

How awful it was to be lost,
And all that sin to us had cost ;
And how we felt the pains of hell,
Which none but saved one here can tell.

A mountain weight the burden was,
Until we came before the cross,
And then that burden fell away ;
O, happy ! happy ! was that day.

And none the joy can ever tell ;
We were set free from pains of hell ;
Salvation's joy who can declare ?
'Tis in our hearts, we feel it there.

Our new life was then but begun ;
Upon us risen was the sun ;
His living rays upon us fell ;
Into our hearts they came to dwell.

By grace now we are of the light,
Past is the feverish sinful night ;
Sweet to our souls is gospel sound,
Since Christ's salvation we have found.

Our meetings then were lively, bright,
We oft sat up till late at night ;
Our conversation was so sweet,
Partaking of the Heavenly meat.

How all these blessings came about,
A little we will give throughout ;
From Ontario a preacher came,
And John MacTavish was his name.

His preaching clear and pointed was,
Showing to us our dreadful loss,
While walking in the way that's broad,
That we were enemies to God.