

All Christian churches to my heart are dear
 That propagate the Gospel far and near;
 Their great exertions to a common end,
 We cannot but admire and much commend.
 In the same school we may not all be taught,
 But charity is kind, and malice naught.
 Imperfect creatures hanging on an hour,
 All full of weakness, destitute of power.
 To my own mother church I simply say,
 In language used by Goldsmith in his day,
 "Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
 My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."
 No vanity can now direct my pen,
 Vexation I have found 'mongst sinful men,
 Of the earth, earthy, still I look above,
 And dwell with hope upon redeeming love.
 Both fear and trembling occupy my mind,
 While dwelling thoughtfully on things behind.
 Our Saviour's language in the days of yore,
 To the poor woman, "Go and sin no more:"
 The words once spoken on the accursed tree,
 Are words of comfort also unto me.
 No strange delusions wrap me in a cloud,
 Clear are the scriptures, and they speak aloud.
 I cannot fold my arms and win the race,
 Till in the realms of light I see His face
 Who condescended to let fall a tear,
 When Israel wickedly refused to hear.
 If we, poor penitents, but read these well,
 The faith once given, they are sure to tell;
 Warning emphatically to stand aloof
 From fallacies that know no bible proof.
 If in their purity exists one flaw,
 They come, beyond all doubt, within the law;
 Midst fleshly sins dire heresy appears,
 It calls for penitence with many tears.

The dear old bridge where martyrs fought the fight,
 Let us contend for; aye, with all our might,
 With grateful feelings let our hearts abound,
 It rests on spiritual and holy ground.