

SPIRITUAL SONG.

GOOD morning brother Pilgrim, what marching to Zion,
 What doubts and what dangers have you met to-day,
 Have you found a blessing, are your joys increasing?
 Press forward my brother and make no delay;
 Is your heart a-glowing, are your comforts a-flowing,
 And feel you an evidence, now bright and clear;
 Feel you a desire that burns like a fire,
 And longs for the hour that Christ shall appear.

I came out this morning, and now am returning,
 Perhaps little better than when I first came,
 Such groaning and shouting, it sets me to doubting,
 I fear such religion is only a dream;
 The preachers were stamping, the people were jumping,
 And screaming so loud that I neither could hear,
 Either praying or preaching, such horrible screeching,
 'Twas truly offensive to all that were there?

Perhaps my dear brother, while they pray'd together,
 You sat and consider'd and prayed not at all,
 Would you find a blessing, then pray without ceasing,
 Obey the command that was given by Paul,
 For if you should reason at any such season,
 No wonder if Satan should tell in your ears,
 The preachers and people they are but a rabble,
 And this is no place for reflection and pray'rs.

No place for reflection, I'm fill'd with distraction,
 I wonder that people could bear for to stay,
 The men they were bawling, the women were squaling,
 I know not for my part how any could pray;
 Such horrid confusion, if this be religion,
 Sure 'tis something new that never was seen,
 For the sacred pages that speak of all ages,
 Does no where declare that such ever has been.

Don't be so soon shaken, if I'm not mistaken,
 Such things have been acted by christians of old,
 When the ark was a-coming, King David came running,
 And dancing before it by scripture we're told,
 When the Jewish nation had laid the foundation,
 And rebuilt the temple at Ezra's command, rais'd,
 Some wept and some prais'd, and such a noise there was
 It was heard afar off, perhaps all through the land.

And as for the preacher, Ezekiel the teacher,
 Was taught for to stamp and to smite with his hand,
 To shew the transgression of that wicked nation,
 That they might repent and obey the command.

For scripture quotation in the dispensation,
 The blessed Redeemer had handed them out,
 If these cease from praying, we hear him declaring,
 The stones to reprove him would quickly cry out.

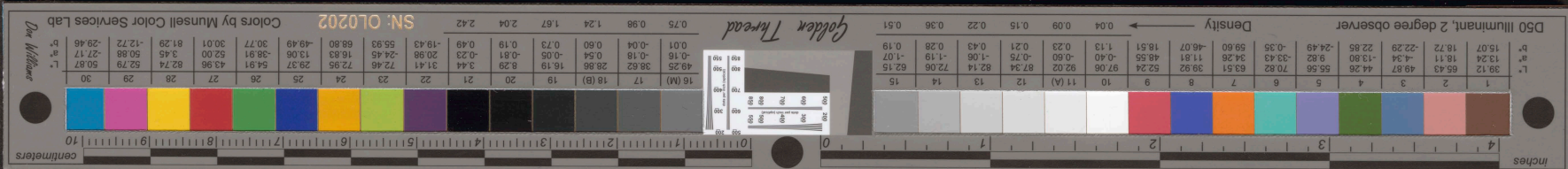
The scripture is wrested, for Paul hath protested,
 That order should be kept in the houses of God,
 Amidst such a clatter who knows what they're after,
 Or who can attend to what is declared;
 To see them behaving like drunkards a raving,
 And lying and rolling prostrate on the ground,
 I really felt awful and sometimes was fearful,
 That I'd be the next that would come tumbling down.

You say you felt awful, you ought to be careful,
 Least you grieve the Spirit and make it depart,
 For from your expressions you felt some impressions,
 The sweet melting showers has tender'd your heart;
 You fear persecution, and that's the delusion,
 Brought in by the devil to turn you away;
 Be careful my brother, for bless'd is no other,
 Than creatures who are not offended in me.

When Peter was preaching, and boldly was teaching,
 The way of salvation in Jesus' name,
 The spirit descended and some were offended,
 And said of the men they were fill'd with new wine.
 I never yet doubted but some of them shouted,
 While others lay prostrate by power struck down,
 Some weeping, some praying, while others were saying,
 They are as drunk as fools, or in falsehood abound.

Our time is a flying, our moments a dying,
 We are led to improve them and quickly appear,
 For the bless'd hour when Jesus in power,
 In glory shall come is now drawing near,
 Methinks there will be shouting, and I'm not doubting,
 But crying and screaming for mercy in vain:
 Therefore my dear Brother, let's now pray together,
 That your precious soul may be fill'd with the flame.

Sure praying is needful, I really feel awful,
 I fear that my day of repentance is past;
 But I will look to the Saviour, his mercies for ever,
 These storms of temptation will not always last,
 I look for the blessing and pray without ceasing,
 His mercy is sure unto all that believe,
 My heart is a glowing, I feel his love flowing,
 Peace, comfort, and pardon, I now have received.



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