ORDER OF SERVICES

AT THE
FIRST ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
KIDNAPPING OF THOMAS SIMS,
APRIL 12, 1852.

I. VOLUNTARY.

II. READING SCRIPTURES,
BY REV. T. W. BIGGINS.

III. PRAYER,
BY REV. DANIEL FOSTER.

IV. HYMN
BY REV. JOHN FERRING.

V. DISCOURSE,
BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

VI. HYMN,
BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

VII. PRAYER,
BY REV. W. N. CROSBWELL.

VIII. BENEDICTION.

Sons of men who dare be free,
For Truth and Right who crossed the sea;—
Hides the trembling wave that flees
From the land of Slaves.

Men that love your Fathers' name,
Ye who prize your Country's fame;—
Wipe away the public shame
From your native land.

Men that know the Mightiest Might,
Ye who serve the Eternal Right;—
Change the darkness into light;
Let it shine for all.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of Throlden lower;—
See advance the Southern power,
Chains and Slavery.

That voice your sons hath swareed!
'Tis heard, and is obeyed!
This gloomy day
Tells you of errant stained,
Of Justice's name profaned,
Of a poor bondman, chained
And borne away!

Over Virginia's springs,
Her eagles spread their wings;
Her Blue Ridge towers:
That voice—once heard with awe—
Now asks —'Who ever saw,
Up there, a higher law
Than this of ours?'

Must we obey that voice?
When God, or man's the choice,
Must we postpone
HIM, who from Sinai spoke?
Must we wear Slavery's yoke?
Hear of her lash and stroke,
And prep her throne?

Leashed with her hounds, must we
Run down the poor, who flee
From Slavery's hall?
Great God! when we do this,
Relieve us from thy bliss;
At we let angels hiss.
From heaven that fell!

Sea! the kidnappers have come!
Southern chains surround your home;—
Will you wait for harsher doom?—
Will you wear the chain?

By you sea that freely waves,
By your Fathers' honored graves;—
Spear you never will be slave.
Nor steal your fellow-man.

By the Heavens whose breath you draw,
By the God whose Higher Law
Fills the Heavens of Heaven with awe;—
Swear for Freedom now.

Men whose hearts with pity move,
Men that trust in God above,
Who stoutly follow Christ in love;—
Save your Brooder Men.