

**LINK TO LINK; OR,  
STIRRING  
CONTEMPLATIONS**

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Link to Link; Or, Stirring Contemplations by Jesse Cruse

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**JESSE CRUSE**

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*By the Author of "Thoughts in Rhyme."*

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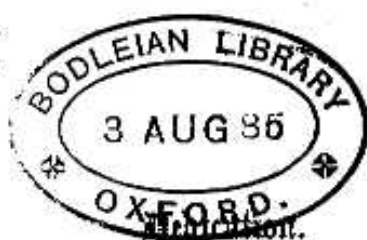
WITH INTRODUCTION BY JAMES WOOD, ESQ.

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1885.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]



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*This Volume is respectfully dedicated to the following*

*Christian Gentlemen:—*

REV. H. M. BAKER.  
REV. GEORGE LAMB.  
REV. JAMES GARNER.  
REV. THOMAS PENROSE.  
REV. THOMAS POWELL.  
REV. EDMUND RAWLINGS.  
REV. ALFRED IVES.  
REV. W. H. ALLEN.  
T. B. JOHNSON, Esq.  
F. HENSEY, Esq.  
HERBERT F. STRETCH, Esq.  
J. GARRUD, Esq.

## Preface.

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IN sending forth this volume, the Author feels that he is in the path of duty, and that God's blessing will attend its publication, and that readers will be repaid by perusing its pages.

His desire is to add his small tribute towards bettering the condition of humanity, by leading others to bless and praise the Lord.

He desires also to express his thanks for the kindness of all friends who have used their efforts in promoting the sale of the previous volume (a few copies of which remain on hand.)

He would specially mention, Messrs. Wood, Ward, Howe, Hensey, Smeaton, Alcock, Kimons, Manley, Pearson and Evans, and others who have done so well, and to Mr. W. J. Dewty for preparing the present manuscript.

May the blessing of Heaven rest on all.

JESSE CRUSE.

*Letters for the Author to be addressed—*

Care of MR. W. H. PEARSON,

Camden House

Riversdale Road, N.

## Introduction.

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HAVING with much profit read some of the compositions of this Book, entitled, "Link to Link, or Stirring Contemplations," I have great pleasure in recommending it to the public, believing that it will fully commend itself to their judgment as being worthy of a wide-spread circulation.

To all Methodist families, into whose hands this work may fall; I as an Old Methodist Class Leader would especially call attention to the Poem entitled, "The Model Class Meeting;" which to my mind is one that certainly does credit both to the heart and head of the Author.

I have known Mr. Jesse Cruse, for upwards of twenty-five years, as a true worker in the vineyard of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I do most sincerely trust, that a large spirit of Christian liberality, in this the time of his affliction will be shown towards him, by this Work meeting with a large and ready sale.

Yours very truly,

JAMES WOOD.

Florence House,  
175, Graham Road,  
*Hackney, E.*



## LINK TO LINK.

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### A SCHOLAR'S APPEAL.

PLEASE friends, give attention, be patient with me ;  
Regard my petition, and answer my plea,  
In this my appearing before you to-night ;  
May you feel a pleasure, and help with your might.

In fact, public speaking is out of my reach ;  
Therefore I supply this poetical speech :  
I plead for good objects, and keep to that rule ;  
Vote freely, I pray you, fresh funds for our school.

Each Sabbath we gather together for praise,  
And for more instruction in wisdom's pure ways :  
More teachers are needed to train up the young,  
Equipped with good talents and freedom of tongues.

The path is before you, and mercy says, run ;  
Help this undertaking, the work must be done :  
Our fathers have laboured, their work time is o'er,  
Down the course of the ages they're passed on before.

In their holy footsteps we also may tread ;  
So shall we be useful, and honoured when dead ;  
The swift flowing river of time bears away  
All earthly erections, but good works will stay.

Such men as John Petty, Bourne, Clowe, and P. Pugh,  
 Allure you to work while there is work to do ;  
 Be up, friends, and at it ; be faithful and true ;  
 Be sure the great Master is working with you.

A cloud of spectators are watching above,  
 The progress we make in our labour of love ;  
 Hope is our sure anchor, fixed within the veil  
 That gives us assurance the work will not fail.

So great and important the cause that I plead,  
 Could I be more earnest, I would, to succeed :  
 Hands into your pockets, and don't think me bold ;  
 Our cause needs your copper, and silver, and gold.

One united effort, with hearts full of zest ;  
 Let all be heroic, each doing his best :  
 I know the collection received from your hands,  
 Will then be a good one, and meet all demands.

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#### AN INDWELLING CHRIST.

AND dost Thou really dwell  
 In this poor heart of mine ?  
 May I the truth to others tell,  
 That I, dear Lord, am Thine ?

I see Thee on the Cross,  
 I feel Thee in my soul ;  
 Thy blood removes my sin and dross ;  
 By Thee I am made whole.

How precious is Thy blood !  
 My soul by Thee is blest :  
 Assured of peace with Thee, my God,  
 I on Thy truth now rest.

By living faith I walk,  
 The way of liberty ;  
 Thy Spirit doth within me talk,  
 And witnesseth of Thee.

Therefore I'll sing Thy praise,  
 And live and work for Thee ;  
 So fill the measure of my days,  
 Till I Thy glory see.

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SWEET SEVENTEEN.

SEVENTEEN years ago, this morning,  
 Surely I shall not forget that day,—  
 Without fuss, and no adorning,  
 A young stranger came with us to stay.

Well indeed may I remember  
 Such a day, amid life's noise and stir ;  
 'Twas the seventeenth of September,  
 Sacred Sabbath-day, that I prefer.

Early on that precious morning,  
 Favoured with a clear, warm, shining sun,—  
 To convey an urgent warning,  
 I was called a journey quick to run.

Every time the day returning,  
 Adds another year on to my life,  
 In which school I keep on learning,  
 More and more its vanity and strife.

This is but a world of changes ;  
 Disappointments stand on every side ;  
 It matters not who arranges,  
 Quickly it may all be turned aside.