

John Long's Poetry

Inspirational Poetry
by John Long during the years 1897 – 1927
 Revised June 11, 2018

Inspirational

Family

John Long wrote in the introduction to his Journal: The poetry found in this book is mostly my own composition, and are scattered throughout the pages to make it interesting, also to serve as a definition of subjects.

The gospel decree
 That Jesus loved me
 And paid all my debt on the cross
 That I might go free
 His servant to be
 And count all this world but as dross.

 Believing I claimed
 New life that He named
 Confessing my Saviour as Lord
 I knew in my soul
 That I was made whole
 Because of His Spirit and word.

 In joy and distress,
 Yet onward I press,
 With the promise of God to sustain.
 Till I hear the "Well done",
 And the prize it is won.
 In a land without sorrow or pain.

The voice of God then said to me
 Take up thy cross I've set thee free
 I rose, obeyed my Lord's command
 To preach the gospel through the land.

 My ways and acts I tried to mend
 And on Christ's death I did depend
 He lead me on from grace to grace
 And brought me to a larger place.

 Though trials great beset my way
 It taught me how to watch and pray.
 Little I knew as they did rise
 They all were blessings in disguise.

The Bible

The precious Book inspired of God
 To be His peoples guide.
 The Bible is infallible
 And there is none beside.

 There Christ is seen in every page
 The bright and morning star
 In type throughout the Jewish age
 They saw the cross afar.

 Our Great Messiah when he came
 Told us of heavenly things.
 The son of Righteousness arose
 With healing in His wings.

Till heaven and earth shall pass away
No word of Christ can fail,
For every jot must be fulfilled
And truth it must prevail.

The glory of the Book is Christ
The centre is the cross.
God offers there to all mankind
Eternal gain or loss.

The Spirits of departed saints
To Paradise have gone
Unto the promised rest and peace
To hear the words "well done."

They join the great triumphant throng
Set free from pain and care.
They sing the new eternal song
Nothing can vex them there.

With all the ransomed sons of men
There no more tears or pain
Waiting the resurrection morn
When Jesus comes again.

They look for anew heaven and earth
According to the word,
The city of the living God
Whose maker is the Lord.

Do You...?

Does your light shine around you; in the midst of daily strife?
Always waiting for the opening, holding forth the word of life.
For the Gospel of our Saviour, to the end of time shall be
Then you'll hear the Master saying "Ye have toiled and borne for me."

Do you keep a prophet's chamber, with a little stool and bed?
Where the preacher in his journeys, can turn in to lay his head.
Look at Martha, how she kept a home, where her dear Lord could be.
Aim to win this commendation "Ye have done it unto me."

Do you like to cheer the children, as in adult years they grow?
Teaching them the Holy Scriptures, in their hearts the good seed sow.
For you toil, and care, and patience, rewarded it shall be,
By these loving words of Jesus "Ye have done it unto me."

Do you help the foreign mission, by your prayer and by your gift?
Taking interest in their labours, then their work will get a lift.
Soon shall mission work be over, when the gathering home shall come
Then how sweet the words of Jesus, "Ye have done it unto Me."

Cast thy Bread upon the Waters

Cast thy bread upon the waters
Let thy money go.
Give it freely to the needy
When God wills it so.

Cast thy bread upon the waters
Preach to all thy word
Of a full and free salvation
Through the risen Lord.

Cast thy bread upon the waters
With a busy hand

Bible portions, tracts, and booklets,
Broadcast o'er the land.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Give unto the poor,
Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,
God will give thee more.

FEBRUARY 1896 : During that month, I visited Gort and Athenry, where I met with dangerous persecution being denounced by the priests from off the altar for selling the Scriptures. I had to leave Athenry and go to Tuam being routed by the priest. *"But when they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another,"* Matthew 10:23. They did not meddle with me in Tuam, though they would not buy from me.

The Devil is opposed to God
An awful enemy
No mercy can he ever show
For this is plain to see.

Up from beneath the serpent came
Out of the dark Abyss
The adversary of God and man
The Bible calls him this.

As prince of the rebellious host
Tempting the sons of men
He leads a great organic force
To make the people sin.

By many subtle crafts he tries
The tares midst wheat to sow
He steals, he kills, and then destroys
He is a deadly foe.

Beware of him, ye sons of men
Resist him in the faith
He is the author of all sin
His power on earth is great.

The strong man aimed keeps his house,
His goods are all secure
Stronger than he is Christ the Lord
The greater conqueror.

OCTOBER 1896: Every person should judge what they read and see that it is sound in the faith, for many corrupt books have gone out into the world.

Beware of false teachers, ye people of God
They come in sheep's clothing denying the Blood
But they that are real through time shall be shown
Our Saviour has said, by their fruits they are known.

Like the Scribes in the Bible, and Pharisees too,
They spend time accusing, the ones that are true
But judgment and mercy, and faith, are unknown
They see people's faults but they can't see their own.

See, none can get grapes, no nor figs from the thorn,
No fruits of the Spirit, from men who will scorn
They say but they do not the will of their God,
Though oft with lip service they call Him, Lord, Lord.

Like trees that are withered, plucked up by the roots
They worship in form but lack the sweet fruits
Like Balaam the prophet who took his own way
Or Cain the avenger, his brother did slay.

The husbandman looketh, no fruit can be found
Their presence do hinder, and canker the ground

Destruction and judgment are swift on their track
They heard not the watchman, that calleth them back.

Things That Remain...

The feast of the Lord still abides
The table, the wine, and the bread
And saints in His love still confide.

"Do this till I come" Jesus said

All who love Him should keep His command
And gather as one to His Name
Remember our Lord is at hand
And strengthen the things that remain.

The Bible, God's Word still abides
The precious infallible Word
A treasure beyond all besides
It tells us of Jesus our Lord.

Then read it, ye servants of God
Its doctrines and truth still retain
And publish its precepts abroad
Go strengthen the things that remain.

The Spirit of God still abides
To comfort and strengthen the saint;
Revealing the things that are Christ's,
Renewing the health of the faint.

Then quench not His flame that's within,
His filling and joy still retain.
And never more grieve Him with sin,
But strengthen the things that remain.

The Children of Israel

Out of the land of Egypt
Redeemed by precious Blood
Led by the hand of Moses
Straight through the red sea flood.

Not by the great sea border
But by the desert sand
The Lord God led his people
To seek the promised land.

He gave them living water
Out of the solid rock
For Jacob's son and daughter
A great and precious flock.

No enemies could touch them
Jehovah stood between
And never since creation
Was such a desert scene.

He rained them bread from heaven.
They ate of angels food.
He wrote upon the tables
A law both just and good.

A shining fire did lead them
By night upon the way
Also a cloudy pillar
Before them went by day.

For forty years they wandered
Within the wilderness

Although the Lord was angry
He helped them in distress.

They were preserved from danger
Kept by God's mighty hand
Until they came to Canaan
The blessed promised land.

MAY 1897: During the days spent in that work I had many tiresome journeys; sometimes I walked twenty miles a day. Feeling the need of a rest, I went to Limerick city where the journeys were not so long. While there I underwent a severe trial for lack of money; during the delay I spent a day in prayer and fasting, and I received a very definite anointing of the Holy Spirit, and some money came in next day by post.

He came from His home in the glory
To live and to die on the tree,
And now I delight in the story
Of Jesus the Saviour for me.

I know I am safe in His keeping,
His child in His care may depend.
He never will leave or forsake me
Because well, you see He's my friend.

No matter what trials befall me
He owns me His child and He seals
Henceforth not a servant He calls me
His word, and His will, He reveals.

What He sends to the sinner I claim it
I can on His promise depend
And why should I fear then to name it
Because well, you see He's my friend.

Ashamed of myself, not my Saviour
A sinner Redeemed by His grace,
And now through His Blood, I find favour
Enjoying the simile of His face.

And now I delight in His service
My joy till the journey shall end
You ask Why I witness He frees us,
Because well, you see He's my friend.

NOVEMBER 1897: I removed from Birr to Roscrea and saw some of the results and fruits of the Revival. About the same time William Irvine had returned to Nenagh and had a mission in the Presbyterian Church given to him by Pastor Douglas. Some new persons decided for Christ, and some old believers were stirred up, also the young converts of the former mission were helped much, they were children who talked and walked for Jesus, and the whole town was in a ferment of Revival Element.

Come sinners to Jesus for pardon today,
The time for repentance will soon pass away.
The Spirit is striving, the servants still call
Today Christ's salvation is offered to all.

Come take up thy cross and follow the Lord,
Confessing His name believing His word.
Be filled with the Spirit, abide in His love,
The Kingdom inherit lay treasures above.

Be humble in dress, like Jesus live plain,
The life set apart to suffer and reign.
Exhort one another, instruct in the word,
And love the appearing of Jesus our Lord.

Go forth in His name, preach Christ unto all,
Tell them of Jesus who saves from the fall.
Backsliders restore unto their dear Lord,
And strengthen believers in God's precious word.

In Jesus Precious Blood

The precious Blood atoned for all
 Upon Mount Calvary
 The antidote to Adam's fall
 From Satan's power to free.

No change our Saviour ever knows
 Triumphant is His name.
 The Word of God from age to age
 Remaineth just the same.

God planted in the heart of man
 A powerful will and choice,
 And God commandeth every one
 To harken to His voice.

He that believeth on the Son
 Hath everlasting life.
 He that believeth not is damned
 And vain his earthly strife.

Then turn ye sinners while 'tis day
 Unto the Lord your God,
 Then He will wash your sins away
 In Jesus Precious Blood.

APRIL 1989: Concerning woman ministry, much has been said for and against it. I only contend for it insofar as the Scriptures sanction it. Paul's liberty, as well as Paul's bridle, should be considered, 1 Corinthians 11:5; I Corinthians 14:34. There are abundant proofs that God uses them now, as well as in Biblical times; and the bias of interpretation should go on the side of God's seal. In Psalm 68:11, the Hebrew text reads thus: [Hebrew Letters]. In English characters it reads thus: *Adonai ythen amer ha-mebassheroeth tsiba rab.* (Translated: Of the female preachers, there was a great host.)

Women's Ministry

Within the temple service
 Brave Anna had a part
 Serving her Lord and Master
 With an obedient heart.

Selected to this honour
 The good news first to tell
 She spoke of Christ the Saviour
 To souls in Israel.

First woman was created
 Out of the side of man
 To show she is appointed
 To do the best she can

By helping souls to Jesus,
 Co-workers on the way;
 Then let her tell the story
 Then let her speak and pray.

In public, she's instructed
 These words St. Paul hath said
 To respect man's position
 With cover on her head.

Nor should this rule be broken
 Although she is set free
 And never out of order
 Usurp authority.

SEPTEMBER 1898: While in Galway town, we had our first experience of Street Preaching. It is a work that neither gets the sympathy nor the support that it deserves; it is a splendid way of training young disciples; if they cultivate the practice of

not speaking too loud, fast, or long. In defence of it from a Scriptural standpoint, I have written this piece:

Open Air Preaching

Hear me ye chosen sons of men
And I will now declare
Things that occurred in Bible times
Out in the open air.

When Abram came to Canaan's land
The Perizzites were there
He built an altar to the Lord
Out in the open air

On Sinai's mount the Lord came down
His name He did declare
He spread His terror all around
Out in the open air

Elijah prayed on Carmel's mount
When all was dry and bare
Until the rain came down in showers
Out in the open air.

Upon a pulpit made of wood
Which Ezra did rear
He read the Bible to a crowd
Out in the open air.

A prophet preached in Nineveh
God's judgments did declare
It caused the people to repent
Out in the open air

On Christ's birth day the angels sang
A carol sweet and rare
Announcing that our Lord was born
Out in the open air.

Upon the mount, meek Jesus sat
And taught the people there
The grandest Sermon ever preached
Out in the open air.

Bring me the loaves our Saviour said
He for their need did care
He fed a multitude with bread
Out in the open air.

That virtue flowed to some poor soul
Our Saviour did declare
To this a woman testified
Out in the open air.

Now many years have passed away,
And I am still preserved.
Mercy and truth they followed me,
Much more than I deserved.

Jesus, the keeper of my soul,
Exalted now must be;
He ever lives to make me whole,
Until His face I see.

"Arise go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." Jonah 3:2.

In Simon's ship our Saviour stood
By Galilee so fair
He spoke in parables to men
Out in the open air.

On Calvary's cross our Saviour died
Delightful news to hear
For sinners He was crucified
Out in the open air.

Out of a rock a cave was hewn
They laid His body there
He rose again from Joseph's tomb
Out in the open air.

He led them out to Olives mount
And bade them wait in prayer
A little cloud hid Him from sight
Out in the open air.

Brave Peter preached on Pentecost
To crowds of people there
Three thousand people turned to God
Out in the open air.

"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, the maimed, and the halt, and the blind."
Luke 14:21.

Good Philip took a walking tour
He and His Lord knew where
To point an anxious soul to Christ
Out in the open air.

St Paul did preach the word of God
Upon a Market square
Men are Redeemed through Jesus Blood
Out in the open air.

God did open Lydia's heart
In that sweet place of prayer
To hear the Gospel preached by Paul
Out in the open air.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord
Who did my burden bear
And tell what Jesus did for me
Out in the open air.

When Jesus comes to take us home
For Him let us prepare
With rapture we shall be caught up
Out in the open air.

"And passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Caesarea," Acts 8:40."

My faith at first was very weak
It faltered by the way
But in the will of God I stood
Encouraged day by day.

By His own hand He led me on
Exploits I tried to do
The people laughed, and said he's mad
Ink with the wine that's new.

Long walking tours from place to place
Till God did bid me stay
Telling that I was saved by Grace
To people by the way.

Now many years have passed away,
And I am still preserved.
Mercy and truth they followed me,
Much more than I deserved.

Jesus, the keeper of my soul,
Exalted now must be;
He ever lives to make me whole,
Until His face I see.

Faith Lines

Faith trusts in Christ for things unseen
When in the life there's naught between
The man of faith in prayer believes
That what he asks he will receive.

Faith thrives upon the word of God
And trusts the merits of the Blood
No fear while Jesus face we see
Like Peter walking on the sea.

Faith grows apace by exercise
And anchors safe beyond the skies
Faith soars aloft like eagles wings
And to the precious promise clings.

Men stand the test in trials great
By exercising mighty faith
They rise beyond the world and sin
And lives the crown of life to win.

In the service of our Saviour
Let us try all saints to love
He will keep us in His favour
Till we reach our rest above.

Keep those graces boiling over
Christ commanded it to be
Now abideth these forever
Faith and hope and charity

For these virtues are abiding
When the gift of tongues shall cease
And the fruits of their existence
In the world shall never cease. (Or, not decrease)

Every member in the Body
Is connected with the Head
One in Christ are all believers
From the vine the branch is fed.

MAY 1900: Desiring to consecrate my life forever to God, as an act of ordinance and sanctification with the burial and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, I got baptized by immersion, believing it to be a personal act, with personal responsibility; also leaving others to the liberty of their own conscience. I believe that adult immersion, once after conversion to be the original and Scriptural mood of the ordinance; but I am not to press or trouble the conscience of others who through different upbringing see differently, "*For God hath received them,*" Rom 14:3.

Disputing about the time and mood of an ordinance is not well pleasing to God; and Christians should endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; therefore, I do not make the mood and time of the ordinance a bone of contention and a bar to fellowship. I believe with good old John Bunyon that differences of judgment about water baptism should be no bar to Christian fellowship. I do believe in encouraging and instructing all who are seeking light and help, and who are disposed to obey according to the Scriptures.

We publicly confessed the Lord,
Content to be despised
When we obedient to His word
Believed and were baptized.

The answer of a conscience good,
To understand the word.
Our goodies washed with water clean
Our hearts are cleansed with blood.

Salvation is a gift from God,
Without the ordinance
For thousands have experienced it
And tasted of His grace.

But it becometh every saint,
While here on earth they dwell
All righteousness to be fulfilled,
And earthly weights dispel.

Immersion is a splendid type,
Reminding of a grave
Buried with Christ to rise again,
Because the soul is saved.

MAY 1901: We pitched our tent in St. Ninions for one week; but seeing no prospects of a successful mission, we again removed our tent to Kippen; where we had a good attendance, and God blessed the Word.

The harvest, it is plenteous,
And labourers are few
To preach the Gospel message,
And do as Paul would do.
In highways and hedges
Out on the marked square
Unto all creeds and classes
The word of Life declare.

Our God must get the glory,
For all that He has done
And we must tell the story
Of His believed Son
Till every heathen nation
Turn from their sin to God
Accepting God's Salvation
Through faith in Jesus' Blood.

It pleaseth God through preaching,
To save them that believe.
And build up saints by teaching,
When they His truth receive.
For they who spread the tidings,
Must be a mighty host;
For God wants faithful vessels
Filled with the Holy Ghost.

OCTOBER 1902: The different forms of church government in the world should not hinder Christians of worshipping God where there is prayer, praise and preaching, and the Word of God read in purity. No one man ministry should usurp the liberty of the Spirit. Would Jesus or his Apostles, or their most Scriptural representatives be permitted to preach in one out of a thousand churches, in certain countries, unless they were strictly conformed to their external ecclesiastical customs? For even then, unless their doctrines were according to the tastes of the managers and of the times. Even in the Jewish Synagogues, there was liberty; to speak, read, and pray; that is lacking in the so called churches of today.

We break the bread and drink the wine,
This of our Saviour's love a sign,
That once He died to set us free,
Upon the cross of Calvary.

Around the table of our Lord,
Gladly we meet with one accord,
No man but Christ we want to see,
Upon the cross of Calvary.

We have no merit of our own,
We trust in Christ and him alone,
With his own Blood He set us free,
Upon the cross of Calvary.

Gone up on high this work is done,
Praise to the Father and the Son,
Until He comes so let it be,
We will remember Calvary.

“Now therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God,”
Eph. 2:19.

He went about from place to place,
He had no settled home.
He lodged on boats or on the hills,
Where He chanced to roam.

Should Christ our friend be ere forgot,
And never brought to mind,
We'll sing his loving kindness yet,
As in days of Auld Langs Syne.

The foxes had their hiding place,
And man his nightly bed,
But Jesus had not anywhere
To lay his weary head.

A stranger and a homeless one,
While here on earth He trod.
In very deed the Son of man,
And yet the Son of God.

Upon the cross he bled and died,
And suffered in our stead
For us He shed His precious Blood,
For us He bowed His Head.

Then let us follow in His steps
And run the heavenly race
Looking to Jesus Christ our Lord,
Until we see His face.

Many persons thought that when I left the Go-Preachers, I would give up the work; or give up portions of the truth; but praise the Lord, all that I held then which was scripturally right, I still hold fast; and this year of grace 1923 finds me still preaching the Gospel, and fully in the Lord's work and a Go-Preacher, though not in fellowship with them (Nov., 1941).

The Bible's my guide, for it's God's precious Word,
Revealing the will of my Saviour and Lord.
No truth it contains should we ever withhold,
But publish it far with a zeal that is bold.

The world is my parish, I'll preach through it all,
And tell of our Saviour who saves from the fall
The Jew and the Gentile, the rich and the poor,
There's pardon in Jesus for them to be sure.

The people may wonder at such a campaign
And raise opposition that causeth much pain,
But sinners repenting and trusting the Blood,
Shall find full salvation and peace with the Lord.

The virgins trim their lamps,
And round the Word encamps
Just now, are sounding out the gospel cry,
Go ye forth to meet Him.
Be ready all to greet Him,
For the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

The wise their vessels fill,
They do our Saviour's will,
Their prayer and praise ascendeth to the sky,
In Blood washed robes of white,

Their lamps all trimmed and bright
For the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

Hosanna is their song
To Him whom they belong,
For Jesus they would dare to live and die.
The message they proclaim,
Salvation through His Name,
For the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

SEPTEMBER 1908: We had heard that the gift of tongues and interpretation of tongues given to the saints at Los Angeles, and to the Church of England in Sunderland, and to the Church of God in the West Port Hall, Kilsyth; was also given to a few Christians at Lytham. So Thomas Myrescough and I purposed to turn aside and see and hear and judge this wonderful manifestation for ourselves; without partiality or prejudice, by the Word of God and by the fruits. There we saw and heard for the first time persons pray, and speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. We judged it to be of God, because it stood the test of all the essential requirements of the New Testament: 1 John 4:1, 1 Cor. 12:1-3. They confess that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, 1 John 4:2,3. They trust in and make much of the Precious Blood of Jesus. They are a praying people; also a praising people; a believing people, a missionary people; and a hospitable people. With all these marks and fruits there is much to praise God for and nothing to be afraid of. God is restoring the extraordinary gifts to the church before the second coming of our Lord. In remembrance of those days I wrote the following piece of poetry, which is no exaggeration, for it can be said as was expressed by the Queen of Sheba, *"The half hath not been told."*

Truth is Restored

Ye saints of Jehovah, to Jesus give praise,
For He is reviving His work in our days,
The gifts of the Spirit again are restored,
And Christians are full of the joy of the Lord.

Like Apostolic days the truth is restored,
On Sons and on daughters the Spirit is poured.
In Zion the Ransomed are singing new songs,
And others are praying and speaking in tongues.

The power of Jehovah is shaking the place,
And God is now saving vile sinners by grace.
The prophets are speaking a message from God.
And sent ones are preaching the Gospel abroad.

The Christians are hailing the latter rain shower
And God is baptizing the seeker with power.
The Lord is reviving His strength to the weak,
For some are anointing and healing the sick.

The Devil is angry and tries to oppose,
And empty professors has turned to be foes.
But Christians are praying for Jesus to come,
In clouds of the heaven to take us all home.

SEPTEMBER 1908: While we laboured in Preston, Thomas Myrescough was asked over to Yorkshire by a Baptist Pastor, to have a mission, and there was quite a little revival there through singing the following hymn; most of which I composed myself; on hearing the first words sung as a chorus, I added the rest. On his return from that mission, the Pastor wrote to him saying the over Jordanites were still singing that hymn!

Canaan's Fair Land

I find many people who can't understand,
Why I am so happy and free
I've crossed over Jordan to Canaan's fair land
And this is like heaven to me.

Each place where the sole of my feet shall tread on,
Forever my portion will be
I've crossed over Jordan to Canaan's fair land,
And this is like heaven to me.

I cannot keep silent from praising my Lord,
And telling what Christ did for me.
I've crossed over Jordan to Canaan's fair land,
And this is like heaven to me.

No longer the manna on old corn I'm fed.
For strength and for service kept free,
I've crossed over Jordan to Canaan's fair land,
And this is like heaven to me.

While passing through Jordan his grace did sustain,
And visions of Jesus did see.
I'm over the Jordan on Canaan's fair side
And this is like heaven to me.

All conflict and trial for ever shalt cease,
When I the dear Saviour shall see.
Among the great throng I shall sing the new song,
And heaven my dwelling shall be.

MARCH 1910. On the 17th I cycled to Dublin. It was Patrick's day; and I met with crowds of Romans wearing the Shamrock in remembrance of the venerable apostle of Ireland. I stopped a man and asked him the question. *"How is it that Patrick used the Scriptures so much as to quote often from its sacred pages, and ye who profess to love him so much so as to wear the Shamrock but not one of you carry a Bible in your hands?"* He answered, *"The people are so ignorant, they do it because it is a custom, on the 17th of March."* I said, *"That's true indeed."*

Patrick loved the Holy Scriptures,
Quoted often from its page
And its precepts were defended
By the saints of Patrick's age.
Now tradition of the elders
Is preferred to truth by some
And the Bible is neglected
By the priests and men of Rome.

Rouse ye faithful, who love Jesus,
Rise and put your amour on
Bravely fight the battle rages,
Time to work will soon be gone.
We have got a heavenly treasure,
In the Bible to suffice.
Till the least of Celtic races,
Give herself to Jesus Christ.

March 17 th –

Scattered by the persecutions,
To an Island in the west,
Patrick's parents were but strangers,
Finding that God's will was best.
From the homestead disappearing,
Taken captive as a slave.
To relieve the Pagan Irish,
God the call to Patrick gave.

The apostle to the Irish
Was at first a shepherd boy;
While he kept the flock of Malcom,
No distress could rob his joy.
By the noted hill of Slemish,
Lonely, lonesome exiled there.
Then he sought Jehovah's favour,
There he gave himself to prayer.
God revealed Himself to Patrick
In a vision of the night;
For his heart was soft and tender

And Gods will his great delight.
Led by that unto a harbour
Where a ship was soon to sail;
First the captain would not take him,
Prayer with tears did then prevail.

Written from the genuine works of St. Patrick.

Patrick's parents were surprised
When they saw their son again.
Stolen from them for a season,
And his absence gave them pain.
All those years God was preparing
For the mission not begun;
Now God's purpose was unveiling;
Dawn, before the Day light sun.

On a mountain called Croagh Patrick,
Stood a man named Victicus.
In a vision called for someone,
Come and help us, come you must.
Led by that to preach the Gospel
In our lovely Emerald Isle.
Ireland then received God's message,
In its pure and Holy Style.

East to West, he told the story
How our Saviour set us free;
And his one grand revelation
Was the Holy Trinity.
This gave rise unto the custom,
Seen by early spring days ray;
Wearing Shamrock in their bosom
On that welcome Patrick's Day.

SEPTEMBER 1910: I have mentioned before the evil done by unjust judges, envy, jealousy, and an evil report; also the good done by bringing righteous judgment, love, kindness, well wish, and good report: the one is punished and the other is rewarded.

The twelve spies returning from Canaan,
Were bearing the fruits of the land.
But humble obedient and faithful
Were only two found in the land.
They went on their way rejoicing,
After a Godly sort
Telling the story to Moses,
And bringing a good report.

There lived in the days of Elisha
A leper who sought to be clean.
When he plunged in the Jordan river,
The man was converted I ween.
He went on his way rejoicing,
After a Godly sort
Telling the story of Jordan
And bringing a good report.

The Queen of the South took a journey,
In Solomon's days to inspect.
Because she was tender and faithful
She was numbered among the elect.
She went on her way rejoicing,
After a Godly sort
Telling the story of wisdom,
And bringing a good report.

Christ talked to the woman at Sychar
And told her of the living stream.
She said, is not this the Messiah?
Who came the whole world to Redeem.
She went on her way rejoicing,
After a Godly sort.
Telling the story of Jesus,
And bringing a good report.

How humble and faithful the Eunuch,
The Gospel of God did receive.
Good Philip baptized him in water,
When he from his heart did believe.
He went on his way rejoicing,
After a Godly sort.
Telling the story of Jesus,
And bringing a good report.

There's joy in receiving the sent ones,
Who go forth in our Saviour's name.
And homes are blest in receiving
They whom the Gospel proclaim.
They go on their way rejoicing,
After a Godly sort.
Telling the story of Jesus
And bringing a good report.

In our day the Lord is restoring,
The gifts to His church once again.
And now on the seeker He's pouring
In showers, fresh, the best latter rain.
They go on their way rejoicing,
After a Godly sort.
Telling the story to others,
And bringing a good report.

Heaven and earth shall then be shaken,
What shall all the nations do.
Jews and Gentiles are lamenting
Over Him they never knew.
When they see the one rejected,
Him who once was Crucified;
Coming in the clouds of heaven
For His choice and Holy Bride.

I was a stranger and ye took me in
Showed the love of Jesus who died to save from sin.
Hear the King proclaim
The greatness of His Name.
I was a stranger and ye took me in.

I was sick and ye came unto me,
Showed the love of Jesus, who died to set us free.
Hear the King proclaim
The honour of His Name.
I was a stranger and ye took me in.

I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat,
Showed the love of Jesus, who said to take and eat.
Hear the King proclaim
The glory of His Name.
I was an hungered and ye gave me meat.

JANUARY 1912: Very few attended the mission although we visited many homes; yet the crowds of people flocking to picture palaces were lamentative. One day as I was passing a picture palace, and beholding a crowd of people many

pearches long waiting for the doors to be opened, I felt like alighting, and proclaiming a great war on awful calamity coming as a judgment on the people because they had forsaken the Word of the Lord for frivolity and worldly pleasures: yet there is repentance for them all if they will turn at His reproof.

We have got a holy calling,
In the service of our King.
And His power will keep from falling,
Let us then His praises sing.

Walking in the path that's narrow,
With our Bible by our side.
He whose eye is on the sparrow,
For His children will provide.
Let us now be up and doing,
Working while it's called to day.
And the evil thing eschewing,
Taking time to watch and pray.

Earnestly for truth, contending,
Watching for the souls of men
And the Word of God defending,
Till' our Lord returns again.
My God shall all thy needs supply,
And give thee all things good.
The Anointing of the Holy Ghost
Secures thy daily food.

Thou shalt remember all the way
By which thy steps were led;
And meditate upon the Lord
At night upon thy bed.

Heaven and earth shall then be shaken,
What shall all the nations do.
Jews and Gentiles are lamenting
Over Him they never knew.
When they see the one rejected,
Him who once was Crucified;
Coming in the clouds of heaven
For His choice and Holy Bride.

AUGUST 1912: Leaving the south of Ireland, I cycled to Dublin, and crossed to Liverpool to Harry Sherratt's camp conference, held that year near Leyland. It was a trying experience sleeping under canvas during thunder and lightning and heavy rain. Yet, the name of the Lord was a strong tower; the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Jesus saves, Jesus saves,
From the fear of thunder storms, Jesus saves,
When the thunder rolls the sky,
And the lightning flash from high,
Then we need not faint nor sigh.
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
We have made the Lord our choice,
For we know the Father's voice.
This is why we should rejoice.
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
This, this, is all my plea,
That, Jesus died for me.
Then let me to him flee.
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Go labour in the harvest fields,
And try to do your best.
Preach Christ to all and do the work,
Of an Evangelist.

The ox that treadeth out the corn,
Have plenty in their crib.
And all who preach the Gospel new,
Must of the Gospel live.

The call comes loud to British men,
Comes from the darkest race
Come over, help us, is their cry,
And teach us of God's grace.

We should not ever glory
In merit of our own,
But in our Lord and Saviour,
And in His cross alone.
For He alone is worthy,
To get our noblest praise.
And love and serve Him truly
Throughout our earthly days.

He has forgiven freely,
When we our sins confessed.
Covered is our transgression,
And all unrighteousness.
Then Glory be to Jesus,
Our Saviour and our friend.
By his own Blood he freed us,
And loved us to the end.

There is no other Saviour,
But God's beloved Son.
And all who find His favour,
In heaven and earth are one.
Baptized into one Spirit,
They in his love confide.
Are saved through Jesus merit,
One body and one bride.

Surely I have this day avowed,
The Lord to be my God.
Then let me sing His praise aloud,
And spread His fame abroad.

My many sins are all forgiven,
I on His death depend.
God created me to live,
A life that knows no end.

He that believeth now in Christ,
Shall never taste of death.
Though any moment at His will,
May end our mortal breath.

And then within God's Kingdom vast,
There is a place for me.
Where I will love and worship God,
Throughout eternity.

AUGUST 1914: "...the commencement of the great war, between Germany and her allies; and Great Britain and her allies on 4th August, 1914. National upheavals has always worked out the purpose of God; not only in Judgment, but also in mercy; the liberation of nations; and the spread of the Gospel."

The gifts are now restored,
The Lord God be adored.
We see just now the dawn of advent day.
For Hymns and songs are sung
In Heavenly gift of tongue,
Or it must be the breaking of a day.

Sad wars they do not cease,
But are on the increase,
Are used of God to open up the way,
Famines are at hand,
Earthquakes shake the land.
Or it must be the breaking of the day.

The Jews from every clime,
Return to Palestine,
That land for weary years in vain lay,
But now they're going home,
No more outside to roam,
Or it must be the breaking of the day.

I saw a gallant band,
Go forth to every land,
To preach and tell the nation of the way,
The heralds to have no fear,
They say be of good cheer
Or it must be the breaking of the day.

"When we don't judge ourselves, every transgression, and disobedience receives a just reward."

The old year has passed like a shadow,
Was spent like a tale that was told.
But the word of the Lord still remaineth,
It will never, no never grow old.

In mercy and judgment God dealeth,
Bestowing his grace with the rod.
The word spoken in weakness He sealeth,
To bring the poor sinner to God.

Each moment we misspent and wasted,
Cannot be recovered again.
May God in His mercy forgive us,
And blot from His book every stain.

The present is ours to Redeem it,
For Jesus our Saviour and friend.
Lord help us to value each moment.
We cannot tell when they shall end.

Now the signs of the times doth forewarn,
That the day of the Lord is at hand,
While the bride for her Lord is preparing
The darkness still cover the land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove
And aye the dews of heaven,
Were restored with His love.

He bless the hand that guideth
He bless the hand that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Proclaim, Proclaim, Ye Preachers,

Proclaim, proclaim, ye preachers,
Redemption through the Blood.
That all may hear the Story,
Christ is the way to God.
To purchase this salvation,
Into the world He came
And all may have remission,
Through faith in Jesus name.

Proclaim, proclaim ye preachers,
That He who came to die,
Rose from the grave victorious
Ascended to the sky.
All power to Him is given
Worthy, the Angels cry.
And He is Lord of heaven,
The air, the earth, the sky.

Proclaim, proclaim, ye preachers,
Our Great High priest and King.
And worship and adore Him,
Let all His people sing.
He maketh intercession,
Our Advocate with God.
And giveth absolution,
To all who plead the Blood.

Proclaim, proclaim, ye preachers,
Our soon returning Lord.
In clouds of heaven appearing,
According to the Word.
The bride is now preparing,
We hear the midnight cry.
And heralds are declaring
That Christ, our Lord is nigh.

Do not condemn poor sinners,
But call them to repent.
God loved the worlds salvation,
For this His Son was sent.

To die on Calvary's mountain,
For all the human race.
He opened up a fountain,
To save them by His grace.

Be kind unto backsliders,
And try to set them free.
Deal gently with the erring,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Go to the streets and byways,
And seek the ones that's lost,
For Jesus Blood Redeemed them,
At such tremendous cost.

Give to the poor and needy,
Lend them a helping hand.
Upon them have compassion
Preach Christ throughout the Land.

Bind up the sore and wounded,
Strengthen the feeble saint.
The prayer of faith prevaieth,
To heal the sick and faint.

Come let us praise Him more and more,
 For what His grace has done.
 Thou didst my soul to thee restore.
 Through Jesus Christ the Son..
 In thee O Lord, I put my trust,
 And thou wilt never fail,
 Let Jesus death be all my boast,
 And then I must prevail.

Presumption is a dangerous thing,
 Hypocrisy is vain.
 The evil and the froward man
 Shall nothing by it gain.
 Self righteousness will never do,
 When on the Lord we call.
 A proud and haughty spirit goes
 Before a serious fall.

Now Jesus is my Lord and King,
 No other name for me.
 Yea while I live his praise I sing
 For He has set me free.
 Though dust and ashes in His sight,
 Thou didst my soul inspire,
 He brought me forth into the light,
 A brand plucked from the fire.

JULY 1921: I believe the book should be handled with caution along the lines of locating fulfilled prophecy; for the words of that hymn are true:

To take the book, and loose the seals,
 He was found worthy,
 To bruise the head, that bruised the heels,
 He was found worthy.
 O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
 He was found worthy.
 I love the sound of Jesus name,
 He was found worthy.

SEPTEMBER 1922: On the 15th I reached the 50th year of my age alive and in good health. Praise the Lord! The Levites began their service at 25 and completed their active service at 50. Lev. 8:24. From that time they were to minister as elders; but not in active service. The younger was to serve the elder. 1 Peter 5:5. The Evangelist or Pastor, who reaches that age without the reproach of Christ, in being despised and rejected; has not been faithful in all his house. 2 Tim. 4:16.

O, God, the King of Glory,
 My maker and my friend
 Be thou forever with me
 To keep me to the end.

I need not fear the battle,
 When thou art ever near,
 Thy rod and staff supports me,
 Thy word doth guide and cheer.

Through fifty years' probation,
 Thou hast my life preserved.
 And all the choicest blessing
 Much more than I deserved.

By God's own grace and keeping
 I am alive and well
 Then Glory be to Jesus,
 I still the good news tell.

The Levite in his service,
 Rejoiced to be set free.

The trumpet sound proclaiming
The year of Jubilee.

Yet in his holy office
Serving with willing heart
Gray hairs did speak their lesson,
As elder had a part.

JULY 1923: Because I believe in all the Scriptural gifts and truths some Christians put me down as being in error. We must not marvel at this; but be content to bear the reproach of Christ patiently: it is one of the wounds whereby we're wounded in the house of our friends. To correct the wrong opinions of others would take all our time; and I am afraid nothing accomplished in the end; however, we must go on with truth for the word of God lives, and the testimony of receivers confounds them.

The "Take Heeds" of Christ

Take heed, take heed, ye Christians,
Let not your alms be known.
Do all to please our Saviour,
Who reigns upon the throne.
For what you do in secret,
As unto Christ our Lord.
In open, and in public,
Shall get a full reward.

Take heed, take heed, ye Christians,
That when ye bow the knee.
Your worship is accepted,
Free from hypocrisy.
Then God will give a blessing,
An answer to thy prayer;
In times that are distressing
He shall thy burden share.

Take heed, take heed, ye Christians,
Despise no Child of God.
Who pleads the Name of Jesus,
And trusts the precious Blood,
We know not, yea, we know not,
What grace He gives to such.

Take heed, take heed, ye Christians
In later days arise.
Men working signs and wonders,
Corrupting truth with lies.
But by their fruits we know them,
God's Word let it suffice.
And let not man unhinge us,
Of a true love for Christ.

Take heed, take heed ye Christians,
Bear His reproach and cross.
Rejoice when men speak evil
And count all things but dross.
Our Lord himself forewarns,
Whom men should serve and fear.
With loving words so tender,
Take heed how ye do hear

The love that's comprehended
In Christ's words "inasmuch."

The Dear Old Bible

I love the dear old Bible,
It is a precious book.
It stood the test of ages,

And Satan's Kingdom shook.

No other book is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For it is pure and Holy
Angels and saints declare.

I love the dear old Bible,
It is the Word of God.
Given by inspiration,
And sealed by Jesus Blood.

It tells of our creation
And of our sinful fall;
It tells of our Redeemer,
Who died to save us all.

I love the dear old Bible,
The record is Divine;
Through faith in Christ our Saviour,
The promises are mine.

For God's own Word has taught me
From early days of youth;
And I have proved its precepts
To be eternal truth.

I love the dear old Bible;
Our rule of faith and guide;
Unto the Heavenly Canaan,
Unto our Saviour's side.

The Holy Ghost doth lighten,
And give us eyes to see;
That when we love our Saviour,
The truth itself makes free.

I love the dear old Bible,
I'll read it day by day.
It teaches me to serve God,
It teaches me to pray.

It warns me in danger,
It comforts in distress;
It tells me I'm a stranger
On earth, yet here am blessed.

MARCH 1923: The following piece of poetry is the natural product of my experience during the last two years, so often expressed. Part of the chorus are words I remember reading out of the *Christian Herald*, about thirty years ago.

All who believe in Jesus Christ
Make up one family,
Then why should we despise the least,
Whom Christ our Lord sets free.

Then let us try with one accord
The souls of men to win.
We want no quarrelling here at all,
We're all for Christ the King.

Some who preach Christ are not sincere,
And some His love proclaim.
No matter which if Christ is preached,
We joy in His great name.

No Christian friend should we condemn
Whom God has justified.
If God receives, then why not we,
It is our Lord who died.

Love is the greatest thing on earth,
For it we need to pray.
Love envies not; but proves itself,
A more excellent way.

Our earthly lives will soon be past
And we can work no more;
Then eye to eye we all shall see,
Upon a happier shore.

Hark to the gospel news proclaimed,
Ye people great and small.
In love God sent His only Son
To save us from the fall.

And this is love I have to preach
Unto my dying day,
That every sinner should repent
And put their sin away.

The Spirit and the bride says come
To Christ the risen Lord.
Let all who hear Gods Word, say come,
And wash in Jesus Blood.

Repent, believe, and turn to God
And He will take you in.
He'll give you grace to serve Him here,
And victory over sin.

No other name on earth is given
Through which we are made whole;
The name of Jesus Christ is heaven,
To a believing soul.

Yes Christ shall bruise the serpents head,
His subtle power destroy.
The ransomed of the Lord shall come
With everlasting joy.

AUGUST 1924: The following lines were written in remembrance of the Easter convention in Preston.

Burdened and weary, sin stained and sad
Jesus is willing to make thee glad;
Come at His bidding, His gift receive,
Trust in His merit: "Only believe".

Chorus:
Only believe, only believe,
All things are possible!
Only believe.

Out in the desert famished and cold,
Lost and forlorn, far from the fold;
Rioting and pleasure, surely deceive,
Come back to Jesus, "Only believe".

Sickness and weakness, disease and pain,
Enemies lurking, causing no gain;
Christ thy creator, can thee relieve,
Hear Him proclaiming, "Only believe".

Trials and troubles each have their share,
Bring them to Jesus each moment in prayer;
Over thy failures nevermore grieve,
Jesus is with you, "Only believe".

AUGUST 1924: During that thirty years of service in our Lord's work. . .

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning,
Thy prayer shall ascend unto thee;
For thou in thy Glory doth hear me,
And grant a rich blessing so free.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning,
The first of the day shalt be thine;
Thy promise so precious adorning,
The bow in the clouds is a sign.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning,
Before the days work has begun;
For day unto day I will serve Him
Till a crown and mansion are won.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning,
Lord teach me and show me the way;
Take care of thy child and preserve me,
And give me a blessing this day.

AUGUST 1924: we have learned by experience to avoid rash judgment and sharp controversy; such does no good, and tends to separate friends: to wear the ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit is the best badge, and happy are those when reproach never gets cross, or lose their temper.

Out of the depths I cried to thee
For present help and aid.
He heard my cry and said to me,
My child, be not afraid.

All times when trials cross my path,
Upon the Lord I'll call;
This means of Grace the Christian hath,
And it is meant for all.

Why should I over anxious be
About my future lot;
My Father cares, then I should be
Content with what I've got.

In prayer and praise I'll spend my days,
He gives to him who hath;
Acknowledge Him in all my ways,
God will direct my path.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1925: On the fifteenth I reached my fifty third birthday, in good health stronger than ever before only I have fewer teeth.

Let us come forth unto the Lord,
Outside the camp.
Despised according to the Word,
Outside the camp.

Jesus our Lord was crucified,
Outside the gate.
For us He shed His Blood, and died
Outside the gate.
The priests and people mocked Him there,
And yet for them He said a prayer
Outside the gate.

The Jewish priest went once a year,
Inside the veil.
Trusting in God, he need not fear,
Inside the veil.
Yes face to face the Lord to meet,
Before the Blood stained Mercy seat
Inside the veil.

Jesus our Lord ascended thus,
 Inside the veil.
 To intercede in heaven for us,
 Inside the veil.
 Risen the conqueror o'er the grave,
 He lives at God's right hand to save,
 Inside the veil.

APRIL 1926: The rewriting of many pieces of poetry in February; and sending them to various periodicals, has not been fruitless as the number of the "*Christian Herald*" for April 8 – inserted and published the following:

Among the publications
 That give the Gospel call,
 The noble "*Christian Herald*"
 Ranks equal with them all.
 Containing many pages,
 The people they may choose,
 To read from Spurgeon's sermons,
 Or from the current news.

'Tis orthodox in doctrine,
 It's simple, yet sublime,
 Containing news prophetic,
 Or for the present time.
 It is a Christian paper,
 Worthy of all to read;
 There's something that's instructive
 For every sect and creed.

The "*Christian Herald*" gives warning
 To all, both young and old,
 Of perilous times soon coming
 By prophets long foretold.
 Then heed its word of counsel,
 As you read it day by day;
 And ask God's grace to help you
 To walk the narrow way.

The "*Christian Herald*" gives comfort,
 To all the faithful few
 Who work and live for Jesus
 And to His Word keep true.
 It tells us Christ is coming
 To take away His Bride:
 Ye saints for Him get ready,
 Live on the victory side.

Then read the "*Christian Herald*"
 And for each number pray;
 It is a good companion
 To help you on the way;
 Good reports are published
 Of revivals far and near,
 And to all who love our Saviour
 It says, "Be of good cheer!"

John Long

The following piece of poetry was written in memory of the Easter convention held in Preston on April 6, 1926, and can be sung to the tune, "Forever with the Lord."

For every gift of God,
 We praise His precious Name.
 According to His Holy Word,
 'Twas then and now the same.

Praise, for the gift of faith,
"Wisdom" and "knowledge" too,
Our Saviour is the same today,
His mighty works to do.

Wonders, and signs are done
In Jesus precious Name.
The gifts of healing are restored
Unto His Church again.

And we can trust our Lord
For health and daily bread.
To purchase them for all mankind,
His Precious Blood was shed.

With everlasting joy,
The righteous are set free
To praise the Lord with other tongues,
And gift of prophesy.

Their message is made plain,
Another gift is given.
He who interprets in His Name,
His gift has come from heaven.

The Ransomed shall return,
Unto their blest abode.
They look for a new heaven and earth,
The city of their God.

Standing with armour on,
Discerning what is right.
And say to Satan's host "be gone".
Before the truth and light.

If thou should hear His voice
Speaking aloud today,
Arise, and harden not thy heart,
And unto Jesus pray.

Within thine own abode,
At noon and evening hour;
Just seek the Lord with all thy heart
For Pentecostal power.

John Long, April 14 th, 1926

The following piece of poetry came to me while on an open air tour in South riding Tipperary, during the summer of 1912.

Preach to the Irish people,
Where Roman darkness reigns.
And give the Holy Scriptures
To break traditions chains;

The day of Victory is coming,
Its dawning is begun.
And all who loves the daylight
Look for the rising sun.

A people that's in bondage,
Like Israel of old.
The lost sheep must be sought for,
And brought back to the fold.

Their cry goes up to heaven,
We hear the people sigh.
And God who loves old Ireland,
Will hearken to their cry.

Blessed is the man that soweth
Beside all waters fare.

The good seed for the Saviour,
Watered with tears and prayer.

A word that's fitly spoken,
How true it is and good.
To hungry souls more precious,
Than any earthly food.

DECEMBER 1926: The following piece of poetry has been published in this month's copy of "*Bright Words*".

The Sent Ones

It pleaseth God through preaching
To save them that believe,
And build up saints by teaching
When they His Word receive.

He sends to spread the tidings,
A faithful mighty host.
Although but earthen vessels
Filled with the Holy Ghost.

The harvest, ah, 'tis plenteous
And labourers are few,
To preach the Gospel daily
And do as Paul would do;

In highways and hedges,
Out on the Market Square,
Unto all creeds and classes,
The message to declare.

Nor should we rest from labour
Until our work is done;
On, still, to tell the story
Of God's beloved Son.

Till every heathen nation
Turn from their sin to God,
Accepting Gods Salvation
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

John Long

Now the promise is mine,
I've a nature Divine,
My Father himself keeps the store.
I have plenty up there,
I'm a real millionaire,
And I'll not be poor any more.

There is joy up in heaven,
For the angels they sing,
While Jesus they praise and adore.
Like the lost sheep of old,
I came back to the fold
And I'll wander away no more.

I will evil eschew,
For the good I will do.
And work in Gods vineyard to day.
For this is my lot,
In the choice I have got,
Content with a labourer's pay.

Contentment

Now the promise is mine,
 I've a nature Divine,
 My Father himself keeps the store.
 I have plenty up there,
 I'm a real millionaire,
 And I'll not be poor any more.

There is joy up in heaven,
 For the angels they sing,
 While Jesus they praise and adore.
 Like the lost sheep of old,
 I came back to the fold
 And I'll wander away no more.

I will evil eschew,
 For the good I will do.
 And work in Gods vineyard to day.
 For this is my lot,
 In the choice I have got,
 Content with a labourer's pay.

POETRY ABOUT JOHN LONG's FAMILY

There were eight children born into his family: Eliza Jane-1868; Maria-1870; **John-1872- 1962**; William-1874; Anne Ellen-1876-77 (lived 9 months); Samuel-1879; Anne Ellen-1881; and Thomas-1883.

John & Margaret (Keegan) Long had 4 children: Miriam, born March 1, 1923. Gilbert, born January, 1927; Rhoda, born May, 1929; and John born March 15, 1931.

GILBERT LONG, his Father

JUNE, 1895: I arrived home on June 10 to find my father, Gilbert Long, had taken sick. Pneumonia set in, and he fell asleep in Jesus, June 18, 1895. We buried him in Finnoe Churchyard with his ancestors. I believe the dead in Christ have gone to Paradise, Luke 23:43. Hades and its Hebrew equivalent Sheol is the separate abode of the disembodied spirits until the resurrection of the body. The righteous compartment is called by our Lord "*Abraham's Bosom*." Or "*Paradise*," Luke 16:19-31.

The Spirits of departed saints
 To Paradise have gone
 Unto the promised rest and peace
 To hear the words "*well done*."
 They join the great triumphant throng
 Set free from pain and care.
 They sing the new eternal song
 Nothing can vex them there.
 With all the ransomed sons of men
 There no more tears or pain
 Waiting the resurrection morn
 When Jesus comes again.
 They look for anew heaven and earth
 According to the word,
 The city of the living God
 Whose maker is the Lord.

ANN (TURNER) LONG, his Mother

JULY 1916: The following piece of poetry was written to express my feelings on returning home after the occasion of my Mother's death. At midnight on the 16th April, 1916, my mother fell asleep in Jesus; followed by her son Thomas on the 17th April...We buried them both in my Grandfathers grave, William Turner, in Ballingarry Churchyard. My mother was a good religious woman who gave testimony unto the saving power of Jesus Christ. My Brother Thomas Long was a quiet man, who was deeply and deservedly regretted, and missed the trouble that followed after, owing to the Sinn Fien, rising in the district, showed that they both were taken from the evil to come when they were best fit. On the 2nd of May, 1916, my sister Maria died and was buried in Glenmore churchyard.

Sweet is the memory of the past,
 While here on earth I roam.

And as I journey up and down,
I like to visit home.

Dear Father's steps I hear no more,
His words I still retain.
He used to meet me at the door,
With, "Welcome home again."

Dear Mother, she is gone to heaven,
I see the old arm chair.
And home is not the joy it was,
For mother is not there.

At early age **dear Sam** left home,
In good Victoria's reign.
With tender heart, he said goodbye
Not to return again.

And **sister Annie's** gentle voice,
By us is heard no more.
But now she sings in Paradise,
Upon a happier shore.

And **Thomas** died in midst of life,
His sun went down at noon
Plucked as a brand out from the fire
Of tribulation soon.

Maria Long, who lived in Bree,
Was kind, and true and good.
Her grave is there for all to see,
Her soul is gone to God.

The family has gone to heaven,
We would not wish them here.
And I shall meet them all again,
If Christ I love and fear.

MIRIAM LONG, his first child

MARCH 1923: On the 1st of March, 1923, God blessed us with the birth of a little baby girl; which we welcome as a gift from Him; and a seal on the married life.

O what a happy home have I
Plenty of bread and jam;
God's gifts to me I can't deny
The cradle and the pram.

It was upon the first of March,
Into the world she came;
We dedicate her to the Lord,
And Miriam is her name.

It is her parents' prayer and wish,
That she should serve the Lord;
Eschew the evil, do the good,
According to the Word.

We want to live down here on earth,
Till parting days are o'er.
That we should meet in heaven at last,
Upon a happier shore.

Suffer the children said our Lord,
Forbid them not, He said.
To ransom them He shed His Blood,
And triumphed o'er the dead.

On March 8 – we dedicated Miriam unto the Lord, by a worthy elder James Gault, in prayer.

To Miriam my beloved daughter:

My grace, mercy and peace attend you all the days of your life. Honour thy Father and Mother; which is the first commandment with promise. Eph. 6:2. Now my child it is our desire and prayers that as you grow up into adult years: that you should personally accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour; confess Him with your mouth before men. Rom. 10:9,10; and keep His commandments. John 14:15.

See to it that you get baptized by immersion, at your own request. Acts 2:41. See to it that you remember our Lord's death in the ordinance of the Lord's supper. Luke 22:19. Live for the Kingdom of God. Always believe in the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and in the merits of His precious Blood. Meet your parents in heaven.

The Lord will keep you and provide for you; only live and work for Him. Remember all God's promises are yours through faith. Always pray, and daily read the Bible.

John Long
Maggie Long
Oldstone, Muckamore
Co-Antrim, Ireland
9 th March, 1923

GILBERT LONG, son

1927 JANUARY: On January the first, New Years day, God blessed us with the birth of a baby boy; and so in His own mysterious way fulfilled one of the greatest promises ever given to me in the fifty fifth (55) year of my age, namely, *"I will visit you, and perform my good word towards you."* Jer. 29:10; though I had to wait twenty-six years for it.

On the Hill near Knockanacree, Cloughjordan, lived one of my ancestors named Gilbert Carter, my Grandmother's father, whose son was Thomas Carter a worthy Methodist local preacher. My father's name was Gilbert Long, Burntwood, Cloughjordan, County Tipperary. In order to revive the name of my forefathers, I will call my son's name Gilbert Long and give God the glory for His mercy, love, and Grace in bestowing this favour upon an unworthy servant of His. *"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."* Deu. 8:2.

On the eighth day we presented the child unto the Lord to be an Evangelist, by the hands and prayers of Elder James Gault and Pastor Mercier; the word occurs in Luke 2:21-22. The example in Matt. 19:13, also the commendation of our Lord, Mark 10:13, 14, and the teaching of the apostles, Eph. 6:4. We cannot find command or example for infant baptism in the New Testament, we can for infant dedication; and if this had been properly taught in the past it might have saved the church from much serious dispute.

To Gilbert Long, my beloved son. It is your parents wish that you grow up to accept, and serve God; also that you obey, and confess our Lord Jesus Christ; it is our wish and desire that you should be an Evangelist, and give your life fully to the Lord's work. As soon as you come to adult age; and knowledge of Salvation through faith in Jesus, get baptized by immersion; also break bread in remembrance of our Saviour's death on the cross; and look for the second advent of our Lord. Preach the Gospel to every creature; and have fellowship with all believers in the Holy Spirit; and continue the Evangel in which your father has laboured for thirty three years: and the end is not yet. Hallelujah!

SAMUEL LONG, his brother

JANUARY 1902: About that time I heard that my Brother Samuel Long died in India. He was a soft tenderhearted youth who was converted under the ministry of William Irvine. He began to pray and confess Christ under the ministry of John Good. As a domestic servant, he met with some hard masters; not succeeding so well in that line of occupation, he enlisted in the Army and was sent out to China during the Boxer persecutions. On his removal to India, he died at Singapore on 25th Dec., 1901 after thirty two days sickness. The day I heard of his death, the text turned out to be, *"And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut,"* Matt. 25:10. This news came as a sad trial to my dear mother, whose physical health was not able to bear much strain.

It was a great surprise to us
News from a foreign land
When we heard dear Sam was dead,
Away on India's strand.
We will not see his face again,
Until we get to heaven.
It only leaves an empty seat
Out of the number seven.

He gave himself to Jesus Christ,
When he was twenty one
He testified to saving grace
Before the end had come.
Though trials great beset his path
When he alone did plod,

All things for good together worked,
To draw him unto God.

Gone up to heaven, his race is run
Set free from every care
With Jesus it is for the best
Nothing can vex him there.
Now every tear is wiped away
And sorrow changed to song
And best of all, there's no more death
Among the ransomed throng.

This is our day we live in time
By faith the prize we see
But Sam is gone to yonder clime
Into eternity.
The vale, the flesh, doth separate
A little while between.
He cannot come across to us
But we can go to him.

SAMUEL LONG

These lines were written on the death of a brother Samuel Long, who died on 25th December, 1901 in North India:

Dear Sam is gone to yonder home
The first fruits of our kin
He beckons for us to come along
To live in bliss with him.

This is our day we live in time,
Until we cease to be,
But Sam is gone to yonder clime
Into Eternity.

The vale of death does separate
A little time between,
He cannot come across to us
But we can go to him.

At home in Heaven the place of rest,
Set free from every care,
With Jesus it is far the best
Nothing can vex him there.

But when we think of him who's gone
To better worlds above,
Then let us try while in the way
Each other for to love.

Not lost are those who go before,
The word of God record,
The dead in Christ shall rise to be,
Forever with the Lord.

And we shall see each other's face,
To separate no more,
And dwell with all that's saved by Grace
Upon a happier shore.

JOHN KEEGAN, Brother-in-Law

JULY 1924: My wife and Miriam, my daughter, had to go home, as her brother was in a hopeless condition of health. On Thursday 2, he, John Keegan, fell asleep in Jesus at the age of 26.

They're passing, passing, one by one,
Unto another shore;

And some who trouble us today
Shall trouble us no more.

The righteous who Gods word obeys,
And tries to stand the test;
Shall judge himself and pondering say,
Lord, have I done my best?

Do not put off till future time,
The act you now can do;
The time to fall and to obey
Is while your passing through.

Be not discouraged in the way,
Though trials great arise;
By faith, and prayer, bid them depart,
And win a heavenly prize.

John Long was born September 15, 1872 and died July 4, 1962, age 90