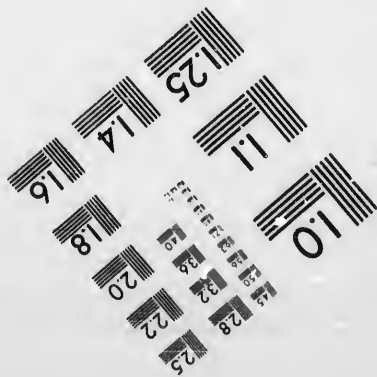
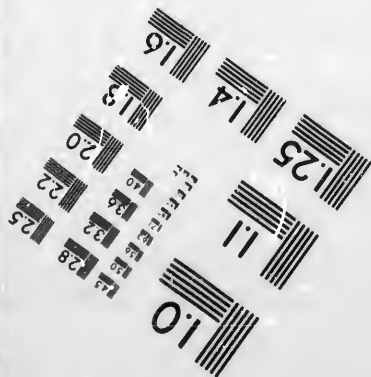
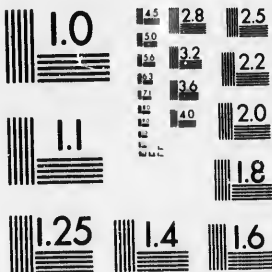


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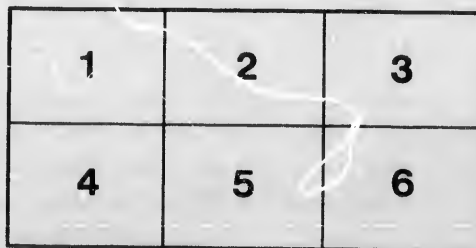
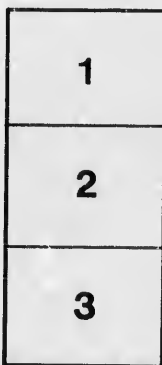
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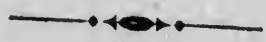
POEMS

BY

JACOB D. ALLEN,

THE WANDERING BARD,

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE JAKE," ETC., ETC.



LONDON :

ADVERTISER PRINTING HOUSE, DUNDAS STREET, WEST END

1869.

Allen, J. D

POEMS.

Jones—Tuesday a.m., Before Eight o'clock.

✧ **T**IS the last day that Jones will see,
Yes, in a few hours time,
On the gallows poor Jones will be,
For great indeed his crime.

A murderer, and nothing less,
For murder he must die,
There's hope in Jesus righteousness,
That he may dwell on high.

It matters not what crimes we've done,
If we will but believe
In Jesus Christ, God's blessed son,
We have no cause to grieve.

For if in Jesus we but be,
His blood will make us white;
By faith if we but Jesus see,
How great is our delight.

Ah! yes, the blood of Christ can make
The vilest sinner clean;
God can poor Jones, for Jesus sake,
Forgive the murderer's sin.

O precious blood of Jesus, mine,
 Thy blood it hath all power;
 Do thou, blest God, poor Jones incline,
 To trust in Christ this hour.

The Lamb of God has cleared the way,
 By His most precious blood;
 If man is lost, this much I say,
 'Tis not the fault of God.

Salvation too, it is most free,
 We've only got to look,
 Up to the cross of Calvary,
 Then straight is made our crook.

The love of God is great indeed,
 In Jesus let us trust,
 For our souls food on Jesus feed,
 The holy and the just.

Poor Jones will soon be launched away,
 His fate we do not know,
 But whilst he lives for him let's pray,
 Whilst hope is not all flown.

If Jones of self were wholly free,
 His sins would be forgiven;
 If he by faith sees Calvary,
 He's sure to go to heaven.

Jones—'Tuesday, before Dinner.

I saw him drop; poor Jones is dead,
 But where he's gone I cannot tell;

To Haydes with Jesus his Head,
Or to Haydes below in hell.

No change with Jones can now take place,
Nor do we know his final doom;
Perhaps he's saved by God's free grace;
His body now is in its tomb.

I saw him drop; 'twas a sad sight,
I shuddered, O yes did I,
Though some appeared to take delight,
To feast on Jones' misery.

Hard is the eye that can behold
A fellow creature launch'd away;
Indeed, my friends, that heart is cold,
And knows not Jesus Christ the way.

I saw him drop; Jones is no more,
From mortal sight he dropp'd away.
I trust his soul is on that shore
Where saints do dwell eternally.

The unrenewed in heart are hard;
Whilst Jones was hanging I heard some
Who o'er their vile tongues kept no guard,
But of poor Jones tried to make fun.

I saw him drop; his debt he paid—
The law condemned, he had to die;
I trust his sins on Christ were laid,
If so, his soul is now on high.

Jones did die, perhaps justly, too,
 Of that I'm sure I cannot say;
 But I saw men, it is most true,
 Drunk and profane this sad, sad day.

I saw him drop; sad sight indeed,
 To see a man thus end his days;
 A warning take, wisdom we need,
 'Tis found in Christ, let's sing His praise.

No safety on earth can we find,
 Out of Christ, condemned we all are,
 But if in Him, we've peace of mind,
 And His pure love shall ever share.
 London, Dec. 29, 1868.

Thomas Jones.

Poor Thomas Jones, he is no more,
 I saw him drop on Tuesday morn,
 His earthly life has run ashore,
 His family are left forlorn.

The subject on which I now write,
 About a murderer 'tis said,
 Whose body now lies out of sight,
 For in a grave it is now laid.

Alas! to die off gallows tree,
 The sight I saw on Tuesday last;
 Jones was sent to eternity,
 His doom from there is cast.

On Tuesday morn I took a walk,
With thousands more, poor Jones to see;
The most of folks of him did talk,
With much of curiosity.

I took my stand on Ridout street;
And there for hours I did remain;
I saw some friends, I did them greet,
Not with pleasure but with much pain.

No names I'll mention, no not I;
Of females, I saw quite a lot,
That were known to the poet boy,
I thought they came to the wrong spot.

Women who do love to behold,
A fellow creature launched away;
Their hearts must be most icy cold,
Good Lord from such keep me I pray,

I stood for two hours, perhaps more,
I thought indeed that I was flat;
I did feel sad of that I'm sure,
When I beheld the Sheriff's hat.

The first I saw on platform come,
Was the Sheriff, 'tis his duty;
Then came the rest, I did shake some,
For all there was void of beauty.

Poor Jones I saw, I thought of him,
My breast with grief for him did swell;

I too did think of Bethlehem,
The Babe I mean in whom we dwell.

I saw the hangman, loathsome sight,
He was disguised, so ought to be,
A view of him my eyes did blight,
The monster I did hate to see.

I could not hear what Jones did say,
Although he spoke, they say, quite loud,
I stood so far from him away,
And in the midst of a great crowd.

Yet of the murder he denied;
If he spoke truth, it is most hard,
That he on earth should not abide;
Those are the thoughts of the poor bard.

Some think him guilty; some do not,
It puzzles me, I cannot tell;
The sight I saw wont be forgot,
As long as I on earth do dwell.

About poor Jones I hate to write,
The reason is, I cannot tell;
If he is now in endless light,
Nor yet if he's in hell.

'Tis the first time and 'twill be the last,
That I shall see a poor man hung;
Indeed my heart was low down cast,
I wish I had not seen him strung.

I'm almost sick, e'en now I be,
To think of Jones and his sad end;
This earth is filled with misery,
I want to go to Christ my friend.

Riveted on my memory,
Will be Jones' execution;
Speaking truth, it disgusts me,
And what I write 'tis no notion.

Upon my word it is a sin,
At such scenes to see women there,
And little babes with a blue chin,
At the nes' state to gap and stare.

I feel sick, I shall write no more
Than this stanza, good or bad;
I hope that Jones has reached that shore,
Where all is blest; if so, I'm glad.

A Fable.

A fable I remember well
About two swans and a turtle,
Who once did dwell in a large tank,
But soon from it the water sank.
No longer could the three stay there,
They loved fresh water and fresh air;
The swans, 'tis true, could fly away,
But the poor turtle there must stay,
Which truly made the turtle sad;
But soon the swans did make him glad,
And stated to him if he would

Take their advice and become good,
That he should soon leave this dire place,
And go with them on a sweet chase,
To a sweet home free from all drouth,
By grasping a stick in his mouth;
That they would fly with him away,
For there they could no longer stay.
But to the turtle they did state,
He must keep still at any rate,
And his fine mouth he must keep shut,
Or he would go to Boston Put.
So the swans the rod did take up,
Which gave the turtle a bright hope;
The swans did fly high in the air,
Which made the people laugh and stare,
For truly 'twas a pretty sight
To see the swans and turtle bright,
As they did fly all in a row;
It made the boys to laugh and crow.
In those days, as our fables tell,
Swans and turtles could talk full well.
When the great noise was heard below,
The turtle wished the noise to know;
His mouth he opened and he fell,
At least the fable so doth tell;
He fell so hard that he was found
Lying stark dead upon the ground;
His inquisitiveness, you see,
Took his life immediately.
O that mankind would become wise,
And wisdom learn not to despise;

Good advice take and practice, too,
Until with life they do get through.

The Little Girl:

Of a little lass I must write,
The story I must tell;
She lost her father one dark night,
Her grief for him did swell.

She could not find him for a time,
It may to some seem strange,
Which I shall tell, and that in rhyme,
If I can it arrange.

The child did look about the house,
Her father could not find,
She looked about just like a mouse,
She thought she must be blind.

At last she went to the stair door,
Her father saw his child,
He bid her jump from off the floor,
But she was still too wild.

Her father told her not to fear,
For he his daughter saw,
That he would catch his pretty dear
Without a single flaw.

The child did wish to go below,
But still was much afraid,
To father she did wish to go,
The loving, pretty maid.

She thought at last that she would try
 And jump into the dark,
 Which soon she did, then O what joy,
 As great as lass and spark.

Her father caught her, 'tis most true,
 How happy she did feel;
 Now let us trust Jesus the Jew,
 O Lord, increase our zeal.

By sight we cannot see the Lamb,
 Yet He is ever near,
 For Jesus is the great I AM,
 We've nought, my friends, to fear.

Jesus sees us, it is a truth,
 Though Him we cannot see,
 He sees the aged and the youth,
 For He is Deity.

The Laughing Plant.

In Arabia a plant doth grow,
 The seeds of which have power
 To make you tell all that you know,
 In less than one short hour.

From six inches to three feet high,
 This plant may oft be seen;
 It is the seeds when ground and dry,
 The seeds are like a bean.

When dry and ground they do produce
 Power to make you laugh,

And will make you cry like the deuce,
I can't tell you the half.

But then the plant will make one cry,
Perhaps a girl weeps for a boy,
And a laddie will laugh aloud,
And hunt for his lass in the crowd.

Perhaps an old maid does feel young,
And kindly strives to use her tongue,
And thinks perhaps she'll get a man,
But 'tis the plant that works the plan.

You think the devil is to pay,
The old and young will dance and play,
And as long as the seed they take
They'll know little like Uncle Jake.

Like Sir Humphrey Davy's queer gas,
It will play hob with boy and lass;
Some boys will strive the girls to kiss,
Ee she a white or a black miss.

And some large girls will do the same,
To kiss the boys it is a shame;
But when the seed they've eaten up
Of sense they have lost every sup.

I shan't take the seed, no, not I,
Though but a poor poetic boy;
If I should eat I am afraid
I'd like to kiss each pretty maid,

For without the plant I do find
For maidens sweet I'm much inclined.

Perhaps if I ate the vile plant,
I might insult uncle or aunt,
Then soon the folks poor me would pitch
Where once I've been—into the ditch.

God's Sympathy,

It was sympathy all divine
That made the Father send
His only Son, my Saviour mine,
And everlasting friend,
To this poor earth, and die the just,
Our sins all for to pay;
In Jesus, then, O let us trust,
And worship Him each day.

It was sympathy that did move
The Father to save man,
How good and kind and full of love,
And what a holy plan.
The plan was laid before man fell—
God is the God of love—
To keep man out of a dire hell,
To take his soul above.

It was sympathy of a God—
None like it can be found—
To give His Son to shed His blood,
His grace did thus abound.

The Father can poor man behold,
 If in Jesus they be,
 Far more pure than the purest gold,
 To all eternity.

It was sympathy, yes indeed,
 By which we can attain
 For soul and body what we need,
 And keep us free of pain.
 We cannot tell God's holy love,
 But this we all do know,
 If in Jesus, we'll go above,
 Where joys forever flow.

It was sympathy, purest love,
 The love of God alone,
 That sent His Son His love to prove,
 And did our sins atone.
 Great God, thy love we must confess,
 It is most passing strange;
 Christ Jesus is my righteousness,
 My mind on Him doth range.

Most Plainly.

Most plainly, plainly I can see,
 My Saviour died, he died for me;
 And when I die I'm sure to go,
 And dwell with Christ where joys do flow.

Most plainly, plainly I do know,
 The joys that doth from Jesus flow;
 And when I die I'm sure to rest,
 With Jesus Christ among the blest.

Most plainly, plainly I can tell,
The road that leads away from hell;
The road that leads to God above,
By Jesus Christ the God of love.

Most plainly, plainly I do long,
To sing that sweet and holy song,
That Moses sings in regions bright,
Where all is peace, where all is light.

Most plainly, plainly I must tell,
That I do love Immanuel;
And when I die I'm sure to rest,
In heaven above among the blest.

I have no Home.

I have no home beneath the sky,
But then I have a rest;
In Christ I trust that bye and bye,
With Him I shall be blest.

I have no home on earth below,
But have a home above;
To Jesus I am sure to go,
True source of perfect love.

I have no home whilst I stay here,
No, no abiding home:
But Jesus will my poor soul cheer,
In my sweet home to come.

I have no home where sin does dwell,
Although a poor poet;

I long to see Immanuel,
Then sin I shant know it.

I have no home until I die,
No home that I do crave,
But have a sweet home far on high,
A home beyond the grave.

I have no home upon this sod,
But have a home above;
In Christ my soul is hid with God,
Sweet home of perfect love.

The Gospel.

The Gospel sound it doth me cheer,
The Gospel takes away all fear;
The Gospel is the best of news,
To sinners all, Gentiles and Jews.

The Gospel tells us how we may
Escape from endless misery,
And shews to us the holy plan,
That God did make to save poor man.

The Gospel teaches us the way,
That guides us to eternal day;
And lets us know if we do rest
On Christ alone, we shall be blest.

The Gospel teaches what Christ did,
And all in him where they are hid,
That God the Father and the Son,
In office two, in person one;

And the Spirit third of the three,
Are in persons one Deity.

The Gospel is to sinners given,
As a true chart that guides to heaven;
The Gospel is what we all need,
From God alone it doth proceed.

At A. McP.

Five bonny lasses here do dwell,
'Tis true I love the five;
But which I love best I shant tell,
To check my love I'll strive.

I know I should them equal love,
But I cannot do it;
For one I know I love above,
I'm a simple poet.

If I were young it would be fair,
My true love to make known,
But as it is I must declare,
I wish my love were flown.

I dare not tell to mortal man,
Her sweet and lovely name;
But this I'll say it is not Ann,
I feel I am to blame.

Let friendship take the place of love,
O then I can be free;
O may we both soon meet above,
Do you wish it Mary?

Riches Above.

I long to go, the truth I tell,
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell;
'Tis true, His love betimes I share,
Feel richer than a millionaire.

I long to go from earth away,
For here by times I'm apt to stray;
Then I do long for to appear
With Jesus Christ, a millionaire.

Although I know that I shall dwell
With Jesus Christ Immanuel,
I pass my life in dread and fear,
Yet rich I be as millionaire.

I cannot tell how soon I'll die,
And leave this earth to go on high;
But this I know that I shall share
As rich a home as millionaire.

I do not care if death should come,
I have a sure and happy home,
A home where I shall Jesus share,
Richer by far than millionaire.

I wish that sinners all could see
By faith the Lamb of Galilee,
Then they like me would have a share
In Jesus, too, as millionaire.

'Tis strange, my friends, and yet 'tis true,
Sinners in Christ no beauties view;

O, if they had in Christ a share
They're richer far than millionaire.

Jesus is rich, in Him I dwell,
He is the pearl I love so well,
He is all money, I declare,
In Him I'm rich as millionaire.

And when I lay my head to rest
I know in Jesus I am blest;
I have no fear, no, nor yet care,
In Christ I am a millionaire.

Although I'm old and soon shall die,
I have a home beyond the sky,
And soon I trust that I'll be there,
A happy, rich, blest millionaire.

Whiskey.

A mother told her little boy
To take a bottle, "Quick," say she,
"And go to Brown's, for I am dry,
And get me a quart of whiskey."

The little boy did wildly stare,
He thought his mother raging mad,
He had been to a meeting, where
He signed the pledge, that made him glad

But when his mother bade him go,
The whiskey quick for to procure,
It filled his heart with grief and woe,
Such disgrace he could not endure.

“ O mother dear, forgive your boy,
For I the pledge, I'm sure, have took,
So I can't buy whiskey or rye,
But will obey God's holy book.

“ It is not right, my mother dear,
For you or I whiskey to drink,
For those who do, I much do fear,
Are very near hell's awful brink.”

“ Give me the bottle,” she did cry,
“ For I can go and procure it,
For I do feel that I am dry;
In spite of you I shall get it.”

“ O mother, dear, it is not right,
Do not go, my dearest mother;
Our happiness, mother, 'twill blight,
And displease our elder brother.

“ Now, mother, if 'tis wrong for me
To go and purchase alcohol,
O do not go and buy whiskey,
If wrong for one, 'tis wrong for all.”

The mother thought her boy was right,
And so she would strive to abstain;
Nor did she go that blessed night—
She found her strivings not in vain.

From that blest night whiskey was o'er,
For his power was all broken down,
No whiskey did enter that door,
Nor money given to drunken Brown.

Angelina Thompson.

Death has taken Angelina,
A mother good and kind,
Her soul is now in endless day,
She had a gentle mind.

Three sweet babes she has left below,
For she has gone above;
The babes are small, perhaps don't know
A gentle mother's love.

No doubt kind friends the babes will take,
And kindly use them, too,
If not for self, for Jesus' sake;
'Twill be a pretty view.

But O, the husband, he does mourn
His absent partner dear,
He feels like one that is forlorn,
His life it is most drear.

And when his babes he doth behold,
How mournful he does feel,
His agony cannot be told,
Lord God, increase his zeal.

May he for comfort to Christ fly;
In Jesus he will find
That when his thoughts are placed on high
'Twill give him ease of mind.

No doubt his life is lonesome here,
His wife to him can't come,

And though this earth may seem most drear,
 'Twill make him long for home.

A home of bliss, a home of joy,
 Where they both soon shall meet,
 Where grief or sorrow can't annoy,
 Around God's mercy seat.

Who would not long to be away,
 Where grief and sorrow dwell,
 To dwell above in endless day,
 With Christ Immanuel.

I Long to See.

I long to see my earthly race,
 Spin out its brittle thread;
 For I am saved by God's free grace,
 Nor do I fear the dead.

I long to see the realms above,
 Where all is purity;
 When I shall dwell in perfect love,
 In sight of Deity.

I long to see the bleeding Lamb,
 That shed His blood for me;
 My Saviour, mine, and great I Am;
 When with Him shall I be?

I long to see the monster death
 Take me from earth below,
 To yield to him my latest breath,
 That I to Christ may go.

I long to see the land of light,
 Where darkness cannot come,
 And I am glad my hopes are bright,
 That makes me long for home.

I long to see the end of time,
 The end of time with me,
 For I above shall make sweet rhyme,
 When I my Saviour see.

Happiness.

For happiness all men will strive,
 Yet few obtain the same,
 The most are dead, and not alive,
 For them it is a shame.

All can be happy if they will,
 But not in self, 'tis true;
 The most of men are wretched still,
 For Christ they do not view.

Out of Christ, happiness there's none,
 But if in Him we be,
 Then melted is our heart of stone,
 And we do feel most free.

In Jesus I happiness find,
 In Him alone 'tis found,
 And poor sinners all, if not blind,
 May tread the heavenly ground.

To be happy, then, we must trust
 To Jesus Christ alone,

Then we will find that God is just,
He loves His only Son.

Yet in Jesus we all may be
As happy as a dove
That sings to his mate in a tree,
The mate that he does love.

God did love us when He did give
His blessed Son to die,
That here happy we all may be,
And after death on high.

Farewell to Sarnia.

Farewell to Sarnia for a time,
Perhaps I'll come again,
To leave a piece of my poor rhyme,
None will I think me blame.

All have been a good, yes all but one
To me have been most kind;
But that she one is a hard gun,
Perverse she is and blind.

For she's a pure blooded scold,
The truth of her I tell;
She is wicked, saucy and bold,
And fit alone for hell.

From day to day she's sure to fight,
A perfect demon she,
And often puts her mate to flight,
She is a she bully.

She may repent, but I fear not;
Herself she cannot guard;
She is a drunken worthless sot,
Her husband uses hard.

Indeed, my friends, it makes me glad—
In Sarnia there's but one;
If there were more, 'twould make me sad;
With that I find I have done.

But of kind people, I must say,
My heart with joy doth run,
For I met with some every day
That good to me have done.

I dare not tell the names of all,
Indeed I know them not,
For oft on ladies I do call,
Whose names I have forgot.

Sometimes I ne'er would ask a name,
Yet sweet verses I'd write;
Their kindness would my heart enflame,
My soul they would delight.

There is one lady bright and fair,
My love for her doth flow,
And if I could, my life would share,
With the lovely widow.

I love Carrie, I own the truth,
I love her, yes do I,
But then I love her in the truth,
To meet her in the sky.

I cannot wed no one below,
But love them here I can;
My Carrie dear, my sweet widow,
I wish I were your man.

Your kindness, dear, I'll ne'er forget,
Although a poet rude:
My heart is soft, it is as yet,
Behold my gratitude.

The day was cold when I did call,
You soon gave me a chair;
I wrote on death, who takes us all
From where we now appear.

Are you a Spiritualist?
I answered and said, no,
I am an humble old Baptist;
Your love I think did flow.

O, dear Carrie, I will not tell
The thoughts I had of thee;
Yet I will own my heart did swell
With love and poetry.

Inspired, you said, I then must be,
And further, you did say,
All good comes down from Deity;
Nor did I answer, nay.

I took my leave and went out west,
The day was very cold,
And so I thought I'd seek my nest,
My boarding house behold.

But, Carrie dear, as I came by,
You opened the door wide,
And told the poor poetic boy
With you awhile abide.

How glad I was you cannot tell,
Into your house I went;
My heart with gratitude did swell,
Nor could I it prevent.

And when the fruit you did pass round,
My heart for you did bleed;
For none, dear Carrie, have I found
As this poor me would feed.

Dear friends below, they have to part;
So when the time did come,
When I must leave, alas, my heart,
How sad did I go home.

Perhaps we'll meet no more below,
Although you bid me call;
Our mutual love I'm sure will flow,
When we leave this poor ball.

Yes, when we meet in regions bright,
Our souls will then expand;
Our faith, dear Carrie, will be sight,
On Canaan's happy land.

May God bless you, my Carrie, mine,
So long as you here stay,
And when you die, see that sweet clime,
Where we shall no more stray.

Another lady, bright and fair,
Requested Uncle Jake
To eat some peaches, good and rare,
Which he soon did partake.

Her name I'm sure I do not know,
She has a husband kind;
A little love for her did flow,
For few like her I find.

When I got up to go away,
She bid me call again;
I said I would, bid her good day,
Not without grief and pain.

So many women have been kind,
I cannot mention all,
But to their kindness I'm not blind,
On many I shall call.

The cars I'll take to-morrow morn,
And leave Sarnia behind;
Indeed I feel sad and forlorn,
To kindness I'm not blind.

An English Lady.

An English lady, quite young, bright and fair,
To the city of Rome she did repair,
To take a view of that wonderful place,
Where the Pope for gold pretends to sell grace;
Where many a priest and fair nuns do dwell,
And many other wonders which I can't tell.

The English lady, with her Italian maid,
Were riding about in a grand parade,
When the Pope's guards did stop the English lass,
And bid her to stop, for she could not pass:
She must with them to His Holiness go,
And further, too, she must kiss the Pope's toe.

"No, indeed," says she, "I'll do no such thing,
Kissing the Pope's toe disgrace it would bring;
For I'm no Papist, nor ever shall be,
Nor will the Pope's toe be kissed by poor me."

When the Pope found out that the lady fair
Made fun of his toe it did make him stare;
The Pope spoke to the maid, and kindly, too,
For he was puzzled, the truth I tell you.

The guards were polite, and the old Pope said,
As he put his hand on the fair maid's head,
"My blessing to you at least I now give,
Although a blind heretic, I know you live;
If you won't kiss my toe, pray kiss my hand;"
And the Pope looked so pleasant and so grand,
The lady took his hand and soon did kiss,
'Twas the first time done by man or by miss.

The lady left the Pope, and she felt proud,
The joke of the hand made her laugh aloud;
"I've done something," said she, "and now can
I've kissed the Pope's hand instead of his toe;
I'll now write mother, for she is kind,
Nor can the poor old Pope her daughter blind.

The Pope is a farce, so is priest and nun,
And Rome is the place where we can have fun.

UNCLE JAKE.

Fanny R.

Fanny was a dear Christian lass,
Her countenance most fair;
But soon Fanny, Fanny, alas!
Was almost in despair.

Fanny was taught for to believe
That she could fall from grace;
'Tis true, her conduct made her grieve,
It changed her pretty face.

Seldom in church was Fanny seen,
But dancing she did prize,
And many that to halls have been
Would see her sparkling eyes.

Poor Fanny felt like others do
That have been born again;
Although she danced, it is most true,
Her heart was filled with pain.

A child of God may often stray,
Yet do not love to sin;
For they do know Jesus the way,
And what one day they've been.

They know likewise there is a rod,
That the Lord oft doth use,
To bring poor sinners back to God,
When they his love abuse.

Sin made poor Fanny's cheeks look pale,
Her eyes likewise grew red;
Sin against health will oft prevail,
The saint of sin doth dread.

Poor Fanny found sin would not pay,
Her peace by it she lost;
She ceased to dance, began to pray,
And knew what sin had cost.

Fanny did feel that she lost all,
Her grief was very great,
Loudly on Jesus she did call;
Sad was poor Fanny's state.

God knew Fanny was most sincere,
Her prayer he did attend,
And now she's happy, pretty dear,
And so her life shall end.

A child of God that goes astray
Longs to come back again,
And knows that sin will never pay,
But gives him constant pain.

Luther's Prayer.

When Germany was all but lost
With care poor Luther then was tost;
He thought the Papists would take all,
Then lowly on his knees did fall.

O God, Almighty God, he said,
And Everlasting, too, he prayed;

How dreadful is this sinful place;
I crave, blest God, Thy saving grace.

This world does open its mouth wide,
To swallow me, 'tis nought beside;
My faith is small in Thee, my God,
Yet Jesus shed for me His blood.

If I depend on earthly strength
The world will ruin me at length;
Help me, O God, O God, do Thou
Help me against this world just now;
Or else I'm lost; O help me, do,
Until I with this earth get through.

Thou should'st give me on earth the power,
The work is Thine, help me this hour;
Righteous and Everlasting Thou,
O Lord, help me whilst I do bow;
Faithful and unchangeable God,
I look to Thee and Jesus' blood.

I lean not on man but on Thee,
My God, my God, dost Thou hear me;
My God Thou dost for ever live,
Thou canst not die; do Thy grace give.

Thou hast chosen me by Thy grace
To labor in this sinful place;
And as I know Thou didst me choose,
Thy call, my God, I shant abuse.
O God, do Thou not me forsake,
But grant me help, for Jesus' sake,

Who is my defence, buckler, too,
My Saviour, God, and a poor Jew.

Still Luther ceased not, but did cry,
Lord where art Thou, far, far on high;
My God, where art Thou, hear me sigh,
For Thy cause, I'm ready to die;
Thy cause is just, holy and true,
Lord help me Thy cause to pursue.

I will not let Thee go, not I,
Until Thou grant me victory;
Nor will I leave Thee, no, not then,
I will never leave Thee. Amen.

Barton.

I see two lasses, I know one,
Her praises, too, they shall be sung,
For I do love Emily Young,
For she is kind.

Her age just now is but fourteen,
She is both smart and neat, I ween,
The finest girl I yet have seen,
And I'm not blind.

I hope Emily will take care
With whom her life she soon shall share,
For maidens all are apt to pair,
Not live alone.

When Emily does change her state,
I trust she'll find an honest mate;

If not, how hard will be her state,
Worse than a stone.

Emily dear, my advice take,
Do not your mother dear forsake,
To wed a worthless, wretched rake,
But live alone.

But when you find an honest man,
I think, my dear, 'tis a good plan
To wed him, that is, if you can
Become a bride.

Maids are not born to live alone,
Their hearts are soft, not hard as stone,
And oft for man their tongues do groan,
And nought beside.

Dear Emily, if I were you,
I never would become a shrew,
But I would love, and love most true,
Some honest man,

And after you have found him out,
And of his love you have no doubt,
Then marry him, no longer pout—
'Tis a good plan.

'Tis sweet when two united are,
In Hymen's bonds, their lives to share,
When all is love, void of all care—
Wed if you can.

Sunday, Delaware.

'Tis Sunday night, the sun is low,
I scarce know what to write,
My muse, I'm sure, does sluggish flow,
Although I see a sight.

The sight I see I do not love:
Of men I just see three,
Whose thoughts do never reach above
Sin and iniquity.

Their names I'm sure I cannot tell,
The three are fishing now;
I fear the three will go to hell,
Unless to Christ they bow.

One young chap wears a big plug hat,
And has a long fish pole;
To me it seems he is quite flat,
Nor cares about his soul.

Another wears a hat of straw,
He's gone some worms to dig,
That from the river he may draw
Some fish, little or big.

The third has got a rowdy on,
The three are sitting down;
The three do not know God's dear Son,
Though He on them may frown.

The crows just now do make a noise,
It is their nature to;

But then to fish like the three boys,
It is wrong, I tell you.

I've seen the day when I, like them,
A fishing I would go,
And the rapids often would stem,
To catch fine trout you know.

I think it wrong, I do indeed,
And it makes me feel sad;
Although, you know, fish is good feed,
Fishing to-day is bad.

I hope it will be the last time
On Sunday they will fish;
But on a week day 'tis no crime
Of fish to catch a dish.

Jacob's Birthday—May 23rd, 1868, p.m.

My boy to-day is just thirteen;
Almost a year has passed between,
Since I with him have been.

'Tis a long time to be apart
From him I love with all my heart;
It makes my old mind smart.

If I could see my lovely boy,
'Twould fill my breast with perfect joy,
Unmixed with fowl alloy.

I cannot say when I shall see
My boy again; alas, poor me,
I'm filled with misery.

My heart each day doth swiftly run,
 My thoughts, I mean, on my dear son,
 Jacob, and only one.

If no more on earth we do meet,
 O may we have some lowly seat,
 O Lord, at Jesus' feet.

Nor shall we then more parted be,
 But our dear Saviour ever see,
 In blest eternity.

Love Feast, C. C. C.

At love feast truly I have been,
 The Lord I know was there;
 For me, 'tis true, it was a scene
 That doth my poor soul cheer.

The Lord doth choose of every kind,
 Of every color, too;
 For he is good, and thus we find
 He loves Gentile and Jew.

I love the colored brethren all,
 That do in Jesus trust,
 That do in truth on Jesus call;
 God will save them, he must.

I love to hear them sing a song
 Of praise to Jesus, mine;
 I trust it won't be very long
 When I shall see that clime.

With Jesus I do long to be,
 To meet all them in Him,
 That shall be blest eternally
 By Christ of Bethlehem.

By Nature.

By nature man is dead, dead, dead,
 He cannot see at all,
 Nor God's vengeance at all doth dread,
 Nor knows about the fall.

By nature man don't realize
 His everlasting state,
 But views a christian with surprise
 Yet will not be his mate.

By nature let us view mankind,
 O, what a wretched race;
 At best they are most woeful blind,
 Void of all saving grace.

By nature man is very bold
 And thinks himself most wise,
 And if the truth to him is told
 He doth the truth despise.

By nature man is sure of hell
 For sinful he will be,
 As long as on earth he doth dwell
 He loves iniquity.

By nature man cannot be blest
 When with this earth he's done,
 Unless in Jesus he does rest
 Gods ever blessed Son.

I Soon Shall Die.

I soon shall die for I do feel
My body fast decay;
I have for Christ a little zeal,
Lord grant me more I pray.

I soon shall die, short is my breath,
I know my days are few,
My body soon I'll yield to death,
My soul shall Jesus view.

I soon shall die, 'twill be my gain
For here I find no rest,
My body's fill'd with sin and pain,
My soul longs to be blest.

I soon shall die and go above,
From earth I'll soon be free;
I long to dwell in perfect love
Where all is purity.

I soon shall die but not too soon,
Lord when will the time come,
Will it be morn, or night, or noon,
When thou wilt take me home.

I soon shall die, soon I shall go
And leave all sin behind,
Soon I shall go where love doth flow,
Where joy will fill the mind.

The Rich Poor Man,

One windy afternoon I took a walk,
With a friend that we might soon see,
One about whom there was a deal of talk,
A rich poor man, for such was he.

In a country alms-house the man did stay,
The poor man had no other place
Where he could dwell; his name it was Wisby,
Though poor in gold he's rich in grace.

Before a feeble fire poor Wisby sat,
Palsy he had, nor could hear much;
One foot in a wooden shoe went pit-a-pat;
O, let us truly pity such.

What are you doing Wisby, my friend said?
Waiting sir; my friend said: pray why?
Waiting for Him, my Lord, who once was dead,
That I may meet Him in the sky.

And what makes you wish for His appearing?
Because I know when He does come,
I shall be with Him where there's no sinning,
But live in an abiding home.

O yes, I do long my Saviour to see,
I do long Jesus to behold,
Who has promised a crown, a crown to me,
A righteous crown more pure than gold.

Your hope Mr. Wistby, my friend did say,
I trust is not false, but is true;

His spectacles he took without delay,
And soon this Scripture brought to view:

“ Being justified by faith, God gives peace,
For what Jesus for us hath done,
And day by day our hope shall increase,
Obtained alone by God’s dear Son.”

My friend soon found out that Wisby could tell,
For well the poor man understood
The only way to escape a vile hell,
And alone in Christ to find good.

Sir, says Wisby, in gold you may be rich.
It matters but little to me;
If you have not my faith you need not preach,
For to be saved you cannot be.

And I would say if you like me have got
The faith that purifies the heart,
How happy will be your and my blest lot,
In heaven above never to part.

I'm Waiting. B. B. C.

I'm waiting a sermon to hear,
The time it does pass slow,
O Lord do thou hear my weak prayer,
O make my love to flow.

Thy praises Lord soon will be sung,
By hearts I hope sincere,
And if I can't use my poor tongue,
The Spirit Lord bring near.

O, may I feel my heart to run
On holy things divine;
May I depend on thy dear Son,
And know Him Lord as mine.

May my weak will be swallowed up,
On Christ alone depend,
Who drank for me the bitter cup
My everlasting friend.

The minister, Mr. Clutton,
I'm waiting for to hear,
I trust he'll preach a good sermon,
My poor soul for to cheer.

I'm on My Way.

I'm on my way where I do stay
From time to time,
Where I compose and get my clothes,
And make much rhyme.

I cannot tell where I shall dwell
This blessed night;
But this I know, my love does flow,
Christ's my delight.

I cannot fear when Christ is near,
He keeps me up,
On Him I trust for He is just
And drank the cup.

Dear Jesus died 'twas nought beside,
He shed His blood,

To take from me iniquity,
To dwell with God.

So when I die, I'll go on high
And see the Lamb,
Sweet praises sing and honors bring
To Jesus the I Am.

Puffer.

Old Puffer I remember well,
And how I met him I shall tell:
It was one cold and starry night
In winter time, the moon shone bright.

It was in Belleville I did dwell
When Puffer did my fortune tell;
For Puffer was a knowing man,
And knew so well to work his plan.

By fortune telling he would make
Much money out of Dick or Jake;
And lasses likewise he'd trepan,
And money make—such was his plan.
So I with others went to see,
And hear my fortune told to me.

Old Puffer soon a strange tale told,
That I should have silver and gold;
That money with me could not stay,
That soon from me 'twould flee away;
That I likewise should wed a wife,
That she would cause me grief and strife.

I thought Puffer a great liar,
(I hope my muse will not soon tire,)
For the truth I love and will tell,
And what since then hath me befell.

He likewise said I would be old
Before I'd leave my wife so bold,
Who all my poetry would burn
When she her hands on them could turn;
Which she has done, it is most true,
(The day I got her I much rue.)

Many things Puffer did tell me,
Which came to pass most correctly:
I've often thought Puffer an ass,
But what he said has come to pass;
And now I'm sixty years of age,
The truth I'll tell on every page.

My wife I've left, not with sorrow,
For grief I care not to borrow;
For grief and sorrow to man's given,
To wean from earth, to guide to heaven.

Old Puffer did likewise relate
Something cheering about my fate:
That I should live to an old age,
And when quite old I'd become sage;
I'd leave my wife, although quite old,
And grow to be a poet bold;
That money quick to me would come,
Although on earth I'd have no home;

But still God would for me provide,
Where night found me, there I'd abide.

'Tis strange, my friends, it is all true,
Except the money, I tell you;
I have no home on this poor earth,
But then I've got an heavenly birth.

Although no money I possess,
Christ Jesus is my righteousness;
I do feel happy with my lot,
An interest in Christ I've got.

As time with me does flee away,
I'm growing richer day by day;
Riches are of kinds only two,
The spiritual I'll pursue.

But still I'll say, and say it bold,
I'd like to have some earthly gold,
For Solomon of gold doth say,
'Tis a defence to keep away
Ills of many an earthly kind;
Solomon's views just suit my mind.

As a bard I wander about,
As yet no one has turned me out;
But still I find I'm growing old,
And gold, I'm sure, would keep out cold.

For I need clothes, as well as food—
Money would do that, gold is good;
And I shall strive some to obtain,
And trust I shall not strive in vain.

Money is good ; I'll say no more,
But gold, I'm sure, I shan't adore ;
Yet, if God please, I shall enjoy
But a little competency.

'Twill make me feel joy in my heart,
That I from it some day may part,
Will leave it with those who will take
Care of the old bard, Uncle Jake.

When Puffer had my fortune told,
I gave him silver, but not gold ;
I left him and thought him a fool,
And thought he made of me a tool.

I went from Belleville, down the bay,
And with poor Jones I there did stay,
Who had a wife, and a young one,
Who of the old man made much fun.

So one night I heard her tell Jones,
If he wanted to save his bones,
O he had better go with her
To Huffman's, and see old Puffer,
For she wanted her fortune told ;
Her present husband being old,
She wanted to know when he'd die,
That a young man she might enjoy.

Poor old Jones he knew no better,
His young wife him so did fetter ;
He said she might go, and he, too,
Would go old Puffer for to view.

“Come, Allan, come,” Mistress Jones said;
“I know, my lad, you want to wed;
Come, go with us, and Puffer see,
And you will learn your destiny.

“Dear madam,” I did quick reply,
“I hate Puffer, he’s a queer boy;
And long ago my fortune told,
And said that I should have no gold.

“He told so much, and very bad,
I thought the old man must be mad;
As I dislike him, I will stay
At home, and not go, sweet lady.”

“Come, Allan, come, you shall not stay;
Come, and your fare for you I’ll pay.”
“I’ll go, madam, to please you both,
But as for Puffer I do loathe;
My fortune he shan’t tell again,
His fortune telling is all vain,
And his fortune he’s sure to make,
But no longer out of young Jake.”

So to Huffman’s we all did go,
It was not dark, there was some snow;
The house was full when we got there,
And each of us soon got a chair.

After a while Puffer came in,
But first he drank a glass of gin,
And through the evening he’d go
Oft to wet his whistle, you know.

His bottle he kept out of sight,
The contents of which gave delight;
And from the hall when he came in,
He smelt most strong of old Tom gin.

Soon old Puffer did walk around,
To see what money could be found,
Which having got, he then began
To tell the fortunes of each man.

And to lasses too, he'd relate,
And tell them of their future state;
As for poor old Jones he did say,
He should not long on this earth stay,
That soon he would leave his dear wife
To the cares of a widowed life.

And unto Mistress Jones he said,
Her poor old man had a poor trade;
That she would soon her husband lose,
Then quick a young man she would choose.

It made Mistress Jones laugh aloud,
And I thought she felt likewise proud,
For poor old Jones she did not love,
But often wished he'd go above.

She did not love her poor old man,
For in her brain she had a plan:
She thought a young man she might find
When Jones was dead and out of mind.

Many a strange tale there was told,
Of lasses sweet and lads most bold:
When fortune-telling was all done,
Old Puffer stood and all alone;
For all his dupes did sit around,
Whilst poor old Puffer did propound
A riddle hard, that none could tell,
Except long tail blue from Sorrel.

Puffer did his riddle propound,
Which was to know where he was found
When he a babe on earth was born,
Though now he felt sad and forlorn.
He bade the folks quickly to tell
Where he was born and first did dwell.

Some said he was born in Europe,
And was a subject to the Pope;
Some said " " in America,
Others again said Asia;
Another I heard yell out and say
Puffer was born in Africa.

They did the four names oft repeat;
Still as they spoke I kept my seat,
Until Puffer did loudly cry,
"Come, long tail blue, come tell it, boy."

Just at that time I got a thought,
His native place to me it brought;
The thought I told which came to me,
And that was he was born at sea:

He was born on the ocean wide,
And of Irish parents beside.

When I the truth did quick fetch out,
Puffer did jump and hop about;
He felt most happy, and did cry,
"Give me long tail blue, he's the boy."

The party soon did all break up,
And I went home with Jones to sup,
And Mistress Jones gave us good tea,
And chatted sweet and pleasantly.

The Most of Men.

The most of men love here to dwell,
Nor seek another home;
'Tis strange to me, I love to tell
Of my sweet home to come.

There is a home beyond the sky,
A home that is divine,
A home of bliss, a home of joy;
That home I claim as mine.

Not that I merit, no indeed,
I merit none at all;
But on my Saviour I do feed,
On Him alone I call.

In self I'm lost, in Christ I find
The pearl above all price;
He gives me peace, in Him I find
That my soul doth rejoice.

I know that I often do stray,
But why should I repine;
I know that Christ is the true way,
And know that He is mine.

Though temptations often do come,
And sometimes I do fall,
Yet it doth make me long for home,
To be with Christ, my all.

Drunkard.

The drunkard I pity, O yes I do,
The truth of them I'll tell,
For I was a drunkard, O yes 'tis true,
I tell what I know well.

A drunkard is one whose reason is lost,
By rye he's lost his way,
And by his bad habits he is so lost,
He always goes astray.

And when in liquor he thinks himself wise,
He likewise feels most rich;
And honest sober men he doth despise,
And thinks that he can teach.

The drunkard thinks that wit he doth possess,
Though foolish he doth talk;
And he will boast of his own worthiness,
Until he cannot walk.

Liquor has the effect on mankind all,
To fetch out what's evil,

For I was once under King Alcohol,
Fellow to the devil.

Old Alcohol is a most cursed King,
His subjects are all blind;
Misery in his train alone doth bring,
And hardness too of mind.

My Father's Death. Wm. J's. C. S. D.
My Father did suffer here below,
For many a long year,
But now he is gone where joys do flow,
And free from every care.

My father was a christian man bold,
For many years did strive,
To love his Saviour far more than gold,
In whom he then did live.

I'm glad my father did die in peace,
It proves his holy birth,
In Jesus he lived, in self did cease,
A man of sterling worth.

Farewell, dear father, for a short time,
For death will surely come;
To mourn a little it is no crime,
Until we meet at home.

And when we do meet in regions bright
How happy we shall be,
We will see Jesus in perfect light,
I long that time to see.

Alone in Church.—Bayham.

I'm not alone for God is here,
 Like Hagar I do know,
 My God is here and everywhere,
 How ought my love to flow.

I'm not alone, O no indeed,
 For Jesus Christ is here;
 He gives me life on Him I feed,
 And He is everywhere.

I'm not alone, dear blessed Lamb,
 Thy Spirit thou did'st give,
 For thou art God the Great I Am,
 In Thee alone I live.

I'm not alone, nor can I be,
 For Christ is ever near,
 He is the second of three,
 I have no cause to fear.

I'm not alone, I realize,
 The blessed Trinity;
 The three in one doth me surprise,
 O, holy mystery.

On the Death of C. McK.—Zorra.

My mother's gone, she's now at rest,
 With Jesus Christ among the blest;
 She lived a long time in pain,
 By times she would somewhat complain.

She had a cancer, a bad one,
 Her thoughts she'd place on God's dear Son;

The cancer long with her did stay,
At last it took her life away.

'Tis true she lived to become old,
For four score years, as I am-told;
Though long on earth she's now above,
In one eternal scene of love.

In Christ my mother did believe,
I'm sure I have no cause to grieve,
For she is now in regions bright,
In one eternal scene of light.

And when my time shall come to die,
I trust to meet her in the sky
If born again, but O, if not,
How sad will be my future lot.

Sin:

If from sin I were wholly free,
My soul would be at rest;
But in this world it cannot be,
So I long for the blest.

As long as I on earth do dwell,
Sin I am sure to see;
O, how my soul with love doth swell,
To be at liberty.

No liberty on earth is found,
For here we've got to fight;
For sin, my friends, doth much abound,
I long for perfect light.

Jesus is light, he dwells above,
 Around His Father's throne;
 My Saviour did my poor soul love,
 My sins He did atone.

I long to go, my Saviour see,
 I long the time to come,
 When I shall be from sin set free,
 With Jesus Christ at home.

Wilena F.—Zorra.

Wilena dear, thou soon did'st leave,
 This earth of sins and care,
 Thy mother still for thee doth grieve,
 But O she should forbear.

For thou art now in regions bright,
 Thy Saviour thou dost see,
 Thy soul is now in endless light,
 I would I were with thee.

Dear daughter mine, I feel thy loss,
 But I should not repine,
 For thou art pure, thou hast no dross,
 Wilena, daughter, mine.

O, I must write, it is no crime,
 The loss I still do feel,
 And I do make this mournful rhyme
 To manifest my zeal.

I can't forget the lovely face,
 The image I now see;

O may the Lord grant me His grace,
That I resigned may be.

The time is spring, the time to plant
Divers sweet seeds and flowers,
And of thy help I now do want,
Who art in heavenly bowers.

But I must yield thee up my dear,
The garden work alone;
O Lord my soul I pray Thee cheer,
And melt my heart of stone.

My mourning let me cast away,
On Jesus let me call;
For here though oft I go astray,
Christ saves me from the fall.

'Twill not be long before we meet
In Thy sweet home above,
And dwell around God's mercy seat,
In one eternal love.

I Love Them that Love Me.

I love them that love me, sweet truth,
'Tis God that doth say so;
He love the aged and the youth,
How much we do not know.

God is infinite, His love then
We cannot comprehend;
But this we know he loves all men,
That have Christ for a friend.

O, how our hearts with love should flow,
 For all that God has given;
 His own dear Son, that we might know
 The road that leads to heaven.

The road is clear the path is bright,
 For Jesus is that road;
 How should our hearts in Christ delight,
 Both Son, of man and God.

The love of God we cannot tell,
 It is too high for us;
 But then our hearts with love should swell,
 In praising sweet Jesus.

Praise God in Christ the church can do,
 By walking in pure love;
 Praise Him Gentiles, and you poor Jew,
 Praise Him ye saints above.

The Christian Poet.

When a christian we behold,
 Whose heart is soft and most tender;
 He is more precious than find gold,
 One who has grace, no pretender.

Many there are who do pretend,
 To a great share of sanctity;
 Enemies to Christ, but no friend,
 Such religion is vanity.

But a christain and poet too,
 When united the two in one;

On earth it is a pleasant view;
Such are happy in God's dear Sor.

Poets there are whose minds do run,
From day to day on vanity,
And never think of God's dear Son,
And only love profanity.

But the poet whose mind is bright,
Whose thoughts do on Christ Jesus rove,
Can do some good by spreading light,
In guiding souls to the God of love.

I Feel Lonely.

I feel lonely, O why should I,
Am I not a poetic boy;
Should I be lonely when I can
Write about a lass or a man;
Can write a good tale or evil,
Can tell of good or the Devil;
Can turn my pen to history,
Or leave that for Theology;
Church history is what I mean,
That few my friends can tell I ween.
O, but money, that's the hammer,
Fools after that quick will stammer.
But for sound sense the most are blind,
And few will seek knowledge to find.
The knowledge that is from above,
The most of men I'm sure don't love,
For if they did I'm sure they'd be,
Longing to be with Deity.

Salvation.

Salvation is a glorious theme
On which my soul does dwell;
It is a truth, it is no dream,
My soul is saved from hell.

Salvation by my Saviour came,
For He did die for me,
To save my soul from guilt and shame,
To bleed upon the tree.

Salvation! O the glorious news,
God saves poor finite man;
He saves the Gentiles and the Jews,
Such is His gracious plan.

Salvation! O what a great boon,
By Jesus to us given;
We cannot leave this earth too soon,
To be with Christ in heaven.

Salvation is what mortals need
To save our souls from hell;
For it our Saviour once did bleed,
That we with Him may dwell.

Salvation is a glorious gift,
The gift of God alone,
Our souls from earth 'twill swiftly lift,
To dwell with God's dear Son.

Salvation can't be prized too high,
It suits the sinners case;

It gives us peace it gives us joy,
Salvation all of grace.

Salvation we will ever prize,
Bestowed by God on us;
That we may dwell beyond the skies
In presence of Jesus.

Salvation we can never lose,
For it is by God given;
For whom He likes them He does choose
To dwell with Him in heaven.

Eliza.

When I was young, 'twas years ago,
I met with grief, sorrow and woe,
Which is the lot of human kind
If they can see and are not blind.

I loved a lass, and she did dwell
About ninety miles from Sorel,
And oft to see her I would go,
In time of heat or time of snow.

In summer time, in a calash,
I'd ride to see her—cut a dash;
Had money plenty and fine clothes,
Silk handkerchief for use of nose.

I thought I was a smart fellow,
Often, too, I would get mellow,
For in that day we thought it fine
To drink much brandy, rum or wine;

The liquor then was bright and pure,
But poison now I can't endure.

In winter time I'd swiftly roll
Over the snow in cariole;
With my French driver by my side,
With whip in hand, thus I did ride.

And if for me too slow he drove,
I gave him soon what he did love,
And made him drink the best of rum;
'Twas then the cariole went hum.

I'd tell him, too, his horse was smart,
The blarney soon would reach his heart,
Then he would drive like old Jehu,
And that, ycu know, would please me, too.

My journey ended, I'd soon see
The girl I loved—my Eliza.
My love was strong, likewise most pure,
And she loved me, of that I'm sure.

Many a night with her I'd spend,
She was a true and loving friend;
But, alas! she'd a brother,
And he our loves tried to smother.

O, Stewart was a wretched lad;
E'en now it almost makes me mad
To think that he should strive to take
Eliza from poor Uncle Jake.

So when I Eliza did spark
It would be just—yes, after dark;
And when from her I came away
'Twas just about the break of day.

The reason, too, I now shall tell:
Stewart did not with his sister dwell,
But with his grandfather did stop;
I hated him, he was a fop.

One scene I well do remember,
I think it was in November;
I left Eliza, sweetest lark
That mortal man did ever spark.

Just before day it then did rain,
But I was young, I had no pain;
And Eliza had promised me
That shortly wedded we should be.

The thunder roared, the lightning's flash
Often across my path would dash;
The lightning's glare did much please me,
For without it nought could I see;
But when it lightened I could tell
The way to go where I did dwell.

Between one flash and another
I thought with me 'twas all over,
For I fell down, but not on ground,
I thought 'twas Satan I had found,
For horns he had, and a tail, too,
And two large eyes, it is most true.

I did not long old Satan ride,
For soon he did cast me aside;
When I got up, I travelled on,
And thought I had had some fine fun.
Now what I state is but the truth,
But then you know I was a youth.

Alas for me, I now must tell
What afterwards poor me befell.
I thought that I was near to bliss;
Alas, my friends we often miss;
We cannot tell, O no, not we,
How close we are to misery,
And, like the adage, we can sip
Much sorrow between mouth and lip.

I went home, my time for to spend,
Until that day when I should end
My single life, Eliza see,
And blest by holy wedlock be.

The time was out, I left Sorel,
On wings of love my heart did swell;
The time seemed long, hard I did ride,
But death had taken my dear bride:
My girl was gone, and soon I found
That all I loved was under ground.

My grief was great, my heart did melt,
And few can tell how sad I felt;
No religion then had poor I,
I was a wild and wicked boy;

But this I know, Eliza died,
And now with Jesus doth abide.
A virgin pure, O happy one,
Thou now dost dwell with God's dear Son,
In one sweet blest eternity,
Where all is peace and purity.

I took to drink and drank most hard,
On liquor then I had no guard;
I drank for three months, then ran mad,
The truth I tell, though it is sad.

I'll tell the truth, and no mistake:
When mad I no liquor would take;
But strange to say, when sober, I
Would quickly drink the liquid rye.

For years I was a sinner bold,
My wickedness it can't be told,
And yet I can remember well
I had an awful fear of hell.

Of sin I had a heavy load,
I often wished I were a toad;
I wished I were without a soul,
That hell o'er me could never roll.

I often had an awful fear,
And sometimes felt that hell was near;
And I was sure in my own mind
That after death hell I would find.

In truth, my friends, I merit nought,
But Jesus came, my sins He bought;

He paid a price, a great one too,
And I am saved by Christ, the Jew.

I have a hope, and bright one, too,
That when I with this earth get through,
That I will go, Eliza see,
In the sweet heaven, and number three.

Three heavens there are, which I shall tell,
For love of which my breast doth swell;
The first of them is here beiw,
When first our Saviour's love we know:
When all our sins are washed away
In Jesus' blood—O, happy day.

That happy day, that Sabbath morn,
When I from heaven was truly born—
Born not of earth, but from above,
Born of the Spirit, God of love.

In the first heaven whilst we do dwell,
We've got to fight the powers of hell;
Three potent enemies we'll find,
And the viie three are all combined
To vex our souls, and lose them, too,
But that; my friends, they ne'er can do;
The world is one, the flesh is two,
And Satan three—all brought to view.

In this world for a time we stay,
And see in it much vanity,
If our eyes are open; but then
This is not the case of all men;

For some are blind, and cannot see,
But end their life in misery.

The flesh comes next, and that is bad,
It often makes the poor saint sad,
For he does hate all kinds of lust,
Yet tempted be, indeed he must.

The last of the three is Satan,
And he will tempt many a man
To commit sins of divers kinds,
So as to pollute the saint's minds;
But if we resist he must flee,
God's blest word teaches it to me.

If we fight Satan he can't stand,
If we're in Christ he's weak as sand;
In the first heaven whilst we do stay,
We must fight old Satan away;
But when with this earth we are o'er,
Satan can't tempt though he may roar.

Now with the first heaven I have done,
And that is here under the sun;
The first we must see, 'tis God's man,
Or can't be saved, woman or man.

Of the second heaven I must tell,
Where Eliza's soul now doth dwell;
The soul is there, but body not
For body in the earth must rot;
And there shall stay and there remain
'Till soul and body meet again;

The second heaven we then do find,
Separates body from the mind.

Now for the third and last blest state,
My friends it is most grand and great,
In it we'll see and know likewise,
All there we knew beneath the skies,
That were born by God's blest Spirit,
Without aid of creature merit.

Born to be blest and never die,
Born to dwell with Jesus on high;
From first and second the third doth come,
O, how I long for that sweet home
Where I shall dwell in perfect joy,
In praising God my time employ.

And there shall see many a sight
That will my happy soul delight;
There I shall rove from place to place
Ever under God's shining face;
There my Jesus I too shall see,
In one ceaseless eternity.

There see His hands and bleeding side,
And feet likewise, all for His bride;
Yes for His bride His blood was shed,
Then why, O why should we death dread.

There friends shall meet and never part,
And her I loved with all my heart,
I there shall see, with her shall dwell
In presence of Immanuel.

I long, I long to go on high,
 With Christ to dwell in endless joy;
 Where sin or sorrow hath no home,
 O how I long that time to come;
 For here I find sorrow and pain,
 To die my friends it would be gain.

Acrostic.

(My Mother has gone to rest above. Amen.)

My mother has gone to her rest,
 Yes, she has gone to regions bright,
 My heart with grief though it is prest;
 O, mother now dwells in pure light,
 Then why should I for her feel sad;
 How thankful rather and most glad.
 Ever may I think of her end,
 Righteous in Christ her only friend;
 How peaceful in Jesus she died,
 And now with Him she doth abide.
 So may I live, so may I die,
 Great God do thou take me on high;
 On Jesus my dependance place;
 None can from Him my soul displace;
 Ever more may I Jesus know,
 To mother then I'm sure to go.
 O, Jesus save from endless woe,
 Receive me Christ, let my love flow.
 E'en now Jesus do thou impart,
 Sweet peace to my poor wounded heart.
 To love a mother, one so kind
 And gentle too, we seldom find;
 But so it is she's gone above,

O now she dwells in endless love;
 Virtuous she was whilst here below,
 Ever my love for her shall flow,
 And when I die I'll go above,
 Mother to see in perfect love,
 Ever in Jesus presence be,
 None so happy as poor me.

—————
 Mrs. Mary Coats.

I knew a lady, yes quite well,
 She was born and bred in Sorel;
 Her husband was a captain bold,
 To me at least it was so told.

She with her husband went away,
 To foreign parts and their did stay;
 As long as life her husband had,
 She lived with him and made him glad.

But soon death came, the captain took,
 She for comfort homewards did look,
 To old Sorel she came again,
 A widow, filled with grief and pain.

Her husband dead, her sons away,
 Her sons did follow the army;
 She had two sons and only two,
 Brave officers, it is most true.

To the East Indies they did go,
 Where all is heat, there is no snow;
 Where the sons are I cannot tell,
 But this I know I wish them well.

When she came back, it is most true,
A wrong course then she did pursue;
Instead of reading God's blest book,
To brandy drinking she soon took,
And drank a quart from day to day,
Too much by far for a lady.

But still the tale is all the truth,
For at the time I was a youth,
And I am knowing of the case,
I sold the brandy, sad disgrace.

And still I feel a little shame,
But after all I'm not to blame,
For in that day good priest and all
Made free use of King Alcohol.

Five days in a week I would see
A humpback girl coming to me;
Mistress Coats' servant with a can,
To hold a quart, such was her plan;
On each and every Saturday
Two quarts she bought, I got the pay.

One Sunday night, Mary got up,
A little brandy for to sup,
Out of a chair she got a fall
In reaching for old alcohol.

The cupboard that was in the wall,
She could not reach it was too tall,
And so a chair she had to take
And lost her life for brandy's sake,

She was not found till Monday morn,
 Her companion felt most forlorn,
 For she had one sweet Miss Conroy,
 Loved here then though but a boy;
 And thought it hard that I should be
 Too young for to wed Malvina.

To the funeral I did go,
 Aside the coffin lid did throw;
 Her face was fair and rosy red,
 She did not look like the pale dead.

But looked like them we often find,
 Who are to liquor much inclined;
 What I saw I shall remember,
 From January to December.

Silas Cook.

O Oxford Church has cause to mourn,
 For brother Cook is dead,
 His body to the tomb was borne,
 His soul is with its head.

For twenty years a member he
 Of Oxford church and kind,
 And few like him we now can see
 In Spirit or in mind.

He was a man and christian too,
 And did most humbly walk;
 His Master's will he loved to do,
 Of Jesus loved to talk.

His loss by many will be felt,
His place is hard to find,
For the poor his pure heart would melt,
To all he was most kind.

Of this world's goods he had a store,
He freely did use them;
But Christ Jesus he did adore,
Sweet star of Bethlehem.

His dear loss to us was his gain,
For here he could not stay;
His soul is now free from all pain,
In one eternal day.

His wife and children need not mourn,
For he is now in love;
'Tis true his body can't return,
But they may go above.

Although on earth they cannot meet
They're sure to meet on high,
If, like Mary they take a seat,
Lowly to weep and cry.

The saint that dies is blest indeed,
His cares are all over;
He sees who did his poor soul feed,
Christ his elder Brother.

The church may mourn on his account,
His usefulness is gone,

He is now near the heavenly fount,
And we are left alone.

God has left us his holy book,
That we may know the road,
And copy after brother Cook,
Whose soul is now with God.

Ever since I got a new birth,
I long to go above,
And hate this sin polluted earth,
For lack of perfect love.

O may we all like brother Cook,
Depend on Christ alone;
For God has told us in his book,
All things by Christ are done.

Marilla Cook. (Double Acrostic.)

My daughter dear has gone away,
Marilla is no longer here,
Above she dwells in endless day,
Around God's throne she doth appear.
Round and round her happy sweet soul,
Roving about in heaven above,
In heaven above where peace doth roll,
Is filled in one eternal love.
Long may we mourn her absence here,
Lo! though we feel the time will come:
Lord do thou our lonely hearts cheer;
Lord when shall we with her get home?
Alas on earth we have to part,

And leave those we do most love here;
 Come Jesus come, and take my heart,
 Christ, when with Thee shall I appear?
 Oh Lord, do Thou grant me Thy grace,
 On Thee alone to trust for all;
 On me, O lift Thy shining face,
 O, raise me above Adam's fall.
 Kind was Marilla, now most blest,
 Knowing here state, I now shall rest,
 Trusting in Christ I'll shortly be,
 In Jesus blest with Marilla.

Sabbath Day.

Sabbath day is a day of rest,
 For the labouring man;
 For none the poor can now molest,
 By man, or God's own plan.

A day of rest we all do need,
 For body and for mind;
 All good alone from God proceed,
 He is both good and kind.

He gives a day, one in seven,
 That we may meditate;
 And learn the road that leads to heaven,
 And know our future state.

The Sabbath gives us time to know,
 If we in Jesus dwell;
 And if our love does purely flow,
 On Christ Immanuel.

The Sabbath gives us time to think,
 To meditate, to muse;
 To know how we escaped the brink,
 And Spirit oft abuse.

The Sabbath gives us time to pray,
 For all we need below;
 And teaches us Jesus the way,
 To escape endless woe.

. **The Poor Man.**

A poor man once a vow did make,
 And would keep it for Jesus' sake;
 The vow was this, that he would give
 Four dollors, as long as he'd live
 To help the Missionary cause;
 And to his vow he made no clause.

For many years he kept his vow,
 At last he broke it for a cow;
 For he did wish a cow to buy,
 Milk for to give his girl and boy;
 And so he thought he'd give the Lord
 But one dollar and break his word.

The three he kept to help to pay
 For the cow, and drove her away;
 When the spring came, the old cow died,
 The man felt bad and cried beside;
 He thought himself alone to blame,
 He took God's money, 'twas a shame.

He lost his cow it was but just,
No longer in self would he trust;
To the Lord he would vow again,
And vow he did but not in vain;
Four dollars and no less he'd give,
The Lord as long as he should live.

Soon the Mission Ladies did call,
It made the poor man loudly bawl,
For he was unable to pay,
No dollar had he that blest day;
It made the man feel sick at heart,
And past errors did make him smart.

But what to do he could not say,
He wished the Ladies far away;
As he was willing he would try;
Quickly up stairs he sent his boy,
For his ten cent piece for to bring;
It had a hole, likewise a string.

For it had been many a day,
In the poor old man's family;
So the boy came with the money,
'Twas sweeter to him than honey.
But the money he would let go,
Still he felt sad I well do know.

Ladies gone, the man took a walk,
He met a friend and they did talk;
The friend he met was a rich man,
Who for the poor would often plan,

And if worthy he would give,
Food to the poor that they might live.

The poor man told the rich the tale,
How he broke his vow and did fail,
How the cow died, but not till spring,
What sorrow to him it did bring;
His second vow too, was broken,
He felt the most sad of all men.

The rich man said: do always strive
To do what is right, here are five;
Five dollars now the man did own,
Sorrow and grief from him was flown;
He paid the Lord what he did owe,
Peace to his heart did quickly flow.

For he was glad his debt was paid,
Nor did conscience the man upbraid;
He saw the Lord was good and kind,
To those that are upright of mind.

Our vows to God we should perform,
If not, perhaps we'll meet with harm;
For it is sin a promise make,
And afterwards that promise break.

Wyoming Church

To Church I'll go this Sabbath night,
And hear Mr. Brookman;
I trust he will my soul delight,
For he is a good man.

I'll tell the truth in this my song,
I've heard him often preach,
His sermons are short, but then strong,
The truth doth always teach.

I love the man, for he is one
On whom I can depend;
And never preached a sermon,
Without some good doth end.

The reason is, he has got grace,
It makes his love to flow,
And if you look him in the face,
The truth you're sure to know.

I trust that I this night shall find
Much of what I do need;
The grace of God to fill my mind,
My soul on manna feed.

Did Jesus Die.

Did Jesus die? Oh! yes he did,
I love His holy name;
And by His death our lives are hid,
And kept from grief and shame.

Did Jesus die? Oh! yes 'tis true,
For us He shed His blood,
On Calvary by faith we view,
Jesus, both man and God.

Did Jesus die for sinners all?
For all who do believe,

All such he'll raise above the fall,
 Though oft they here do grieve.

Did Jesus die, and in man's stead?
 O yes he did indeed,
 And we are saved by Christ our head,
 On Him we daily feed.

Did Jesus die? well do I know,
 He died on Calvary;
 How ought our love for Christ to flow,
 Who dwells above the sky.

I've 'Thrown Away.

I've thrown away my hawkers pack,
 But still I have some pain;
 I've got some ease for my old back,
 But labour for my brain.

'Tis true the labour that I do,
 Is of another kind;
 My back it eases, 'tis most true,
 Yet heavy on the mind.

I'm getting old, and so I find
 I canno' labour hard,
 With the body, but with the mind
 I am a willing bard.

And so I write from day to day,
 Some money for to make;
 But I'm afraid it will not pay
 The cost to Uncle Jake.

But then I find when I do write,
I feel most contented ;
In truth it doth me much delight
It can't be prevented.

As long as life with me doth last,
My pencil I shall use,
I hope to virtue, I'll hold fast,
Nor other folks abuse.

Farewell my muse for this sweet time,
I now shall let you rest,
But when again I wish to rhyme
With me again you'll meet.

Life is the Time.

Life is the time for to secure
A blissful hope above ;
And Jesus came for to procure
What we so need and love.

Life is the time for to provide
Interest in the Lamb,
For out of Him we can't abide
He is the great I Am.

Life is the time for to prepare,
And study God's blest book,
And understand the holy news,
And know we have a crook.

Life is the time for man to know
The state of his poor soul,

To know if he shall dwell in woe,
Or peace o'er him shall roll.

Life is the time to understand
Adam's lost condition ;
And if we build on rock or sand,
On heaven or perdition.

Life is the time for to improve
Our each and every gift,
Our Saviour wholly for to love
Our thoughts on Him to lift.

Life is the time to thank the Lord
For everything that's given,
By His Spirit or by His word,
Jesus take us to heaven.

B. C., Pt. B., Evening.

To the Baptist Church I have gone,
For to improve my time,
And here I am again alone,
To try to make a rhyme.

I hope the muses will me pitch,
Such thoughts as I do need ;
Whil'st waiting for good Elder Fitch,
With truth my soul to feel.

For the truth my poor soul does crave,
I thirst and hunger too ;
Sometimes I'm hungry as the grave,
And scarce know what to do.

Sometimes the Lord does feed my soul
With manna from above;
Then holy joy o'er me doth roll
And I am filled with love.

I long to be useful on earth,
For years I have felt so;
Yes! since I got a blest new birth,
My love for sinners flow.

I pity sinners, they can't see,
I'm sure they must be blind,
Or they would look to Calvary,
True peace they there would find.

Sinners can't hear or understand,
For if they did, I'm sure
They'd look and find sweet Canaan's land,
In Jesus be secure.

J. Y. G. R.

I'm stopping with a good old friend,
His praises should be sung;
But how the song with me shall end,
I'm sure 'twill be but young.

The reason why I soon shall tell,
For my good friend is one,
I've known for many years full well,
And he is always young.

He is now seventy years old.
Yet cheerful with his tongue;

He has some silver and some gold,
And is forever young.

I wish John well, indeed I do,
He's kind to every one;
He is my friend, I know it too,
And he is ever young.

When I shall see him I can't tell,
But this I know, he's one;
With whom sometimes I'm sure to dwell,
'Tis with my friend John Young.

Breakfast at J. Y. G. Road.

We were at breakfast in great glee,
I thought about rhyming;
When Mary came and she did cry,
Mother is a dying.

What could I do, a poor old bard,
I felt I don't know how,
The scene to me it was most hard,
To Jesus I did bow.

I thought at first no more I'd see
The mother here below;
She has recovered thank Deity,
Our love to Him should flow.

O, we are weak, the very best,
We know not what short hour
God will call us with Him to rest,
In heaven our blest sweet home.

To hear the children cry aloud,
O how my heart did grieve;
Why then my friends should we feel proud,
Our soul we can't release.

My Home Above.

My home above I long to see,
For of this earth I've seen enough;
I long with Jesus for to be,
I've seen enough of lucre puff.

My home above I want to see,
Where all is pure and holy, too;
But I can't tell when that will be,
And yet I long for it 'tis true.

My home above, I long for it,
For here on earth I have to roam;
Although a weak, simple poet,
I have to live without a home.

My home above is one of joy,
For there my Saviour I shall see,
And praises sweet my tongue employ,
In honor of the Deity.

My home above will end all care,
There I shall rest in bliss divine,
And Jesus' love I there shall share,
In heaven, that home I know as mine.

My home above is full of light,
We need no candle in that home;

There Jesus reigns in splendor bright,
O I do long the time to come.

My home above will give me ease,
For here I find little pleasure;
But God can take me if He please
To Jesus Christ, my heart's treasure.

My home above will give me rest
From all the care I here possess;
Like John, I'll lean on Jesus' breast,
My Saviour, mine, my righteousness.

My home above will take away
From me all sad grief and sorrow;
Indeed I wish not here to stay;
O Lord, shall I go to-morrow?

My home above will yield me bliss,
O yes, sweet bliss without alloy;
Indeed, this world I long to miss,
To get to my pure home of joy.

My home above I'm sure will come,
But when I'm sure I cannot tell
But still I long for my sweet home,
Where Jesus Christ and angels dwell.

E. T., Goderich.

Farewell, dear E., I must away,
In this grave-yard no longer stay;
Thy body's here, but O, thy soul,
I trust in love it now doth roll.

But then, my dear, I cannot tell
Where thy poor spirit now doth dwell:
'Tis hard, my dear, not for to know,
Before we die, where we shall go.

Perhaps you did, Elizabeth,
Consider well before your death;
Of that I own I do not know,
But trust to heav'n you straight did go,
To dwell with Jesus high above,
In one eternal, perfect love.

For if in Jesus we then are
Partakers of God's holy care,
Then we shall meet in regions bright,
In one eternal scene of light.
Farewell, until we meet above
With Christ in everlasting love.

Goderich.

I'm sitting down upon a stone,
The dead are around me,
But then I know I'm not alone,
For Jesus is with me.

I cannot go away from Him
Who once did die for me:
The bleeding Star of Bethlehem,
Jesus of Galilee.

I wish I could most holy be,
But O I own I sin,

And I must plainly Jesus see
 Before I will be clean.

Sometimes I'm happy, yes, am I,
 When I do look aright;
 For when by faith I lift mine eye,
 With me then all is right.

I cannot tell how long I may
 Remain on earth below,
 But I shall strive my thoughts to stay,
 On Christ alone to flow.

Melrose Grave Yard.

I sit me down my body to repose,
 In the grave yard, by name its called Melrose,
 Where, as usual I'll strive to compose,
 But what I cannot tell.

As a poet, subjects I'm sure to find,
 On which to write, unless I am most blind;
 Thoughts of the young and old do fill my mind,
 And trust with them 'tis well.

From four days old on marble slab is seen,
 Buried beneath the sod that now is green,
 The body of one that is blest, I ween;
 Her soul is now above.

Ninety-two years is a very great age,
 One who lives so long must become quite sage;
 If with care he doth read God's holy page,
 'Twill fill his soul with love.

Death takes from this earth many a sweet flower,
 To translate it to heaven's lovely sweet bower;
 It is sometimes done in less than an hour;

Happy thus for to rest.

Some of all ages are sure for to die,
 For such friends do weep and often do sigh;
 It will not be so when we get on high,

Among those that are blest.

Death to the most of men terror doth bring,
 The cause we well know—'tis sin is the sting;
 If we look to Christ, our Saviour and King,

We shall be made happy.

Then let us for life on Jesus depend,
 Who is the beginning, as well as end,
 And the poor sinner's everlasting friend,

Jesus of Galilee.

Let grim death come as soon as he doth please,
 I'm sure he can't hurt, but rather give ease;
 Then sinners no longer my soul can tease,

In heaven, my happy land.

The bodies of many I know here lie,
 The souls of some I'm sure are on high,
 How many I can't tell, O no, not I;

We'll know in time to come.

Grave Yard, Galt.

I took a walk into a yard,
 A grave yard I do mean;
 Yes, I a poor old lonely bard,
 And saw a pretty scene.

In mourning garb a lady fair
 Did enter the grave yard:
 A lovely sight, I do declare,
 It much did please the bard.

When the bright lady I did see,
 I soon did go away,
 That she alone might act freely,
 To weep, to mourn, or pray.

True sensibility we find
 But little here below;
 The dead by most are out of mind
 When from the grave we go.

The lady had with her a pail,
 For what use I can't say;
 I would not the lady assail,
 But soon did go away.

Galt Station.

I'm waiting for the cars to come,
 I hate the town of Galt,
 And so must seek another home,
 For here I shan't long halt.

Of gentlemen I have found one,
 He was both good and kind;
 His name I'll tell, 'tis Robertson,
 I'll bear him oft in mind.

I don't say they are all infidel,
 But one thing I do know,

The siller they do love too well,
To lucre they do bow.

The Lowland Scot, I fear for him,
His siller is his god;
If he'd love the Star of Bethlehem,
Who for him shed His blood,

With the same zeal he does siller,
How happy he would be;
In lieu of that he's a sinner,
Which saved can scarcely be.

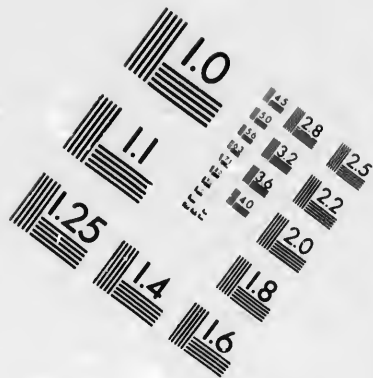
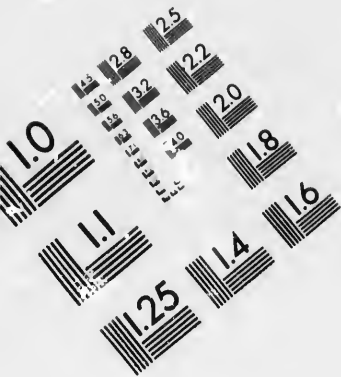
Addie Nelles, Bruce Road.

From Addie I must go away,
'Tis hard for me to part;
With her I'd always wish to stay;
Alas, my love-sick heart.

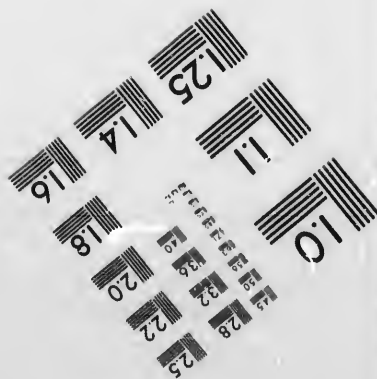
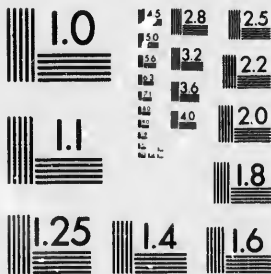
No one could blame me if they knew
The lass as well as me;
Her love is strong, and yet so true,
And withal so pretty.

'Tis true her cheeks they are not red,
But then her skin is white,
And as for paint I do not dread,
In paint she don't delight.

Her auburn hair, it well doth shine,
Her eyes a pretty blue;
Indeed I wish Addie were mine,
I have to write what's true.



**IMAGE EVALUATION
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And for a girl of seventeen
Her judgment is most grand,
And few like her are ever seen
In this or any land.

Woodstock.

In Woodstock, and at Fuller's Inn,
A pretty sight is seen:
A dear family free of sin;
The truth I tell I ween.

A robin redbreast has a nest
By the verandah's eaves,
And there she dwells in perfect rest;
The sight the bard doth please.

I saw her feed her young this morn,
A pleasing sight indeed;
She is quite happy, not forlorn,
Her young with worms doth feed.

A bird that makes her nest so near
Where folks are all around,
It doth the poet's old heart cheer;
The like is seldom found.

F. C., Pt. B.

A pretty sight it is to see,
Upon the Sabbath day,
Among the children for to be,
And teach them how to pray.

Many boys and sweet girls are here,
Of teachers quite a few,
And God is here and everywhere;
To me 'tis a sweet view.

The Sabbath school does please me well,
It fills my heart with joy,
With gratitude my soul does swell,
To see each girl and boy.

Each has a soul to live or die,
To sink or go above;
I hope each teacher now will try
To guide the youths in love.

That by the Spirit teachers may
Guide each dear youth aright,
Teach them to watch as well as pray,
Until Christ makes them white.

The Contrast.

In God's blest word we can behold,
A contrast there by Christ is told
Of a rich man and a poor one,
This day, I heard in a sermon.

The sermon did suit the old bard,
And it was preached by my friend Card;
The rich man to us he did say,
Fared most sumptuously every day,
And of food, too, he ate the best,
And gaily, too, the man was drest,

In purple and in linen too,
So he appeared to human view.

As he did feast a beggar came,
And ask for food (O, what a shame),
But no, the rich man would give none,
For his rich heart was hard as stone.

The poor man groaned with sores below,
The Lord sometimes doth grief bestow,
And sometimes makes the saint to smart,
That he from earth may wholly part.

The poor man died, O what a sight,
For soon there came the Angels of Light,
And flew with him to realms above,
To dwell with Christ in perfect love.

Happy poor man, blest Lazarus,
Thy soul is now with sweet Jesus,
And now thy sorrows all are flown,
For Christ did all thy sins atone.

The rich man died, Jesus doth tell,
And soon his soul went down to hell;
In hell he lifted up his eyes,
And saw what did him much surprise;
In Abraham's bosom there lay
Poor Lazarus as bright as day,
When the rich man did Abraham see,
He soon saw his iniquity.
For memory there is most bright,
And all we've done is brought to light.

Father Abraham he did say,
Send Lazarus quickly away,
(For here no longer can I stay,
I suffer such great agony;)
Send him with water quickly here,
For I hell's torments cannot bear;
I know alone I am to blame,
But how can I bear this flame.

Abraham said, son you must know,
All earthly joys to you did flow,
You had no joys but those of earth,
Never receiving a new birth;
Now thy torments are great indeed,
But Lazarus on Christ doth feed;
Besides all this I now must say,
A gulf between us now doth lay,
You cannot come where we do dwell,
Your doom is to remain in hell,
Nor can we either go to you,
Preserved we are by Christ the Jew.

The rich man said, I do pray thee,
Send to my father's family,
For if thou dost not I do fear,
My fine brethren will soon be here.

Abraham quickly to him did say,
They have Moses who taught the way,
And prophets too that they may learn,
Or just like you in hell shall burn.

Father Abraham, the rich man said,
 If one would go but from the dead,
 They will repent and saved be,
 That's my feelings I assure thee.

No, Moses doth shew the right way,
 And prophets too, 'tis Christ I say,
 And if they don't believe God's word.
 They'll never in peace see the Lord.
 Nor if one should rise from the dead,
 Sent there by Christ the living head;
 Would they believe, O no not one,
 For sinners don't love God's dear son.

Search the scriptures, Jesus did say,
 In them you'll find I am the way,
 And I shall take all up to heaven,
 That the Father to me has giv'n.

A Fisher of Men. At W. C. Springfield.

I have a good mind to use my poor pen,
 To tell who is a true fisher of men;
 'Tis borrowed my friends from H. W. Beecher,
 The celebrated New York bold preacher.

He is not afraid the truth for to disclose,
 For the truth makes him free as I suppose;
 He tells of a fisher but a bad one,
 For a fish the poor fellow could ketch none.

He has a silk line and a noble pole,
 But then he has no grace in his lean soul;

He's been to College, he thinks he is all right,
But his soul is as dark as Egyptian night.

He wears fine clothes and does look very neat,
And a long yarn he knows how to repeat;
He throws his line up into a tree,
The silliest thing that ever could be.

He pulls his line back and tries it again,
He throws into a bush, 'tis all in vain;
He tries it again, O now do understand;
He throws across the brook and hooks the sand.

No fish could he catch, for he had no grace.
And there are many like him, sad disgrace;
But the true fisher cuts himself a pole,
And a common hook, with grace in his soul.

He walks along and soon comes to a brook,
He has a line, with good bate on his hook;
His hook he puts down and soon gets a bite,
For he is a saint and knows what is right.

When fish he has caught, he tries it again,
When another is caught the reason is plain,
He has grace in his heart, love in his soul,
That makes a good line, likewise hook and pole.

He did call the one but not the other,
Those dandy preachers are but a bother,
And yet there are many in this world found,
With plenty of speech but empty of sound.

God strengthen the true, the false take away,
 Alas for the false we see them each day;
 The true are scarce, Lord their numbers increase,
 And bid the false preachers fishing to cease;
 No fish can they catch, no never a one.
 But the true can, for they love Thy dear Son.

Sunday Night.

Sunday night has come round again,
 Soon 'twill be time to go,
 And praise our Saviour who doth reign,
 Where pleasures ever flow.

Yes Jesus reigns in regions bright,
 Beyond this earth of care,
 Where all is peace, where all is light,
 I wish that I were there.

Should I this night in meeting pray,
 Grant me Lord thy spirit,
 To guide me in what I do say,
 Void of creature merit.

Shew me my weakness blessed Lord,
 On thee may I depend,
 And grant that I preserve thy word,
 For 'tis the sinners' friend.

In it I find all that I need,
 It shows me Christ the way,
 As on my journey I proceed,
 To everlasting day.

Frances, Hamburg.

About my Frances I must write,
 She is both good and kind,
 In her my soul does take delight,
 Alone she fills my mind.

When I did wed my dear Frances,
 A blessed day to me,
 My soul that day was filled with bliss,
 Sweet love and purity.

Love that is pure is sweet indeed,
 There's nothing here below,
 On it we live, on it we feed,
 It saves from sin and woe.

My Frances yields true love to me,
 Her love for me is strong,
 And when above we both shall be,
 We'll sing Moses' sweetest song.

We have no heir it is most true,
 If God would give us one,
 With pleasure we the heir would view,
 A daughter or a son.

Some Men.

Some men I find are nearly blind,
 Or else I cannot see,
 For they do say that they each day,
 Are pure as purity.

I find that here sin doth appear,
 And ever will I'm sure,

But when we go where love doth flow,
From sin we're then secure.

But if we stay on earth I say,
Sin will be around us,
'Tis in us too, both I and you,
Yet some say 'tis not thus.

'Tis their glory to be holy,
At least they do say so,
I'm sure that they mistake the way,
And of their goodness flow.

I fear that some are far from home,
Because they are too good,
In self I mean, surely they dream,
They lack I fear true food.

In Christ we are of God an heir,
In self we are but nought,
For man is weak in Christ must seek,
Whose blood his soul has bought.

No good in man yet some do plan,
And think themselves most good;
But God can see iniquity,
In all the human brood.

In Christ we're blest, in him we rest,
And ever shall remain;
But sin is here I do declare,
And causes me much pain.

But when we die and go on high,
We then shall be most pure,
Without, within, most pure, most clean,
And ever shall endure.

Here we must fight by day and night,
For sin is all around,
But when we die we'll fly on high,
Where sin cannot be found.

The Lord's blest prayer poor sinners hear,
If you were free from sin,
You would not cry, Lord forgive I,
For I am pure and clean.

The Traveller.

Once upon a time a traveller bold,
To me long since the tale was told,
Took a long journey, his friends for to see,
Which I shall tell in poetry.

The tale, like all tales is not quite the thing,
Yet a true moral it doth bring,
'Twill show the Christian that he's sure to find,
Much on this earth to vex his mind.

The traveller as he rode one dark night,
At a distance saw a great light,
And it made him glad, then fast he did ride,
Thinking that there he should abide,
His supper secure, and his bed likewise,
But O, he met with a surprise.

For when he came in at the door,
He saw a sight that made him roar,
But being a brave man he thought that he,
Would strive to learn the mystery.

The mansion was large and bright to behold,
The boys and girls acted most bold,
They were dancing that night, and music had
Which made the traveller fee sad.

For now he knew what he saw on the floor,
When he first came at the door,
To be a sleeping devil, though but small,
He slept because he had them all.

The traveller thought he would not there stay,
So on his horse he rode away,
For he plainly knew by what he had seen,
What the sleepy devil did mean.

The night was dark, yet he rode away,
Until he saw the break of day;
Then he saw a sight in a field of corn,
A pilgrim old, and most forlorn.

The man was hoeing corn, and hoed away,
Though devils near him brisk did play;
There were three hundred, and perhaps more,
Who at the saint did loudly roar.

The old man kept to work, his corn to hoe,
For he well knew where he would go,

Though devils whilst here bother his soul,
They soon o'er him shall lose control.

The pilgrim had to work, and he worked hard,
Against the devils, to keep guard,
As a private h'ed to his captain go,
For help to conquer every foe.

And he very well knew that every day,
We'd have to fight satan away;
But then again with love his heart would swell,
When he thought of Iramanuel,

And of that bliss that poor saints shall enjoy,
In regions bright beyond the sky,
Where no devil nor evil thought can come,
O how saints long for that sweet home.

But O for the dancers and drunkards too,
That don't believe in Christ the Jew,
Whom Satan doth govern body and mind,
O what a hell they soon shall find.

For here they have no warfare, they don't fight,
But in wickedness they delight;
But O, but O, can any mortal tell,
The state of the sinner in hell.

Farewell to Wroming.

Farewell dear friends it is my lot,
For on this earth no home I've got,
For a short time alone can stay,
Then like a bird must fly away.

No home on earth can I procure,
Though one would please me I am sure,
My thoughts to self I have to keep,
Although I feel like a lost sheep.

My thoughts, O no I dare not tell,
With grief alone my breast doth swell,
Upon my word I do feel sad,
Sometimes I think I shall run mad.

My feelings oft I can't control,
A vague hope may pass my soul,
Then offence I fear I may give,
Thus in misery I do live.

There is one but she shan't be named,
Lately my heart she has inflamed;
How sad indeed is my sad lot,
My grief is great, no brass I've got,
And so my thoughts I'll keep them dark,
And learn to live without a spark.

Farewell Wyoming, Sunday Night.

It causes me somewhat to grieve,
The time is fast coming,
When I good friends will have to leave,
And go from Wyoming.

The best of all that I here found,
Was a good widow kind,
I'll have to travel o'er much ground,
Such another to find.

And her dear daughter, my own Jane,
 Who pitied the poor bard;
 Indeed to leave her gives me pain,
 I think it is most hard.

I must not forget my Charlotte,
 Who has been good to me;
 And Carrie dear, they are a lot,
 That did my poor soul cheer.

Farewell Willie, and David too,
 Farewell to one and all,
 My heart does bleed it is most true,
 Perhaps again I'll call.

On Poetry.

On sweet poetry my poor mind doth run,
 From early morning light to setting sun,
 And when my muse doth propitious flow,
 My happiness I'm sure but few do know.

When on my Saviour my poor soul doth rove,
 Betimes I'm filled with pure holy love,
 My sorrows then do lose their hold on me,
 And I'm blessed in viewing Calvary.

My vile sins are gone and I feel blest,
 For I know I shall with Jesus rest,
 Although a sinner one thing I can tell,
 And that is that I love Immanuel.

In loving my Jesus I do enjoy,
 A happiness unmixed with vile alloy;

Then my sweet muse will most fluently flow,
And the joys that I feel but few do know.

O poetry to me yields a pleasure,
Next to my Saviour my greatest treasure;
My poetry like love will ever last,
For when in heaven my happy lot is cast.

I shall there compose sweet and holy lays,
And sing them to my dear Saviour's praise;
Sometimes I do long that time for to come,
That I may compose in heaven my home.

Divorce, Port Dover Schoolmistress.

I heard last night that Willie got
A divorce and wife too,
If so mine's a most blessed lot,
A man I soon shall view.

O Willie was a cruel man,
And ran away from me,
And he did likewise form a plan,
My babes to steal from me.

And now I hear he's got a wife,
It pleases me full well,
For I have led a single life,
Though much against my will.

As he has wed so I shall do,
As soon as I can find,
A lad I think that will be true,
I've got one in my mind.

I trust my second, O I know
I will be happy then,
His love for me I'm sure is true,
For he's the best of men.

Jesus Alone.

Jesus alone is all I need,
Having him I have all,
All true blessings from him proceed,
When we on him do call.

Jesus alone can answer prayer,
Himself he gave to die,
To clean the way that we may share
True peace beyond the sky.

Jesus alone can fill my heart,
Without him I am lost,
From him I know I ne'er shall part,
Though oft by care am tost.

Jesus alone, God's holy son,
Can save my soul alive,
If I believe with him I'm one,
Nor vainly shall I strive.

Jesus alone my God I love,
For he is God and man,
When earth I leave I'll go above,
God so for me did plan.

Jesus alone my soul doth save,
He bought it with his blood;
And O his spirit I do crave,
To guide me up to God.

Horseback.

It is to me a pretty view,
To see a gent and lady too,
On horseback canter by,
For I was wont to do the same,
With her I left, O 'tis a shame,
Poor simple foolish I.

Maria was a gentle lass,
Sweetly with her the time did pass,
But then I was most bold;
I told a tale, she bid me go,
Her love for me that once did flow,
Like ice it now was cold.

Her mother bid me stay away,
For I was worthless she did say,
A wicked wretched lad;
I was sorry, yet I was proud,
I had a mind to cry aloud,
Indeed I felt most sad.

On horseback no more could I ride,
With her I thought would be my bride,
But still could ride alone:
I loved Maria without doubt,
But when her mother turned me out
My heart became like stone.

I now am old but still I find
To Maria I'm much inclined,
But not the one I've got;

My present wife is monstrous bold,
 Her heart for me is icy cold,
 Indeed she loves me not.

When three years had rolled away,
 Mistress Graves sent and bid George say,
 That I might come again;
 That I her daughter might call on;
 But no my heart was hard as stone,
 Her kindness gave me pain.

I now do see what I have been,
 A foolish youth, both proud and mean,
 'Tis true I can't help it;
 I now repent and feel most sad,
 Indeed it almost makes me mad,
 A poor simple poet.

On earth I'm sure no peace to find,
 Lasting I mean, to fill my mind,
 But when I go above,
 There I shall be at perfect rest,
 Among all those that I love best,
 Where all is perfect love.

On The Death of My Grandson, George Serze.
 Little Georgie has gone above,
 His little soul is now in love;
 He reigns with Christ in endless light,
 And as an angel shines most bright.

Little Georgie was my grandson,
 He's now with Christ the holy one,

Who made a way his soul to bless,
When he sweet babes did once caress

Little Georgie's troubles are o'er,
His Saviour now he doth adore,
He dwells where all is pure and clean,
Where nothing foul can enter in.

Little Georgie thy mother grieves,
For thou did'st fall like autumn leaves,
Thy death was quick for thou didst die,
In a short time to go on high.

Little Georgie we can't see thee,
Until from earth we do get free,
And we must wait God's own blest time,
To mourn a little 'tis no crime.

Little George, sweet babe, farewell,
Thy happiness we cannot tell,
We long that sweet time for to come,
When we with thee shall be at home.

The Crazy Woman at W. W. G.'s Store, Springfield.

A crazy woman I now see,
Yet happy as happy can be;
Give her a pipe and tobacco,
She then knows no grief or sorrow.

Crazy people I often find
To happiness they are not blind;
They know but little, nor borrow,
Like some people, needless sorrow.

And like a child, I think they are,
 For want of wit of Christ an heir,
 For like a babe, they cannot tell
 The way to heaven or way to hell.

They know no good, nor yet evil,
 They know not God, nor the devil;
 Their brains are small, yes, if any,
 I pity such, for there's many.

There are a class of fools, I know,
 With brains, and oft their wit doth show;
 'Twere better far that they had none,
 For their vile hearts are cold as stone.

They lend their wit to all that's vile,
 For Satan doth their hearts beguile,
 And when they die, down, down they go
 To Satan's home, dire place of woe.

To E. M., Port Burwell.

Ellen, my dear, I do feel glad,
 That you in Jesus dwell,
 Though once, Ellen, you did feel sad,
 Your sorrow none could tell.

To be born again is God's gift,
 By the Spirit is given,
 From earth away our thoughts to lift,
 And place them on sweet heaven.

The love of God is great indeed,
 He gave His Son to die,

And now on Jesus we do feed,
He is our only joy.

Remember, Ellen, and take care,
Your heart is tender now;
Of all Satan's snares, O beware,
Before your Saviour bow.

God bless you, Ellen, sister dear,
My soul does love you well,
Look up to Jesus, never fear,
Though Jordan high may swell.

Jacob's Birthday, Bayham.

I sit me down in a pine grove,
It is Jacob's birthday;
My only son I truly love,
Alas, he's far away.

The day is cold, and I feel sad,
I want to see my boy,
A sight of him would make me glad,
He is my earthly joy.

This day Jacob is twelve years old,
I wish he were twenty;
I'm in a grove and do feel cold,
Of joy I am empty.

I'm now in church, I've left the grove,
I still think of my son,
No earthly being do I love
Like him, my only one.

Of sons it is true I had two,
God took Georgie away,
And him on earth I ne'er can view,
For he's in endless day.

I do not mourn for Georgie dear,
I know he is at rest;
But for Jacob, O I do fear,
By care he may be prest.

If I could see my lovely boy
It would my poor soul ease,
To see him it would give me joy,
My soul it would appease.

When I shall see my pretty boy
I'm sure I cannot tell,
But this shall be my sweet employ,
My prayers for him shall swell.

My God, do Thou protect my boy,
Keep him, O Lord, from sin;
O may his thoughts be placed on high,
And that will make him clean.

May Thy blest Spirit him direct,
To see the cross on high,
That he may know he's Thine elect,
That Christ for him did die.

That when he grows a man to be
Some comfort he will give;
That I in him some good may see,
If suffered here to live.

I'm getting old, but still I find
 My health is pretty good;
 I strive to be content in mind,
 If not, I know I should.

I Heard a 'Tale:

I heard a tale, it came to me,
 It gave me grief and pain;
 'Twas said I stole my poetry,
 Of it do I complain.

My wit is small, but still I write
 And do the best I can;
 In composition I delight
 Though but a poor old man.

To say that I my verses steal,
 O friends it is too hard,
 For poetry I have some zeal,
 Though a simple bard.

To steal the works of a dead man,
 Or living one, I say
 It seems to me is a poor plan,
 Nor do I think 'twill pay.

To steal at best is a great crime,
 I'm glad I am no thief,
 But he who steals, and that sweet rhyme,
 Of thieves he is the chief.

But I do love sweet rhyme to make,
 It cheers my poor old heart;
 I never will sweet verse forsake,
 Or from the muses part.

Lake Erie. Sunday.

I sit me down upon the ground,
In sight of Lake Erie;
The lake with ships now doth abound,
For I can count forty.

The lake has many vessels now,
The wind is blowing hard;
Before the wind they plough and bow,
A sight for the poor bard.

It is a shame on this blest day
To see the vessels ride,
But Captain's think it will not pay
At home for to abide.

And so I think the most of ships
On Saturday leave port,
Perhaps my tongue makes some false slips
If wrong I do report.

On no week day I'm sure I've seen
Of ships, half as many
As I can see just now I ween,
And to-day 'tis Sunday.

Fear Not.

Fear not on Jesus for to call,
For he is good and kind;
He can save us from Adam's fall,
And gives us peace of mind.

Fear not on Jesus for to trust
For He is a true friend,

He ever is to sinners just,
He saves them to the end.

Fear not on Jesus to rely
God's ever blessed son,
For He will take your souls on high,
Let us trust him each one.

Fear not on Jesus to depend,
Nor doubt His loving grace,
But fear, my friends, Him to offend,
Who lifts on us His face.

Fear not on Jesus to look up,
He hath done all things well,
For us He drank the bitter cup
To save our souls from hell.

Fear not on Jesus to confide,
But freely own each fault,
Then in Him we all shall abide,
Onward, let us not halt.

Fear not on Jesus who is wise,
As He is God and man;
And no poor sinner will despise,
Salvation He did plan.

J. S., Malahide.

The day is fine, and Sunday, too,
The leaves are falling fast,
To me they are a pretty view,
For long they will not last.

For soon the trees will be quite bare,
The wind will blow them down,
And winter, too, is now quite near,
And soon the cold will frown.

The autumn teaches me that I
On earth long cannot stay:
That I like leaves must droop and die,
And fly like them away.

'Tis true they drop down from above,
On earth they do remain,
But when I die I'll dwell in love
On Jordan's happy plain.

'Tis true that leaves yearly do fall,
And man does once but die;
Give me Jesus, my all in all,
Like leaves then may I fly.

The squirrels run among the trees,
A pretty sight to see,
And chipmonks run among the leaves,
Truly they do please me.

Yet all I see on earth below
Ceases to give me joy,
For my poor heart does long to go
To my sweet home on high.

This earth I know will never yield
What my poor soul does love;
I want to see sweet Canaan's field,
Sweet Canaan far above.

Of this earth I've seen quite enough,
 And tired of it I be,
 Nor longer would I its air puff,
 If I could but get free.

I must wait my appointed time,
 With patience I must try,
 To pass the time I make this rhyme
 Until I go on high.

All sin I hate, I do indeed,
 Yet often go astray,
 And when I sin, on Coreb feed,
 'Tis thus with me each day.

Dinner, Port Burwell.

Yesterday at dinner time,
 My tale I'll tell and that in rhyme;
 Indeed I thought I was in luck,
 Having for dinner a fine duck.

But O dear me I soon did stare,
 In front of me there sat an Hare;
 A queer one too, the truth I tell,
 With pride I think his breast did swell.

He thought that he would have some fun,
 Out of a bard and lonely one;
 The Hare's a teacher I am told,
 No doubt his pupils he doth scold,

But then I think he had no right,
 To put me and my duck to flight;

For Hare indeed has a swift tongue,
The bard has too when its unstrung.

And so the Hare and bard did chat,
Both rather green and rather flat;
The bard is quick, I know him well,
And easy too his breast will swell;
For an insult he cannot bear,
E'en thought 'tis given by an Hare.

Stratford Fair, October 4, 1867.

It is fair day, and Stratford town
Just now is all alive;
Perhaps the folks on me may frown
If telling truth I strive.

All birds of colors can be seen
In those the streets do crowd,
Some are white, some black, and pea green,
And some are very proud.

I fear the most on pleasure bent,
And love of lucre gain;
If the good Lord don't them prevent,
They'll suffer endless pain.

The girls I'm sure are a plenty,
In squads they walk around,
But of sparks they are quite empty,
By them they can't be found.

Now and again you'll see a lass,
As you do pass along,

That has a spark, but O, alas,
It makes the rest do wrong.

For I did hear some lasses say,
As I was passing by,
"I would not with that young man stay,
For me he need not try."

'Twas envy made the girls thus talk,
Their looks did tell the same.
For a spark the most would run and balk;
Now is it not a shame?

The queerest trick I ever saw
Was a queer lung machine,
That you might blow when bosses paw
Handled five cents I ween.

The stomach sure got no relief,
The folks would blow so hard,
Instead of ease they got some grief;
The truth I'm sure to guard.

For the enticing cent and dime
Many a plan is tried,
Nor does a man fear any crime,
If he can many stride.

In truth the age in which we live,
Smells very strong of tin,
And each his neighbor will deceive,
If he but money win.

And lassies, too, for sake of man,
 Will labor very hard,
 To see if they can't lay a plan
 To catch a fool or bard.

On the Trinity; Proverbs xxx., 18 & 19.

The wonders of the Holy Three,
 Solomon did not know,
 To christians now a mystery,
 The Spirit doth it show.

What Solomon could not find out
 The Spirit doth make clear;
 For the Trinity without doubt,
 Most plainly doth appear.

For They are three and yet but one,
 O, glorious mystery;
 God the Father, Spirit and Son,
 O Holy Trinity.

An Eagle can fly fast away,
 And soon is out of sight,
 None can see the Father, I say,
 He dwells in endless light.

Thy ways Great God are wonderful
 For thou art infinite;
 In thy perfections thou art full,
 Thy ways are out of sight.

The Father we cannot behold,
 Yet shines through His dear Son,

But in His word, we there are told,
What Christ for us has done.

The eagle then we must compare
When he flies out of sight,
As God the Father, by whose care,
Our souls shall dwell in light.

For God did so poor man's soul love,
He did His Son bestow,
And bade Him leave the realms above,
To save poor man from woe.

The eagle we will therefore take,
And God the Father see,
Who gave His Son for poor man's sake,
First of the Holy Three.

The second person we can tell,
As by a serpent seen,
It is the Rock Immanuel,
'Tis plain to me I ween.

Blest rock of ages, ever blest,
Second one of the three,
When shall I with Jesus rest
One God in Trinity.

So by the Rock and serpent too,
The Lamb of God we see,
Who once was a wandering Jew,
As well as Deity.

A ship at sea will never move,
Unless the wind doth blow,
Nor will a sinner Jesus love
Until to Him he'll go.

'Tis by the Spirit we do know,
That we unrighteous are;
Of Christ's things the Spirit doth show,
And we become an heir.

The wind is a type of the Dove,
Third person of the Three,
O how I do the Three-One love
Three in one Deity.

Solomon doth tell of a man,
And likewise of a maid;
That man, my friends, did form a plan
Our debts all to be paid.

That man was Christ, the Son of God,
The Church was His dear maid,
He left His blissful high abode,
On Him our sins were laid.

To save His bride Jesus did come,
For He's the Church's Groom;
To provide His bride a sweet home,
And yet there's plenty room.

Yes, room enough for sinners all,
For He did shed His blood
To raise poor man above the fall,
And bring him back to God.

In poor old Adam we are lost,
 But in Christ Jesus found;
 We little know what it did cost,
 Our love should much abound.

Mary Ann and Caroline Sherk. S. Dorchester.

My nieces both, have gone above,
 They've left this earth below,
 Their souls are now in perfect love,
 In Jesus presence bow.

Dear Mary Ann was just fourteen
 When God took her away;
 She now does travel Canaan's green
 In one eternal day.

Dear Mary Ann is free from care,
 No sorrows now can come;
 Her Saviour's love she now doth share,
 Above in her sweet home.

Caroline was but eleven
 When she had for to go
 To dwell with Jesus, in sweet heaven,
 Where love doth ever flow.

She did not wish, my dear niece, mine,
 On earth longer to stay,
 She loved to go, sweet Caroline,
 With sister far away.

O Caroline was a sweet girl,
 A Christian girl was she;

Around her still my heart doth curl,
I long with her to be.

No sweeter girl was ever seen,
She longed to go to rest,
And I shall see a lovely scene
When I with her am blest.

Early to die, it is a boon
By God to mortals given,
If in Christ it can't be too soon
To leave earth for sweet heaven.

My nieces both, O I shall see,
When I with earth get o'er;
When happy with them I shall be,
And Jesus Christ adore.

To mourn a little 'tis no crime,
For I do feel their loss;
Soon I shall go to their blest clime,
The road is by Christ's cross.

At J. S., Malahide.

Day after day does roll away
Still I with John abide,
And here I stay from day to day
In pretty Malahide.

On Monday next, this is my text,
I must stay no longer,
I must tramp on, leave honest John,
Now that I feel stronger.

I've had a rest with health am blest,
 John and his wife are kind;
 But I can't stay I must away
 Another home to find.

I seldom stay more than a day,
 At any farmer's home,
 For I do love, daily to rove,
 And think of my sweet home.

My home on high where all is joy
 There is no sorrow there,
 Nor any sin, nor what's unclean
 Can in my home appear.

The Millionaire.

They say I'm poor, which I deny,
 For I'm a millionaire;
 'Tis true my riches are on high,
 I wish that I were there.

I envy none their earthly store,
 For I'm a millionaire;
 For Jesus soon I shall adore,
 His riches too, I'll share.

The bank in which my riches lie,
 Will make the sinner stare;
 It is in heaven far on high,
 O happy millionaire.

When I do leave this earth below,
 I'll be a millionaire,

My riches too shall ever flow,
A great and goodly share.

I thank the Lord, indeed do I,
It often makes me stare,
That my true riches are on high,
O happy millionaire.

Summer Nights.

It is a calm and lovely night,
I set among the trees,
In composing I take delight,
My mind is then at ease.

The mind of man should active be,
Nor should it run to waste;
So I'll compose a sweet ditty,
Sweet muse, to me do haste.

The sun is setting bright and clear,
The weather is most hot;
There's not a zephyr in the air,
A dead calm we have got.

I wish the wind would blow a gale,
The weather for to cool;
Alas, my wishes can't prevail,
I'm nothing but a fool.

In winter time we think of spring,
And wish the cold away;
When summer time heat doth bring,
Again our minds do stray.

Man's never at ease, I repeat,
But is too warm or cold,
And always wishes some retreat,
That he may fret and scold.

It seems most hard we cannot find
The weather always right;
Let's strive for a contented mind,
'Twill cheer and make us bright.

I wish I could my mind incite
To dwell on Him alone,
Who now does dwell in perfect light,
Who melts my heart of stone.

Jesus, the name, O lovely name,
That gives me all I want;
May my poor heart be in a flame,
After Jesus to pant.

New Birth.

Ye must be born again to dwell on high,
Or else forever ye must die:
Remain dead whilst on earth you do remain,
And after death 'tis death again.

Ye must be born again, Jesus did say,
To be saved 'tis the only way:
Born by the Holy Spirit's blessed power,
Born forever, not for an hour.

Ye must be born again, born from above,
Born to dwell in sweet perfect love;

For if that birth on earth we do not meet,
We cannot dwell at Jesus' feet.

Ye must be born again; O holy truth,
Alike for the aged and the youth;
The birth is given when to Jesus we look,
Jesus tells us so in His book.

Ye must be born again, born of free grace,
Or you can't see God's shining face;
But he that is born again shall ever rest
His all upon Jesus' sweet breast.

Near Ingersoll.

I sit me down upon the grass,
To rest my weary back;
'The time as well that I may pass,
Close to the railroad track.

I long that time with me were o'er,
And my pilgrimage done;
I wish my Saviour to adore,
God's well beloved Son.

For here my state is desolate,
I have no constant home;
I wish the Lord would change my state,
It doth but slowly come.

This world I hate, I do indeed,
'Tis wearysome to me;
I'd like to leave, to heaven proceed,
My Saviour for to see.

How long on earth I shall remain
 Is not for me to tell,
 But this I know I have much pain,
 As long as here I dwell.

—

An Alphabetical Acrostic.

And can I make, and that in rhyme,
 Before nine o'clock, or bed time;
 Come then, my muse, do thou impart,
 Do something now to fill my heart:
 E'en now bestow a lively wit,
 For I cannot write without it.
 Gratitude from me ought to flow,
 How swift my heart should overflow,
 In view of all that God has done.
 Justly he views me through His Son;
 Kindly for me my Saviour paid;
 Lord, on Him my debts Thou hast laid.
 My love, O Lord, do Thou increase,
 Nor from Thy precepts may I cease;
 O keep my heart from wandering,
 Protect me, Lord, from all sinning;
 Quiet my heart, and let me feel
 Rightly for Thee an holy zeal.
 So shall I live in peace and love,
 'Till I do dwell with Thee above;
 Useful here whilst I on earth stay,
 Virtue, love, and that day by day;
 When done with all that's here below,
 X, Y, Z, &, and I let go.

My God, my Heart.

My God, my heart, Thou it can see,
For Thou all things doth know;
O Lord, help me to worship Thee,
And help my love to flow.

My God, my heart Thou dost know well,
Thou knowest I love Thee,
And Jesus Christ Immanuel,
And Spirit, one in Three.

My God, my heart oft doth feel sad,
Sometimes it doth feel hard;
Thy Spirit give, then I am glad;
I'm nothing but a bard.

My God, my heart sometimes does feel
For to run after Thee;
Increase, blest God, my love and zeal,
That I may happy be.

My God, my heart from sin keep free,
May I alone Thee love,
Until I go and dwell with Thee,
In perfect love above.

Some Folks.

Some folks with them its always well,
And on Mount Pisgah they do dwell;
If so I'm wrong for I oft find
In the valley my sin sick mind.

If others can on mountain top
In peace reside, and ever stop,

I'm sure it is not so with me,
For oft I in the valley be.

'Tis true, sometimes I go above,
And like Moses do dwell in love;
But there I'm sure not long to stay,
For soon I fall and go astray.

I go astray, and get a fall,
But for a time, and that is all;
For when I look into God's Word,
I know I'm held up by the Lord.

So if I fall ten times a day,
I've but to look to Christ the way,
And though I fall I yet shall stop
With Jesus on the mountain top.

Christ is above and I'm below,
Yet after death I'm sure to go
And dwell with Him, God over all,
Who raises man no more to fall.

The Bard.

I have no home where I can go,
On this poor earth of ours,
But rove about in time of snow,
To me as sweet as flowers.

It matters not what I behold,
If my mind is at rest;
A conscience pure is before gold,
In Jesus I am blest.

Although from wife and child away,
It matters not to me;
On Christ my thoughts I spend each day,
His Spirit blesses me.

Sometimes I have for sinners all
A yearning in my soul,
And wish I were like holy Paul,
That eloquence might roll.

That something from my tongue might drop,
That I something might say,
That would the sinner quickly stop,
That he Christ would obey.

Mary C., South Dorchester.

There is no name under the sun
That I love so dearly;
That name alone should melt a stone,
'Tis the name of Mary.

How many Mary's I do know
By reading of God's book,
There virtues there they plainly show,
And here is Mary Cook.

Dear Mary, your's is a sweet name,
The name is spread abroad,
It should kindle a holy flame,
And praises sweet to God.

Of many Mary's I could tell,
For many I have seen;

And not one but I do love well—
I write just what I mean.

Mary I love you best of all,
But still my heart does fear,
If at your feet that I should fall,
You'd banish me, my dear, (and justly, too.)

Sarah B., Malahide.

I'm sitting now where Sarah sat
When I first saw the maid;
It made my heart go pit-a pat,
Dear girl, don't me upbraid.

For when I see a pretty lass,
It's sure to move my heart;
Alas, the time will come to pass,
When we, dear girl, must part.

But when you did your fine hair curl,
It did me much surprise;
Sarah, you are a lovely girl,
Or else I have no eyes.

O Sarah dear, my fate is hard,
I was born far too soon;
I must leave you, a crazy bard,
Before this afternoon.

O Sarah dear, thine image fair
With me I'll take away,
And trust that we both shall appear
With Christ in endless day.

Eliza Jane B., Malahide.

Eliza Jane is a sweet name,
It makes my heart to glow;
Do not, dear maid, the poor bard blame,
Eliza now lies low.

Eliza's dead, alas, poor me,
Her death did cause me pain;
With alcohol I made most free,
Upbraid me not, sweet Jane.

Near forty years have rolled away
Since dear Eliza died;
On this vile earth she could not stay,
Short here did she abide.

Eliza Jane, excuse my pen,
I'm crazy I do fear;
I know I'm not like other men,
My heart this morn feels drear.

God bless you, sweet Eliza Jane,
May you have no sorrow,
For I this morn do feel much pain,
'Twill be gone to-morrow.

My Mother, Mrs. S., Malahide.

My mother has gone to regions bright,
And left this earth of care;
In Jesus now she doth delight,
And his full love doth share.

My mother was a Christian bold,
Her walk did prove the same;

Although her body now lies cold,
Her soul is in a flame.

Yes, in a flame of perfect love,
No more by care opprest,
She reigns with Christ in heaven above,
In one eternal rest.

A happy death dear mother died,
And thus to die 'tis sweet;
None can her soul from Christ divide,
She's now at Jesus' feet.

Her death did make her friends feel sad,
But why I cannot tell;
In lieu of grief, they should feel glad,
In heaven she now doth dwell.

Lake Huron.

My muse I find is now in tune,
And I shall strive to write;
It is a lovely afternoon,
But soon it will be night.

Lake Huron is a pretty lake,
The waters are a blue;
It pleases much the old bard Jake,
As he the lake doth view.

On my right hand the land I see,
On my left the bright sun;
The view, I'm sure, does much please me,
Beautiful Lake Huron.

I've had my tea and do feel glad,
 For I do need some food,
 For hunger's sure to make me sad,
 But now I feel good.

The steamer's name is Silver Spray,
 I'm no ways uneasy,
 For she won't with me run away,
 For she is quite steady.

To Mrs. V.

Farewell, dear lady, I must go,
 But where I cannot tell;
 I know my heart with love does flow
 For those that use me well.

Dear lady, your husband and you
 Will oft my thoughts engage,
 For friends you have proved most true;
 By money friends we guage.

I have not found a single friend
 In other than in word;
 An absent thought on me do lend,
 And I shall thank the Lord.

To Mr. and Mrs. V.

I long to see my friends Verey,
 The reason is most plain:
 For I did find that they were kind,
 Their goodness I proclaim.

The first sweet pair, I do declare,
 That took note of the bard;

For them I feel a sincere zeal,
If not, my heart is hard.

I do feel glad, no longer sad,
For I have found a pair
That do me note for what I wrote;
It doth my poor heart cheer.

Verey and wife, all through my life
I'll bear them on my mind;
My gratitude, although its rude;
For them I'm sure to find.

And when I see Madam Verey
'Twill cheer my poor old heart;
Because, you see, with her I'm free,
And she is very smart.

Verey is one that's full of fun,
He feels always happy;
And when I find my friend so kind,
With his panorama,

I'll let him know my love does flow
For him and his lady;
Although I'm rude, my gratitude
Will be shown for Verey.

Memento Mori.

Memento Mori is seldom the cry,
That sinners are apt for to make,
For they have no birth but of mother earth,
Of that alone they do partake.

Memento Mori if we place our eye,
And let our thoughts on it ponder,
'Twill soon let us know that we soon must go,
'Nor stay on this earth much longer.

Memento Mori will make some men sigh,
For the thoughts of death they do hate,
For they'd rather here dwell in constant fear,
Than by Jesus exchange their fate.

Memento Mori the wise can espy,
For they know that 'twill soon be here,
For it they do long, to sing Moses' song,
For of poor death they have no fear.

Memento Mori will give the saint joy,
For death to him will ease his pain;
For here he knows he cannot long dwell,
And death to him is endless gain,

Memento Mori, hear sinners the cry,
For soon death will take you away;
Be advised by me, look to Calvary,
For Jesus your debts did all pay.

Memento Mori you are sure to die,
If but in Jesus you are blest;
For Jesus will keep his lambs and his sheep,
And with him shall evermore rest.

How apt we are.

How apt we are my friends to stray,
From Jesus Christ the truth the way;
How apt we are to forget him,
The shining star of Bethlehem.

How apt we are to love this earth,
That gave to us our earthly birth;
How apt we are our griefs to tell,
Yet willing still on earth to dwell:

How apt we are for to complain,
Yet on this earth would still remain;
How apt we are with care oppress'd,
Still on this earth we seek for rest.

How apt we are by sorrow driv'n,
Seldom to place our thoughts in heav'n;
How apt we are too place all good,
In wearing clothes and eating food.

How apt we are, but sometimes find,
Our earthly goods fill not the mind;
How apt we are to strive to gain,
The power over grief and pain.

How apt we are from him to stray,
Who all our debts for us did pay;
How apt we are to leave undone,
And not depend on God's dear son:

How apt we are to remain blind,
And never never Jesus find;
How apt we are not for to see,
The Lamb of God that died for me.

The Son of Mary.

The Son of Mary was a Jew,
And God's only blest Son;
The Son of God, and Mary's, too,
O what an holy one.

The Son of Mary, O blest Lamb,
One of the holy Three;
He is both Man and great I Am,
O holy Trinity.

The Son of Mary I do love,
And so I ought to do:
By Him my soul shall go above,
O holy, blessed Jew.

The Son of Mary, God divine;
He came to earth below
To save your soul, and likewise mine,
O how our love should flow.

The Son of Mary, O what grace,
He left His high abode,
And met with sorrow and disgrace,
To bring us home to God.

The Son of Mary I adore,
His blood He shed for me;
O I shall love Him more and more,
In Him I am most free.

The Son of Mary I do find
Is just what I do need;
He feeds my body and my mind,
All good from Him proceed.

The Son of Mary kept God's law
In my room and my stead;
He kept it all without a flaw,
And saved me from the dead.

The Son of Mary is most just,
He did God's justice fill;
And I do wholly on Him trust,
O yes, and ever will.

The Son of Mary is my all,
On Him alone I trust;
He saves us all from Adam's fall,
In Him we shall be blest.

The Son of Mary, Lamb of God,
His blood for us He shed;
To us He gave His holy Word,
To guide us from the dead.

The Son of Mary, ever blest,
On Thee I do depend;
With Thee I know I'm sure to rest,
For Thou art my best Friend.

The Son of Mary, holy One,
I long to see Thy face;
Thou hast for me all things well done,
And saved me by Thy grace.

The Son of Mary, God and Man,
Two natures both in one;
God's love was great to form the plan,
To give His only Son.

The Son of Mary, God the Son,
We praise and bless Thy name;
Father, Spirit and Son are one,
My soul may They inflame.

The Son of Mary, ever blest,
When shall I be with Thee;
O when shall I from all sin rest,
In perfect purity.

Diffidence.

Once more my God I do complain,
My diffidence is great,
It causes me both grief and pain,
Such is my helpless state.

Great God I beg for Jesus sake,
My diffidence dispel,
It almost kills poor Uncle Jake,
She is an imp of hell.

My usefulness she takes away,
And makes me useless here;
Kill her my God, O do I pray,
Or she'll kill me, I fear.

I would be useful, yes I would,
And forward in thy cause,
But diffidence keeps me from good,
And makes me break thy laws.

Thy help blest Jesus I do crave,
Against dame diffidence,
Do then my God my poor soul save,
For great is her offence.

My usefulness she takes away,
And grief of mind doth cause,

Makes me from duty often stray,
As well as break thy laws.

Sins of omission I commit,
By diffidence's power;
No longer Lord, do thou permit
But kill her this blest hour

Matilda Allen, Malahide, Feb. 6, 1867.

Beneath the sod soon will be laid,
The body of a blooming maid;
Matilda Allen is no more,
She's left this sinful earthly shore.

Her body soon will buried be,
Her soul is now with Deity,
The time will come when body too,
Again shall be brought in full view.

When soul and body again meet,
'Twill be around God's merciful seat;
O what a sight to be found there,
In holy bliss Christ's love to share.

Matilda, if in Christ she be,
How happy is her destiny;
'Tis gain to die, if we are those
Who Jesus Christ in life did choose.

I trust Matilda knew her Lord,
And oft perused His holy word:
If that's the case, she now is where
Her Saviour's love her soul will cheer.

A child of God has a new birth,
 Though body lies beneath the earth;
 Her soul will be in heav'n above,
 There to remain in perfect love.

Farewell Matilda, thou art gone,
 Thy body now lies cold as stone;
 Soon thy soul and body shall be
 United in eternity.

I Long to Die.

I long to die and fly away,
 To fly away from sin;
 I want to be in endless day,
 Where all is pure and clean.

I long to die, the reason's plain,
 Here sin doth much abound;
 On Jordon's plains there is no pain,
 For sin there can't be found.

I long to die and be at rest,
 Where sin can never come;
 I want to be among the blest.
 In heaven my happy home.

I long to die to sin no more,
 My soul it then will fly,
 My Saviour quickly to adore,
 Above, beyond the sky.

I long to die, for here I find,
 Nought but sin and sorrow;

Here I can't get what fills my mind,
Lord take me to-morrow.

I long to die that I may be,
Free from all sinful care,
That I may dwell blest Lord with thee,
And thy sweet love to share.

I long to die for I am weak,
My strength is almost gone,
Help me my God, Jesus to seek,
And melt my heart of stone.

I long to die, my heart doth pant,
For thee my blessed God,
Give me Jesus 'tis all I want,
And his most holy blood.

I long to die, for Jesus came,
My poor soul to procure,
And if I sin it is a shame,
But in Christ I'm secure.

Bramley's Brewery.

One morn I saw a dreadful sight,
And yet it makes me think,
A mother smart and very bright,
Except that she would drink.

That morn had died a mother fair,
In Bramley's Brewery
She lay on straw, I do declare,
Sad sight of misery.

She left three children, perhaps four,
I'm sure I have forgot,
They did weep hard and loudly roar,
At their unhappy lot.

Upon the straw the mother died,
Rum was the cause of it,
Some said 'twas something else beside,
Some said it was a fit.

The mother was a soldier's wife,
A drunken sot was she,
She drank liquor all through her life,
As plainly known to me.

Forty years may now have rolled away,
Since that poor mother died,
As for the children I can't say,
Where they now do abide.

I wish them well where e'er they be,
And hope they're sober too;
For liquor's effects they did see,
With mother full in view.

Their mother left them orphans all,
When on the straw she died,
They now may wander on this ball,
If on earth they abide.

Perhaps they've gone and if its so,
I trust they've gone above;
For here on earth they had much woe,
But now are filled with love.

I hate liquor, of it I sing,
 It is a curse to man;
 For like a serpent it will sting,
 To work out Satan's plan.

Lord's Day.

Beautiful morn this Sabbath day,
 The sun shines bright and clear,
 O keep me Lord in the right way,
 By love and filial fear.

Beautiful morn help me to write,
 A song of praise to thee,
 May I alone in Christ delight,
 Who gave himself for me.

Beautiful morn when we can rest,
 From labor and from care,
 When we can think of Christ the blest,
 And of him have a share.

Beautiful morn delightful day,
 By God the Father giv'n,
 In which to watch as well as pray,
 And meditate on heaven.

Beautiful morn, my soul do thou
 Admire the works of God,
 To Jesus humbly, meekly bow,
 For thee he shed his blood.

Beautiful morn both calm and clear,
 My mind does feel at rest;

For thou my God my soul dost cheer,
In Jesus I am blest.

Beautiful morn, when I have time
My muse to occupy,
In praising God it is no crime,
But yields a perfect joy.

Beautiful morn, my soul admire
The beauties God bestows,
And may I have but one desire,
'Tis Sharon's lovely Rose.

Beautiful morn, when I can see
By faith my Saviour near,
He who once did die on the tree,
My poor soul for to cheer.

Beautiful morn, sweet Sabbath day,
From earthly care I'm free;
O Lord, teach me to watch and pray,
Until I with Thee be.

I Wish.

I wish to do good, I hate to do harm,
For virtue alone my poor soul doth charm;
All virtue I find when I do look up,
And see Him who for me did drink the cup.

'Twas Jesus that emptied the cup for me,
When in the garden of Gethsemane,
And on the cross His blood for me He shed,
Which gives me true life, and that from the dead.

O may my mind centre on Christ alone,
 Then quick will be melted my heart of stone,
 Then I shall feel soft, and most tender, too;
 There is nothing like viewing Christ the Jew.

If we do only on Jesus depend,
 We've a true and everlasting Friend;
 Still we must fight as long as we are here
 Against Satan, the world and flesh, I fear.

My mind does wander, I can write no more,
 But this I do know, I Jesus adore;
 And when my body by death is laid down,
 My Saviour will give me an heavenly crown.

I Need.

I need, my God, more grace of heart,
 Do Thou that grace, good Lord, impart;
 That I Thy love and favor feel,
 Which will increase my sluggish zeal.

It will make me more useful here,
 It will likewise banish all fear,
 And make me bold, that I may tell
 The love of Christ Immanuel.

O I would like God's cause to see
 Spreading around like a bay tree;
 See sinners flocking to the Lamb,
 The sinner's Friend and great I Am.

I wish I could God's Word propound,
 And show poor man where peace is found:

'Tis found alone in Jesus' love,
Who for man's sake came from above,

And cleared the way that man might be
Saved from eternal misery,
And bliss divine with Him enjoy,
In regions pure, far, far on high.

I Long for Home.

I long for a home, a home of purity,
For sin I hate,
At any rate,
But virtue I love, 'tis felicity.

Then who would not long for a home that's pure,
Pure from all sin,
Holy and clean,
Where nought but virtue and love can endure.

For such a sweet home my poor soul doth crave;
Lord, give me it,
I'm a poet,
Nor shall I fear to go to the dark grave.

For the thoughts of bliss far above the sky
Will make peace roll
C'er my poor soul,
And make me long to leave and go on high.

There my poor soul shall rest in perfect peace,
Nor can sin come

To that pure home,
 But wholly from self we are sure to cease.
 Well may I long for my sweet home of love,
 Where I shall rest
 On Jesus' breast,
 And praise the Father, Son and Holy Dove.

To Lucy, J. T.

Of friends just now I am bereft,
 Nor do I soon expect to see,
 For Lucy truly I have left,
 Perhaps no more with her to be.

I have no friends that care for me,
 I am old and most lonely, too;
 In Ingersoll I soon shall be,
 There I'll see friends, and them that's true.

My relatives are most unkind,
 But why it is I cannot tell;
 To my poetic gift are blind,
 To my feelings, I think, as well.

I love my children, yes do I,
 Indeed I think it very hard;
 I have indeed but little joy,
 Against my thoughts I cannot guard.

From kindred now I'll stay away,
 Nor trust to friends for happiness;
 A long time from them I shall stay,
 But still love them nevertheless.

Notice, Port Burwell.

To the Burwellites I would say,
 That I can write for ready pay,
 On all subjects, at any time,
 In prose, or blank verse, or sweet rhyme.

My charges, too, are very low,
 For half a cent my muse will flow—
 Per line, I mean; for young, for old,
 For soldiers brave or sailers bold.

I love to write for lassies fair
 Who wear their own, not borrowed hair;
 Who have a spark, and one alone,
 Whose hearts are soft, not hard as stone;
 For those who spark, and more than one,
 Are very apt to be undone.

For laddies, too, I love to write,
 Who in a sweet lass take delight;
 A hint or two is all I want,
 With that I'll make the heart to pant.

And when I do but draw her out,
 'Twill make the lads both lips to pout;
 And when the picture he has seen,
 He'll love it more than Vic., our Queen.

Irish Town, McGillivray.

I have a daughter bright and fair,
 Her heart is rather hard;
 She has no love for me I fear,
 A poor old lonely bard.

She thinks that I've fallen from grace,
 Because I took a glass;
 I own to me 'tis a disgrace,
 The time thus for to pass.

The summer complaint made me take,
 As physic, alcohol;
 I'm sorry now I did partake
 A single drop at all.

But as it is I'll drink no more,
 To drink it is evil,
 For drinking will, I am most sure,
 Bring me near the devil.

I'm sorry for what I have done,
 Myself alone I blame,
 My heart, as yet, is not all stone,
 But feels a deal of shame.

Cornelia's Cake.

Come, my sweet muse, arise, awake,
 For you are known as Uncle Jake,
 And sing a song about a cake,
 And a good one.

No one has got a taste as yet,
 Perhaps next week they all may get,
 Which, if they do, they'll ne'er forget
 Under the sun.

To see the cake it is most grand,
 In the pulpit or on a stand,
 With its colors so gay and grand,
 A pretty sight.

To see a cake that looks so well,
 Its beauties sure my tongue can't tell,
 Its body does with sweetmeats swell,
 Gaily and bright.

The tissue paper and the flag;
 I think my muse doth slowly drag,
 Or she would more fluently brag
 Of the fine cake.

A social on next Monday night
 Will put the cake far out of sight,
 For each and all will get a bite
 With Uncle Jake.

Born of God.

I'm born of God, I know it well,
 My sins are all forgiven;
 The time I know, and I can tell
 When I was born of heaven.

O how my heart with love did burn
 When I from self was free;
 From sin and folly I did turn,
 But looked up to the tree.

My Saviour I by faith did see,
 My heart was melted soft,
 I saw by faith on Calvary
 Who beckoned me aloft.

My sins just then were took away,
 How happy was my soul,

On earth I wished not for to stay,
Sweet peace o'er me did roll.

And ever since by times I feel
I'd rather go above;
For small by times is my weak zeal,
Yet still I have some love.

I do love Jesus, yes I do,
I wish I loved Him more;
I oft do err, but He is true,
Lord, help me to adore.

I praise the Father, God the First,
For His blest Spirit given,
That I for Christ may truly thirst,
Until I get to heaven.

When I in heaven do Jesus see,
My thirsting will be o'er,
For O my Saviour, He loves me,
And Him I will adore.

Various Beliefs.

Various beliefs, and why it's so
May puzzle me to tell:
By which mankind expect to go
To heaven or to hell.

Some do believe that works will save,
And have somewhat to spare;
I'm sure such works I do not crave,
Nor wish to have a share.

A share of creature works I mean,
Is what I do despise;
But Christ's righteousness I do deem
Enough to ope my eyes.

Yes, Jesus came to do for man
What poor man could not do,
And God did so fix His own plan,
By Mary's Son, the Jew.

Yes, Jesus was born of David's line,
Both God and Man was He;
He is both Man and God Divine,
In Him is Deity.

The law by Jesus was made right,
For He fulfilled it all,
And justice in the Father's sight,
When He did leave our ball.

Upon the cross the Saviour died,
How holy and how meek;
He suffered all for His dear bride,
The Groom O let us seek.

I know I can't believe like all,
But one thing I do know,
Like Mary, I would humbly fall
At Jesus' feet most low.

For what I am, for what I be,
To God be all the praise;
'Tis by the grace of God I'm free,
And shall be so always.

Proverbs, 111. 6. To W. C. S.

In all God's ways; ah yes, my friend,
But to his ways there is no end;
His attributes are infinite,
Then let us pray to get more light.
It is our duty for to own
And thank God for what He's made known;
Some of His ways we understand,
Then let us not build on the sand;
But let us build on Christ, the Rock,
Who'll keep and own His little flock.
Man's knowledge is but very small,
Compared with God's scarce naught at all.
One thing we know and that can tell,
'That Jesus is Immanuel.
Without Him we would all be dark,
Of living faith not have a spark;
Jesus is light, He came below
To save our souls from guilt and woe.
O what a sight the Father saw
When Christ for us fulfilled His law;
And justice, too, He satisfied,
When on the cross the Saviour died.
We acknowledge Thee, blessed God,
For Jesus bought us with His blood;
'Twas a great price the Saviour paid,
When all our sins on Him were laid.
Increase our knowledge, 'blessed Lord,
By Thy Spirit and by Thy Word;
O may we know Thee more and more,
Until we reach that happy shore.

Our knowledge then shall fast increase,
Where all is joy, where all is peace;
Thy goodness here we truly see,
Yet long, blest God, with Thee to be.
Our knowledge here it is but small,
Daily for more O may we call
On Thee who dost all knowledge give,
By which our souls do daily live.
O Lord, Thy goodness still impart,
Fill with knowledge each drooping heart,
That daily we may much improve
By knowing Thee, the God of love.
Thy love was great when Thou didst send
Thy darling Son, the sinner's Friend,
From the regions of bliss above,
To come below and die for love.
Thy Spirit, Lord, do Thou bestow,
That we in knowledge swift may grow.
That we may copy Thy dear Son,
Until we, Lord, do become one:
When we shall see Jesus above,
In endless, ceaseless, perfect love.
Our knowledge then shall fast increase,
Yet never, never shall it cease,
For 'twill expand eternally,
Yet never reach infinity.
O what is man that he doth know,
Except from God the knowledge flow;
All good alone from God proceed,
He gives us all that we do need.
But then, my friend, we oft do stray

From Jesus Christ, the truth, the way;
 It seems most strange, and yet 'tis true,
 We oft do stray from Christ, the Jew.
 Direct us, Lord, in the true path,
 'Tis Thy dear Son that saves from wrath;
 O may our love around Him curl,
 For He's the rich and precious Pearl,
 And if in Him we have a share,
 We're richer than a millionaire.
 He is the Lily, fair and white,
 That doth the saint's poor soul delight;
 And when the Spirit gently blows,
 We know Him then as Sharon's Rose.
 Jesus did promise for to send
 His blest Spirit to be our friend;
 And by His Spirit we do know
 All wisdom doth from Jesus flow.
 In every way the Lord is good,
 He gives us clothes, He gives us food;
 He gives us peace, He gives us joy,
 And soon He'll take our souls on high.
 Praise God the Father and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, three in one;
 But one blest God, in persons three,
 O holy, glorious Trinity.

A, Williams, Sunday, Oct. 25, 1868.

From this blest night I'll form a plan,
 And I shall do it if I can,
 It is to be a virtuous man,
 And nought beside.

I'm lonely now, for I do feel
That I in prayer do seldom kneel;
And lo! just now for Christ my zeal
My light I hide.

I ought to be a Christian bold,
The good God's done me can't be told;
Then why should my poor heart feel cld,
It is a shame.

There is no comfort here below,
Except from Jesus it doth flow,
Then let me to my Saviour go
Or I'm to blame.

A sinful course it is most hard,
Against all sin O may I guard;
Although a weak and silly bard
The Lord is strong.

For strength may I to Jesus go,
For He my weakness well doth know,
And if I ask he will bestow
Strength against wrong.

I can't be happy, no not I,
Unless my mind I occupy
With thoughts of Christ beyond the sky,
Where all is love.

As long as I on earth do stay,
I'll have to fight by night, by day,
To keep temptations far away,
My trust to prove.

My sins do vex me, yes they do,
 For daily they do me pursue,
 And ever will, I fear 'tis true,
 Whilst I am here.

But when from earth I take my flight,
 Faith will be swallowed up in sight,
 And my poor soul be filled with light,
 Christ's love to share.

The True Catholic.

The Catholic, I love his soul,
 And oft my mind on him doth roll;
 A Catholic is born again,
 And shall with Christ forever reign.
 The Catholic, the Catholic,
 I love the Catholic.

The Catholic will ever reign
 With Jesus Christ on Canaan's plain;
 When with this earth he shall have done,
 He'll go and dwell with God's dear Son.
 Teh Catholic, &c.

The Catholic, he may be known
 By a soft heart, not one of stone;
 He loves the poor, likewise the rich,
 And by his actions he does preach.
 The Catholic, &c.

The Catholics are scattered round,
 Among all sects they may be found;

Their numbers truly are but few,
I would I could more numbers view.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic does love the Lord,
And with great care doth read His Word;
And what he knows it gives him joy,
And oft his time doth thus employ.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic has a sure prop,
For Jesus Christ will bear him up,
And when he falls, to Christ will look,
No quicker done than's straight his crook.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic in Christ doth view
The bleeding Lamb, God, Man and Jew;
He knows his Saviour once did die,
It grieves him, yet it gives him joy.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic is sure to rest
With Jesus Christ among the blest;
He knows on earth he's got to fight,
Yet soon his faith will turn to sight.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic can never fall,
For Jesus is his all in all,
Though some pretend, and often say,
That Catholics in hell do pray.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic is Jesus' bride,
In Jesus love shall e'er abide;
Nor can he fall, O no, not he,
His keeper's Christ of Galilee.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic is blest indeed,
For oft on manna he doth feed;
And when he leaves a world of care
He'll go a Saviour's love to share.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic is born anew
Not by creature merit,
O no indeed it is most true
He's born of God the spirit.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic has charity,
He does no creature harm,
And he avoids all bigotry
For him it hath no charm.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic will ever last,
For Jesus Christ doth hold him fast,
And when he dies he'll dwell above
With Jesus Christ in perfect love.
The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic cannot be lost,
Though oft by care and sin is tost,

He's sure his sorrows shall end,
 For he will be with Christ his friend.
 The Catholic, &c.

The Catholic's God will protect,
 He is saved, for he is elect,
 And such can never fall away
 But will come back if they do stray.
 The Catholic, &c.

Jacob. July 21, 1867.

About one week has rolled away
 Since I with Jacob here did stay,
 Who now from me is far away,
 My only son.

On Monday morn we took a trip
 To Port Stanley to see a ship,
 And Lake Erie's waters to sip,
 Jacob and I.

In a poor stage we both did go
 To London, nineteen miles or so;
 The driver's name I well do know,
 But never mind.

In London we the cars did take,
 And Jake felt well and wide awake,
 And soon we got to Erie's lake,
 My boy and I.

We took a walk along the shore,
 Of pebbles Jake got quite a store,

Whilst the waves did but gently roar,
It pleased us both.

We left the lake, the truth I tell,
To see a friend, Major Tisdell,
And o'er night with him we did dwell,
With much pleasure.

Besides the Major, we did find
Three ladies there, both good and kind,
Which made me happy in my mind,
And Jacob, too.

After breakfast we went away
To call upon a bright lady,
And which we did near by Sparta,
My boy and I.

We travelled that day, but not hard,
For we put up with friend Minard,
Well known to the wandering bard,
But not my son.

Jacob was surprised, for he found
That I and thou do not abound,
Though among friends we like the sound,
Jacob and I.

The next night we thought we would spend
With a true hearted, honest friend:
Hannah we met, and that did end
Our tramp that day.

To Aylmer next we both did go,
And there the time did swiftly flow
With Emily, as Jake does know,
Most pleasantly.

We took the stage on Friday morn,
'Twas needful that we should return;
Emily looked sad and forlorn,
'Tis a pity.

To St. Thomas we got in time,
To drive fast I think 'tis no crime,
As it gives me leisure to rhyme,
Which I do love.

On the cars to London again
We soon did get, and free from pain,
Nor did we catch a drop of rain,
My son or I.

In the old stage, once more we got
To Ireland with a motley lot,
Happy to say there was no sot
On board the stage.

I'm happy to say we did find,
Where'er we went, the people kind,
Yet some we thought were nearly blind,
But never mind.

Much fruit there was where we did go,
Jacob enjoyed it, I well know;
At eating fruit he is not slow,
Jacob, my boy.

I am Alone.

I am alone without a doubt
 Indeed I care not where,
 I'll be glad when my life is out
 'Twill end my present care.

And if I am what I profess,
 I'll go to heaven above,
 And be with Christ my righteousness,
 In everlasting love.

I hate to tell what I do know,
 But this much I will say,
 By a false friend I suffer woe
 And rove about each day.

I have no home, nor need I one
 On this cursed earth below,
 My heart is getting hard as stone
 And fast that way doth grow.

I have no one to lean upon,
 Of earthly kind I mean,
 No wonder I'm a lonely one,
 I write but tell no dream.

Preaching. Sarnia.

I went this day to hear one preach,
 His name's Mr. Thompson;
 Indeed he's able sinners to teach,
 He preached a good sermon.

He told us what the Saviour's done,
 That we may inherit

A happy home, a blissful one,
And all through Christ's merit.

He likewise told us some do preach,
Their learning to exhibit;
Such sermons ne'er the sinners teach,
For lack of the Spirit.

To save poor sinners, we must try
And Jesus preach alone;
Salvation, friends, we cannot buy,
Our hearts are hard as stone.

Salvation is the gift of God,
Not of creature merit;
Salvation's bought by Jesus blood,
Made known by the Spirit.

Heaven is Beautiful.

Heaven is beautiful, I long for that day,
That time with me shall be over,
When I on this earth shall no longer stay,
Where I have lived as a rover.

Heaven is beautiful, and I want to see,
That land of rest and purity;
But I must wait until God calls for me,
That I with him may blessed be.

Heaven is beautiful, that's the reason why
My poor soul longs to be there;
Here I wander as a poetic boy,
With sorrow, and trouble, and care.

Heaven is beautiful, for all there is light,
It is free from sin and sorrow;
All who in Jesus do sweetly delight,
Have no cares at all to borrow.

Heaven is beautiful, and Jesus is there,
And if in him we are secure,
For each believer in Christ hath a share,
And it will forever endure.

Heaven is beautiful, for 'tis free of sin,
And sin causes man's misery;
But in heaven all is pure, holy, and clean,
And I long that country to see.

Heaven is beautiful, then why should I stay,
And wish on earth for to remain,
And not rather wish to be far away,
From sin, sickness, sorrow or pain.

Heaven is beautiful, in Jesus 'tis found,
'Tis free to all that do believe;
Then why should we love this earthly ground,
Or hate this vile earth for to leave.

Heaven is beautiful, and is given to all,
That will on Jesus Christ rely;
Lord grant me thy spirit's grace to extol,
My Saviour who for me did die:

Heaven is beautiful, yet few do go there,
Shall the truth now by me be told;
The most of men here the truth I declare
Alone seek for silver and gold.

Heaven is beautiful, the sight will be grand,
 One sight is enough for poor me;
 It is the Lamb of God at God's right hand,
 'Tis said like him that I shall be.

Heaven is beautiful, and if we but trust,
 In the Lamb of God who once died,
 The Father will view us as pure and just,
 And we shall in Jesus abide.

To S. My Wish.

May God bless you every day,
 And from him may you never stray,
 May his glory around thee shine,
 And may you know Jesus as thine.

The gates of plenty open be,
 To all that do belong to thee,
 And honors too and happiness,
 Be thine dear friend and nothing less.

May all vain strife be kept away,
 From among thee by night and day;
 May sorrow never thee annoy,
 But love and peace fill you with joy.

And when you sleep may angels' hands,
 Protect you, dear, like loving bands;
 May you your pillow never miss,
 May it be soft as maiden's kiss.

And when you tire of things below,
 For length of years will make it so,

Then may you this earth freely leave,
Nor need grim death cause thee to grieve.

May angels be around thy bed,
And Jesus Christ the church's head,
And may thy last breath be thy best,
For with thy Saviour thou shall rest.

And death to thee sha'll prove a friend,
Thy sorrows here death all shall end,
And may you have Mary's great gift,
The gift your soul from earth to lift.

That gift is bought by Jesus' blood,
And makes you pure in sight of God;
And when with earth you shall have done,
Your home will be with God's dear son.

'Twill be a home of lasting joy,
Where all is pure, without alloy,
Where can go but only those,
Whom God in Christ long since did choose.

My Home.

'Tis the last Sunday in July,
I'm glad that time does swiftly fly,
For I do long to go on high,
And be at home.

For here I find but little rest,
By sin and sorrow I am prest,
I long to be among the blest,
With Christ at home.

The most of men do love to stay,
In this poor world, from Christ away,
Nor do they care to watch and pray,
Nor seek a home.

A home of bliss, a home of joy,
A home where sin can ne'er annoy,
A home of bliss without alloy—
O what a home.

The most of men they must be blind,
Or else that home they'd soon find,
That makes me happy in my mind—
My sweet, sweet home.

A home so pure there is no sin,
A home where all is pure and clean,
For nothing vile can there get in,
Sweet, perfect home.

That home, blest God, I long to see,
That home of bliss and purity,
That home that Jesus bought for me—
O blissful home.

Well, I shall go when I do die,
And see my Saviour in the sky,
And dwell with him eternally,
In my blest home.

I want to go, indeed I do,
That I with sin might soon get through,
And see my Saviour full in view,
In my sweet home.

To tell the truth, I now do state,
That I this world do truly hate,
Sin is the cause, such is my fate,
I long for home.

I want a home where I can dwell
In presence of Immanuel,
That my poor heart doth love so well,
In my pure home.

The time to me it doth seem long,
I want to sing Moses' song
To Christ to whom it doth belong,
In my sweet home.

I wish that time with me were o'er,
That I might get to that sweet shore,
Where I my Saviour shall adore,
In love at home.

Soon I hope by God's blest free grace,
He'll take me from this earthly place,
To see my Saviour's shining face,
In my sweet home.

'Tis sin that makes me long to leave,
'Tis sin alone that makes me grieve;
But when I die I shall receive
A holy home.

Sin cannot come where I shall go,
There is no sin, O no, no, no,
But perfect love from Christ doth flow,
In that sweet home.

Then death to me will bring delight,
 For sin no more my soul will blight,
 There is none there, for all is light,
 In that pure home.

Good Lord, do thou my poor soul cheer,
 That thoughts of death may bring no fear,
 But may I long scon to appear
 With thee at home.

Friendship.

On friendship, Jane, I heard you say,
 You wished me for to write;
 Your request, Jane, I now obey,
 And that with sweet delight.

Friendship is sweet and near of kin
 To love, my bonny Jane;
 Friendship is pure and without sin,
 Gives pleasure without pain.

Friendship will last though far away
 We from our friends may go;
 The best of friends sometimes do stray,
 Which causes grief and woe.

Dear Jane, your friendship I do prize,
 A friend I knew you've been;
 I trust we'll meet above the skies,
 On Cannan's happy green.

And when you hear, dear Jane, that I
 Have left this earth below,
 O may you meet me in the sky,
 Your friendship for to show.

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 Sepertine 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 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 pleased her father, and he did enquire
For the noble youth, to give him his hire.

When the youth came, the father did say,
Come here, noble youth, you now I must pay;
For my daughter's life you truly did save:
But for you she would have had a watery grave.

As you have proved 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 jumped 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, and the daughter, too
And the noble youth, the story 'tis true.

—
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.

Estelle Manning.

Of Estelle I must now relate,
Her past as well as present state;
Her present state I first shall tell,
What she does do as well as dwell.

As for her doings they are small,
Almost, indeed, nothing at all;
The money she got from a fool,
Her little soul it now doth rule.

The interest only is used,
She got from him she so abused;
Her place of residence I'll tell—
In London City she doth dwell.

A cruel girl, yet quite pretty,
And further, too, she is witty;
With wit and beauty she did plan
How to swindle a silly man.

Estelle was poor, in London dwelt,
The depths of poverty she felt;
Her native place she did forsake,
Her object was money to make.

She left her home, did cross the sea,
And landed in Louisiana;
At New Orleans she did reside,
Gave out she was an injured bride.

Her beauty and her sorrows won
The affections of Charles Mason,
A merchant rich, in love so deep
For Estelle that he could not sleep.

Soon Charles told Estelle how he felt,
It made her heart for Charles to melt;
She owned she loved him most sincere,
But of their union she did fear.

Dear Charles, said she, I am a wife,
But O, I've led a wretched life!
My husband is so cross and sour,
I wish he were dead this blest hour.

But as he lives, I cannot wed,
Unless divorced, or he were dead.
Estelle, my dear, Mason did say,
Haste to London, do not delay,

Enter a suit, a divorce get,
When we shall be most happy yet;
With thee, Estelle, I hate to part,
For O I love with all my heart.

Go dear, go, that you may be free
From the monster that married thee;
Spare no money, I'll pay the cost,
Without you, dear, I do feel lost.

Enter the suit, do lawyers feed,
Draw on me when money you need;
Push the suit as fast as you can,
For your husband is a mean man.

A man that can abuse Estelle
Is not fit on this earth to dwell.
Dear Charles, says she, you are most kind,
And you alone can fill my mind.

My heart you've got, O how I burn
The divorce to get and return.
They went aboard of the ship,
There Charles did kiss Estelle's sweet lip.

There took his leave of the sweet dame
He thought so gentle and so tame;
He little knew that his Estelle
Would take his cash and life as well.

The ship did soon put out to sea,
And Estelle felt happy and free,
For now, says she, I have a plan
To become rich without a man.

For men I hate, I them detest,
In truth to me they are a pest;
I shall live single all my life,
Though Charles believes I am a wife.

I have some wit, be it but small,
Mason's money I'll have it all.
The sea was rough, the winds did roar,
But soon Estelle did get on shore.

A house she did hire with a lot,
She then commenced her pretty plot:
She wrote to Charles and thus did say,
For you, dear Charles, I pray each day.

The suit is pending, and I trust
We'll win the suit, for it is just;
Of money now I pray you send,
As you did promise me, my friend.

Farewell, dear Charles, I have no time
To write you more, in prose or rhyme;
For to our lawyers I must go
And coax them, for they plead so slow.

Charles got his sweet Estelle's letter,
He was sick, but soon got better;
Twenty thousand dollars he sent,
Which sum, though large, need not prevent.

He said, my dear, the suit push on,
And soon you'll be Mistress Mason;
My love is strong, O how I feel,
And none but you my heart can heal.

Dear Estelle, quick, O quick, get free,
Get your divorce and marry me;
With patience I'll wait until I hear
From you again, my lovely dear.

When the letter Estelle did get,
Mine, says she, is a noble net;
Twenty thousand dollars I've got,
Indeed it is a pretty lot.

Twenty thousand more I'll procure,
It will be enough I am sure;
When forty thousand I do own
I'll cheat no more, but live alone.

I think I'll write Mason again,
And not to give him too much pain,
I'll write for ten thousand, no more,
And say my money's run ashore.

And so she wrote, but told a lie,
Her cash was in a bank close by;
She told Charles the suit now must stay,
For she the lawyers could not pay.

Charles thought it queer, but could not tell,
Ten thousand more he'd send Estelle,
Which when she got, O dear, said she,
Ten thousand more will make me free.

After a while Estelle wrote again,
And begged of Charles to ease her pain;
For, said she, the suit is near o'er,
Still I require ten thousand more,

Which sum, I am sure, will be all
For which on you I e'er shall call;
O send the money, my Charles dear,
Do send it, O do without fear.

Charles thought it strange, he felt most sad,
His loss of money made him mad;
But, said he, I will send the last,
'Twill join Estelle and me quite fast;

And when we meet, though poor we be,
Her love and truth will bless poor me.
Charles sent the money quick across,
He little knew his awful loss.

When Estelle the cash did behold,
O now, says see the story's told;
I now must write and tell Charles all,
The law suit's lost, it makes me bawl.

With my old husband I must stay,
Unless I sin and run away;
Which, dear Charles, you know I can't do,
So I am forced to say, Adieu!

When Charles the letter did receive,
It caused him greatly for to grieve;
She's got my money, lost the case,
Filled me with grief and with disgrace.

I cannot live, O no, not I,
Soon to this world I'll bid good bye;
I am so full of grief and pains,
I'm sure I'll soon blow out my brains;
Charles put the pistol to his head,
Pulled the trigger and fell down dead.

Springfield, Oct. 16th, 1866.

To-day I trust I'll have a feast,
For I expect this day
To see the people called Menist,
And hear them sing and pray.

And I am told they preach likewise,
And preach what is most true,
To guide poor sinners to the skies,
Where dwells Jesus the Jew.

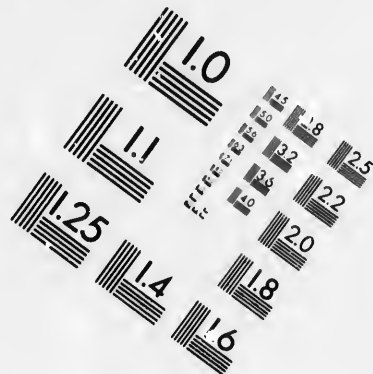
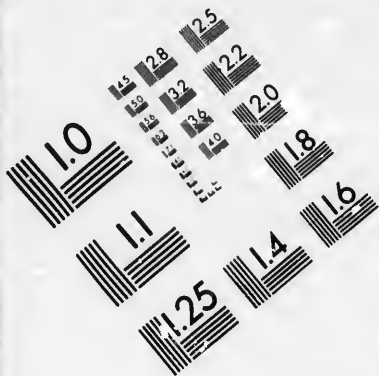
Of course I cannot tell till I
Have heard the preacher preach,
For some do preach, and preach a lie,
And some the truth do teach.

And when I hear the truth is told,
I then my mind enjoy,
For truth, my friends, is before gold,
It yields a perfect joy.

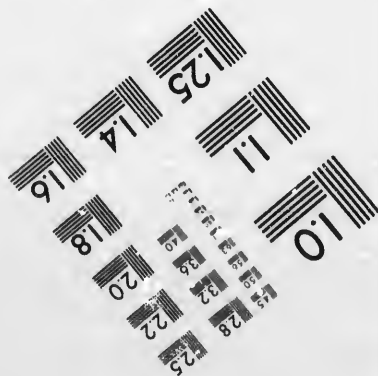
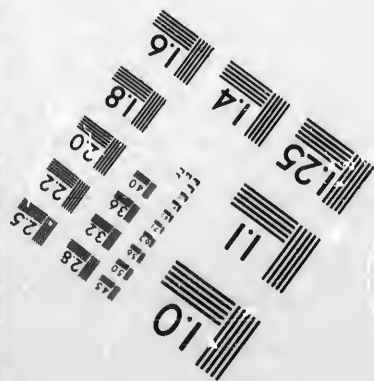
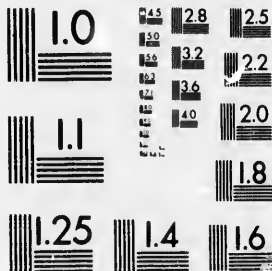
All Truth came once to earth below,
And here awhile did dwell,
And suffered sorrow, grief and woe—
Then died Immanuel.

Yes, Jesus died and shed his blood
To redeem our poor race,
That we with Him may dwell with God,
Procured by sovereign grace.

For without grace poor man were lost,
For could he go to heaven :



**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**





For man's vile sin Christ paid the cost,
His blood for man was given.

O how should man the Saviour love
For what he did bestow:
He shed his blood, then went above
To save poor man from woe.

And now he pleads before the throne,
For all who trust in him,
And all who do depend alone
On Christ of Bethlehem.

The Barber's Ghost.

"Do you want to be shaved?" the constant cry,
When in a curtain bed-room you would lie;
And why it was so, I now shall relate,
For the truth of the tale I now shall state.

A traveller one night stopped at an inn,
The landlord would not keep him—'twas a sin,
For he said his beds were all taken up;
But of gin he said he'd give him a sup.

"For your liquor, landlord, I do not care,
But I want some food and bed I declare;
I am tired and have been riding all day,
And have money and am willing to pay.

"So grant me a bed and let me lie down,
Although a poor man, I'll give thee a crown."
"Stranger," says the landlord, "there is one room,
But if you sleep there sealed will be your doom;

"For in that room a poor barber was killed,
Nor can his ghost to this day be kept still'd:
'Do you want to be shaved?' is the dire cry,
For money I would not sleep there, no, not I."

"Well," says the traveller, "don't fear my doom,
The ghost and I will inhabit the room;
And in the morning I will my bill pay,
And thank you, boss, as I go on my way."

"Then take the room," the landlord did reply,
"Your bed and lodgings may you much enjoy."
The gamblers up stairs were playing away,
The traveller went past them but would not stay;

For he was a good man, a Christian, too,
It made him feel bad the gamblers to view,
He went to his room, and when he got in
He prayed that the Lord would keep him from sin.

He looked under the bed and all around,
To see if the barber's ghost could be found;
No ghost being found, he soon went to bed,
Quickly from the pillow he raised his head.

"Do you want to be shaved?" the barber cried;
The man in bed no longer could abide—
He jumped out of bed, his candle to light,
The glare of the light put the ghost to flight.

He went to bed again and there did lay,
The ghost made a noise and he could not stay;
He got up again and looked all around,
But no barber's ghost could there be found.

He tried his bed once more, but it was not long;
“Do you want to be shaved?” came out most strong;
He got up out of bed, his clothes put on,
Says he “I’ll watch till the rise of the sun.”

As he was watching, quickly he did see
A crooked limb that grew on a large tree;
The limb scratch’d the house, and that made a noise,
The man was glad and he thought of the boys.

The boys in the next room are what I mean,
And gamblers they were the worst ever seen.
“Now,” says the traveller, “money I’ll make,
And I will act the ghost for money’s sake.”

A sheet he took, the ghost to represent,
And opened the door the barber to present;
“Do you want to be shaved?” the ghost did say,
The gamblers alarmed did soon run away.

Down stairs they did run, it was a queer sight,
The poor ghost to put the gamblers to flight;
The traveller soon the money did take
Into his hat, for he was wide awake.

And returned to his bed to rest awhile,
As well as his time you know to beguile;
The traveller slept well, and well he might,
For the gamblers’ money gave him delight.

The ghost was himself, none others are seen,
And those who believe in ghosts must be green.
In the morning the traveller got up,
Went down stairs to get of good tea a cup,

As well as a beefsteak and buttered toast;
He then took his purse out to pay the host,
Which when the host saw, he quickly did say,
"Stranger, are you in a hurry, I pray?"

"O tell me, do tell me, before you go,
Did you see the ghost? tell me yes or no."
"No," says the traveller, "no ghost I've seen
In the bedroom, nor yet where I have been."

"Ah! traveller," the host did quick reply,
"I am sure you are a lucky boy;
For the ghost left your room, and made route
Of all the vile gamblers without a doubt;

For he wanted to shave the gamblers all,
And loudly on them for shaving did call;
The gamblers did run from the ghost away,
Of all the vile gamblers without a doubt:

But the queerest thing that ever was done,
Or heard tell of beneath the sun,
The ghost robbed the gamblers of every sou,
And I'm so shaved I know not what to do!"

"Farewell; landlord," the traveller did say,
"I've paid you, I think, and bid you good-day."
The traveller was glad the money he made,
To pass for a ghost he thought a good trade;
And when he was merry he oft would tell,
The tale of the ghost and the gamblers as well.

Sixth Chapter of Matthew.

If thou art willing for to give
 To the poor man, that he may live,
 Be sure to do it single, too—
 Let not thy left hand tell or do

What thy right hand may prove to all,
 That thou dost love the great and small;
 That what thou dost in secret do
 God Himself will bring in full view,

And thy reward thou shalt obtain,
 For none do good and that in vain.
 God is a being we cannot see,
 Then let us copy Deity.

Do all the good in secret, too,
 To Gentile as well as the Jew:
 Do good to the whole human race,
 For what we are 'tis all of grace;

Then let us strive with all our might,
 In charity to take delight:
 To help the poor as well as rich;
 By actions as well as by speech.

Lower Town, Paris.

Five swings this day by me are seen,
 Among the pines and oaks so green;
 The most that swing are lasses fair.
 Lately I saw a loving pair—
 A pretty lass and noble boy,
 And truly they did swing most high.

Methought 'twould be a blessed time
 To pop the question--'tis no crime;
 If she refused to be his mate,
 She still must swing in spite of fate:
 He could her keep, and her retain,
 And she might strive, and strive in vain,
 Nor could she, though a lively lark,
 Get perfect freedom from her spark.
 To end all doubt she would give in,
 And so the lad his lass would win.

In after years they both could tell
 Where they did spark and swing as well;
 For oft their thoughts no doubt will stray,
 And think of that sweet festal day,
 And of the pine and the oak grove,
 Where each to other pledged their love—
 Not on the ground, I do declare,
 But swinging high up in the air.

True Peace.

No perfect peace on earth is found,
 But after we do die,
 We'll go and dwell on Canaan's ground,
 Then it we shall enjoy.

Peace in a measure here doth flow,
 But soon our peace is gone;
 The reason we full well do know:
 Our hearts are hard as stone.

Here but in part we peace enjoy,
 The cause of it is plain,

Our minds we do sometimes employ,
On subjects that are vain.

If we our thoughts could always place
On Christ and him alone,
Then peace, sweet peace would flow apace,
But 'tis not so, I own.

Our thoughts do rove from Christ the way,
We are but weak at best,
So true peace with us cannot stay,
On earth there's little rest.

But after death we then shall find,
That peace that we do love,
And constant peace will fill the mind
When we do go above.

The Gala Day, Paris, 27th Sept., 1868.

In Paris town this is a day
To bless the rising race;
The children now they are at play,
With each a smiling face.

Some girls are now swinging quite high,
And some are walking around,
On the green you may see a boy,
Lying flat on the ground.

On the flats near to the river
Two children now are seen,
May they be blest, now and ever,
For they are young and green.

The bell has rung, 'tis six o'clock,
 The children soon must go,
 The little dears, all in a flock,
 Each well their home doth know.

There are some lads and lassies, too,
 Upon the ground remain,
 I hope no mischief they will do,
 If so, 'twill be a shame.

Pollock.

Pollock's Course of Time I have read,
 Am sorry, too, that he is dead;
 Of his salvation have no dread,
 He's gone above.

Twenty-six years old, and no more,
 Was Pollock when he left this shore,
 To go above, and Christ adore
 In perfect love.

'Tis hard to lose a poet brave,
 His body now lies in the grave;
 Let us, like him, God's Spirit crave,
 Then we shall rest.

His happy soul is now above,
 And that I'm sure that I can prove,
 For he his Saviour here did love,
 And now he's blest.

He was a poet, though but young;
 By me his praises should be sung,

For eloquent was his pure tongue,
And no mistake.

He wrote the truth in every line;
May I like Pollock so incline,
Then love around my heart shall twine—
Poor Uncle Jake.

Yes, Pollock was a blessed bard;
To die so young it was quite hard,
Yet against death man cannot guard,
But he must die.

And I am waiting for that time,
To think of death it is no crime,
For after death we then shall climb
Far, far on high.

All that love Christ are sure to go,
Like Pollock, from a world of woe,
To dwell with Christ where pleasures flow,
In bliss divine.

My love for Pollock I shall prove,
When I do meet him far above
In one eternal scene of love,
That I call mine.

The Preacher, or Samuel Harris.

S. H. was a preacher, a good one, too,
For he preached Jesus always full in view;
His faith was most strong, and his love likewise,
And he taught many the way to the skies.

He pointed to Christ, the Truth and the Way,
And many believed what Harris did say,
Forsook their own ways, to Jesus did look,
And read with much care God's most holy Book:
Which, when they had done, they very soon found
Their love for Jesus did greatly abound.

The preacher was poor, no money had he,
Yet his meal tub of flour was quite empty.
One man did owe him, so he thought he'd go,
And ask for the pay, he wanted it so;
The man would not pay, but acted most cross,
Poor Harris felt sad, and was at a loss.

The man had wheat, so poor Harris did say,
"I want some wheat, 'twill be the best pay."
"Now, Harris," says the man, "I must tell you,
You'll never get your pay until you sue."

Samuel went away, sad he did feel,
For the cause of Christ he had a great zeal;
For many sinners he had taught the way,
And many more he knew were still astray.

He wanted to tell, poor sinners to teach,
But for want of bread, O how could he preach?
His family were without any bread,
To meet his wife and children he did dread;
So he turned aside, went into a wood,
And thought that he'd pray—that is, if he could—
And sue the vile man at the court above,
The court of equity and court of love.

“Jesus, Saviour mine,” Samuel did say,
“The miserly farmer my debt won’t pay,
But bid me to sue—’twas the only plan
To get my pay, said the poor, sinful man.
And I have come here to enter my cause,
Inasmuch as he has broken Thy laws,
For Thou hast declared, by the mouth of Paul,
That men should pay their debts, not one, but all.

“And now, Judge of heaven, I come before Thee,
To plead my cause, for I am most needy;
I want the wheat, my family to feed,
For O, blessed Lord, they are much in need.
For I have no time to work with my hand,
I want to point sinners to Canaan’s land;
For sinners are lost for knowledge, you see,
I want to guide them up to Calvary.

“Lord, Thou art able to make the man just,
If Thou wilt do it I’m willing to trust,
And will work in Thy vineyard with delight,
And warn poor sinners by day and by night
To look to the Lamb that died on the tree,
To save them from Satan and make them free:
That though they may be poor on this vile earth,
They are made rich in having a new birth—
A birth that none from them can take away,
A birth that shall endure through endless day,
A birth that is procured through blood Divine,
And given to sinners by my Saviour, mine.
O Lord, I am sure my cause Thou wilt grant,
Nor longer for bread shall Thy servant want.”

Harris stopped praying, got up off his knees,
 No prayer he had made did him so much please;
 He went his way, and he scarce could control,
 For he felt so happy in his poor soul.

“ My love for Jesus, O how it doth pant,
 A receipt in full the farmer I'll grant;
 My suit I have plead, and have got it; too,
 And so with the farmer I've nought to do.”

When the farmer got his receipt in full,
 He thought himself blind, eyelashes did pull;
 He soon found it right; and it made him stare,
 But still he did say, “ 'Tis strange, I declare:
 Harris I have wronged,” the farmer did say,
 Nor longer from him shall I keep his pay;
 For not paying him before I feel sad,
 But I know the wheat will make Harris glad.”
 Then let us all trust to Jesus alone,
 For he can melt the hardest heart of stone.

An Acrostic on Jacob Henry Allen, St. Mary's.

Jacob, my boy, I wish him here,
 As he would my poor old heart cheer;
 Could I see him, then I would find
 Of comfort that would fill my mind.
 But as it is I cannot say
 How soon with Jacob I shall play,
 Ever longing my boy to see,
 No wonder that I lonesome be.
 Rough though I be I love my boy,
 Young though he is he is my joy;

And as I love him as my life,
 Lately for him I bought a knife.
 Large is my love for my sweet son,
 E'en he my boy my only one;
 Nought can from him my love sever,
 So I shall love and love ever,
 To see my son I'd like to go,
 Much be there of vile mud or snow;
 Although the roads may be most bad,
 Riding towards him I'd be glad;
 Young though he is my boy is smart,
 So I love him with all my heart.

Esther.

I had a sister three years old,
 Her soul is now on high,
 Her body lies where all is cold,
 For her I often sigh.

Sweet Esther is in bliss divine
 Her soul is now at rest,
 I did love Esther, sister mine,
 I know that thou art blest.

To die young it is a great boon,
 For infants are all clean;
 And infants born and that die soon,
 Know nothing about sin.

Esther will see no troubles here,
 Nor sin of any kind,
 For she has gone to Jesus, where
 Happiness she will find.

I long my sister for to see,
But when I cannot tell;
I long with Esther for to be
Where love alone doth dwell.

Almost a Christian.

Almost a christian is a man
That I would hate to be,
But if a christian then I can
In Christ Jesus feel free.

Almost a christian! many are
They think they are all right,
Yet Jesus love they do not share,
Their souls are dark as night.

Almost a christian! most sad thought,
Yet many we do find,
Who never are to Jesus brought,
Sad lot of human kind.

Almost a christian! and not one,
Is any state more drear;
They do not believe in God's Son,
Remain unsaved I fear.

Almost a christian! most sad state,
Like foolish Virgins they;
Closed against them will be the gate,
Though they may strive to pray.

Almost a christian! what a lot,
Almost in Christ believe,

And think religion they have got,
Themselves they do deceive.

Almost a christian! I oft see,
Almost is not enough,
But a believer if we be,
Almost will at us scoff.

Almost a christian! God forbid
That I should almost be,
For if my life in Christ is hid,
A christian sure I be.

St. Williams.

In St. Williams I am now found,
The landlady is kind;
For ducks I am sure do here abound,
And they do suit my mind.

The landlord is a jolly man,
And fleshy too is he,
To shoot the ducks it is his plan,
Thus happy for to be.

Wild ducks I love they're a good dish,
I love them, yes do I,
I love them better far than fish,
They suit the poet boy.

To-morrow I shall go away
My fortune for to seek,
Long in one place I cannot stay
But seldom stop a week.

I think I'll go to Port Rowan,
 And for a while there stay;
 I hope it will be a good plan,
 I trust it will me pay.

I'm pretty content thus to rove,
 If I but money make
 By poetry which I do love,
 I'm known as Uncle Jake.

Simcoe.

I feel in mind but very low,
 This bright blest Sabbath morn,
 My muse I fear doth slowly flow,
 I feel indeed forlorn.

My gratitude it ought to glow,
 Cheerful I ought to be,
 My God, the reason thou doth know,
 Oh Jesus pity me,

I have no reason to complain,
 O no I know of none;
 To murmur thus 'tis a shame,
 My heart's as hard as stone.

O melt my heart, Lord make it soft,
 Whilst I on earth abide;
 May my poor thoughts ascend aloft,
 Where Jesus doth abide.

May thoughts of Christ my poor soul cheer,
 My sad thoughts thrown away;
 But may I long for o appear
 With Christ in endless day.

My Spectacles.

My spectacles I have not got,
 For I loan'd them away;
 I cannot write worth one small jot,
 For want of sight I say.

My glasses when I get again
 I am sure to keep them,
 To write without them gives me pain,
 Like pipe without a stem.

Without a stem a pipe to smoke
 Is very unhandy;
 Indeed to smoke such is no joke,
 With stem 'tis the dandy.

Give me a long tailed pipe you see,
 And first-rate tobacco,
 Then I can smoke most pleasantly
 In spite of friend or foe.

If I had glasses I would try
 Something that is witty,
 But as it is I say good bye,
 Now aint it a pity.

A Christian.

A christian is born from above,
 His soul is filled with peace and love,
 He loves his God and Saviour too,
 And what God bids he'll strive to do.

A christian is one that is blest,
 In Crist a'one he finds true rest,

And strives with all the strength he's got
 To be content though poor his lot.

A christian I do love to be,
 By faith my Saviour I do see,
 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 My Saviour oft doth give me joys.

A christian views the christian race,
 And loves his maker for his grace;
 That shews him all that he should do,
 That trust alone to Christ the Jew.

A christian must in love excell,
 And be like Christ Immanuel;-
 The more like Christ the christian's found,
 Firmer he treads Immanuel's ground.

A christian must strive whilst in time,
 To flee from sin and every crime;
 Must fight his way by day by night,
 And in Jesus only delight.

A christian too must guided be,
 By the Spirit, third of the three,
 For three there are and yet but one,
 Father, Spirit and Holy Son.

Afternoon, L. E.

What I shall write this afternoon,
 I'm sure I cannot tell;
 I hope my muse will be in tune,
 Then wish me all is well.

Lake Erie still in my sight,
When I but do look up;
May I in Jesus take delight,
Who drank for me the cup.

The sun is now behind a cloud,
And soon, I think 'twill rain,
I have no reason to be proud;
Of sin alone complain.

I'm sitting now close to the shore,
No vessel is in sight,
But constantly the lake doth roar,
It doth not me delight.

I'd rather much the lake were calm,
The noise I cannot bear;
Give me a smooth lake 'tis a charm
That doth my poor soul cheer.

Afternoon, L. E., May 19, 1867.

I feel lonely and well I may,
I have no home where I can stay,
No home on earth I call my own,
But on this ball I have to roam.

I feel drowsy, O yes I do,
I fear, likewise, I'm stupid, too;
I feel as if I had no friend,
My time I know not how to spend.

I must not murmur, no not I,
I have a home beyond the sky,

And when I leave this earth below,
My soul will fly where love doth flow.

O happy day, may it soon come,
When I shall see my heavenly home,
That time alone the Lord doth know,
When my poor soul to him shall go.

The time to me it doth seem long,
I want to learn to sing a song,
A song so sweet that none can sing,
But subjects of an heavenly king.

I. E. S. M.

My muse is dull this blessed morn,
I feel, indeed like one forlorn,
But why, I'm sure I cannot tell,
I know I love Immanuel.

And why I love him 'tis most plain,
He first loved me, I love again,
For love is pure, my God's love for me,
And I love Christ of Galilee.

I wish my love would stronger grow,
That evil thoughts no more might flow,
For evil thoughts do make me grieve,
And yet bad thoughts I oft receive.

From whence they come I now shall tell,
They spring from Satan out of hell;
They are a thorn to keep me low,
Lest I be proud of virtue below.

For evil thoughts do humble me,
And makes me look to Calvary,
Where I by faith Jesus do see,
As he did shed his blood for me.

I Lamb of God, I long to leave
Where evil thoughts my soul does grieve,
I want to be in heaven above,
Where all is purity and love.

I long to go and rest with Thee,
O Lamb of God, when shall it be?
I want with earth, O Lord, to part,
'Tis sin alone that makes me smart,
And sin will be on earth, I know,
For virtue here is mixed with woe.

Satan is prince of this vile air,
Injects his poison, I declare;
Is suffered here our souls to vex,
Which oft it doth my soul perplex.

For evil thoughts o'er me doth roll,
And they do vex my sin-sick soul,
And I expect, whilst here I stay,
'Twill be thus with me day by day.

Do I hate sin? Ah, yes I do,
It vexes me, it is most true;
It makes me long to be away,
To dwell with Christ in perfect day,
Where evil thoughts no more can come;
My soul does long for that sweet home.

Sabbath, May 3rd.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and I do find,
 In my dear Saviour peace of mind;
 'Tis a sweet morn, this third of May,
 The sun shines bright, 'tis the Lord's Day.

'Tis Sabbath morn, my heart's at rest,
 My thoughts do run on Christ the blest,
 And when my thoughts on Him I place,
 God fills my soul with His free grace.

'Tis Sabbath morn, God's blessed day;
 He gives us time to watch and pray,
 And when our minds on Jesus run,
 Our happiness is then begun.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and we may hear,
 If in Christ's church we do appear,
 Some solemn truths to cheer us on
 The way that leads to God's dear Son.

'Tis Sabbath morn on earth below,
 Our joys do here but partial flow,
 But when we die and go above,
 'Twill be a Sabbath of pure love,

Sabbath, 31st May, 1868.

My Saviour, mine, on Thee I trust,
 No other Saviour need;
 In Thee the Father counts me just,
 I'm blest by Thee indeed.

My Saviour, mine, may I rely
 On Thee for all I want,

Until I dwell with Thee on high,
 My heart no longer pant.

My Saviour, mine, I hunger here,
 My poor soul wants more feed;
 Do Thou, dear Jesus, my soul cheer,
 And give me all I need.

My Saviour, mine, I don't merit,
 By aught that I can do,
 A hope of heaven, but Thy Spirit
 Tells me in Thee, 'tis true.

My Saviour, mine, ever bestow
 Thy Spirit on poor me;
 Then I am sure where I shall go,
 When I from sin am free.

The Lecture on Temperance, at T. B.'s Brick Church, W. N.

On Monday morning I left my friend Clark,
 And got to Mister Caspel's before dark,
 And Mistress Caspel would not let me go,
 Until her hospitality she'd show.

And so I did stop and with her took tea,
 The time did pass quick, and most pleasantly;
 After supper I did ask friend Caspel,
 If he would go with me to the chapel,
 And hear the gentlemen lecture that same night;
 He made excuses, I put them to flight.

We had not to walk, for we got a ride,
 With friend Griffin and sweet lassies beside,

As usual I had little to say,
Our journey ended with nothing to pay.

To the chapel we went, our ears to feast,
No lecturer there nor yet a priest,
So we had to wait, and it was a sin
To see the boys and girls most pleasantly grin.

The girls are pleasant, always do look kind,
But when they grow older oft change their mind;
When young they will smile, when old they will frown,
I have seen it oft in country and town,
And know by experience what I state
To be the truth, 'tis mine at any rate.

After a while the lecturers did come,
And when I saw them, I thought of my home,
My home where my wife and my children dwell,
And the thoughts of them made my heart to swell.

The lecturers were from St. Mary's town,
And the chairmen were Messrs. B'k & B'n;
How B'n got a chair it puzzles me out,
But B'k had a right without the least doubt,
For B'k had the votes, the most I declare,
Although B'th had a few a very small share.

Well B'n took a chair in spite of them all,
To help B'k condemn old King Alcohol;
B'n was the big one, B'k did look quite small,
And B'n was addressed by lecturers all:

For B'k I felt sorry and thought it hard
That he should be (O) as well as the bard,

For Uncle Jake is a temperance man,
And wanted to lecture, such was his plan.

He wanted to lecture in rhyme or in prose,
And tell a little of what he knows,
But he is poor and that is cause enough
For rejecting him (poverty is tough).

The first lecture we got was a good one,
'Twas given to us by Doctor W'n;
He told so many truths that without doubt
Old King Alcohol was turned inside out.

He told so much, but I could not eat all,
Although I am no friend to Alcohol.
As I don't like jarring I'll say no more
My love for alcohol has run ashore.

About this time I saw Mr. B'n grin,
And what he did say I thought a sin;
As he looked he saw that close by the door,
Was a rich man, rich as a Russian boor.

As rich men are big and poor men are small,
Mister B'n thought H—m—n was worth them all,
So he told Dennis to sit in a chair,
That the poor on him might most freely stare.

But Dennis knew better, he was too wise,
And Mister B'n blarney he did despise;
About this time I felt pain in my bones,
When who should address us but Lawyer Jones.

He spoke so well and told so much truth
 My pains soon left me I felt like a youth;
 For the truth my friends I always love well,
 The truth is sure to make my poor heart swell.

Much truth I did hear, but then we must make
 A small allowance for charity's sake;
 Nor expect that men all the truth can tell,
 As long as they on this poor earth do dwell.

Two lectures we had and both very good,
 Our intellects fed with the best of food;
 Then the meeting broke up, I went away,
 For I had no business longer to stay.

The Indian.

Turkey was an Indian bold,
 Of Muncey Town was he;
 The tale to me I'm sure was told
 By a missionary.

Poor Turkey was an Indian wild,
 A lover of whiskey;
 He was his father's witty child,
 But wild, 'twas a pity.

From Muncey Town he went away,
 Some liquor for to buy,
 And long from it away did stay,
 To drink the whiskey rye.

When he came back, it is the truth,
 He was in a queer plight:

In rags and stripes came back the youth,
A wretched, woeful plight.

His pastor asked him for to tell
What he had been about;
He quick replied, "I've been in hell,
Of that I have no doubt."

The pastor said, "You must be wild,
To tell such a strange tale;
Come let me hear the truth, my child,
Let truth for once prevail."

"Now, then," says Turkey, "I shall tell,
Pastor, the truth to thee:
Yes, I have been in a bad hell;
Now listen, do, to me.

"Hell is a dark and dismal hole,
But soon they made it light—
The devils put fire to the coal,
My sight they soon did blight.

"And they have coal in hell, I'm sure,
I heard a devil say,
'Fire up,' so coal they must procure;
I wished I was away.

"It smoked so hard it gave me pain,
Then loudly I did pray;
My prayer I found was not in vain,
The fire they took away.

- “ But soon again Satan did say,
‘ Ho, ho, fire up again;’
I wished the devil far away,
As it gave me great pain.
- “ I on my knees did cry aloud,
It scared Satan, no doubt,
And I did feel a little proud,
Again the fire was out.
- “ I felt some ease for a good while,
But Satan came again,
I heard him cry, it made me boil,
And filled me full of pain.
- “ ‘ Fire up, fire up,’ old Satan said,
Down I fell on my knees,
And prayed aloud, then Satan fled,
It much poor me did please.
- “ I saw no more of fire or smoke,
I prayed Satan away,
Satan did run, it is no joke;
Pastor, ’tis good to pray.
- “ At last I heard the devil say,
‘ Take a hold of the rope,’
And I the word did soon obey,
In spite of priest or Pope.
- “ They drew me up, far, far on high,
Until I saw the light;
O, pastor dear, it gave me joy,
It did me quite delight.

“ And now, you see, I’ve been in hell,
It is a dreadful place;
The truth, pastor, to you I tell,
Openly, to your face.”

The pastor said, “ Now, poor Turkey,
Do you take my counsel,
And keep away from all whiskey,
That you may flee from hell.

“ For whiskey is a cursed thing,
And Indians should not drink,
For like the devil it will bring
Poor Indian to hell’s brink.

I am Lonely.

I am lonely, the reasons plain,
My wife has gone away;
But this I know I shan’t complain,
For she’s in endless day.

I am lonely, but still I find
A balm in Jesus’ name;
For he to me is ever kind,
To mourn it is a shame.

I am lonely, but still I strive,
Contented for to be;
As long as I shall be alive
Looking to Calvary.

I am lonely, but this I know,
 I have a hope most bright,
 For when I die I'm sure to go
 To dwell with Christ in light.

I am lonely for a short time,
 For soon I'll go to rest,
 And see my wife in her sweet clime,
 Above among the blest.

Springfield.

Here I am this blest Sabbath day,
 With my friend William Cook;
 I wish I could both watch and pray,
 And read with care God's book.

The Lord to me is very kind,
 His ways are likewise clear;
 Where e'er I go true friends I find,
 My poor soul for to cheer.

My cares are small indeed they are,
 Nor do I suffer want;
 My God of me he doth take care,
 My heart with love should pant.

I merit nothing, O no net I,
 I oft do go astray;
 It grieves the poor poetic boy,
 And that from day to day.

But this I know the Lord will keep,
All those that Jesus trust,
He knows His lambs as well as sheep,
For he is good and just.

Mary Hurley.

The Lord's prayer I saw one Lord's night,
But not a word could hear;
To me it was a solemn sight,
Performed by Mary dear.

Her eyes were shut her looks most chaste,
A pretty sight to me;
Her hands did speak, no time did waste,
Lovely Mary Hurley.

If I were young, the truth I tell,
No other maid I'd wed,
With her, and her alone would dwell,
How still would be my bed.

O Mary is a charming maid,
Although she cannot hear,
She's got a good and honest taade,
The sweet and lovely dear.

If I were rich I should provide,
That Mary should not want;
If I were young she'd be my bride,
Alone for her I'd pant.

Beech Tree (L. E.)

I sit me down by a beech tree,
To know if I can tell
What I do now so plainly see,
Lake Erie's waves that swell.

The white caps show their heads 'tis true,
The wind is blowing hard,
The waters are of varied hue,
Most pleasing to the bard.

But O I wish the mud away,
The color mud I mean,
When I along the beach do stray,
To me it spoils the scene.

Beyond the shore the waters are
Striped with green and blue,
A pretty sight I do declare,
As I the lake do view.

Another thought I must not slip,
For lately did pass by,
Some miles from shore, a noble ship,
Which I now can't espy.

The ship has sailed far out of sight,
She is now lost to me;
To those on board it gives delight,
For soon in port they'll be.

How happy is the sailor lad,
And he that hath a wife,
To get on shore it makes them glad,
And cheers their noble life.

Soon to his home poor Jack will run,
His wife and children see,
And if he has a pretty son
How happy he will be.

The sailor lad to Nancy goes,
O wed me, dear, says he,
And that will end our earthly woes,
And happy we shall be.

Another ship has hove in sight,
But oh she's far away,
Perhaps she'll land this very night,
If not another day.

Another ship, I do declare,
And that makes number three,
Of writing more I must take care,
Or hungry soon I'll be.

I want to smoke, indeed I do,
And I do think it's time;
With viewing, then, I must get through,
Nor must I longer rhyme.

My muse won't stop, for I do see
Two ships on the water;
A pleasing sight it is to me,
Just like son and daughter.

I have a girl and noble boy,
If I these two could see,
'Twould fill my heart, I know, with joy,
Far more than Lake Erie.

The ships are now both out of sight,
 The waves are rolling high,
 It's time for me no more to write,
 But bid the lake good-bye,

John Kant.

John Kant was a most noble man,
 In Cracow he did dwell,
 He'd speak the truth, such was his plan,
 And practice it as well.

He was a preacher, good and kind,
 A noble man was he,
 Few preachers like him can we find,
 Like John of Silesia.

When John was old his head was white,
 He took a notion then
 To visit home with sweet delight,
 Just like some other men.

His business he did settle all
 Before he left Cracow,
 Not knowing but that he might fall
 Among robbers you know.

One night as he did ride along,
 His thoughts on God alone,
 He heard a noise both loud and strong,
 His musings then were gone.

The noise was made by robbers bold,
 It did alarm John Kant,
 Who gave all he had, and untold,
 He knew what they did want.

He gave a purse of silver coin,
Gold chain off of his neck,
And cap of lace they did disjoin,
They made of him a wreck.

Off his finger he took a ring,
And gave the wretched crew,
And his prayer book, which tears did bring—
He gave them all he knew.

When Kant was done the robbers cried,
Can't you give us some more?
No, Kant did say, but then he lied,
Of gold he had a store.

The robbers told him to go on,
Although his horse they kept;
He soon felt something hard as stone,
And that before he slept.

The lump he felt was shining gold,
Which John Kant had forgot;
He thought the truth he surely told,
Of gold he had a lot.

But John felt bad; he thought he lied,
With shame his face did burn;
I can but one way my shame hide,
And that is to return.

So back to the thieves John did go,
And told them plain enough
That he had gold, but did not know
He had the worthless stuff.

The robbers would not take the gold,
Their hearts were made some soft;

The truth, my friends, if always told,
Will carry us aloft.

The thieves did all to Kant restore
Of all the goods they took,
And Kant could bless and could adore,
For straight was made his crook.

And now John Kant did travel on,
Peace o'er his mind did roll,
He thought of Jesus, God's dear Son,
Most happy in his soul.

The Youth.

A youth once did in Belfast dwell,
The truth of him I now shall tell.
He was a drunken useless lad,
His conduct made his father sad;
And oft he strove for to abstain,
But all his strivings proved but vain;
His love for liquor was most strong,
Yet still he drank, but knew 'twas wrong.

The temperance pledge he then took,
Signed his name in the lodge book,
Went on his way a sober lad,
Which made his father feel most glad,
And thought his son would ever be
A pattern of sobriety.

All did go well for a short time;
I now must alter my sweet rhyme,
And must relate what soon befell,
For truth my friends I love to tell.

A dinner party, large and grand
Was given on fair Paddy's land;

The youth did go to the dinner,
And father, too, the old sinner,
Who did his son request to drink—
Who lately was near hell's vile brink—
Who told his son to take a glass,
That pleasantly the time might pass.

The son said, Father, O no, no,
If I drink it will cause me woe;
The pledge I've took, O don't urge me,
For whilst I'm sober I am free.

The father said, O my son, mine,
I bid you drink one glass of wine,
For one glass is but a small thing;
'Twill pleasure, my son, to us bring,
For none do love a sober lad;
Come drink, my son, 'twill make us glad.

The son did take that glass of wine,
And like a serpent it did twine;
And soon he took another glass,
Nor would that do, but he must pass
The bottle round, until at last
By alcohol he was bound fast.

The time, my friends, it soon did come
When all that could had to go home.
The youth was drunk he could not walk,
But could with tongue profanely talk;
He staggered out his horse to get—
His brains were not all gone as yet—
So on horseback he thought to ride,
No other plan he thought beside;
And so he rode, but soon he fell,
Which made his father cry and yell;

With grief his father's heart did choke,
For his poor son his neck had broke.

Alas, poor youth, thy death was soon,
For thou didst die at early noon;
Thy father caused thee for to sin,
By drinking liquor, wine or gin.

The youth I pity, father, too,
He now well knows what he did do
By urging his son to drink wine;
I'm glad that father is not mine,
But pity him and wish that he
May raise his eyes to Calvary;
And if he does he's sure to find
A Saviour gentle, good and kind,
Who will receive him and forgive,
And bid his troubled soul to live.

Charlotte de Koven.

My thoughts this morning I must strive to pen,
As they do run on Charlotte de Koven;
The tale I write shall be nought but the truth,
For Charlotte I knew though then but a youth.

Many years have gone and have rolled away,
When I was wont with poor Kenneth to stray,
For Kenneth was Charlotte's only brother;
As yet she had her father and mother.

Of her mother I have little to say,
Her father was a captain on half-pay;
On the point of this time they all did dwell
On the west side of the river Sorrel,
As pretty a place as ever was seen,
Where in my youthful days I've often been.

The truth of the captain it must be told,
Was a very proud man, likewise bold;
He was born in Hanover far away,
In his youth he joined the British army,
And by his merit, as I do suppose,
From a private to a captain arose;
And where I knew him I'm willing to tell,
It was in my native place, Old Sorrel.

To continue my tale I still must rhyme:
There dwelt at Sorrel at that very time
A Colonel Armstrong, whose hair was all grey;
He had a son Edward, both on half-pay;
Edward was an ensign, with income small,
And soon I shall tell how he lost it all.

Old Armstrong was brutish, yet very bold,
And if still living why he must be old;
Charlotte was beautiful, a dark brunette,
With auburn hair and eyes as black as jet;
She was rather tall, with figure most neat,
With pretty small hands and very small feet;
She was fond of music and well could play
On a piano a dear sweet lay;
Accomplished was she as lady could be,
But soon, alas, she met with misery.

The tale I must tell may be a long one,
Chiefly about Charlotte and Armstrong's son.
Edward was a young man, good looking, too,
The likes of him now we seldom can view;
But then he was wild and liquor did drink,
And a deceiver, too, so he did sink;
He lost his Charlotte, likewise lost his pay,
And where he is living I cannot say.

I often saw Charlotte and Edward walk,
And no doubt as they did they'd sweetly talk;
When lovers do meet they've plenty of chat,
The truth I tell for I have practised that;
No prettier sight on earth can we see
Than lovers that love in sincerity.

But this was not the case, as you may know,
Although Charlotte's love for Edward did flow,
As pure as maiden's love which is most strong;
She gave her heart to Edward, it was wrong.

Edward was a deceiver, he looked mild,
And soon his true love Charlotte he buguiled;
Quickly from Sorrel he soon did run away,
The Government took from him his half-pay,
And gave it to Charlotte as a widow
Of an officer that is dead, you know.

If Charlotte is living I cannot say,
But this I know she had a sweet baby,
But her life was drear as she often thought
What misery Edward on her had brought.

One morning my father to me did say,
Capt. de Koven's account make to-day,
And if you have time quickly to him go,
And tell him the money I want, you know.

So the bill I made out without delay,
And went to present it the self same day,
A day that I shall long remember,
A sad day to me, 'twas in September.

I took a canoe the river to cross,
(If we have money we are at no loss,)

So I got across safe and did walk then
Up the bank to dun Captain de Koven.

When I got to the house I did feel sad,
And when I saw the Captain I was mad;
No bill did I present, O no, not I;
To see the Captain it would make one cry.

Come to me, young man, the Captain did say,
See my heart is breaking, I shan't long stay;
That rascal Armstrong my daughter betrayed,
I would rather that she in her grave had laid.

O if I had strength the villain to follow
I'd shed his heart's blood before to-morrow;
But I am old O I cannot go,
I have no strength to make his vile blood flow.
Young man, says de Koven, do look at me,
My daughter's shame is my soul's misery.

I soon left the Captain, I could not stay,
Nor did I ever dun or ask for pay.
In three days time from that the Captain died,
'Twas Charlotte's fault, 'twas nothing beside.

To the funeral I went and felt sad,
But instead of that I should have felt glad,
For better it is by far that we die,
Than remain on this earth in misery.

They buried the Captain on the east shore,
While the soldier's muskets did loudly roar.
'Tis many years since the Captain did die,
I trust his soul is with Jesus on high.

On Rock of Ages.

BY REQUEST OF ELDER G.

Rock of Ages thou art my hope,
On thee alone I stand,
For thou wilt ever keep me up
Though others build on sand.

Rock of Ages, blest corner stone,
My hope, my God, my all,
For me my sins thou did atone,
From thee I ne'er can fall.

Rock of Ages, thou wilt me save,
Whilst I remain below;
I wish my body in the grave,
That soul to thee may go.

Rock of Ages, I long for thee,
This earth I truly hate,
My soul does long for liberty,
Through the straight gafe.

Rock of Ages, grant me thy grace,
That I may strive to be
Willing to suffer sad disgrace,
And that alone for thee.

Rock of Ages, may I endure
What thou dost think is best,
For thou my poor soul didst secure,
In thee I shall be blest.

Rock of Ages, dear Lamb divine,
Thy blood for me did run,
And I am thine and thou art mine,
For we in Christ are one.

Rock of Ages, my faith increase,
Enlarge my present hope;
In self, my God, may I decrease,
O Jesus, bear me up.

Rock of Ages, blest Son of God,
Thyself for me didst give,
For me did flow thy precious blood,
That I might ever live.

Rock of Ages, blest God and Son,
Thou art ever the same;
O may I love thee, Holy One,
Thou wilt save me from shame.

Rock of Ages, the Sinner's Friend,
One of the Holy Three,
Thy love for me shall never end,
For thou art Deity.

Rock of Ages, blest topmost stone,
And my soul's foundation,
Thou wilt never leave me alone,
Thou art my salvation.

Rock of Ages, this sweet blest hour
Do thou increase my love,
For thou art God, thou hast all power;
Soon may I go above.

Rock of Ages, thy grace impart,
That I may love thee more,
And from all self may I depart,
And thee alone adore.

At Sister Sharp's, near the Toll Gate, Embro Road.

O Lord, attune my lowly harp,
That I may praises bring,
Whilst I do dine with Sister Sharp,
And think of thee, my King.

My gratitude, O Lord, increase,
May I Jesus adore,
And from self may I wholly cease,
But love Christ more and more.

I see thy goodness, Lord, to me,
As I do roam about;
All good I get, blest God, from thee,
Thou dost love me no doubt.

As life, blest Lord, thou dost prolong,
May I increase in grace,
Until I sing Moses' sweet song,
And see thee face to face.

I soon must leave and go away,
To some it may seem hard,
But trust we'll meet in endless day;
O Lord, do thou us guard.

Farewell, dear sister, fare you well,
Until we meet above,
In presence of Immanuel,
Jesus the God of love.

Ark Church, S. Dorchester.

I went to meeting and I saw
An old acquaintance, one Kershaw;
He is small in stature, but then
He can talk as loud as big men.

His learning, too, he'd let us know,
 And quotes for us Cicero,
 As well as old Diogenes,
 And further, too, old Socrates.

Perhaps he thought he'd let us know
 A little, too, about Cato,
 Who took his own life to find out
 Immortality without doubt.

But when with heathens he had done,
 And spoke of God's most holy Son,
 I then began to get some feed
 Spiritual, for that I need.

He proved the Father and the Son
 As Deity and only one,
 Which is most true, for we do find
 The three in unity combined.

I Soon Must Go.

I soon must go, I cannot stay,
 My mind is not easy,
 For I do long to be away,
 Travelling does please me.

Long at a place I can't abide,
 My mind is not at rest,
 And further, too, I cannot ride,
 Walking does suit me best.

A roving life I do admire,
 It keeps my thoughts away
 From many an evil desire
 That on the idle prey.

A Sight—Galt.

From where I sit I saw a sight,
 For in the centre of the road.
 A man did walk and felt most bright,
 Than him I'd rather be a toad.

As he did walk in the town of Galt,
 He lectured, but did never halt;
 I could not hear what he did say,
 He talked and walked, kept on his way.

I do not know, nor have I seen,
 Such a sad case where I have been;
 His brain no doubt is out of tune,
 Although the time is not yet noon.

'Tis whiskey makes the fellow mad,
 Alas, to see him 'tis most sad;
 Of learning no doubt he's got some,
 Perhaps some day had a good home.

But liquor is a cursed thing,
 To madness it will poor man bring.
 'Tis a pity, and yet we find,
 Liquor binds many a bright mind,
 And he this day who made some laugh
 Was not, as now, a poor green calf.

And is it True.

And is it true, and must it be,
 That man is prone to evil?
 If others can't, I plainly see
 That I'm vexed by the devil.

And is it true that Satan can
 Inject in man what's evil?

I know he can, it is his plan,
For Satan is the devil.

And is it true that I must fight
The powers of wretched hell,
If I do wish to dwell in light
With Jesus Immanuel?

And is it true that I may be
A victor over Satan?
O yes, 'tis true, if I do see
By faith the blessed God man.

And is it true that I shall rest,
When with this earth I have done,
And lean like John on Jesus' breast,
The holy and the just one?

Loo and Jane, Yarmouth.

Loo has a lass, her name is Jane,
Her beauty gives poor Loo some pain;
His love for Jane is most sincere,
Jane loves him not I much do fear.

Loo is a youth both brave and bold,
His age eighteen, as I am told,
Jane's age I'm sure I cannot tell,
But this I know, Loo loves her well.

Perhaps Jane's love for Loo is true,
But keeps it hid from public view;
She has some sense, and likes to hide
Her love until she is a bride.

I think Jane wise and very kind,
She has a noble, gentle mind;
She is neat and very pretty,

And further, too, she is most witty.
And as for Loo he is most smart,
And loves his Jane with all his heart.

I wish the two united were,
For they would make a happy pair;
Perhaps the time will not be long
Before they both will sing this song.

Sabbath Bell.

How solemn sounds the Sabbath Bell,
It warns us what to do;
To seek for heaven, to flee from hell,
To trust in Christ the Jew,

The Sabbath bell puts me in mind,
When I was but a boy,
That I religion had to find,
Or never dwell on high.

The Sabbath bell would catch my ear,
Then quick to church I'd go,
And but one sermon mostly hear,
The pastor was so slow.

The first bell has already rung,
The second soon will sound,
Then loudly praises will be sung,
And love to Christ abound.

And when the second bell does ring
I'll go the class to meet,
To worship Christ, my God and King,
And sit at Jesus' feet.

'To A. F., Sparta.

The kiss I got from thee, sweet maid,
When at thy home one night I stayed,
Does cheer me yet, for I do know
The kiss was pure as virgin snow.

There is on earth no purer bliss
Than when two hearts do meet and kiss;
Hearts not of lust, but of pure love,
'Tis like the joys of those above.

'Tis true I'm old, but still I feel
For such like thee an holy zeal—
A wish, dear girl, that I and thee
Shall meet, no more to parted be.

Amarilla, you need not fear,
If in Jesus you shall appear,
And I, a poor poetic boy,
Shall meet thee, dear, in perfect joy.

The most of folks on earth we find
To purity they are most blind,
Pure love they change and make it lust;
This earth with such is greatly cursed.

Amarilla, remember me,
And should it be our destiny
No more on earth again to meet,
May we be kept at Jesus' feet.

Then O what joy we shall possess,
Bought for us by Christ's righteousness—
The joy to meet in heaven above,
Together dwell in perfect love.

Dear maid, my soul does love thee well,
Far better than my tongue can tell,
And I do pray with all my heart,
Like Mary, you may have that part

That none can take from you away—
May it be yours, Amarilla;
Then we shall meet our God to praise,
In holy songs of sweetest lays.

Farewell, dear maid, though I am old,
My love for you will ne'er grow cold;
But O I long with thee to be
In one blest, sweet eternity.

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