

Come my Christian friends and brethren  
Bound for Canaan happy shore  
Come unite and walk together  
Christ the saviour gives, Come and

Lay aside this party spirit  
Sight your Christian friends no more  
Come unite through Jesus merit  
Soon will peace again restore

We'll not bind a brethren's conscience  
They to God alone is free  
Nor contend for none's essentials  
But in Christ united be

Phoebe Wilber Winston

Dec 28<sup>th</sup> 1888 Sunday Night

I guide the wanderer gone astray  
Back to the path of virtue road  
and sooth the sufferer rugged way  
brings blessings to our own abode

Dec 28<sup>th</sup> 1888 Edwin Winston

Give praises to almighty God  
Who guides us on our way  
Since rules us with his mighty rod  
That we shout of glory

Who loves us with his mighty Love  
Whom mortals here shall know  
That we may go to heaven above  
from this vain world below

This love it will ever prove true  
If we but love him well  
In agonies of exile here  
So heaven with him to dwell

Written by John Winston

Thy Sunday Eve. April 24<sup>th</sup>

1847

Fare well to America Dear Mary Adair  
May the gale prove auspicious that parting  
Though the Ocean divides us as near as the pole you  
No distance can change the true love of my soul

As well might my ship mate be determined to baffle  
all the weather that swims in old Neptune's main  
as to divert my fond heart from the fond  
Fare well to America Dear Mary Adair

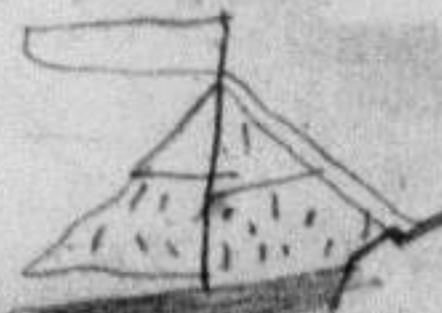
Dear Mary Adair can our ship prove a wreck  
When thy name is engrave on each plank on our deck  
Many a true love's not in the top I have made  
While our caretops my ship mate at the checkers have played

Three pleasure & pastimes are no pleasure to me  
I am happier by far while thinking of thee  
I am happier by far love while thinking of you  
And the hopes of return takes the sting from the blow  
For

For the hopes of return is the joy of a tree  
His helm & and his compass his guide & his star  
Is impressed in his Bosom from the moment the sail  
For it shortens long nights and quickens light gales  
Friday Night Jan 30<sup>th</sup> 1847

Arise my soul and soar aloft  
Up to the realms on high  
And breathe a prayer to God Above  
That we may feel him nigh

And when my earthly course is run  
My body changed to dust  
Then may I hope for pardoning grace  
For in Christ I will put my trust



Written by  
John Winston  
Sunday Eve Apr 25<sup>th</sup> 1847