

ADAPTATION OF "ONWARD, CHRISTIAN
SOLDIERS" TO THE NEEDS OF BRETHERN.

PREFACE.

IN response to many suggestions from dear Brethren, I have adapted a hymn to the wants of the Church. In view of the grossly unscriptural nature of the original hymn (so-called) many changes have been rendered necessary, but I hope and trust that this has been effected without losing the grandeur of the original. To this effort of mine certain "false brethren unawares brought in" have objected, saying, "Touch not the accursed thing." I pass over the blasphemy of their thus adapting verses of Scripture to their own vile ends.

Let me, however, tell these "wolves in sheep's clothing," these "clouds without water," carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever (Jude 12,13), that they are "dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters" (Rev. xxii. 15), and again, that they are "fearful and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and idolaters, and all liars" (Rev. xxi. 8), and that they "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death" (Rev. xxi. 8), "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark. ix. 44).

Let me only add that they are "a herd of many swine feeding" (Matt. viii. 30).

“Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?” (Matt. xxiii. 33).

And now, beloved brethren, with every prayer that this adaptation may prove of lasting blessing to You all, bringing forth “the fruits of the Spirit” (Gal. v. 22), especially “faith, hope and charity.” “But the greatest of these is charity” (1 Cor. xiii. 13).

“ONWARD, PLYMOUTH BRETHERN.”

“Chorus.”

ONWARD, Plymouth Brethren, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus trampled on the floor;
Kelly, Lowe or Jewell lead against the foe,
Forward into battle, see their followers go.
Onward, Plymouth Brethren, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus trampled on the floor.

At the name of Barton, Raven's host doth flee,
On, M'Arthy's following, on to victory,
Stoney's scoundrels shiver at Our howls of rage,
Brothers, lift Your voices, Shriek aloud, Rampage!

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God.
Brothers, We are treading where the saints have trod.
We are all divided, fifty bodies We,
Fifty hopes and doctrines, nary charity.

Church and chapel perish! Open Plyms to hell!
But Our kind of Brethren still in safety dwell.
Raven's lot can never 'gainst the Lord prevail,
We are his brave followers, you are Satan's tail.

Come then, outside peoples, join Our noble throng!
Blend with Ours your voices in the triumph song!
Glory, praise and honour unto Us alone!
Christians' necks our footstool, Heaven itself Our throne!

P.S.—BELOVED BRETHREN,—The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. For I, like Balaam (in the old legend), was compelled to express our real feelings and not our pretended ones. This, of course, absolutely ruins the adaptation. In fact, I am not certain as to whether it does not rather give us away!

*Alas! we are only poor, weak, failing creatures!
Your broken-hearted, broken-winded, broken-kneed brother,*

JUDAS CAIAPHAS TRUELOVE.

[The man Truelove was at once put out of fellowship. He will be certainly damned.

—PILATE CROSSPATCH.]