

Come let us join the social throng
And seek our aid from God on high
With praise make the air resound
For God has said I will be nigh

To those that call on me for aid
Shall always find me near
To the lonely pilgrim on the wave
His sinking soul to cheer

Like wise to those that dwell on land
That my mandates do obey
Shall always find me nigh at hand
When they do kneel to pray

Come one come all and join the prayer
Before it is too late
And seek redemption from on high
Before Death does seal our fate

Written on board Bark Jersey March 30 1868

Thursday Eve of W

Grate God look down on that dear Wife
That I have left behind
Watch over her with a father's care
Till we once more are joined

If that should be they will o God
My Wife & Babe to spare
And me to meet with them once more
They blessing for to share

Friday night March 31st
of Wm.

Time is fast passing away and my life
is fast dragging to a shore yet now unprepared
to meet my God how far from being ready
to die is a reflection worth thinking of
it behooves me to prepare for I know not
how soon it may be Saturday 1st April
1868

Dark is the Night dreary & dread
Aston her trembling sick I tread
Far from my own dear Native shore
And all that makes life to me dear

Yet how unthankful I must be
When all God's glorious Works I see
Nature in all her might array
To cheer me on my Wat'ring way

If I should murmur against my lot
And all God's Mercies be forgot
My Life would be a life of woe
Of blessing swift when ere I go

Saturday April 1st 1868

Sunday Eve April 10th 1868

From home afar of every joy bereft
Upon a trackless & unbounded sea
Thinking of those afar behind I left
Perhaps they too this Night may think of me

And if they do I hope they will breathe a prayer
To God for me to bear me safely through
To direct me safely to my Native land
Where I may meet with my sweet Babe & you

To Phoebe W. Winslow

Though I am far from my friends & relatives
yet there is that that buoy me up and
makes life a pleasure for when I look forward
in hope that 12 months more will see me
on the shore of my Native land If God
in goodness is pleased to spare my life
to see the day but such a disponding
are my thoughts glooming foreboding seize
my mind & thus I pass from day to day
Living in hope & may my Bark never
be cast away on the Rock of despair