

A. M. & C. Lewis

March 1843

AN
EVANGELICAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

E * * * * AND ECHO:

SETTING FORTH THE UNION BETWEEN

DIVINE LOVE

AND

HOLY OBEDIENCE.

DESIGNED FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

BIRMINGHAM:

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AN

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TO THE READER.

Sound practices flowing from sound principles in Jesus Christ, sum up the whole of Christianity; or, in the Apostle's words, *Faith working by love*. As I desire these may never be separated, so I would always enforce them both. To that end, permit me to present you with the following poem, which, I trust, may much elucidate the nature both of faith and love; each properly distinguished, and yet never to be separated, no more than light and

heat can be from the Sun. I contend for faith, as the only thing that can produce love: I contend for love, as the only thing that can prove faith to be true. This is the great design of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, against which the gates of Hell can never prevail. "But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath by him; For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his [life]."—*Rom.* v. 8, 9, 10.

AN

EVANGELICAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

E * * * * AND ECHO.

Shewing forth the great mercy and loving-kindness of God towards man, in the death and sufferings of his beloved Son Jesus Christ, in whom he is well pleased, and in whom we have redemption, through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

Let others boast of merit vain,
I'll gaze on Jesus' bleeding cross;
And pondering well his death and pain,
All other things account but loss.

E * * * *

Tho' many friends in winter disappear,
 Echo, thy friendship's constant all the year,
 Come, harmless soother, come! and, mild,
 consent

To talk with me awhile,—art thou content?

ECHO.

CONTENT.

E * * * *

T' instruct me, then, be thine the friendly
 task!

Whilst I, thy pupil, will inquire and ask,
 When Jesus left his radiant throne of light,
 The realms of innocence and glory bright,
 To take man's humble form, what did him
 move?

Say, gentle ECHO, was it wrath or love?

ECHO.

LOVE.

E * * * *

But why drank he the bitter cup of woe?
Did he offend? did he pollution know?

ECHO.

No.

E * * * *

Why, then, was his dear body stain'd with
gore?

Why drops of sweating blood from every
pore?

Why did the scorpion scourge so dreadful
wound?

Why was his head with thorns so pungent
crown'd?

Why from his sacred cheeks was pluck'd
the hair?

Why sink beneath the pond'rous cross he
bare?

Why nail'd his hands and feet unto the tree?

Why in such torments die on Calvary?

Why such a spectacle did he appear?

His heart why pierced with the soldier's
spear?

Why was all this? say, Echo, canst thou tell?
 Was it to save poor sinful man from hell?

ECHO.

SINFUL MAN FROM HELL.

E * * * *

Did Jesus then sustain, upon the tree,
 The weight of all our sin and misery?
 Was it for this his precious blood was spilt,
 To take from us the heavy load of guilt?
 Was it that we, being justified by grace,
 Thro' his atoning blood and righteousness,
 Might glad behold his reconciled face?
 Was it to wash our souls, to make us clean
 And kill the very inbred root of sin?
 Was it that we might Abba Father, cry
 And to his outstretch'd wings of mercy fly?
 Was it that all the boundless love of God
 Might in our hearts be richly shed abroad?
 O tell me, Echo, for I long to know;
 Is all this true? Is all this even so?

ECHO.

EVEN SO.

E * * * *

Why surely then, all who in him believe,
Who come to him, all such he will receive.

ECHO.

ALL SUCH HE WILL RECEIVE.

E * * * *

This Gospel then must I to all proclaim,
And preach salvation in no other name!

ECHO.

NO OTHER NAME.

E * * * *

That sin is pardoned thro' a Saviour's blood?
Is this a doctrine wholesome, sound, and
good?

ECHO.

WHOLESOME, SOUND AND GOOD.

E * * * *

To all mankind, to all in every land,
Is such a faith in Jesus God's command?

ECHO.

GOD'S COMMAND.

E * * * *

Well does this grace poor sinful creatures
 suit ;
 Are godly works of faith the genuine fruit ?

ECHO.

THE GENUINE FRUIT.

E * * * *

True faith producing love to God and man,
 Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel's plan.

ECHO.

THE GOSPEL'S PLAN.

E * * * *

Must I my faith in Jesus constant shew,
 By doing good to all, both friend and foe ?

ECHO.

BOTH FRIEND AND FOE.

E * * * *

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good and love him still?

ECHO.

LOVE HIM STILL.

E * * * *

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?

ECHO.

AS CAREFULLY CONCEAL.

E * * * *

If he the worst construct on all my words,
Must I the best construct his case affords?

ECHO.

HIS CASE AFFORDS.

E * * * *

But if my name and character he tears,
 And cruel malice, too, too plain appears,
 And when I sorrow and affliction know,
 He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
 In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
 Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless ?

ECHO.

STILL LOVE AND BLESS.

E * * * *

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
 Still must I patient be, and still forgive ?

ECHO.

PATIENT BE, AND STILL FORGIVE.

E * * * *

Why, Echo, how is this ? Thou'rt sure a dove !
 Thy talk will leave me nothing else but love.

ECHO.

NOTHING ELSE BUT LOVE.

E * * * *

Amen ; with all my heart, then be it so ;
 It's all delightful, just and good, I know ;
 And now to practice I'll directly go.

ECHO.

DIRECTLY GO.

E * * * *

Things being thus, then let who will reject,
 My gracious God me surely will protect.

ECHO.

SURELY WILL PROTECT.

E * * * *

Henceforth on him I'll roll my every care,
 And both my friends and foes embrace in
 prayer.

ECHO.

EMBRACE IN PRAYER.

E * * * *

But after all these duties when they're done,
 Must I, in point of merit, them disown,
 And rest my soul on Jesus' blood alone?

ECHO.

ON JESUS' BLOOD ALONE.

E * * * *

Echo, enough, thy counsel to my ear
 Is sweeter than to flowers the dew-drop tear,
 Thy wise instructive lessons please me well,
 Till next we meet again, Farewell! Farewell!

ECHO.

FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

THE VOICE OF MERCY.

I hear a sound that comes from far ;
It fills my soul with joy and love ;
Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.

'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
From Calvary it sounds abroad ;
It soothes my soul and calms my fear :
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice,
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice ?

With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss ;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

THE VOICE OF MERCY.

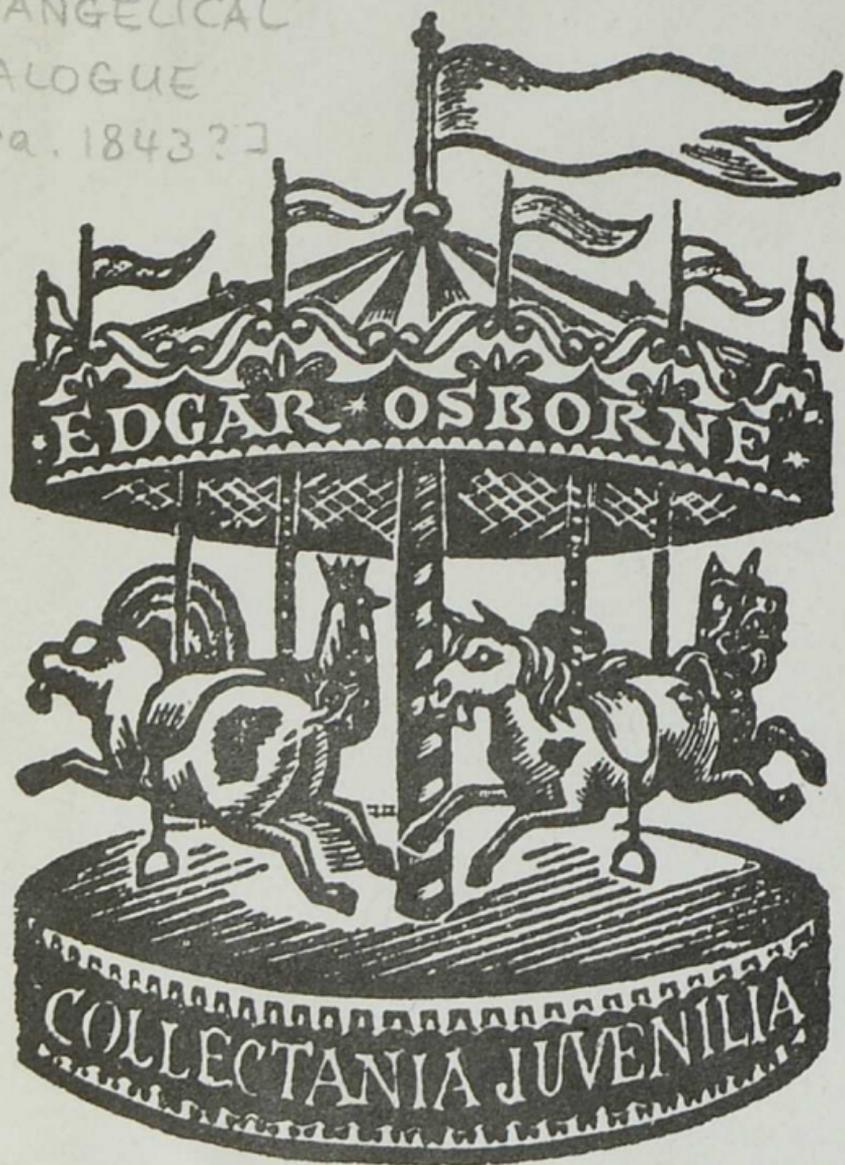
Sweet were the sounds that reached our ears
When mercy raised her heavenly voice ;
'Twas mercy that dispell'd our fears,
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

All other sounds discordant seem,
Compared with mercy's heavenly song,
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.

O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest ;
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.

May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love !
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

(B) dr
EVANGELICAL
DIALOGUE
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