
Among that happy throng,
And see Jesus in perfect love,
And sing Moses' sweet song.

When shall I go. Ah! tell me when,
My Saviour I shall see,
Who by his blood doth save all men,
From their iniquity.

When shall I go and dwell above—
From this vile earth get free,
For here I find but little love,
But much impurity.

When shall I go and be at rest,
Where sin can never come,
I long to be among the blest,
O! how I long for home.

When shall I go, I cannot say,
But this I know full well,
I'd rather go than here to stay
Where sin with me doth dwell.

Prayer Meeting. (R. H. St. Mary's)

Another week has rolled away,
And we do meet here together,
To watch, to sing, and for to pray,
In sight of our elder brother.

For Jesus sees us as we are;
He loves to give to those that ask,
In answer to our fervent prayer,
Which to us is a pleasing task.

We ask of thee, bless'd God, this night,
Thy Spirit's aid, that we may pray,
And, in thy service, take delight
To worship thee in purity.

Great God, we know we're weak and small,
And apt to stray from thee we love;
Enable us in truth to call,
Until thou dost take us above.

May death to us be but a shade—
Our lives in Jesus swallow'd up;
Ours sins on Jesus all were laid—
He drank for us the bitter cup.

Then, when we die, like John we'll rest
In perfect bliss, without sorrow,
And lean upon sweet Jesus' breast—
Bless God, may it be to-morrow.

Poverty.

Some men have silver, some have gold;
I envy none their lot;
Give me riches that can't be told—
Those riches I have got.

For when my sins God did forgive,
I well do remember,
And bade my sin-sick soul to live—
It was in December.

The 'leventh day, one Sabbath morn,
And just about sun rise,
My sins were gone, my soul was born;
It did me much surprise.

From the dead I was born alive,
My soul was free from dread;
It was in the year thirty-five,
God rais'd me from the dead.

And now I live and ever will;
None can destroy my soul;
Demons nor men have not the skill,
My mind for to control.

And when I die I'm sure to soar,
And dwell with Christ above,
And praise my Saviour, and adore
The God of perfect love.

Maria's Choice

I feel mournful, I scarce can write,
My poor wife is unwell,
Outside it is a lovely night,
My heart with grief doth swell.

I do not know, perhaps my wife,
May leave this earth of care;
O Lord do thou preserve her life,
Her children's love to share.

To thee, bless'd God, all things are plain,
Naught can be hid from thee;
O! grant her freedom from all pain,
From sickness make her free.

But if her days will soon expire,
And she must go to rest,
O may she have but one desire,
To be among the bless'd.

Her peace, O God! I trust is made,
With thee, O holy God;
Her sins, I trust, by Jesus paid,
Her soul made white with blood.

O Lord! have mercy and protect,
My wife and children dear,
Am not I one of thine elect—
O! make my life less drear.

Mount Calvary

Mount Calvary in Palestine,
My mind on it does run,
Jesus died there—my Saviour, mine,
And God's only bless'd Son.

Mount Calvary is a high hill,
And there the Saviour died,
To satisfy the Father's will,
And man to save beside.

Mount Calvary—Ah! who can tell
What Jesus suffered there,
To save man from a wretched hell,
And make of him an heir.

Mount Calvary once saw a sight
That none can see again;
They crucified the Lord of light,
To save poor man from pain.

Mount Calvary—Ah! what a place,
They shed the Saviour's blood,
And Jesus died—what a disgrace—
That man might dwell with God.

Mount Calvary and what it cost,
We'll ever keep in sight,
There Christ shed his blood for the lost,
That they may dwell in light.

Redemption

Redeemed by blood, O! glorious news,
Both for the Gentiles and the Jews.
For Jesus died that both might be,
Bless'd with him eternally.

Redeem'd by blood, O what a price
The Saviour paid; let us rejoice,
And thank the Lord that he did die,
That we might dwell with him on high.

Redeem'd by blood upon the cross,
To cleanse poor man from sinful dross.
The Savior died and shed his blood,
To make man pure in sight of God.

Redeem'd by blood. Ah! who can tell,
How much it cost Immanuel.
None can tell the amount it cost,
The bless'd Saviour to save the lost.

Redeem'd by blood, we're sure to rest
With Jesus Christ among the bless'd,
In that bless'd home of peace and joy
Where sin no longer can annoy.

Redeem'd by blood, beautiful sight
Poor Sinners rob'd in robes of light;
Though once they were foul and unclean,
Now they are spotless—free from sin.

Redeem'd by blood, I've ease of mind,
True peace in Jesus I do find,
For now I know, and am most sure,
My soul in Christ shall e'er endure.

Redeem'd by blood we cannot fall
If once in Christ he saves us all;
None can be lost for he is God,
For us he shed his precious blood.

Redeem'd by blood so freely shed,
To save poor sinners from the dead,
And we in God's sight are but one,
Who trust alone in God's dear son.

Redeem'd by blood, we soon shall be
Dwelling in sight of Deity;
For Christ is God as well as man,
And Redemption is God's own plan.

Redeem'd by blood we soon go home,
Though long the time may seem to come;
But this we know, we're sure to dwell,
With Jesus Christ—Immanuel.

Redeem'd by blood, we soon shall rest,
In heaven above, among the bless'd;
Then let us long to be away,
To dwell with Christ in endless day.

When Shall I Leave

When shall I leave this earthly place,
And go and rest above,
For I am sav'd by God's free grace,
Christ is the God of Love.

When shall I leave, for I do long,
To go and be at rest,
Where I shall sing Moses' sweet song,
Among the souls that's bless'd.

When shall I leave, I hate to stay,
Where sin corrodes my mind;
I want to go to endless day,
Where all I need I'll find.

When shall I leave, I long to go,
From self and sin get free,
For whilst I remain here below,
I do lack liberty.

When shall I leave, true freedom find,
With Jesus Christ above,
For heaven alone can fill my mind,
I long for perfect love.

When shall I leave, I cannot tell,
Yet of this I am sure,
I soon shall go, and with Christ dwell.
I long for to be pure.

I Always Find

I always find that God is good,
When I do trust in him,
And day by day he gives me food,
Bless'd Star of Bethlehem.

I always find that God is near,
When I do walk upright;
The love of Christ takes away fear,
In him I do delight.

I always find that God is true,
His promises will keep;
If we believe in Christ the Jew,
He owns us as his sheep.

I always find the most of peace,
The harder I do fight,
When I from self do wholly cease,
In Christ I take delight.

I always find when I do pray,
And pray, my friends, aright,
Looking to Jesus as the way
To reach eternal light.

I always find, when I do trust,
My all to Christ alone,
Then the Father views me as just,
For what Jesus hath done.

Sabbath, September 24, 1865

The sermon this day was all true,
And handsomely was brought to view,
Out of the three there was but one,
Who did believe in God's dear son.

I will follow thee, the first did say,
To Christ, the life, the truth, the way,
Whithersoever thou mayest be,
I am sure Lord to follow thee.

The Lord did answer quick enough,
And taught the man, though 'twas tough,
That he had no home where to stay,
But fox and birds knew where to lay.

To the second the Saviour said :
Do let the dead bury their dead,
But do thou go and sinners teach,
And of God's kingdom do thou preach ;

Which, no doubt, the young man did do,
Not to the Gentile but the Jew.
The third did say that he would too,
Follow the Saviour, 'tis most true.

But he must go and bid farewell,
His folks at home he loved so well ;
But Jesus taught the poor man how,
To hold as well as drive the plough.

Jesus help me for I do feel,
For thy bless'd cause but little zeal;
Grant me thy spirit to inspire,
My heart to warm with holy fire.

That I may love thee as I ought,
For by thy blood my soul was bought;
O! keep me, Lord, from all evil,
The world, the flesh, and the Devil.

O! may I strive by thy spirit,
To abhor all creature merit—
To depend on Jesus alone,
Who for sin did himself atone.

When on the cross he shed his blood,
To make man pure in sight of God.
The Lord is good, he's kind, he's just,
And if on Christ we wholly trust—

We'll have no fear, but we shall find,
A balm to cure our sin-sick mind,
For Jesus is God's only Son,
And well for us he hath all things done.

He paid what we could never pay,
All our vile sins to take away;
For on the cross he shed his blood,
To ransom us in sight of God.

E. B.'s.

I'm now a few miles out of town,
Stopping with my good old friend Brown,
And do intend to stop all night,
But in the morn shall take my flight.

Where I shall go I cannot tell,
It matters not so I feel well;
For I do know that God is good—
He gives me all my needful food,

And clothing to, so I do find,
The Lord to me is ever kind;
Why should I fear to trust my all,
For he doth give me when I call.

All those who do in Jesus trust,
God will protect, for he is just;
To honor God, we must look up
To him who drank the bitter cup.

The Saviour drank the cup for me,
To set my soul at liberty;
And if I do but Jesus love,
God will take my poor soul above,

To dwell in presence of the three,
One God, but one in trinity;
The Father one, the Spirit one,
And Jesus Christ—God's only Son.

New Birth.

The new birth got my sins forgiven—
O! what a bless'd, sweet time,
When I was made an heir of heaven—
Which I can tell in rhyme.

It was in the year thirty-five,
One bless'd, sweet Sabbath morn,
When my poor soul became alive—
When I from heav'n was born.

It was on the eleventh day
Of the month December,
When God did take my sins away—
Well may I remember.

That happy time—blest morn to me,
When love did fill my soul;
When I from sin was wholly free,
How sweet the time did roll.

No condemnation then had I—
My soul was pure and clean;
I felt that I could fly on high,
As I was free from sin.

O Lamb of God, increase my love,
From sin O keep me free,
Until I dwell with thee above,
In perfect liberty.

Trust in Jesus.

Trust in Jesus, and we have all
We need on this poor sinful ball;
By Him we live—in Him we thrive—
Our souls by Him are kept alive.

Trust in Jesus—in Him delight—
He keeps our armour shining bright;
By Him we're kept from Satan's pow'r,
In this and every evil hour.

Trust in Jesus—He doth not sleep;
He knows his lambs; he knows his sheep;
He knows all those that in Him trust,
And He will keep them—He is just.

Trust in Jesus—for He is God;
For us He shed His precious blood;
In Him alone true peace we find;
O! Jesus is forever kind.

Trust in Jesus—God's only Son—
He hath for us all things well done;
His life He gave, His blood He shed,
And died, the just, in poor man's stead.

Trust in Jesus, and you shall dwell
Forever with Immanuel:
In regions bright beyond the sky,
Eternal peace there to enjoy.

At A. McP.'s

Beautiful sight, when saints agree
To love the lamb of Galilee,
And love each other as they ought,
Knowing that Christ their souls hath bought.

Beautiful sight, when we behold
The Lamb of God, more pure than gold;
Beholding him upon the tree,
Shedding his blood for you and me.

Beautiful sight, and mournful, too,
When Jesus died for I and you;
He died, my friends, that we might be
Blessed with Him eternally.

Beautiful sight, it soon will come,
When we, my friends, shall all get home;
When we shall dwell with Christ above,
In one eternal scene of love.

Beautiful sight, I long to see,
When we shall dwell with Deity,
And see the Lamb that died for us.
O! holy, blessed, sweet Jesus.

Beautiful sight, where all is light;
Where all is peace, there is no night;
O! how my soul does long to be
With Jesus in eternity.

The Gospel

The Gospel sounds O! glorious news,
It saves the Gentiles and the Jews;
It saves all, who in Jesus trust,
For in God's sight it is most just.

The gospel sounds a glorious call,
And saves poor man from Adam's fall;
O! let us then, the call obey,
And trust in Jesus every day.

The Gospel is good news to us,
Who do believe in Christ Jesus;
Who hear the sound and do obey,
What Jesus teaches us each day.

The gospel is to us all free,
How content then ought we to be,
And ever strive with all our might,
In the good news to take delight.

The gospel is what all men need,
From God alone it doth proceed,
For Jesus came, the gospel gave,
He died himself our souls to save.

The gospel is a glorious boon,
I do prize it this afternoon,
Without the gospel I were dead,
But now I live in Christ my head.

The Fight

With all our might
O! let us fight,
And strive to overcome,
For we will find
Many a kind,
Before we do get home.

The first of all,
After the fall,
Is love of creature self,
And many find,
No ease of mind,
Except in lucre, pelf.

And Satan too,
Will always do,
All to obstruct poor man,
For he will strive
To keep alive
Vile sin—such is his plan.

The flesh, likewise,
It pains our eyes,
For it is prone to sin,
We want to be
All purity,
But still we are unclean,

As long as here,
I much do fear
Sin ever will corrode,
But this I know,
I soon shall go,
And dwell above with God.

O how I long,
To sing the song
With good Moses above.
But I must wait,
Such is my fate,
For pure and perfect love.

Faith and Works.

Faith and work you may plainly see,
If attention you'd give ;
Compared to a candle burning free,
The two, my friends, do live.

In a candle, bright light is found,
And heat together dwell ;
It is a sure and tried compound :
It makes my heart to swell,

When faith and works together go,
It give us sweet delight ;

Then we are sure, and well do know
Our armour must be bright.

The light we see, and heat we feel,
Are typical of two ;
For both, O, Lord, increase my zeal,
For truly I love you.

But blow the candle out, and then
The heat and light is gone ;
Then we are just like other men :
Our hearts are hard as stone.

O, may our faith increase each day,
And in good works delight,
Until we dwell far, far away,
In perfect love and light.

Isaiah, Chap. 63, V. 1.

Who the prophet did loudly cry,
Do I now by true faith espy
None other than the Lamb of God,
Who once for man did shed his blood.

And from Edom came, and beside,
From Bozrah came with garments dyed ;
In apparel, glorious is he :
By name, Jesus of Galilee.

His greatness is past finding out,
 And his strength the same, without doubt;
 In righteousness, Jesus doth say,
 I speak the truth, from day to day.

All truth from me alone proceeds,
 And I do know my creature's needs;
 And for their sakes I shed my blood,
 To make them pure in sight of God.

Poor sinners, trust in me alone,
 For I can melt your hearts of stone;
 I have all power, and I can save:
 My precious blood for you I gave.

Upon the tree I shed my blood,
 To make you pure in sight of God;
 That when you die your souls may rest
 With me above, among the bless'd.

Did Jesus Die ?

Did Jesus die? Ah! yes he did,
 Upon the cursed tree,
 And our poor souls are in him hid,
 For he is Deity.

Did Jesus die upon the cross
 To cleanse our guilty souls?
 Ah! yes, my friends, his precious blood,
 Our guilty fear controls.

Did Jesus die? It is a truth,
 He died to save us all,
 For the aged as well as youth
 Can climb above the fall:

Did Jesus die? He did indeed,
 That we in him may trust;
 From him all blessings do proceed
 For he is true and just:

Did Jesus die? O! what a sight,
 To see the Lamb of God,
 Crucified on Calvary's height,
 There flowed his precious blood.

Did Jesus die to make us clean,
 That we may dwell above,
 On him was laid all our vile sin—
 Christ is the God of love.

Gertrude

I am a poet, weak and rude,
 But still I'll try to write—
 A few lines about sweet Gertrude,
 Who now does dwell in light.

She was a maiden bright and fair,
 Her Saviour she did love,
 And now with Jesus she doth share
 A blessed home above.

'Tis true Gertrude did suffer pain,
 Whilst she on earth did stay,
She did but little here complain,
 But long'd to be away.

Death came at last, a welcome guest,
 Her peace with God was made,
Her soul is now at perfect rest,
 On Christ her sins were laid.

Dear happy maid, with thee I long,
 To leave this earth of care;
With thee to sing Moses' sweet song,
 In regions bright and fair.

The Atonement

Jesus did take our sins away,
 When on the cross he died;
To Jesus let us look and pray:
 None can us save beside.

The blessed Jesus shed His blood
 To save poor sinful man;
To bring sinners nigh to God—
 Such was the Father's plan.

For none are lost, but only those
 Who will not God believe;
Who their dear Saviour do refuse,
 And Holy Spirit grieve.

O! that all men would become wise,
 And believe God's dear Son;
 No more His holy word despise:
 Jesus and God are one.

If we but look to Christ alone,
 Sav'd we are sure to be,
 For Christ our Saviour did atone
 High on the cursed tree.

Grace

The grace of God is what we need,
 As on our journey we proceed;
 Without His grace we all would die:
 God's grace will carry us on high.

The grace of God will raise us all
 From what we got at Adam's fall;
 And when we die, we're sure to rest
 With Jesus Christ among the bless'd.

The grace of God is sure to last,
 For God will keep poor sinners fast;
 They cannot fall as Adam did;
 Their lives with Christ in God are hid.

The grace of God—O! what a gift—
 Given to man, his soul to lift

From things of earth to things above,
And fill the soul with perfect love.

The grace of God is God's favour:
His Son He gave for a Saviour;
If on Jesus we do rely,
We're sure to dwell with Christ on high.

The grace of God we cannot tell;
But this we know, it saves from hell;
For 'tis by grace that we can see
The Lamb that died on calvary.

The grace of God is passing strange,
And on it oft my mind doth range;
That God would send his blessed Son
To die for sins that I have done.

The grace of God doth peace procure,
For all in Christ are most secure,
For once in Christ we're sure to rest,
In regions bright among the bless'd.

The grace of God shall never end,
For Christ is our Almighty friend,
And after death we're sure to be,
Blessed with Christ eternally.

The grace of God—favor divine,
By which I know Jesus is mine,
And I in him shall ever dwell,
Free from the cares of earth or hell.

The grace of God will ever keep,
His little lambs, likewise his sheep;
They can't be lost but shall remain,
Until they reach fair Canaan's plain.

The grace of God, to man most sweet,
'Twill keep him low at Jesus' feet;
'Twill make him what he ought to be,
A true child of humility.

The grace of God shall e'er remain,
So we are safe we shant complain,
So we may trust and be secure,
God's promises are ever sure.

The grace of God, great love indeed,
He gives us clothes, he doth us feed,
And when we die, O we shall rest,
With Christ above, among the bless'd.

The grace of God to man is given,
To wean from earth, to guide to heav'n.
To make him trust to Christ alone,
His ever blessed only Son.

The grace of God is favor given,
That we from earth may get to heav'n
'Twas grace that made the father give,
His only Son that we might live.

The Grace of God—favor divine—
By which I know Jesus is mine,

And I am sure his love will last,
 Until through death we all are past.

The grace of God will take us home,
 Soon may, bless'd God, thy kingdom come,
 That all may by thy grace obtain,
 The blessed grace with Christ to reign.

Looking to Christ

Looking to Christ will raise us all
 From what we got in Adam's fall ;
 Adam, by his transgression, fell ;
 All out of Christ are sure of hell.

Looking to Christ we heav'n obtain,
 For they that look shant look in vain ;
 The Saviour came from bliss above,
 And shed His blood to prove His love,

Looking to Christ we've nought to fear ;
 He shed His blood to draw us near ;
 From His bless'd side His blood did flow
 To save our souls from sin and woe.

Looking to Christ will make us rich,
 Though Romans may works to us teach,
 Faith in Christ alone doth save
 From hell, from death, and from the grave.

Looking to Christ is what we need,
 Whilst on our journey we proceed;
 For he who looks to Christ alone
 Honour the Father in the Son.

Looking to Christ we're sure to be
 Bless'd with Jesus eternally;
 The Father gave His Son to die
 To save such worms as you and I.

Looking to Christ will make us wise,
 For He descended from the skies,
 And came below, the law to fill,
 And justice, too, (my soul be still).

Looking to Christ will give us all
 We need on this terrestrial ball;
 For, having Jesus, we possess
 A part in Christ, and nothing less.

Looking to Christ, God over all,
 We are rais'd from old Adam's fall;
 And like John, we're sure to rest,
 Even on our Saviour's loving breast.

Looking to Christ will be our gain,
 Though we may suffer sorrow, pain;
 'Twill be but short; we soon shall rest
 In glory bright, among the bless'd.

Looking to Christ, who is divine—
 I look and know that He is mine;

And after death I'm sure to dwell
With Jesus Christ—Immanuel.

Looking to Christ, I'm sure to rest
With Him above among the bless'd ;
With Him I shall forever reign,
In bliss divine on Jordan's plain.

Faith

By faith I see the Lamb of God,
On Calvary expire ;
He there did shed his precious blood,
My soul do thou admire.

By faith I know, God gave his Son,
My sins to wash away ;
My Jesus came and did atone,
My debts he all did pay,

By faith I know Jesus will keep
All who trust in his name,
He'll keep his lambs, likewise his sheep,
O Lord ! my heart inflame.

By faith I know that I can trust,
For life in Christ alone,
For God can see, and for Christ must,
Pardon what sins I've done.

By faith I know that when I die,
To heaven I shall go,
Because my Saviour dwells on high,
His love for me doth flow.

By faith I know what sinners can't,
My God's protecting care,
And I am sure I shall not want,
For Christ is every where.

By faith I know that God doth love,
All who in Christ believe;
I long to go and dwell above
This world I long to leave:

A Friend

I have a friend on whom I trust,
On whom I can depend;
He is the last, he is the first—
Beginning and the end.

A friend that never will forsake,
If on him we rely,
God will keep us for his dear sake,
Until we meet on high.

Such a dear friend we all do need,
Whilst here we do remain;
He doth us clothe as well as feed,
Of him we can't complain.

For he is good, in him we live,
For he doth give us life,
His spirit too, he doth us give,
He keeps us from all strife.

Christ is that friend and you may know,
That there is none like him,
From him all comforts to us flow,
Sweet star of Bethlehem.

God is Good

O, God is good, for I do find
My soul on Christ can rest;
He always gives true peace of mind
To those that are oppress'd.

On Jesus I can rest my all,
For He did come below;
For help on Him alone I call;
For help to Him I'll go.

I know Jesus will not forsake
Any that trust in Him;
God will keep us for Jesus' sake —
Sweet babe of Bethlehem.

I see none on whom I can trust,
But my Saviour alone;
If I believe I know God must
Save me for His dear Son.

O, yes I do on Jesus rely,
For all that I do need;
And I am sure that when I die,
To Christ I shall proceed.

Thoughts

When evil thoughts corrode the mind,
I turn to Christ, and in Him find
Strength sufficient for to control
Each evil passion in my soul.

But when to Satan we give way
Our passions then will go astray;
We become blind and cannot see,
And Satan gets the victory.

But when we ope our wand'ring eyes,
And look to Jesus in the skies.
And see Him stand at God's right hand;
Then Satan is as weak as sand.

Then let us for protection fly
To Christ who dwells in perfect joy;
This one thing, my friends, I do know,
Christ dwells above and dwells below.

And if we are what we profess,
Christ Jesus is our righteousness;
And if in Christ we are but found,
We shall tread Immanuel's ground.

Elder J. McRay

O! Zorra's church deeply may mourn,
For lately to the tomb was borne,
The body of good John McRay,
His soul is now in endless day.

In Scotland Elder John was born,
But from his country early torn;
To West Canada he did come,
His children for to get a home.

Near Embro the elder did dwell,
The poor remember him full well,
For oft he fed and cloth'd the poor,
Their love for him shall e'er endure.

As for God's holy, blessed book,
He knew it all but could not look,
He knew not one single letter,
Yet few knew the Bible better.

Well may the church mourn I say,
When God took the elder away,
For few there are left who can tell,
God's holy word one half as well.

Adam and Eve.

When Adam fell, the truth I tell,
Misery did abound;

Old mother Eve had cause to grieve,
For what her knowledge found.

Before she fell, with her 'twas well,
But soon, without a doubt,
She did feel sad and almost mad,
When God did turn her out—

From the garden where she had been,
To this poor earth of ours,
She ate no food but what was good,
And dwelt among the flowers.

How sad the change: she had to range
Among thistles and thorns,
To till the ground, how hard she found,
And her feet fill'd with corns.

Sad was her fate—she found though late,
She lost all by the fall,
For low in mind, she could not find
No peace of mind at all.

To Jesus

Summer is come, and mine eyes turn
Up to the cross, with love doth burn,
For Jesus died for me.
Lamb of God, for me thou didst die,
High on the cross of calvary,
To give me liberty.

O! may I love thee, Saviour, mine;
 O! may my heart around thee twine,
 For thou art ever kind;
 What thou didst suffer, none can tell,
 To save my soul from wretched hell,
 And bless my sin-sick mind.

O! blessed Jesus, I am sure
 Thy love for me shall ere endure,
 For thou dost never change;
 O! may my heart with true love burn;
 To thee, my Saviour, may it turn,
 Alone on thee to range.

Death

Death to a saint is but a friend,
 For he does clear the way;
 That when this life with us does end,
 We'll sail to endless day.

Sin is the sting that death doth make,
 But take that sting away;
 And God does that for Jesus' sake.
 O! blessed happy day.

For all who know their sins forgiv'n,
 Can stare death in the face;
 For they are sure to go to heav'n,
 Sav'd by God's bless'd free grace.

Come, death, to me: I fear thee not,
 For Jesus is my friend;
 On calvary my soul he bought:
 He'll save me to the end.

O! I bless God that He did send
 His blessed son below:
 He is my best and only friend;
 To Him I soon will go.

Contentment

Contentment we all do here need,
 As on our journey we proceed,
 And to find it we must all go,
 To him who suffered here below.

To our Redeemer, he alone,
 Can melt all our hard hearts of stone,
 For we cannot contented be,
 Unless from condemnation free.

Then let us look to Christ above,
 Who is the God of peace and love;
 Then true contentment we shall find,
 When we possess a renew'd mind.

For out of Christ there is no rest,
 By sin we're sure hard to be press'd,
 But once in Christ we're sure to be,
 Bless'd in Jesus eternally.

Then for content let us look up
To him who for us drank the cup,
Contentment in Jesus is found,
Then let our love for Christ abound.

God is Good

O! I praise God for he is good,
He takes good care of me,
He feeds me daily with good food,
And gives me liberty.

Liberty in Christ where I find,
True peace alone doth flow,
'Tis he that fills my sin sick mind,
And saves from endless woe.

O God is good then let me prove,
By my every action,
That I my Saviour truly love,
And without distraction;

That my thoughts do centre in God,
Around my Saviour curl,
Who shed for me his precious blood,
O! what a holy pearl.

Jesus, I love thee, yes I do,
And so shall evermore,
The son of Mary was a Jew,
And him I will adore.

Musings

I feel alone, my muse has flown—
It seems I cannot write;
I still shall strive to keep alive,
Until I get more light.

I love to write when I feel bright—
By day, by night, by noon;
Sometimes I feel so little zeal—
Its hard to raise a tune.

I'm in a flame when Jesus' name
Does come across my mind;
'Tis then I write with sweet delight,
For Christ is ever kind.

Then let us sing to Christ our King,
In anthems bright and clear,
Sweet songs of praise in holy lays,
For we have nought to fear.

Jesus did come, and left his home,
To save our guilty race;
And he did die for you and I;
O! what surprising grace.

Jesus, alone, did sin atone,
When on the tree He died;
Then let us feel an holy zeal,
And in Christ's love abide.

Then to the three, one Deity,
Let songs of praise arise;
Father and Son, and Spirit One,
Three, one beyond the skies.

Hope

I hope to leave this earth of care;
I hope it won't be long;
I hope to go to Jesus, where
I'll sing an heavenly song.

I hope for patience, that I may
Wait God's appointed time;
I hope that I obedience pay
To Christ, in prose or rhyme.

I hope that sinners may be wise
To flee from endless wrath;
No longer Christ Jesus despise,
For Christ is the true path.

I hope the time will shortly come
When all shall know the Lord,
And look to Christ for a bless'd home,
According to God's Word.

I hope to dwell in heaven above:
Where all is perfect joy;
I hope I know that God is love—
Pure love without alloy.

A. M. B., G. Road

I sit down my old back to rest,
And wait for my dinner,
Generally with food I'm bless'd,
Though I am an old sinner.

I feel just now but little pain,
My appetite is good,
I expect to dine with friend Baine,
With her partake some food.

Where e'er I go I'm sure to find
What will keep me alive,
My body's fed, so is my soul,
Then surely I must thrive.

Jesus is good, he fills my soul,
My mind on him does feed,
Then let sweet praises from me roll,
He gives me all I need.

And when I die I'm sure to go,
To bliss beyond the sky,
And leave with joy this world below,
To dwell with Christ on high.

I'll Tell Jesus

I'll tell Jesus how I do feel,
And how I get along,

For him I have but little zeal;
How dull is my poor song.

O! how my heart with love should burn,
When sweet Jesus I view;
When to Calvary I do turn,
And see Jesus the Jew.

But, alas! my Saviour I find
To evil I am prone,
I cannot govern my weak mind,
It is as hard as stone.

I often strive for to do good,
But seldom perform it;
I want to do good, yes if I could,
I'm but a poor poet.

O! it is strange that I should fail
In doing what is right,
But Satan will sometimes prevail,
And that my peace doth blight.

Sabbath—Isa. 68th, v. 13.

The Jewish Sabbath now is gone,
For Christ took it away;
Of Sabbaths now there is but one,
And that is constantly.

When Jesus came Lord over all,
 He came for to fulfil
 What we all got in Adam's fall,
 And do his Father's will.

The Jewish Sabbath was a type
 Of that sweet rest above;
 But Christ has brought that type to light:
 He is the God of love.

The work of God is plainly told:
 'Tis in Christ to believe;
 For he is more precious than gold—
 His grace may I receive.

To love my Saviour, day by day,
 Soon have a Sabbath's rest,
 With Christ above, far, far away—
 One Sabbath ever bless'd,

O! Lord, help us each day to keep
 A Sabbath Day to thee,
 For thou dost know thy lambs and sheep,
 And wilt so constantly.

The law was binding on poor man
 Until Jesus should come;
 Such was the ever-blessed plan:
 In Christ we have a home.

For, once in Jesus, we shall rest
 From sin and sorrow free,

And after death we shall be bless'd,
And dwell with Deity:

Here we have to toil and to sweat,
As long as we do live;
But Jesus paid for us the debt:
Himself for us did give.

There is a Sabbath—one on high—
God's everlasting rest;
And if in Christ, 'twill be our joy
To dwell among the bless'd.

Town Hall

O, God is love, from him doth flow
All that poor sinners need below;
He gave his son that we might live,
No greater gift could he us give.

Yes, Jesus came from regions bright,
That we with him might dwell in light;
He nailed the law high on the cross—
O! Jesus is a loving boss.

No kinder master can be found,
His love for man did so abound,
He gave his life and shed his blood,
To satisfy his Father, God.

And all we need is but believe,
 Nor longer his bless'd spirit grieve;
 Then we are saved, yes, forever,
 And can be parted, no never.

O! may my love daily increase;
 O! may I have that blessed peace,
 That saints alone in Christ possess,
 Jesus thou art my righteousness.

I'm Growing Old

I'm growing old and cannot find,
 Only in Christ true peace of mind;
 And yet 'tis strange I often stray,
 From Jesus Christ, the truth the way.

O! Lord, my mind do thou direct
 And do, O Lord, my soul protect;
 O! stay my thoughts on Christ alone,
 And take away my heart of stone.

And may I know, where'ere I be,
 That thou bless'd God doth see poor me;
 That I may strive with all my might,
 Ever to keep Jesus in sight.

That Bethlehem's star be my guide,
 Having him, I'll need none beside,
 For he doth save and he direct
 Each one and all of his elect.

For when he died upon the tree,
'Twas to give life to such as we;
O! Lord do thou my faith increase,
That I may live and die in peace.

Christ Saves Us

Jesus came from regions bright
To fill God's holy law,
And now poor sinners in God's sight
Are seen without a flaw.

Law and justice Christ did fulfill,
When on the cross he died,
And now it is the Father's will
That we in him abide.

O! Jesus will send none away
That do on him believe,
He is the truth, the life, the way,
In him we ever live.

If once in Christ we ever rest,
Like the Apostle John,
We all do lean upon the breast
Of God's most holy son.

Give me Jesus, I ask no more,
Whilst on earth I stay;
I long my Saviour to obey
In one eternal day.

Holy Spirit

Come Holy Spirit, God divine,
 And dwell in this sad heart of mine,
 Teach me bless'd spirit to obey,
 My Saviour, Jesus, day by day.

My Saviour's commands for to keep—
 He knows me as a silly sheep;
 O! may I hunger and thirst, too,
 To do what Jesus bids me do.

That I may claim thy promise, Lord,
 As 'tis reveal'd in thy bless'd word,
 If we obey thee, thou wilt send,
 Thy bless'd spirit to be our friend.

That he will comfort and protect,
 Guide and keep all of his elect;
 O! Lord, forbid that I should stray,
 From thee, the life, the truth, the way,

But ever strive whilst I have life
 To keep myself away from strife,
 By looking to Christ, who will keep
 His weak lambs and silly old sheep.

Sunday at Embro

It is Sunday, and I do find
 I want some food to fill my mind;

My soul, Jesus, for thee doth pant;
Saviour, thou knowest what I want:

Increase my faith; enlarge my hope;
In what is good, O, bear me up;
From evil, too, may I depart,
And love the Lord with all my heart.

What thou didst suffer, none can tell,
To save my soul from a vile hell;
Lord, thou didst give thyself away,
And all my vile sins thou didst pay.

Then on the cross for me didst die,
Justice and law to satisfy;
Bless'd Jesus, may I on thee trust;
Then God will own poor me as just,

Will keep my eyes unto the end;
His Spirit give to be my friend,
That when I die I'll dwell above,
In one eternal scene of love.

God Sent His Son

God sent His Son to die for us,
Whose name is ever bless'd Jesus;
God sent His Son that we might be
Free'd from sin and iniquity.

God sent His Son His law to fill,
 And Christ did it with a good will;
 God sent His Son to justify
 All those that do in Christ rely.

God sent His Son, and He did come
 To prepare for us a bless'd home;
 God sent His Son that he might pay,
 And take from man his sins away.

God sent His Son to give us life,
 Then let us cease from foolish strife;
 God sent His Son from heav'n above,
 To die for man, such was his love.

God sent His Son to make us pure,
 And give us love that will endure;
 God sent His Son, to give us rest,
 That we may be forever bless'd.

Isabella

Isabella has gone to rest;
 She's left this earth of care;
 Her soul is now no more oppress'd;
 I wish that I was there.

Isabella was just fifteen
 When death took her away;
 How beautiful must be the same
 In one eternal day.

Isabella, dear youngest one;
 That sister, number five,
 Thou didst believe in God's dear son;
 Thy soul is now alive.

Isabella, dear happy maid,
 Thy soul is sav'd by grace;
 All thy vile sins thy Saviour paid,
 And lifts on thee His face.

Isabella, thou canst not come
 To this poor earth of ours;
 But we can go to thy bless'd home—
 A home more pure than flowers.

Sinless

Some folks do say they have no sin;
 It is most strange to me;
 I want to know what they have been,
 As well as what they be,

If any are so very good
 As from sin to be free, "
 I wish some one would be so good
 As to show one to me.

O! such a sight was never seen
 In a poor finite man,
 As to be pure and wholly clean:
 Yet, in Jesus we can.

Jesus, my friends, was man and God :
 He died to make us just,
 And by the shedding of His blood,
 God will account us just.

By imputation we are clean,
 For what Jesus hath done ;
 And now you know what I do mean :
 Believe in God's dear son.

Marilla C. Beachville

Death lately took from this earth of ours
 A maiden bright and fair ;
 Sweet Marilla's soul was pure as flowers,
 And Jesus' love did share.

Months ago her sins were taken away—
 Made white in Jesus' blood ;
 In this wide world of sin she could not stay
 But now she reigns with God.

'Tis true her death to relatives seem'd sad :
 That she should die so young ;
 But in lieu of sorrow they should be glad :
 She now sings Moses' song.

O, it is hard to part from those we love,
 But part on earth we must ;
 But, if in Jesus, we will meet above,
 In sight of God the just.

Changes on earth we're sure to undergo ;
Friends here do meet and part ;
But when saints die, their love shall o'erflow,
Filling each loving heart.

The soul of Marilla is happy now :
It rests with God above ;
In presence of Jesus it now doth bow,
In one eternal love.

But Marilla's body lies low in the dust,
And there it shall remain,
Until it is rais'd by Him who is just—
A body free from pain.

Her soul and body will meet together,
Rais'd by Sovereign grace,
To dwell with Jesus, her elder brother,
In heaven that happy place.

Though friends may mourn that Marilla is gone,
I know it is unwise ;
For her soul is now with the Holy One,
Above, beyond the skies.

M. W.

Jesus I love, and so I ought :
'Twas by his blood my soul was bought ;
'Twas a high price he paid for me,
When he died on Mount Calvary.

Jesus I love, and well I may,
 For he paid what I could not pay ;
 He paid so much, that none can tell
 What it cost to save me from hell.

Jesus I love, and ever will ;
 Then, O, my soul, do thou be still ;
 Trust in Christ, for he did atone
 For all the sins that thou hast done.

Jesus I love with all my heart ;
 My love for him shall never part ;
 For I shall see him face to face,
 Procur'd for me by Sovereign grace.

Jesus I love, for he is kind :
 With love he fills my sin-sick mind
 My love sometimes does overflow ;
 Lord, when shall I to Jesus go ?

St. Marys

I've bought my goods, they're in my pack,
 Waiting for Monday morn,
 When I shall take them on my back,
 I wish I ne'er was born.

I have to travel week by week,
 With a big heavy load ;
 My bread and children's for to seek :
 I wish I were a toad.

I am too fast—let me speak truth :
'Tis not so now with me ;
I wish'd as above, when a youth,
But now, friend, I am free.

Free from the horror that I felt,
Before I knew God's grace ;
But now my heart with love does melt
Under God's shining face.

I pity those that now do dwell
Without a Saviour's love ;
Like I, was once afraid of hell ;
Such cannot go above.

I Can't Help It

I can't help it, although I strive
To keep myself from sin ;
I find to ill, I am alive,
Yet, virtue I would win :

All virtue centres in God's son,
The holy and the just ;
Christ Jesus is the Holy One ;
In him alone I trust.

For I do find that I am prone
Daily to do evil ;
Sometimes my heart is hard as stone,
Made so by the Devil.

I cannot do the good I would—
 It is most strange to me;
 Sometimes I wish for to do good,
 And from vile sin be free.

I do expect, whilst here below,
 To meet pain and sorrow;
 God willing, I would like to go
 From this earth to-morrow.

Sabbath Morn

Lord, I love thee, yet I do find
 I often go astray;
 O, grant me grace, that my poor mind
 No more from thee may stray.

Lord, I love thee; it doth seem hard
 That I from thee should stray;
 I know I am a sin-sick bard;
 Teach me to watch and pray.

Lord, I love thee—teach me to keep
 Thy laws and thy statutes,
 For many are not thy bless'd sheep:
 They live just like the brutes.

Lord, I love thee—may I excel
 In all thy ways to walk,
 And help me, sinners, for to tell
 How Jesus once did talk.

Believe in me, Jesus did say,
And I will give you life;
I am the truth, the life, the way;
In me there is no strife.

The Name of God

The name of God I cannot tell,
Yet I do love Immanuel;
Immanuel is God's bless'd son;
God and Immanuel are one.

The name of God, what shall I say?
Can I comprehend Deity?
Do I know God's blessed name?
Dare I say so!—'twould be a shame.

The name of God, 'tis passing strange,
And on it oft my mind doth range;
But to define it I cannot;
Enough, Jesus my soul, has bought.

The name of God is all I need;
From Jesus all good doth proceed;
But who can tell God's holy name?
Well, I can't,—then, am I to blame?

The name of God, plainly to us,
Is most reveal'd in sweet Jesus,
For he is God, as well as man,
And came below to fill God's plan.

The plan of God was simply this :
To draw poor man to endless bliss ;
The Father sent his only Son
To die for sins that we have done.

To satisfy his holy law,
And justice, too, without a flaw ;
And Christ did it, O ! blessed lamb—
The son of God, the Great I Am.

And all who will to Jesus go,
Are sure to escape endless woe ;
If on Jesus they do rely,
They'll dwell with Christ beyond the sky.

They'll dwell with Jesus ever bless'd,
In one eternal scene of rest ;
No sorrow there or sin can come ;
O ! what a blessed holy home.

Oh ! how I long that home to see—
That home of bliss and purity—
That home of peace, of endless joy,
Where praises sweet all do enjoy.

The Lord is Good

The Lord is good ; he gives me all
I need on this poor earthly ball ;
He gives me clothes, and likewise food :
The Lord to me is very good.

The Lord is good—I bless his name—
 He gave his son, and Jesus came
 To save my soul from sin and woe;
 O, how my love on Christ should flow.

The Lord is good; in Him I trust;
 He is the holy and the just;
 He gives me all that I do need,
 As on my journey I proceed.

The Lord is good; Jesus doth send
 His spirit down to be our friend;
 And our bless'd guide, that we may be
 Bless'd in time and eternity.

The Lord is good; O, may I prove
 That I my Saviour truly love;
 So when I die, I'm sure to rest
 With Jesus Christ, among the bless'd.

Mrs. H.'s Babe

We have a babe—a little boy—
 And God gave him to us;
 He is our youngest, chiefest joy:
 We'll give him to Jesus.

O, Lord help us to train the child—
 To point him to the Lamb;
 We hope his temper will be mild,
 Like Christ, the Great I Am.

For Jesus, when a sweet babe, here
 Upon this earth did dwell;
 His parents he did love and fear—
 Sweet babe—Immanuel.

We'll train our child upright to walk,
 To be gentle and mild,
 And sweetly about Jesus to talk—
 O, Lord, do bless our child.

And when he grows to man's estate,
 We trust he'll know enough
 To flee from every evil state,
 And love of earthly stuff.

God is Love

O, God is love; I know it well,
 And yet my love is cold;
 O, let my heart with pure love swell:
 By faith my God behold.

Ah, lamb of God, and God the lamb,
 When I look up to thee;
 My Saviour, mine, the Great I Am,
 Who died upon the tree!

Dear lamb of God, thou didst endure
 Sufferings great for me,
 That by thy death thou might procure
 For me true liberty.

O, may my love, my Saviour, flow
In purity to thee,
For thou, my soul, didst save from woe,
And shed thy blood for me.

O, may I feel thy spirits' power,
To worship thee alone ;
And keep me, Lord, from this bless'd hour,
Who didst my sins atone.

What I Know

Some men do say that they can fall
From God's sovereign grace ;
Their knowledge sure is very small,
Their God thus to disgrace.

Many a man, without a doubt,
Does make a profession,
And will religion talk about,
Yet without possession.

Such men believe they fall away ;
It almost makes me mad ;
They never knew Jesus the way—
Alas, alas, how sad.

About Saint James they make a cry,
And of good works declare ;
Unless they work that they must die,
Their works a Saviour are.

O, Saviour mine, I trust in thee,
 And only work for love;
 Jesus, thou alone canst save me;
 When shall I go above?

Light

The preachers' sermon gave delight,
 For he taught us Christ the true light—
 In Christ alone 'tis found;
 All light that we poor mortals need,
 From Christ alone it doth proceed—
 In Christ alone it doth abound.

The light of God, it doth us give
 True knowledge here, that we may live
 On Jesus Christ alone.
 For Jesus did that true life bring;
 He is our Priest, Prophet, and King;
 He did our sins atone.

The light of God is in the lamb:
 God's only son, the Great I Am—
 He's the only true light;
 Then, for true light to Christ I'll go;
 He'll give me all I need below—
 In him I do delight.

A Deceiver

I do believe, upon my word,
That some men do not love the Lord;
But self they love with all their heart,
Nor from self will they ever part,

They think by their own works and might,
That God in them doth take delight;
That by their works they shall attain,
What others by faith seek in vain;

By works they think they are most sure,
The joys of heaven for to procure;
Now, dear friends, if heaven we would win,
We must have faith—all else is sin.

Faith in Jesus—believe God's word—
For faith is given us by the Lord,
For he is author, we are told,
And finisher, (great gift of gold).

And greater, too, he gives us all
We need on this poor earthly ball;
He gives us living faith withal,
And none from him can make us fall.

Going Away

Soon I must leave my dwelling place,
And go away from home;

I think it is a sad disgrace
That I am forc'd to roam.

Yet I must take my hawkers' pack,
Some money for to make,
Although with pain it doth me rack,
None will pity old Jake.

I sometimes wish that I were dead—
No more by pain oppress'd ;
But I do live in Christ my head :
He soon will give me rest.

O, I do long to go away,
My body leave below ;
My soul will fly to endless day,—
O, how it longs to go.

Abiding peace I cannot find
As long as I am here ;
Yet my hungering, thirsty mind
With Christ longs to appear.

God is Love

My God, my heart with love doth flow,
For all thy kindness giv'n ;
Thy son on me thou didst bestow,
That I might dwell in heav'n.

My God, my heart does grateful feel,
And so it ought to be;
O, Lord, do fill my heart with zeal,
To praise and adore thee.

My God, my heart is full of love—
My mind is bright and clear;
O, place my thoughts on things above,
Then I shall never fear.

My God, my heart does now feel bright:
I have no care at all;
In Jesus Lord I do delight—
On him I daily call.

My God, my heart on Christ doth dwell,
For he did die for me;
O, how my heart with love doth swell,
For God in trinity.

Evil Thoughts.

When evil thoughts corrode my mind
I have no peace at all;
Yet in Jesus I'm sure to find
A cure for Adam's fall.

'Twas by the fall evil thoughts came,
And we are prone to sin;
For mother Eve, 'twas a great shame,
To make us all unclean.

My evil thoughts I can't control,
They often do vex me;
And why they come and vex my soul,
I'm sure I cannot see.

Had I power I would be free
From every evil;
The world and flesh they do vex me,
And so does the devil.

I long to leave and go above,
For here I find no rest;
O! Lord, when shall I dwell in love,
With thee among the bless'd.

God's Gift.

The gift of God is great indeed,
Just such a gift as man does need;
He gave his son to die for us,
His only son, Christ Jesus.

The gift of God, ah! who can tell,
What it did cost Immanuel,
To leave the realms of bliss above
To come below and die for love.

The gift of God, and that alone,
Could for poor men their sins atone;

For Jesus did fulfill God's law,
Wholly, my friends, without a flaw.

The gift of God made justice bright,
And made it perfect in God's sight,
For when the Saviour shed his blood,
It satisfied his Father, God.

The gift of God; C' what a gift:
It does our souls from this earth lift;
Lifts our thoughts from all earthly things,
To praise and bless thee, King of Kings.

Jesus

I love Jesus, indeed I do,
For he is good and kind;
The son of Mary was a Jew:
In Christ that Jew I find.

I love Jesus, and so I ought,
For he did die for me;
'Twas on the tree my soul he bought,
And gave me liberty.

I love Jesus, and well I may,
On him my sins were laid;
He is the truth, the life, the way:
By him my sins were paid.

I love Jesus, because he's good ;
 He daily doth bestow ;
 He clothing gives, and likewise food :
 My heart with love should flow.

I love Jesus, and ever will ;
 He gives me all I need ;
 Jesus, thy commands may I fill,
 As heavenward I proceed.

Toll-Gate (Ingersoll)

I sit me down and write a while,
 The time, my friends, for to beguile ;
 For when I write and think of him,
 Whose star did guide to Bethlehem

My mind is free—no more is sad—
 For thoughts of Christ do make me glad ;
 And so they ought, for Jesus died,
 For love of man—'twas nought beside.

And much the Saviour did endure,
 Man's salvation for to procure ;
 He paid a price—a heavy one—
 His life he gave for to atone ;

That in man's room he might fulfill
 In every point God's holy will ;

And so he died upon the tree,
To set our souls at liberty ;

That we in the bless'd Father's sight
Might all be seen as snowy white ;
For the Father, through his dear son,
Views us pure for what Christ has done.

J. G. Zorra.

I sit me down upon a block
To make a song of praise,
I know that Jesus is my rock,
And will be so always.

I know that Jesus is my friend,
For he does never change,
I know he'll love me to the end,
My mind on him does range.

I know that I do often sin ;
From Jesus often stray—
O! Jesus, do thou make me clean ;
Keep me from sin, I pray.

Lord, I love thee, increase my love,
Keep me from all evil ;
O! may I look to thee above,
That I may be stable.

For looking to thee I can find
 What my poor soul does need,
 Ease of conscience, true peace of mind,
 On thee my God I feed.

Psalm 4, Verse 9

I will lay me down and take rest,
 Lord, thou wilt give me peace,
 For thou dost save the poor oppress'd,
 By thy sovereign grace.

In Jesus, Lord, we trust for all
 That we do need below,
 He will us raise from Adam's fall,
 And save us from all woe.

Our faith, O! Lord, do thou increase,
 That we may serve thee well;
 O! Lord, give us that sweet bless'd peace,
 That we may with the dwell.

Thy kindness, Lord, is very great,
 Then let gratitude flow,
 That we may walk the path that's straight,
 Until we to thee go.

O! keep us Lord from all that's foul,
 That we may purely walk;
 O! keep us from those that do howl,
 And wickedly do talk:

I do Praise God.

I do praise God, that I do know,
 That my sins are forgiven;
 And when I die I'm sure to go
 And dwell with Christ in heaven.

I do praise God for his great gift,
 The gift of his dear son;
 Upward our thoughts to heaven to lift—
 Christ did our thoughts atone.

I do praise God, and ever will,
 For he is good and kind,
 None other can my poor soul still,
 Or ease my sin sick mind.

I do praise God, and so I ought,
 He gave his son for me;
 It was by blood my soul was bought,
 High on Mount Calvary.

I do praise God for his great love,
 Jesus I do adore;
 O! Lord, when I do go above
 I'll praise thee more and more.

God is Love

God is love, and do I know it;
 O! yes, my friends, I do;

Although I'm a simple poet,
All that I say is true.

O! how I ought my God to love,
For all he's done for me,
He sent his son down from above
My soul for to set free.

And Jesus came, the blessed Lamb,
God's law to magnify;
He came below, the great I Am,
His God to satisfy.

None could keep God's most holy law,
For man's prone to evil;
But Jesus did, without a flaw,
And conquer'd the devil.

O! then let us Jesus adore,
Him ever keep in view;
And let us love him more and more,
For Jesus was a Jew.

I Hate Sin

I hate sin; it pollutes the mind;
O, I hate sin of every kind;
For sin I find is the one thing,
That doth to us all evil bring.

Whilst life doth last, I am most sure
From sin I shant be wholly pure;
For sin, I know, will follow me,
For such is poor man's destiny.

I do hate sin with all my heart,
And yet from sin I cannot part;
I often long for that sweet day,
When God will call me far away,

From earth below, where I have been
For many years living in sin;
To regions bright, with him above,
To reign in one eternal love.

Yes, I do long this earth to leave,
For here vile sin doth much me grieve;
But soon I'll go where sin can't come;
O, how I long for that sweet home.

Ingersoll

Jehovah's strength we all do need,
For that alone can keep;
As on our journey we proceed,
God's eye doth never sleep.

The strength of God will keep us all
From going far astray,
For he doth save from Adam's fall,
And blesses us each day.

The strength of God we all require
 To keep us in that path,
 Which when we've got we do aspire
 To flee from endless wrath.

The strength of God does make us strong,
 It gives us peace of mind;
 It helps us to sing a sweet song,
 And praises sweet to find.

The strength of God will make us bold
 To work and for to fight;
 New beauties in Christ we behold,
 Of peace and pure delight.

Peace

Jesus alone can give us peace,
 That peace that saints enjoy;
 It makes us from ourselves to cease—
 Christ's righteousness employ.

The peace of God to saints is given,
 And none but saints do know,
 The joys on earth of the first heaven,
 How sweet their love doth flow.

The peace of God is sweet indeed,
 The joys we can't express;
 'Tis when on Jesus we do feed,
 And his full righteousness.

The peace of God—'tis a sweet gift,
It comes from God alone;
From earth it does our poor hearts lift,
To place them on God's sor.

The peace of God, God's people find,
When to Jesus they look,
For Jesus gives true peace of mind—
'Tis written in God's book.

Sickness.

I do feel dull this Sabbath night,
By sore care I am press'd,
I cannot write with sweet delight,
I feel like one distress'd.

My wife is sick, so is my son,
And I am poor withal;
I feel like one that is alone—
Jesus, on thee I call.

Lord, thy spirit do thou bestow,
To cheer me on the road,
That I may know that joys do flow
From thee alone, my God.

O! keep me Jesus from all harm;
O! may I cling to thee—
Thou art a balm, and thou cans't charm
A sinner sad like me.

O! grant thy spirit, Lord, to me,
 That I may love thee well,
 For deity in thee I see;
 When shall I with thee dwell.

My heart, bless'd God, thou well dost know;
 O! save my wife and son,
 For thou dost know I'd rather go,
 Than die should either one.

Poverty

They say I'm poor, which I deny,
 For I have treasures in the sky;
 Treasures that never can decay,
 Which Christ will give me in that day

When all shall meet around God's throne,
 And each receive for what they've done;
 Then from my God I shall receive
 A crown of bliss—(no more shall grieve,)

But dwell with God and Christ above,
 In one eternal scene of love,
 Where we shall dwell in perfect bliss:
 Compared to that, pray what is this?

This is a place of sin and woe;
 And yet some souls are blinded so,
 That they would rather here remain,
 In sorrow, sickness and in pain,

Than leave this stage and flee away
To scenes of bliss and perfect day.
The reason's plain, they have no birth,
But what they got from mother earth.

Faith, Hope and Charity

Christ is the author, he doth give
The faith alone by which we live ;
The faith Christ gives is pure divine—
O! may that faith be yours and mine.

Christ's faith bestow'd on us will give
Life from the dead, and we shall live,
Justified by Christ's precious blood :
We are his heirs, and heirs of God.

Faith will remain with saints below,
But into heaven never can go ;
For when we go to regions bright,
Faith is swallowed up by sight.

Hope doth cheer us as we proceed,
And truly much of hope we need ;
Here we find but little pleasure,
Hope points us to the true treasure.

Christ is the treasure that we need,
From him all blessings doth proceed ;
And having Jesus we have all
We need on this polluted ball.

Hope will keep us most sure and fast
As long as time with us shall last,
But when with us our time is up,
Hope is gone, and joy fills our cup.

Charity, the best of the three,
It allies us to doity ;
Charity can never be lost,
And none can tell how much it cost.

Charity and love are but one,
Purchas'd for us by God's dear son ;
When Jesus suffered on the tree,
He show'd his love for you and me.

O ! so vast love cannot be told—
More precious far than finest gold ;
Charity or love none can tell :
In Immanuel it doth dwell.

O ! may that love in us be found,
Which in King David did abound
For Jonathan, the son of Saul—
May that pure love unite us all.

Star of Bethlehem

The star of Bethlehem I see,
When by faith I do look
Up to the cross of Calvary—
'Tis written in God's book.

The star of Bethlehem was seen
By the men from the east;
It did shine with a glorious beam,
'Twas to them a bless'd feast.

The star of Bethlehem is one,
In whom we all may trust,
For he is God's bless'd only son,
And love him friends, we must.

The star of Bethlehem shall reign
When earth doth pass away,
O ! he doth save from sin and pain ;
For he our sins did pay.

The star of Bethlehem did come
From glory far above,
To provide for us a sweet home,
A home of perfect love.

The star of Bethlehem doth shine
In regions bright and fair;
The bless'd star, Jesus, is mine,
With him I wish I were.

The star of Bethlehem shall last
When time shall be no more;
O ! may my love for Christ grow fast,
And evermore adore.

Bible

The Bible is what we all need,
From God alone it doth proceed,
And in it we Jesus can find,
If not, 'tis true, we must be blind.

In it we read that God did send,
His own dear son to be our friend,
To fulfill his law in our place,
And justice, too, great God of grace.

O! what a boon the Father gave,
His precious son our souls to save;
If we on Christ alone depend,
We're sure to have a potent friend.

For who depends on Christ alone
Are sure of heaven—he did atone,
And died for sins that we have done,
To makes us sinners with Christ one.

The Bible, too, shows us the dove,
The spirit sent down from above
To comfort us and teach us, too,
What we poor sinners have to do.

Simply to look to Christ the Lamb—
The son of God, the great I Am;
And if we look, and look aright,
Our souls in him will take delight.

The Bible tells us that Jesus died
 For love of man—'twas naught beside;
 O! what a Saviour we have got,
 How happy each believer's lot.

O! Jesus was but a poor Jew,
 And yet he saves both I and you,
 For he is God as well as man;
 The Trinity we cannot span.

God is Love

God is love. Ah! how do you know?
 The story soon is told;
 The blood of Christ his son did flow,
 To make us pure as gold.

God is love; ah! who can doubt it,
 That has a heart to feel.
 Ask the poet, he does know it;
 Lord God increase his zeal.

God is love, for he made it known,
 When Christ to earth did come,
 When we follow our joys are flown,
 O! let thy kingdom come.

God is love, he doth give his grace—
 Betimes we feel his love;
 O! let us see thy shining face,
 We long to be above.

God is love; we will doubt no more,
 It is a solemn truth ;
 Hear it, ye aged, and adore,
 Likewise believe ye youth.

Perseverance

Some folks are fools, they are not wise,
 Gqd's holy truths they do despise,
 And teach to men poor silly lies,
 That they can fall from grace;
 Can fall from what God doth bestow,
 Into the pit of endless woe,
 That horrible vile den below--
 O! what a sad disgrace.

Let a poor sinner but believe ;
 No longer God's bless'd spirit grieve,
 But trust in Christ and he shall live,
 And never, never die.
 Believe in me, Jesus did say,
 I am the trnth, the life, the way,
 Then you shall reach eternal day ;
 And dwell with me on high.

On Jesus' words I do rely,
 I'll trust him, yes, if I should die,
 His blood he shed for me on high,
 And Satan's rage did stem.

Then I shall trust in Christ for all,
 And he'll bestow when I do call
 Whilst passing through this earthly ball,
 Sweet star of Bethlehem.

O! let my mind on Jesus range,
 None can from him my love estrange,
 For he is God, he doth not change,
 In him I shall abide. .
 I have no fear, but long to go
 And dwell with him whose blood did flow,
 To save my soul from endless woe—
 None can my love divide.

At. J. W.

My heart with love this morn doth flow,
 For I do plainly see,
 That God is good where'ere I go;
 O! he is good to me.

My mind he fills, I'm not alone,
 My thoughts on Jesus run;
 I soon shall leave my friend Whalstone,
 But never God's dear son.

O! what a boon the Father gave,
 When Jesus he did send,
 My soul from death and hell to save,
 My everlasting friend.

I wish my love would stronger grow,
For Jesus is all love.

From him alone my joys do flow,
My thoughts on him do rove.

Death once a terror now is lost,
No more I fear to die;
My Saviour's precious blood it cost,
That I might dwell on high.

O! when shall I my Saviour see
With an unclouded eye,
Where all is love and purity,
Above, beyond the sky.

Well May I Long

Well may I long this earth to leave,
This is no home to me,
For here I find much cause to grieve,
I long for liberty.

Well may I long for liberty,
From every kind of sin ;
I want to live in purity,
O! I want to be clean.

Well may I long to go away
From this vile earth of ours,
To dwell with Jesus far away
Where all is pure as flowers.

Well may I long to go above,
And leave this sinful place,
To dwell with those that I do love,
Sav'd by God's sovereign grace.

Well may I long to leave this earth,
To go to regions bright;
Since God hath given me a new birth,
In Christ I do delight.

Well may I long from earth to go,
To regions bright and clear,
For here we have much sin and woe,
And much to make us fear.

Well may I long that death may come,
For I do fear him not;
Death is the gate that leads me home—
Such is my happy lot.

Well may I long to go to rest
And be with holy John,
Who once did lean upon the breast
Of Christ, the holy one.

Well may I long, for here I find
That I must fight each day,
Against each sin of human kind,
And watch as well as pray.

Well may I long that time were o're,
 That I might go to rest,
 That I my Saviour might adore,
 Above among the bless'd.

J O S (Sunday)

Though far from home I truly find,
 Where I do stay, the people kind;
 No kinder people have I seen,
 Where're I go, where're I've been.

Their kindness I shall remember,
 From January to December;
 As in duty bound, I do pray
 That God will bless them day by day.

In their basket and in their store,
 And in their hearts pure love to pour,
 That they may feel and know likewise,
 That they've a home beyond the skies ;

That when they die, they may be sure
 To have a home that will endure;
 A home prepared by Jesus' love,
 In regions bright, in bliss above.

Where all is pure, where all is clean,
 Where nought that's foul can enter in ;
 Where all is love without alloy,
 Where all is peace, where all is joy.

Where happiness shall never end,
Where dwells our best and only friend;
Jesus Christ our elder brother,
None can from time our love smother.

Loving Jesus

I love Jesus, O! yes, I do,
And what I write I know is true,
For Jesus came from regions bright—
Then O! my soul in him delight.

I love Jesus, but not enough,
It often runs on lucre stuff;
The world likewise does interfere,
And Satan, too, I much do fear.

I love Jesus, and I shall strive,
My soul in him to keep alive;
For when my Saviour I do see,
My soul is in felicity.

I love Jesus, and so I ought;
'Twas by his blood my soul was bought.
O! then how careful I should be,
To worship him who died for me.

I love Jesus, God's only son,
The just, and true, and holy one,
Who gave his life that I might be,
Bless'd in him continually.

I love Jesus, for he did come,
And left his Father's blissful home,
To redeem a poor worm like me
From sin and all iniquity.

I love Jesus; O! it is true,
For Jesus was an humble Jew,
So humble that his life he gave,
That God the Father might me save.

I love Jesus, for he did stem
Satan's rage—Star of Bethlehem.
When I to Jesus do look up,
My faith is strong, so is my hope.

I love Jesus; he is the way
By which I reach eternal day;
No other name to man is giv'n,
To flee from earth to fly to heav'n.

I love Jesus—forever mine;
O! may my love around Christ twine.
Soon I shall dwell with him in bliss,
I long to leave this wilderness;

Christ's Blood

The blood of Christ was shed for us,
When on the cross he died,
O! how we ought to love Jesus,
How strong it should abide.

The blood of Christ will make us clean
From every sin we've done; -
From all, and each, and every sin,
For us he did atone.

The blood of Christ—most precious blood,
Without it we were lost;
By his blood we are brought nigh to God;
But O! how much it cost.

The blood of Christ was freely shed
Upon Mount Calvary,
To raise us sinners from the dead,
And grant us liberty.

The blood of Christ will wash us all
From Adam's guilty stain,
And we are rais'd above the fall,
And love of God regain:

The blood of Christ, most holy pure,
For man's poor soul was giv'n;
If once in Christ we shall endure,
Until we go heaven.

Born Again

I'm born again to die no more,
O! how my heart should swell,

With purest love, and to adore
My King, Immanuel.

CHORUS.—I'm born again, I'm born again,
And shall with Christ forever reign.

I'm born again and made snow white,
By Jesus' precious blood ;
In Christ I live, in him delight,
For Jesus is my God:

CHORUS.—I'm born again, &c.

I'm born again, and from above—
Though an humble poet ;
O ! God is good, he is all love,
He grants me his spirit.

CHORUS.—I'm born again, &c.

I'm born again. O ! blessed birth,
Born never more to die ;
It buoys me up above the earth,
It fills my soul with joy.

CHORUS.—I'm born again, &c.

I'm born again, and know it well ;
The birth to me was given,
To save my soul from death and hell
And carry me to heaven,

CHORUS.—I'm born again, &c.

I'm born again ; O ! what a boon,
Is given to poor me ;

Now if I die by night or noon,
With Christ I'm sure to be.

CHORUS.—I'm born again, &c.

I'm born again, it is a truth,
By God the birth is given;
Hear it ye aged and ye youth—
I soon shall dwell in heaven!

CHORUS.—I'm born again, &c.

On an Infant

O! 'tis a happy thing to die
Before sin can corrode;
An infant's soul doth swiftly fly,
To dwell with Christ and God.

'Tis trying to a parent's heart,
When their dear babe doth die;
'Tis nothing strange on earth to part—
'Tis bliss to meet on high.

My babe has gone to endless bliss,
Why then should I repine;
This world is but a wilderness—
The world above is mine.

O! happy babes that early die,
Free from a world of sin;
I, too, could leave this world and fly,
With Christ to be shut in.

O! 'tis a folly for to mourn
When pretty infants die,
Then let our hearts with pure love burn,
To meet them in the sky.

George

George, I must leave and go away,
No longer can I with you stay;
But when we meet beyond the sky,
No parting then shall us annoy.

For all who are in Jesus found,
Shall ever dwell on Canaan's ground;
For us, my friends, Christ's blood did flow,
And if in Christ, we're sure to go,

To that bless'd place far, far above,
Where we shall dwell in perfect love;
God saves us by his sovereign grace,
And we shall go to that bless'd place,

And all we've got to do is look
To Christ, 'tis written in God's book;
God's goodness to man it most great,
He takes man from his low estate.

Gives him salvation almost free,
Procured by Christ for you and me.
O! let us strive with all our might,
In Christ alone to take delight.

Be thankful that he gave us birth,
That cannot be lost after death,
But shall endure when time is lost,
Dear George, my Saviour's blood it cost.

Cities of Refuge

Six cities of refuge there were,
To which manslaughter might repair;
Kedesh, the first, in Galilee,
A pretty type it bears, you see.

'Tis holy, high and lofty too,
'Tis like Christ the holy and the true.
The Saviour strove with death and hell,
That we with him might ever dwell.

The second city we do find,
Is Shechem, which doth bring to mind
That holy portion God doth give,
To those who do in Christ believe.

Hebron, the third, by God's free grace—
He shines on us through Jesus' face;
His friendship and society,
In Christ he gives us most freely.

Bezar, out of the tribe of Reuben,
Another city to save men,
Who unawares might slay a man;
God himself did so fix the plan.

Ramoth, in Gelead, likewise had
 A city safe in tribe of Gad;
 It was a lofty place and high,
 To which man might flee and not die.

Golan, the sixth, and last of all;
 A passage from this earthly ball.
 Golan, in Bashan, was a place,
 A type of God's renewing grace.

The Jews of old those cities knew,
 But all I want is Christ the Jew;
 For Jesus came true life to give,
 He shed his blood that we might live.

He is the refuge that we need,
 As on our journey we proceed,
 And if we look with hearts sincere
 Up to the cross, Jesus is near.

So if we run, or if we walk,
 Or by sweet prayer with him do talk,
 We are most sure that we shall be
 With Jesus continually.

Jesus

Jesus, I hate all kinds of sin—
 O! Lamb of God, do make me clean;
 I know that I tempted must be,
 But strength alone, Lord, dwells in thee.

Then give me grace that I each day,
 May not from thee my Saviour stray;
 Then may I look, Great Lamb, to thee,
 For thou from sin cans't make me free.

Looking to thee true peace I find,
 For when I look pure is my mind;
 For none can view the great God, man,
 Who once did dwell in old Canaan;

Who left his throne of love above,
 And came to earth and died for love;
 Blessed Jesus thou didst leave all
 To come to this terrestrial ball,

And suffer, Jesus, here below,
 To save poor man from endless woe;
 Blessed Jesus keep me from sin,
 Wash me, Saviour, O! make me clean.

Christmas

'Tis Christmas day and I have found
 A place to rest my head;
 My love for Christ it should abound,
 He saves me from the dead.

'Tis Christmas day, and I have had
 A most noble dinner,
 So I thank God and do feel glad,
 Though a noted sinner:

'Tis Christmas day, and I should feel
My gratitude to swell;
Great God increase, enlarge my zeal
For Christ, Immanuel.

'Tis Christmas day and I do find,
Kind friends where I do stay;
O! Lord, bless them, for they are kind,
Good Lord bless them, I pray,

'Tis Christmas day, my thoughts do rove
To time that is far gone,
On relatives that did me love,
But now, alas! I've none.

'Tis Christmas day—Christ this day came
From regions bright and fair,
To save poor man from guilt and shame,
And make of him an heir.

'Tis Christmas day, a day of rest,
For the wandering bard,
Who has no home, nor yet a nest,
To some it may seem hard.

'Tis Christmas day, and still I see
The kindness of the Lord,
Whilst I do stay with friend McNee,
And read God's holy word,

'Tis Christmas day, I feel forlorn,
With me it should not be;

On this bless'd day Jesus was born,
To set my poor soul free.

'Tis Christmas day; yes, 'tis a truth,
Then God and man was seen,
To save the aged and the youth—
Now know what I do mean.

'Tis Christmas day and I must tell,
Why Jesus came below;
It was to save poor man from hell,
From everlasting woe.

'Tis Christmas day; I'll remember
This day of rest to me;
From January to December,
Remembered, yes shall be.

'Tis Christmas day, the weather's fine:
How glad we all should be;
Around Jesus our hearts should twine,
He's good to you and me.

'Tis Christmas day, 'twill soon be gone,
For time doth swiftly pass,
Perhaps next year some may be gone,
That now are here, alas!

'Tis Christmas day, 'twill soon be o'er,
O! let us watch and pray,
We know not if we'll see one more,
One more sweet Christmas day.

On the Death of E. G. N. W.

Elizabeth's gone, her spirit's flown,
To regions bright and clear,
Her residence to us unknown,
But soon it may appear.

If but in Christ we soon shall find
Where Elizabeth doth dwell;
If out of Christ, we are but blind,
And shall go down to hell.

Elizabeth, thy years were but few,
Short was thy stay below;
And now thou art with Christ the Jew,
Where joys forever flow.

Thy parents, dear, may mourn for thee,
For dear wast thou to them,
But ye shall meet—together see
The Star of Bethlehem.

Death is a friend, and is no foe
To those who in Christ die,
For they are sure where they shall go,
Where all is peace and joy.

The time, Elizabeth, soon will come,
When we this earth must leave,
And go and dwell with thee at home,
Nor longer shall we grieve.

Part 2nd Chapter Geneses.

With a rib the Lord did make
A woman for old Adam's sake;
'Twas Adam's rib that the Lord took—
It was not straight, it had a crook,

And so you find that women are
A little crooked—I declare.
The Lord caused Adam for to sleep,
He slept most sound, profound and deep.

'Twas then the Lord did take away,
Adam's rib to make a lady,
And mother Eve with it was made;
And when brought to Adam, he said:

This is now bone of my rib bone,
I shall no longer live alone,
And flesh of my flesh she is, too—
I hope she won't become a shrew.

Woman I call her, out of man
She did come, and 'twas God's own plan.
Now man has a companion dear,
But some a devil, I much fear.

Adam slept most sound, yes, most hard,
And it does puzzle the old bard
To know how Adam knew so well
About his rib, that he could tell.

When he beheld old mother Eve,
 His lost crook'd rib he did receive,
 And was most glad, for he had found
 His love for Eve did much abound ;

Nor would he leave, nor her forsake,
 But good or bad with her partake.
 Thus far is strange, but further look,
 As recorded in God's bless'd book,

And you will find something most strange,
 On which a wise man's mind may range ;
 For Adam did most truly say,
 From Father man would go away ;

And his mother would also leave,
 But unto his wife wholly cleave.
 Now Adam must have been most wise,
 For God's spirit did him advise.

And he told by inspiration,
 All about the incarnation ;
 How Jesus left the realms above,
 For his church's sake, whom he doth love.

He left his Father, came below,
 His church to save from sin and woe ;
 He is the groom, the church, the bride.
 The church in Christ shall e'er abide.

And all that on Jesus rely,
 Are members of the church on high ;

The church above and church below,
From Christ alone they both do flow.

Christ for his church did shed his blood,
That his dear bride might dwell with God ;
And left his mother here below,
When on the cross his blood did flow ;

And told Saint John for to provide,
For he must die for his dear bride ;
So Jesus died and left this earth,
To give his bride a blessed birth.

Now Adam must be truly wise,
Though fools may scoff and may despise ;
Now my dear friends do only look,
Do read with care God's holy book.

Adam the first and Adam two,
In God's holy book we can view ;
Adam the first a rib did lose,
And that lost rib did him abuse.

It made a hole in Adam's side,
Yet Adam made of it a bride :
But O! the spear the soldier took,
(By faith I often upward look)

And see him pierce the bleeding side
Of Christ the Lord, groom to the bride,
The bride the church, the groom the man,
And God beside, O! what a plan.

MUSINGS OF UNCLE JAKE.

The Father gave to sinners all,
To raise poor man above the fall,
To take him from this earthly place,
To dwell with Christ in endless grace.



PART SECOND.

The Londoner

A rich gentleman in London did dwell,
Who had a daughter, whose bosom did swell
For a noble youth who her life did save,
When she was drowning and near to her grave.

On the Serpentine the daughter did slide,
When the ice gave way, and in she did glide;
The father did scream, and running about,
In hopes that some would his daughter take out.

All were afraid to dive under water,
To save the life of the rich man's daughter,
Until a fair youth of humanity,
I will dive and get her, or die, said he.

And so he dove far under the water,
And soon he brought up the rich man's daughter;
When from the river they did take her out.
The doctors did say she is dead without doubt.

But soon the fair maid gave tokens to all,
That she was not dead, but gently could call,
Which pleas'd her father, and he did enquire
For the noble youth, to give him his hire.

When the young man came, the father did say,
Come here, noble youth, you I must pay;
For my daughter's life you truly did save:
But for you she would of had a watery grave.

As you have prov'd yourself most brave and bold,
I now present you ten thousand in gold;
Your money, kind sir, I cannot receive;
In offering me money you much do me grieve.

No money I'll take; no money I crave;
But I'm glad that I your daughter did save;
The father went away, and the daughter came:
Noble youth, says she, you are much to blame,

For not receiving what father would give,
For, 'tis by you, noble youth, that I live.
Here, take this purse, for in it you will find
Money enough to suit your little mind.

Give me the purse, the noble youth did say;
He took the purse and then threw it away;
Up jump'd the lady, before him did stand,
And reaching out to him her fair white hand—

Will you take that then, or must we soon part;
I'll take it, says the youth, with all my heart;
So the wedding took place without delay,
And humanity was rewarded that day.

No happier couple could ever be seen
A walking around the Serpentine green;

The father was happy, the daughter, too,
And the noble youth, the story 'tis true.

The Syrian

A Syrian there was and by name Arprobus,
But after a time 'twas changed to Christophorus;
The reason I will give why they did change his name,
And why many others don't, it is a great shame.

He was a very large and a very strong man,
And if he thought of a thing he'd work out his plan;
Yet he would obey any great man or a devil,
If either of them would be to him but civil.

There lived in that country a great king in that day,
And Arprobus was willing the king to obey.
As the king and Arprobus one day took a walk,
And as they did travel and did pleasantly talk,

The king did stop, and making the sign of the cross,
Arprobus was amaz'd, being at a great loss.
So Arprobus did ask the king if he would tell
Why he did cross himself, and the reason as well?

The king did answer Arprobus without delay:
He said he crossed himself to keep Satan away.
Who is Satan? Arprobus did quickly reply,
That a king should fear him, O! sire, tell it to I.

If he is more powerful than thou art O, king!
I'll serve the strongest, for honor it doth bring;
So I bid thee farewell, no longer my master,
But Satan I shall serve as quick, perhaps faster.

So Arprobus left the king to serve old Satan,
And Satan did like him and called him a good man;
They agreed for some time and did work together,
But at last they found one that their love did sever.

'Twas Jesus, sweet Jesus, that they saw in the way,
And when Satan beheld Jesus he could not stay,
But took to his heels, and so quickly he did run,
That Arprobus was much pleased, and thought it fine fun.

And yet he thought it strange, so to Satan did go
And asked the reason, for he wanted to know;
For once Satan thought it best to tell the truth,
And own that he feared Jesus, and that from a youth;

For when Jesus was young in Bethlehem's manger,
I own, said Satan, I did fear the stranger;
Most strange indeed, for Jesus is both God and man,
And so I am afraid of him said old Satan.

Then Arprobus did leave Satan with sweet delight,
And strove by good works to seek Jesus that night;
But he worked that night and many another,
And yet the more he worked the greater the bother.

And so he did give up for to work or to pray,
Then Jesus made a brother of him that bless'd day;

And now he is chang'd and is become a new man,
Who was once a vile sinner and poor Syrian.

He is now the Christ bearer, good Chistophorus,
Who was once the vile sinner, by name Arprobus;
Then let us all who do live in this Christian land,
Believe in Christ Jesus, and not build on the sand,

But fasten our faith on Jesus who did atone
For all the vile sins that mortals have done;
O! then let us look to Jesus high on the tree,
And by faith see his blood flow for you and for me;

For all who believe like Arprobus are saved,
And shall live forever with Jesus, their bless'd head:
For Jesus is our Saviour, priest, prophet and king,
And every one that believes should laud praises and sing.

Elias' Inn.

By Elias' tavern I did pass,
Feeling low in my mind;
Satan says—Allen, take a glass,
And peace you're sure to find.

Satan knows fallen Adam's race;
I own I felt most sad;
Satan wish'd me for to disgrace,
And that would make him glad.

As I drew near the whiskey pole,
Indeed I felt most dry;
A good thought came across my soul--
That thought was, to pass by.

A man behind did loudly cry,
Stop, Allen, stop, said he,
For by this time you must be dry,
Come take a glass with me.

I saw the devil plain as light,
But still kept on the road;
The demons both were put to flight,
And I did praise my God.

Wearv

I sit me down upon a stone,
To rest my weary back,
I feel and know I am alone,
Save my satchel and pack.

Day by day I rove about,
Some money for to make,
But not for self, without a doubt,
But for my childrens' sake.

I have a girl and a sweet boy,
For them I daily toil;
For them I do my time employ—
My clothes I often soil.

But when my boy is old enough
I'll put him to a trade;
Then quit such wretched peddling stuff,
My pack aside be laid.

I long for that sweet time to come,
I pack and satchel hate;
I'de rather go to my long home,
Than live at such a rate.

The Road to Heaven

The road to heaven, by Christ was made,
When all our sins on him were laid,
For when he died his blood he shed,
To raise poor mortals from the dead.

The road to heaven is a straight path,
By which our souls are sav'd from wrath;
If we but Jesus keep in view,
The road is clear to I and you.

The road to heaven is bright and clear,
If we but know our Saviours' near.
If we were wise, we oft might see
The lamb of God on Calvary.

The road to heaven is what we need;
To shew the road Jesus did bleed:
And blood doth shew the way he trod,
To guide us sinners up to God.

The road to heaven doth shine most bright,
If we in Christ do take delight ;
If we don't find 'tis a shame,
And man alone must bear the blame.

The road to heav'n Jesus will keep,
Both for his lambs and for his sheep ;
But those who will not Christ obey,
Shall never reach eternal day.

Dan and Charlotte

Dan and Charlotte are a sweet pair ;
Four dear children their love doth share ;
Our first-born is a loving child—
Mary by name—gentle and mild.
Our next—a son—and he's no fool ;
Mary and John both go to school.

Our next is George, a roving boy ;
He daily doth increase our joy ;
And when George gets somewhat older,
No doubt he will grow much bolder ;
To school we'll send him to obtain,
What will be to him of great gain.

For learning is to children good :
The next to clothing and to food.

Our youngest is so very small,
That she has got no name at all.
Though small she is, we love her best,
And nightly with us she does rest.

W. N.

Sabbath Morn

'Tis Sabbath morn, the weather's fine,
I take my pen to write;
O! may the Muses, the whole nine,
Make my poor senses bright.

The wind does gently, softly blow,
The trees around are green;
I sit in sight of fair Embro,
'Tis a beautiful scene.

How sweet does nature look this morn,
And yet I feel most sad;
I am like one that is forlorn,
Instead of feeling glad.

I long my children for to see,
But they are far away;
But Jesus is my deity,
To him I'll look and pray.

For when I turn to him who died,
True peace I'm sure to find;
I can't find peace in ought beside,
Jesus does fill my mind.

H. W. Zorra

It rains outside but I am dry,
And poetry I needs must try;
In poetry I take delight,
For when my mind is clear and bright,

I can compose a sweet ditty,
About Robert, Jane or Kitty,
About William or Emeline,
Or make a most sweet valentine.

It matters not what I do write,
If I do feel only but bright;
Dull I feel this sweet afternoon,
My muse I'm sure is out of tune.

But soon I'll strive for to compose,
On what subject, nobody knows;
I've had my supper, and feel well—
How long I shall stay I cannot tell;

But if it rains I shall not go,
For I dislike rain more than snow;
I'm afraid it will rain all day,
If so, all night here I shall stay.

Monroe and Servant

There was a man and he lived in New York,
He was no Jew, for he was fond of pork ;
He had a servant whose name was Sancho,
He was a good man, yet a poor negro.

Sancho was honest, industrious, too,
And what his master bid he'd always do ;
He loved his master—often was sorry,
When his master would drink too much toddy.

Which was the case when his master felt sad,
He then would drink until he'd become mad ;
The gentleman's name was Andrew Monroe—
If living still, I'm sure I do not know.

But this I know when in trouble he'd go,
And drink himself drunk 'twas a pity, O ;
Some men when in trouble are sure to drink
To drown their grief, at least so they do think.

It is a mistake, by drinking they'll find,
They'll add to their grief and trouble of mind.
Mister Monroe left his home for awhile ;
Sancho went to work his time to beguile.

He went to work, nor from work did he stop,
Till the house was clean from bottom to top ;
Then to cleaning the dishes he did go,
And met with trouble, as you soon shall know.

The cause of his trouble, well no matter,
He broke his master's favorite platter.
Me berry sorra, poor Sancho did say,
Me must do as massa ebery day.

When massa hab trouble he go away,
And drink himself full of de best brandy;
Me do feel bad, massa's platter is broke,
And me be 'fraid massa Sancho will choke.

Den me will go to the brandy and drink;
Den me shall be happy, kase me can't think.
Poor Sancho drank and soon fell on the floor,
As drunk as any poor Russian door.

His senses were gone, for no thoughts had he,
And yet Sancho, my friends, I do pity.
When Mister Monroe came in at the door,
Who should he see lying flat on the floor

But poor Sancho, for the first time seen there,
And the last time, too, the truth I declare.
Mister Monroe thought it best for Sancho
To let him alone—to bed he did go.

But in the morning the master did call,
And bid Sancho to meet him in the hall;
When Sancho did come his master did say,
What was the matter with you yesterday?

That when I came home you lay on the floor,
As drunk as any vile Russian boor.
Dare now, massa, dis be de great matter,
Yesterday, masss, me broke de platter.

Den massa me be sorry, just like you,
And me drink de brandy till me get blue;
For massa when you get in de truble,
Me see you drink till you make it dubble;

And so me try the bery same brandy,
And now me be sick, me, Massa Andy.
No one trouble massa; but me got two,
Me broke the platter and me be sick too.

O! massa, forgib your poor old Sancho,
And me no more will drink, Massa Monroe;
Poor Sancho felt bad, his master was kind,
He knew the state of his poor servant's mind.

He forgave poor Sancho and thought him wise,
For Sancho, my friends, did liquor despise;
And his master thought that he would try,
To drink no more whisky, brandy or rye.

Whether Sancho is dead I cannot tell,
But this I know, his master loved him well,
Nor would he drink from that sweet blessed morn,
Of brandy, rum or gin a single horn.

Indian at J. C.

About an Indian I must write—
A savage, wild and rude,
And how he came to the true light,
From sinful became good.

He heard the gospels' glorious sound,
The spirit made him see;
And soon true peace of mind he found,
In viewing Calvary.

He saw his Saviour hanging high;
By faith he did look up;
No more in self for life did try,
For Jesus was his hope.

And being honest and sincere,
His duty was most plain;
And so he went and did appear,
Nor longer would abstain.

He thought it was no more than right
That he baptis'd should be;
In obeying Christ he took delight,
As plainly you may see.

To a minister he did go,
His wishes to express;
His wants he did quickly let know—
'Twas baptism—nothing less.

The minister was very glad,
He lov'd the Indian's soul,
But made the Indian feel most sad,
To see nought but a bowl;

A bowl of water and no more:
The Indian thought it strange;
He wish'd his Saviour to adore,
But how could he arrange.

O, minister, he did soon cry,
Your bowl it is too small;
To baptise me you need not try,
For I am very tall.

I want to do as Jesus did,
In the river Jordan;
His body by the waves were hid,
Me so, too, poor Indian.

But the bowl, do take it away,
For it is a great shame;
You know it is not the right way,
And you are much to blame.

Perhaps the Bible that you read,
Is different from mine;
Perhaps less water you do need,
But make more use of wine.

Now, in my Bible I do find
 Much water we do need;
 Perhaps your Bible is but blind;
 I cannot tell, indeed.

Yet in my Bible, I am sure,
 Cover'd I must be;
 And Christ in Jordan did endure
 That bless'd ceremony.

To be baptis'd, we all must go
 Beneath the flowing flood,
 And do as Jesus once did do,
 That we may dwell with God.

Jacob

I long to see my bonnie boy,—
 I have an only son—
 He is my chief, my earthly joy,
 My child and youngest one.

The rain keeps me away from home;
 I trust it soon will stop;
 I'm lonesome for the time to come,
 With Jake to spin the top.

I love to play, and spend the time
 With my dear little boy;
 I likewise love to make a rhyme,
 My time for to employ.

I wish the rain would go away,
That I might travel on,
For here I love not for to stay:
I want to see my son,

And when we meet, I'm sure to be
In mind most contented,
For my son Jake I long to see—
By rain I'm prevented.

Maria

My love for Maria was most sincere,
But alas! she loved me not;
'Twas the want of her love I much do fear
That made me a drunken sot.

My troubles and trials I'm sure did spring,
From her hatred, alas! to me,
And when my heart at her feet I would fling,
How cold and forbidden she'd be.

O! my love was pure, but then I was young,
True and open hearted was I;
Something or other did drop from my tongue,
And Maria bid me good bye.

I took to drink for to drown my care;
O! it was a very bad thought,
For the more I drank the greater my share
Of misery to me it brought.

I'm sober—Maria is fifty-eight,
She must be looking very old;
I am sixty, and as yet do walk straight,
And am a roving hawker bold.

James Cool

James has gone to rest far above,
In one eternal scene of love;
The joys above we little know,
But those joys now on Jesus do flow.

James in Jesus did wholly trust,
And kept himself from sin and lust;
'Twas on the Isle of Man he died—
His loving aunt was by his side.

He did not wish longer to stay,
But wish'd rather to be away,
Away from earth with all its care,
His blessed Saviour's love to share,

Death to a saint is but a friend,
For Christ to such his aid will lend;
And James has Jesus to trust on,
Like the holy Apostle John,

Who leaned upon Jesus' bless'd breast,
When by care or sorrow oppress'd.
O! may we then on Christ rely,
Until we meet him in the sky.

Mrs. S. B.

This world is not my home,
I heard a sister cry ;
I seek my home to come
With Christ beyond the sky.

This world is not my home,
Nor do I love to stay ;
Yet it doth me become,
To wait my appointed day.

This world is not my home :
I seek my home above ;
O! I do long for home—
My home of perfect love.

This world is not my home,
For her is little rest ;
I long for my sweet home
Above, among the bless'd.

Temptation

As I did walk one Monday morn,
And left St. Mary's town,
I felt most sad, like one forlorn:
I had a mind to drown.

A whiskey pole I soon did see;
It took me by surprise;
I'd drown, I thought, my misery,
But soon I ope'd my eyes.

It seem'd at first I could not pass:
I thought I would call in,
And take of whiskey a full glass,
But then I thought of sin.

Fourteen years have roll'd away,
And I have been sober;
Bad thoughts with me long cannot stay,
But still I'm a rover.

Satan may tempt me for to drink,
But this I know full well,
That he and whiskey both do stink
Of brimstone and of hell.

Charles

I knew a lady bright and fair,
In Scotland she did dwell;
She was Duke Argyle's noble heir,
My Lady Anne Campbell.

For when the duke did place the crown
Upon King Charles' young head,
'Twas known through Edenburg town,
That he sweet Anne should wed.

But when Charles did power attain
He soon forgot poor Anne:
To trust in kings it is all vain,
A king is but a man.

Charles left his Anne to grieve and die —
Another wife he took;
It is enough to make one cry,
His true love he forsook.

Sweet Anne did mourn her life away,
Her heart was with the king;
When he did wed she could not stay,
In heaven she now doth sing.

And further, too, the king did take
Off Argyle's noble head,
Although he Charles a king did make,
I wish the king were dead.

Ingratitude is a great sin,
 Charles did commit the same;
 How could it be? yet it has been
 To Charles, it was a shame.

To trust in kings it is all vain,
 For kings are but mere men,
 And if of them we do complain,
 We can't do nothing then.

No trust in man but all in God,
 Who gave his own dear son,
 To shed for us his precious blood,
 For sins that we have done.

In earthly kings I put no trust,
 But still their laws obey,
 But in my heavenly I must,
 Him worship constantly.

Lovers

When lovers meet each other greet,
 'Tis happiness below;
 For they do find what fills each mind,
 And makes their love to flow.

Pure love is sweet I must repeat,
 For I have felt that joy;
 But she's away in endless day,
 That now my thoughts employ.

I'm often sad and almost mad,
 To think of her I lost;
 But she did die—her soul 's on high,
 And I by care am toss'd.

When lovers part it breaks the heart,
 And severs every tie;
 It makes us mourn, then our hearts turn
 To Jesus, in the sky.

In Jesus we all beauty see—
 He is the God of love;
 When lovers part then let each heart
 Look up to Christ above.

 C. B.

Your body, Christy, feels much pain,
 'Tis hard, without a doubt;
 Look to Jesus, but don't complain,
 He can your pains cast out.

God's ways, my dear, we cannot tell,
 To us they oft seem drear;
 O! let our hearts with pure love swell,
 For Christ is ever near.

O! let our hearts on Jesus rest,
 In sickness or in health,
 In him alone we can be bless'd—
 In him is endless wealth;

And if he should call us to die,
Well may we remember,
He left his home far, far on high,
To be our redeemer.

And shed his blood on Calvary,
Law and justice to fill,
That we with him may dwell on high—
Such was the Father's will.

21st May, 1864.

From day to day I labour hard,
Yet God of me has made a bard ;
God to me has giv'n brains enough,
To accumulate lucre stuff.

Shall I use my brains or my back ?
Shall I write or carry a pack ?
It is strange, but still I do find,
To carry the pack suits not my mind.

Tired I am, and that day by day,
Yet from my course I never stray,
But keep roving the country round,
That money may by me be found.

To support my girl and my boy,
My time for them I do employ ;
Perhaps more money I might make,
If I to poetry would take,

And sell my brains, and not my back,
And drop behind me my old pack;
Consult the muses and aspire
Beyond the pack, a little higher.

For pack and satchel I do hate,
Still carry them such is my fate;
By an effort, perhaps I may
Throw pack and satchel far away,

Become a man, and poet, too,
And shew the world what I can do;
For what I am, for what I be,
I thank the Lord continually.

And if the Lord will give me brains
To overcome my slavish chains,
I'm sure that I will strive to make
Sweet poetry for Jesus' sake.

Many a piece I have written
With my pencil, and with my pen;
Many were destroy'd by the fire,
Which caus'd me not a little ire.

But I am bent to write again;
Writing gives pleasure and not pain.
For when writing, my minds' at ease,
Unless I write my friends to tease,
Which is not often, nor should be,
This ends my present poetry.

Labor

We have to labor day by day,
Salvation for to win ;
Our greatest labor is to pray,
To be kept from all sin.

Looking to Christ will keep us all
Just where we ought to be,
If once in Christ we cannot fall—
O! glorious liberty.

If once in Christ we are secure,
We'll have a home above,
But here a fight we must endure,
Vile sin oppos'd to love.

Then let us strive with all our might
To conquer all vile sin,
By keeping all our armour bright,
Then we are sure to win.

Our souls are sav'd by Christ alone,
But still we here must fight;
Christ did for us our sins atone,
In him let us delight.

I'm Happy

I'm happy for I do know
Christ Jesus is my friend,
My joys alone from him do flow,
And they will have no end.

I'm still aware before I die
I must strive against sin,
For Satan will my poor soul try,
But it he ne'er can win.

'Tis true my body oft does stray,
And evil thoughts arise,
But God will keep me safe away
From Satan and his lies.

The world, the flesh and the devil,
May strive my soul to take,
But God will keep me from all evil,
And that for Jesus' sake.

Then on Jesus may I depend,
For he alone can save;
He is my best, my truest friend,
None other do I crave.

Horseback

Just now I saw a pretty sight:
A gentleman and lady bright;
On horseback they did canter by,
Which made me think, and made me sigh.

For I was wont in days past gone
To ride on horseback oft alone;
'Tis true sometimes with her I'd ride,
That I then thought would be my bride.

But death did come and claim'd his prize;
Eliza dwells now in the skies;
So now when I ride or walk about,
I'm melancholy, without doubt.

But sure I have no cause to mourn,
That Elizas' gone and can't return;
For I am sure she dwells above,
For she her Lord did truly love.

Lord, grant that I may watch and pray,
And be no more melancholy;
But trust my all in Jesus' hand,
Until I go to Canaan's land.

Roadside

I sit me down beside the road,
By a butternut tree,
To rest my back, and think of God,
And write sweet poetry.

And while I write, my God is near:
How careful should I be;
Sometimes I find I only fear—
Alas, alas, poor me.

But when by faith Jesus I view,
A hanging on the tree—
The lamb of God, the holy Jew,
Jesus of Galilee.

It purifies my impure heart,
And makes me to hate sin,
Then from my Saviour I can't part,
For he does make me clean.

Here I must strive and likewise fight;
Here enemies are found;
But Jesus will put all to flight,
Though Mary do abound.

Pencil

I take a pencil for to write,
Having no pen or ink ;
In poetry I take delight,
As it does make me think.

My thoughts do most on Jesus run,
He is my all in all ;
He is both God and God's dear son,
He saves us from the fall.

Jesus did come from regions bright,
And left his Father's home,
To give poor sinners the true light,
And show us things to come.

For if we trust in his dear name,
We are sure to be bless'd ;
He'll save us from all guilt and shame,
And will give us sweet rest.

O! then let us throw self away—
Trust to Jesus alone,
Who died for us that we all may
Dwell with the holy one.

I Feel Free

I feel my friends that I am free,
Having no master at all
But the one who is good and kind,
From whom doth flow all peace of mind.

My master, Jesus, died for me,
High on the cross of Calvary;
By looking to him I can find,
All that I need to keep my mind,

He can keep me from every sin,
His blood alone doth make me clean;
On Jesus then may my mind stay,
And strive to love him day by day.

No other helper do I need,
As on my journey I proceed,
Having him I have a helper,
That can heal the vilest leper;

That can make me in sight of God
As pure as snow, O! precious blood;
For his blood he shed on the tree,
To claim my soul and make me free.

The Garden

In a garden there is much room,
That many plants may thrive,
That many roses there may bloom,
And lilies kept alive.

But in a church we seldom see
But one in a pulpit,
The rest small cyphers they must be,
Like Allen the post.

No one has aught in church to say—
'Tis true they all may sing,
But none but one can preach or pray,
Or praises to God bring.

Now we are told in God's bless'd word,
That all in Christ are one;
Then let us loudly praise the Lord,
For the gift of his son.

Let each their talent occupy,
Each one fulfill his place,
Until we go and dwell on high,
And see Christ face to face.

Sunset

'Tis Sunday night, the sun is set,
And I'll soon go to bed;
I feel like one forlorn but yet,
I'm not among the dead.

For I've a hope that when I die,
With Christ I'll rest above;
To him my soul will swiftly fly,
To dwell with Christ in love.

No earthly joys do I possess,
No peace have I at all;
But Jesus is my righteousness,
From him I ne'er shall fall.

My heart on Christ I love to place,
For he is kind to me,
And I am sav'd by sovereign grace,
My soul from sin set free.

For Jesus has all my debts paid,
Upon the cursed tree,
On him all my vile sins were laid,
His blood doth make me free.

Evil Thoughts

My thoughts on evil oft do run,
And they do cause me pain,
But as I believe in God's son,
I'll strive not to complain.

But when evil thoughts do arise,
To Jesus I'll look up,
For he will not poor me despise:
For me he drank the cup.

From evil thoughts I am afraid,
I cannot wholly flee;
But this I know, on Christ was laid
All my iniquity.

So when bad thoughts corrode my mind,
To Jesus I will run,
For strength in him I'm sure to find—
God's ever blessed son.

The father soon will call me up,
To dwell with him above;
Then Christ I'll see, who drank the cup,
To prove to me his love. ♦

Death.

All must die, such is poor mans' state,
Occasioned by the fall;
Sin is the cause, such is our fate
In Adam we die all.

'Tis true our joys will greater be,
If in Jesus we trust,
For he can save both you and me,
The holy and the just.

Salvation is but simple, too:
To Jesus let us look,
For he will save both I and you:
'Tis written in God's book.

And if in Christ we are but found,
We are sure to be bless'd;
He that treads Immanuel's ground,
With Christ shall ever rest.

Then let us look to Christ alone,
For he alone doth save,
For when he died, he did atone;
No other help we crave.

The Lord for Jesus' sake can't see
In a true believer,
Sin or iniquity,
O, blessed Redeemer.

The Lord is Good

The Lord is good I find him so,
But I am apt to stray,
And why it is I do not know,
'Tis so with me each day.

I would do good but then I find,
I am prone to do wrong;
I cannot govern my weak mind,
For sin with me is strong.

Some men pretend that they are free,
And do master all sin;
I own it is not so with me,
For I do feel unclean.

I know my strength in Jesus lies,
In self I feel but small;
Of grace he grants daily supplies,
So that I cannot fall.

To Jesus I shall ever run
For all that I do need;
The Father loves his only son—
All good from him proceeds.

Musings

My mind does run on God's dear son,
From morning until night;
In him I find true peace of mind,
He is my chief delight.

For Jesus came to save from shame,
And give me a bless'd home,
With him above in endless love,
In his kingdom to come.

We love Jesus, for he saves us,
And saves us all alone;
O! it is true, Jesus the Jew,
Did all our sins atone.

When Christ did die on Calvary,
His precious blood he shed,
That we might be eternally,
Rais'd with him from the dead.

And when we die we'll fly on high,
And dwell with God's dear son
In regions bright in endless light—
The Trinity are one.

All Alone

I sit me down and all alone,
For wife and children, I have none
That care for me, a lonely ba:d;
It grieves me much; I think it hard.

For I love those that God has giv'n,
Next to my Saviour, that's in heav'n;
But I am forc'd lonely to be:
It seems it is my destiny.†

What shall I do? this I do know,
When lonely I to Christ do go,
And he will cheer my lonely heart.
From him I know I ne'er shall part;

So when I find all do forsake
The lonely bard, Old Uncle Jake;
I have a place where I can rest,
Like John, upon the Saviour's breast.

And all my cares to him I tell,
When my poor breast with grief doth swell;
He answers me, for he is kind,
And gives to me true peace of mind.

And now I soon must go away,
For here no longer can I stay;
I must take both satchel and pack,
And travel like a paddy whack.

Uncle Jake

Uncle Jake's book will soon be out,
The public for to see ;
At it perhaps some one may spout
At his simplicity.

For Uncle Jake is a poor man,
He aims at nothing grand ;
He loves to write,—such is his plan—
That folks may understand.

Jake's poverty is no disgrace,
Though he does find it hard ;
That many do pass by his face,
And sneer at the old bard.

Jake is not altogether blind :
He can a little see ;
And as he travels he does find
A few as blind as he.

But he is sorry when he sees
Many fools on the road,
Who never do on bended knees
Worship the living God.

Uncle Jake would be willing, too,
At this or any time,
To do some good, it is most true,
By writing prose or rhyme.

Old Uncle Jake—I know him well—
For three score years and more ;
He was born in bonnie Sorel,
Near the St. Lawrence's shore.

He was not taught to labour hard,
But goods was taught to sell ;
They little thought he'd be a bard—
The truth to you I tell.

All bards are poor in every age,
I often friends do hear ;
I know it is an old adage ;
To me it sticks most dear.

My muse won't write unless I own
The truth at every turn ;
Uncle Jake and I are but one ;
Sweet muses, now return.

When I was but a little boy,
O, I remember well :
I was not my poor mother's joy—
The truth I'm sure to tell.

For she would whip me day by day,
Perhaps 'twas all for good ;
I took it in another way :
I thought she was most rude.

I wish'd a lawyer for to be;
I ask'd father's consent,
Which he would not give to poor me,
So I to liquor went.

All learning I did throw away,
And thought I had enough,
For a counter lad; and beside
I lov'd the liquor stuff.

To drink I took, and drank most hard,
Until a few year's past,
I became a sober bar; }
For life I hope 'twill last.

O! liquor is a cursed thing
For men or boys to drink,
For like a serpent it will sting,
And guide us to hells brink.

My master told me for to pitch,
King Alcohol away,
Or like Hogle T., in a ditch,
My body soon would lay.

Some time ago, the truth I'll tell,
I did lie in a ditch,
But Mike did come for me, 'twas well,
He out me soon did pitch.

O! Christ is good for I do find
In religion alone,
All that I need to fill my mind,
For Christ and God are one.

Although a sad and wayward youth,
My God did pity me,
And I was born again, 'tis truth,
From sin I was set free.

And now I long my God to praise,
By being useful here,
And in his service spend my days,
For he my soul doth cheer.

Of a worm like me do thou make,
Me useful in thy cause,
That I may teach for Jesus' sake,
Mad sinners for to pause;

That they may see their lost estate;
May look to Christ for aid,
That they may find at any rate,
That Christ their sins hath paid.

That if they will but Jesus trust,
Their sins will all be gone;
For God is true and he is just,
He loves his own dear son.

Uncle Jake's book I trust will do
At least a little good,
For what he writes is almost true,
If not, I know it should.

Something Good

Something good is what we need,
Whilst on our journey we proceed ;
That something good is Christ alone,
Who did for us our sins atone.

Something good we all do partake,
For God loves us for Jesus' sake ;
That something good we all do find
In Christ alone, if we're not blind.

Something good is what Christians hold,
It makes them meek, gentle and bold ;
Makes them just what they ought to be,
When they look up to Calvary.

Something good makes us feel well,
And something good saves us from hell ;
O! then my soul do thou admire,
And after something good aspire.

Something good is great above all,
 And raises us from Adam's fall;
 Without something good we are weak,
 Then something good may we all seek.

Something good will take us above,
 For something good is perfect love;
 O! for something good I do long—
 Here ends my something of a song.

Sabbath Musings (Morning)

Great God do thou impart to me
 A measure of thy grace,
 That I may know that I am free
 Under thy shining face.

In Christ thou dost thyself make known,
 For Christ is ever near;
 Father, Son and Spirit are one,
 Then Lord why should I fear.

I know, my God, by times I feel
 But little love for thee;
 O! Lord do thou increase my zeal,
 And give me liberty.

I wish I were a soldier bold—
A soldier of the cross;
Do thou my God my soul uphold,
All else I count but dross.

Inspire my heart with love divine,
That I may walk upright;
For blessed God art thou not mine,
In me thou dost delight.

My love increase, increase my love,
Thy grace impart to me;
When wilt thou Lord take me above,
That time I long to see.

I long to leave and fly away,
And soar beyond the sky,
For here I wish not long to stay,
I long for perfect joy.

For purity my heart doth pant—
O! Lord, for thee I long;
Great God thou knowest my poor heart—
I thank thee for this song.

Brink's Hill

I sit me down upon a rock,
At the foot of old Brink's hill;
I know I belong to Christ's flock,
And further, too, I ever will.

God changes not, for which I'm glad,
He is immutably the same;
It gives me joy, it makes me glad—
Lord make my zeal a living flame.

Great God thy spirit to me give—
O! make me a bright shining light,
That I may teach sinners to live;
For Bethlehem's star shines most bright.

Yes, Jesus reigns, Great God with thee,
For thou and he are spirit, too;
Are but one God, in persons three,
Blessed Jesus, wandering Jew.



Musings

My mind does run on God's dear son,
From morning until night;
In him I find true peace of mind—
In him I do delight.

For Jesus came to save from shame,
And give me a bless'd home;
With him above, in endless love—
In his kingdom to come.

We love Jesus, for he saves us,
And saves us all alone;
O, it is true, Jesus the Jew,
Did all our sins atone.

When Christ did die on Calvary,
His precious blood he shed,
That we might be eternally,
Receiv'd with him from the dead.

And when we die we'll go on high,
And dwell with God's dear son:
In regions bright, in endless light,
The trinity are one.

The fathers' one, so is the son,
And holy spirit, too;
The one is three, the three are one—
A mystery—'tis true.

Elder I. T.

Elder Turner has gone to rest,
In regions bright and fair;
His soul is now with Jesus bless'd;
I wish that I were there.

The man of God, when he does die,
Begins to live again,
For his bless'd soul did swiftly fly
To Canaan's happy plain.

I've often heard the Elder preach,
And he did labour hard,
To strive poor sinners for to teach;
Now he's got his reward.

A christian is a happy man,
Though trials here he meet;
O, it is a most blessed plan
To lie at Jesus' feet.

A humble christian to behold,
Is a bright sight to see;
He is more precious than fine gold;
On Jesus he doth feed.

The Elders' gone, but he's not lost;
His souls' in endless joy;
No one can tell how much it cost:
Jesus for him did die.

And now he dwells in heav'n above,
Where saints forever reign;
He is now fill'd with perfect love;
His body has no pain.

His body lies beneath the sod,
And moulders into dust;
His soul dwells with his blessed God,
And there remain it must.

Until God will the body raise
To meet the soul above;
Then soul and body God will praise,
In one eternal love;

For God is love, and love is God;
He gave his son to die;
Jesus did shed his precious blood,
That he might dwell on high.

Birth Ground

O, blessed God, near this sweet place,
Thou didst my sins forgive;
Thou did'st my soul save by thy grace,
And bid a sinner live.

As I do travel and pass by—
To me, this sweet corner,—
My soul is fill'd with perfect joy,
Though once a vile scorner.

Thy spirit, Lord, thou didst bestow,
By which I knew my sin,
And unless pardon'd, I must go
And dwell with the unclean.

Thy spirit taught me I was weak:
Myself I could not save;
O, then to Jesus I did seek
The gift of faith he gave.

How sweet that gift on me did roll;
From sin I felt most free;
I felt most happy in my soul:
Jesus gives liberty.

Dinner Time

I am waiting for my dinner,
My appetite is good;
Although I am an old sinner,
I soon shall have some food.

Where're I go I'm sure to find
The people kind to me;
Men are good, but in Christ my mind
Obtains true liberty.

I rove about from day to day,
The Lord takes care of me,
And seldom have I ought to pay,
But victuals get freely.

My heart with gratitude should burn,
For all that I receive;
O! let mine eyes to Jesus turn,
Nor his bless'd spirit grieve:

My muse has flown, I feel most sad,
My rhyming; is but poor;
For I feel dull, but shall be glad,
When life with me is o'er.

Praise

I do praise God, and so I ought,
For all that I possess;
And all I do that's worth a groat,
Is all done by God's grace.

Creature, righteousness is a sin,
The very thought I hate;
But Jesus makes me white and clean,
How happy is my state.

O! once of death I was afraid,
Sin was the cause, no doubt;
But when my sins on Christ were laid,
My soul from fear came out.

Death to me has lost his power,
For Christ has made me free,
And I could die this bless'd hour,
If God would call for me.

But I must wait with patience till
The Father sends for me;
Lord swallow up in thee my will,
Until I go to thee.



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