THE

SPIRITUAL HARP:

A COLLECTION OF

VOCAL MUSIC

FOR THE

CHOIR, CONGREGATION, AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BY

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E. H. BAILEY, MUSICAL EDITOR.

I heard harpers harping on their harps; and they sung a new song. — Job.

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In the Clerk’s Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.
"Let me make the ballads of a nation," says Fletcher of Saltoun, "and I care not who makes the laws." Revolutions date in the improvised songs of the peasantry. Religion springs to form from the hearts of the musical seers of all ages. Music envelops every surrounding object with soulful vibrations. The leaves, the tips of grass, the winds, the sunbeams, the very fibres of wood and rock, all things respond. The angels, charmed when sweet melodies rise like ocean ripples from joyous souls, cannot help approaching us. As our music quiveringly touches and trembles the finer chords of their souls, we hear an echo far sweeter, and in turn we pause and listen, the auditors now of heavenly choirs. Thus the songs we produce, however humble, set all the universe ablaze with melodious light, and, ringing through the arches of heaven, bless all hearts with new joy.

Conscious of this happy truth, and feeling that the interests of Spiritualism, growing into favor with the people everywhere, demanded a new musical organ, full of the live thought and song of the age, on consulting with friends both in spirit and earth life, who urged the undertaking with great earnestness, we ventured out, and after a year's close and indefatigable labor, now present to the world our "SPIRITUAL HARP," believing that even the angels will delight to hear its inspiring harmonies in all the circles to which they minister in love.

Our poetical friends have lavished upon us their kind tokens of regard, for which we heartily thank them. Words are inadequate to express the gratitude we cherish for the sympathy and assistance of so many co-operators in our arduous task. Keeping in view the claims of our holy cause, we have aimed at justice to all; but owing to limited space, we have been obliged to reject much that is of intrinsic merit. At least one-third of the poetry is original, gushing with fresh inspiration from the fountain of truth. The selected poetry is also eclectic, being culled with the most studious fidelity, and carefully criticised till every theological taint is expunged, and only such other changes made as are necessary to the rhythmic construction of the verses. Three-quarters of the music is original, which, with the selected, comprises a rich variety of the most attractive character, suited to all occasions.

Some of America's most gifted and popular composers, such as Dr. Lowell Mason, G. F. Root, J. G. Clark, and others, whose inspiring songs enchant all the masses, have brought us under lasting obligations for original and selected contributions. We acknowledge with equal generosity the generosity of the musical publishers, whose highly appreciated selections we have credited to their respective names.

Spiritualism is scientific religion. With others we have felt the necessity of adopting such a system in our public instructions as shall tend to more thoroughly cultivate the religious nature, perfect individual character, and harmonize society. The department of "Spirit Echoes," original and selected, is designed to meet this growing demand in a measure at least. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, inaugurated by A. J. Davis, has been inductive to a magnificent symbolic education of spiritual life. Following its wonderful success, we have, in part, adapted it to general worship in a new form of "Silver-chain Recitations." They can be used by the speaker as a reading exercise, or in the form of responses, with or without music. The alternation of reading by the speaker and singing by the congregation, thus bringing the two into rapport with each other, and preparing the way for a more inspirational influx from the angels, must be most hallowed in influence. Let these be used occasionally at least, that their golden truths may be deeply engraved upon the memory. As a means to the highest possible inspiration from ministering spirits, tending to avoid all monotony in our religious exercises, and to harmonize our forces for nobler work, we suggest that speaking and singing be more blended by having short congregational tunes introduced at intervals during the lecture, as the speaker may request. When the sacred influence of silent communion at the opening or closing of our meetings, of forms of beauty, and healthful exercises, shall thus chime with "Spirit Echoes," speech and song, our worship will be the most attractive ever instituted. In this department we have added a few funeral recitations, each brief and full of spiritual consolation.

Fully satisfied that congregational singing harmonizes an audience better, and is therefore more satisfactory than quartet or choir singing, we earnestly recommend its adoption in the lecture-room and conference-meeting.

Although the second department of this work is particularly mentioned as congregational, there are many pieces in the first, also in the solo and anthem departments, that may be properly and easily sung by the congregation, when led by a choir and organ. We appeal to choir-members, not merely to permit the congregation to sing an occasional slow measured tune, but to heartily encourage all to sing with them every piece that is used in the religious meeting. Beautiful solo, quartet, and select chorus singers are heard with profit and delight in the concert-room; but in the religious meeting, let us have the great, throbbing, swelling, mountain voice of the people. What if it be a little rough, showing its sharp points and deep declivities? Its natural commingling of soul, rounded into order by and by, will be all inspiring.

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Trusting that the "Harp" will indeed bless millions, as an instrument of inspiration to loftier purposes in life, we humbly dedicate it to the Spiritualists and Reformers of the world, in love of truth and progress.

THE AUTHORS.

BOSTON, Sept. 1, 1868.
THE SPIRITUAL HARP.

SPIRITUAL HARP.

We come, we come with our harps of gold, From the far-off summer-land.

The crystal river we've crossed again, We've left an angel band, left an angel band,

To bring to you on our golden harps, Sweet music from afar,

With cadence soft that the angels sing, As they glide from star to star.

1. We come, we come with our harps of gold, From the far-off summer-land.

The crystal river we've crossed again, We've left an angel band, left an angel band,

To bring to you on our golden harps, Sweet music from afar,

With cadence soft that the angels sing, As they glide from star to star.

2. We come, we come with echoes caught
   From the birds of Paradise,
   That wing their way through starry worlds,
   "Mid pearls beyond all price;
   For angel thoughts are the gems that shine
   In the jeweled realms above,
   Where all the pure, the precious pearls
   Are the priceless pearls of love.

3. We come, we come with our harps o'er-
   With the flowers that cannot die, [strung
   That bloom and wave in the scented breeze
   Beyond the earthly sky;

   Where lilies mingle their perfumed breath
   With the sunlight and the shade,
   Where fragrance sweet is the music-tide
   Of flowers that never fade.

4. We come, we come with our harp-strings tuned
   To the music of the heart,
   Grief's waves to hush in their mighty tide,
   When hopes of earth depart;
   For lingering still on our golden harps
   Are the angel songs above,
   Whose harps and hearts with their magic
   Ever thrill with lays of love.
The Spiritual Harp.

ALONG THE RIVER OF TIME.

Andantino. Tenor.

1. A long the river of time I glide,
2. How oft I gaze from my window twain,
3. Some, while I'm gasping, sail out of sight,
4. They tell me there is a haven of peace,

Air.

A long the river, A long the river,
I'm often gazing, I'm often gazing,
While yet I'm gazing, While yet I'm gazing,
There is a haven, There is a haven.

My little boat rocking from side to side,
Far over the waves of the blithely main,
Far into the sunset's all radiant light,
Where voyagers' journeys shall ever cease,

My light boat rocking, My light boat rocking,
Far o'er the billow, Far o'er the billow,
The radiant sunset, The radiant sunset,
Shall cease the journey, Shall cease the journey,

Yes, where, etc.,
And million, etc.,
I see, etc.,
There in, etc.,

Yes, where ever the winds do blow, Still hither and thither I drifting go,
And million sails in the blue air shine, And many are whiter, but none like mine,
I see not, know not their on-ward track, I know that in spirit they can come back,
There in the dis-tance a bea-con bright Guides e- ver and saf-ly through sor-row's night,

Float ing, Float ing, Float ing, Float ing out on the sea of E ter ni ty.
Harmouit/rft"/Vuriina Occasionr.

BEAUTIFUL VISIONS OF JOY.

1. Oh! beautiful, beautiful visions of joy, And peaceful do-

light, in the realms of the blest, Where angel arms hundle your

bright cherub boy, And lead him by love into God's holy rest, God's holy

3. BEAUTIFUL VISIONS OF JOY.

LET sorrow and grief loose their hold on your heart.
And hope, brightest hope, blossom joyfully there;
For God in his garden of life gives you part,
And ministering spirits there hallow the air.

3 Oh, think not that heaven is far, far away,
In measureless voids of ethereal space,
For your dear cherub boy is still near you each day,
To soothe and to bless you with gentlest embrace.

4 And free, happy spirits of light and of love
Unfold to his reason the lessons of heaven,
As, dwelling below or dwelling above,
To love-lighted souls such guidance is given.

5 Then think of him sweetly and tenderly still,
Your own cherub boy in the realms of the blest,
So happy his spirit-life mission to fill,
And lead you at last into God's holy rest.

4. THE INNER VOICE.

1 THE voice of an angel
Falls sweet on our ears;
It whispers of goodness
That conquers our fears;
It speaks of a Father,
Who governs in love,
Who draws all his children
To bright homes above.

2 It makes our souls hopeful,
And joyful our life,
Gives strength to our feelings
To overcome strife.
We know that contention,
That pride, hate, and scorn
Will turn to sweet concord
In truth's beauteous morn.

3 We know that truth's brightness
Shall dawn upon earth,
Sweet flowers spring around us
Of heavenly birth.
Though eager to witness
All things ruled by love,
We wait with calm patience
These gifts from above.
**GOD KNOWS IT ALL.**

1. In the dim recesses of thy spirit's chamber, Is there some hidden grief thou mayst not tell? Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember His pitying eye who sees and knows it well,—God knows it all.

And art thou tossed on blows of temptation, And wouldst be good, but evil still prevails? Oh, think, amid the waves of tribulation,

When earthly hope, when earthly refuge falls, God knows it all.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

THEN DO RIGHT.
Earnestly.

1. Wouldst thou lead a useful life, Wouldst thou miss a world of strife,

Have thy bark serenely glide Smoothly down life's earthly tide,

See the bright and sunny side? Then do right!

6. And dost thou wrong thy brother,—deeds concealing
In some dark spot no human eye can see?
Then walk in pride without one sign revealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee?

Art thou oppressed and poor and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,
No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid"?

Then trust thy God! Pour out thy heart before him,
There is no grief thy Father cannot feel;
And let thy grateful songs of praise adore him
By striving every wounded heart to heal!

God knows it all!

7. Wouldst thou lead a useful life,
Wouldst thou miss a world of strife,
Have thy bark serenely glide
Smoothly down life's earthly tide,
See the bright and sunny side?
Then do right!

2. Wouldst thou have of men good-will,
Find a good in every ill,
Pass along in goodly cheer,
Never held in coward fear,
Have a mind and conscience clear?
Then do right!

3. Wouldst thou save thy earthly form
From diseases' blight and storm,
Prosper without selfish end,
Find in all a brother, friend,
Each a helping hand to lend?
Then do right!

4. Wouldst thou truest friendship know,
Wouldst thou pure and holy grow,
Every tempter wisely scan,
Hold thy passions under ban,
Rise a truer, higher man?
Then do right!
BE HAPPY.

Earnestly.

1. Be happy, be happy! for bright is the earth, With sunshine and

music and love; Each day it grows richer in

wisdom and worth, And more like sweet heaven above.

Chorus.

Then let us be happy! Sunny and bright In the face;

Oh, let us be happy! Earth is a beautiful place.

2. Be happy, be happy! For fountains most sweet Are gushing along the bright years,

And pathways all pleasant are waiting our

With joys more abundant than tears. (feet,

3. Be happy, be happy! who loves the black clouds, Which lower in their boding so deep?

'Tis better to walk in bright raiments than

'Tis better to smile than to weep. (shrouds,
COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

1. Not to the man of dollars, Not to the man of deeds,
   Not to the man of cunning, Not to the man of creeds,
   Not to the one whose passion Is for a world's renown,
   Not in the form of fashion, Cometh a blessing down.

9. Not to the man of dollars,
   Not to the man of deeds,
   Not to the man of cunning,
   Not to the man of creeds,
   Not to the one whose passion Is for a world's renown,
   Not in the form of fashion, Cometh a blessing down.

3. Not to the folly blinded,
   Not to the steeped in shame,
   Not to the carnal-minded
   Not to unholy fame,
   Not in neglect of duty,
   Not in the monarch's crown
   Not at the smile of beauty,
   Cometh a blessing down.

4. But to the one whose spirit
   Yearns for the great and good,
   Unto the one whose storehouse
   Yieldeh the hungry food,
   Unto the one who labors,
   Fearless of foe or frown,
   Unto the kindly-hearted,
   Cometh a blessing down.
THE OLD AND NEW.

1. Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight, Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And step by step, since time began, We see the steady gain of man.
That all of good the past has had Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine, And every land a Palestine.

2. While we lack but open eye and ear To find the Orient’s marvels here, The still, small voice in autumn’s hush, Yon maple wood the burning bush.
For still the New transcends the Old, In signs and tokens manifold; Slaves rise up men; the olive waves With roots deep set in battle graves.

3. Through the harsh noises of the day A low, sweet prelude finds its way; Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more For olden time and holier shore; God’s love and blessing, then and there, Are now and here and everywhere.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

1. Happy the man whose hopes divine On nature’s guardian God recline; Who can with sacred transport say, This God is mine, my help, my stay.
Heaven, earth, and sea declare his name; He built, he filled their spacious frame; And o’er creation’s fairest lines His steadfast truth unchanging shines.

2. His justice looks on those who mourn Beneath the proud oppressor’s scorn; The hungry poor his hand sustains, And breaks the wretched captive’s chains.
If weary strangers friendless roam, Divine protection is their home; His love relieves the widow’s care, And dries the helpless orphan’s tear.
THE BETTER LAND.

1. I hear thee speak of the better land; Thou callest its children a happy band; Mother, oh, where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flower of the orange blows, And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs? No, not there, no, not there, my child.

2. Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise, And dates are grown ripe under sunny skies? Or 'mid green islands of glittering seas, Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze, And strange bright birds, on their starry wings, Bear the richest hues of all glorious things? No, not there, no, not there, my child!

3. Is it far away in some region old, Where rivers are wand'ring o'er sands of gold, Where burning rays of the ruby shine, And diamonds light up the secret mine, And pearls gleam forth from the coral strand? Is it there, sweet mother, that better land? No, not there, no, not there, my child!

4. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy! Ear hath never heard its deep sounds of joy; Dreams cannot picture a world so fair; Sorrow and death may not enter there; Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom, Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb; It is there, it is there, my child!
WE COME.

1. We come an angel band to greet, Who left their fragrant bowers,
   To wreathe the weary ones of earth With love's undying bowers;
   Oh, let the flowers live and bloom, Till, o'er the shining river,
   A garland light they'll twine for thee, To live and bloom forever.

2. We come our spirit friends to meet, Dear sister, darling brother, To feel the holy presence sweet Of a loving angel mother;
   Oh, let this holy presence hush All gloomy, sad repining, For o'er each weary child of earth A star of love is shining.

3. We come an angel throng to hail, To tell the thrilling story, How they have raised the starry veil, And filled our souls with glory;

While golden strings of harp and lute, E'er swept by angel fingers, Send forth their music-echo sweet That on each sunbeam lingers.

13. We Come.

1. The world grows old, and men grow cold To each while seeking treasure, And what with want and care and toil, We scarce have time for pleasure; But never mind, that is a loss Not much to be lamented; Life rolls on gayly if we will But smile and be contented.

2. If we are poor and would be rich, It will not be by pining; No, steady hearts and hopeful minds Are life's bright silver lining. There's ne'er a man that dared to hope Hath of his choice repented; The happiest souls on earth are those Who smile and are contented.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

CHARITY.

1. If we knew the cares and crosses, Crowded round our neighbor's way;

2. If we knew the little losses, Sorely grievous day by day;

3. When grief doth come to rack the heart, And fortune bids us sorrow, From hope we may a blessing reap, And consolation borrow;
If thorns may rise where roses bloom, It cannot be prevented; So make the best of life you can, And smile and be contented.

15. If we knew the silent story, Quivering through the heart of pain, Would our human hearts dare doom them Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing, Joy hath many breaks of woe, And the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest,— This the blessed angels know.

3. Let us reach within our bosoms For the key to other lives, And, with love to erring nature, Cherish good that still survives; So that when our disrobed spirits Soar to realms of light again, We may have the blest fruition Of unselfish love to men.

3. Leaving on his heart a shadow, Leaving on our hearts a stain?

2. Leaving on his heart a shadow, Leaving on our hearts a stain?

3. Leaving on his heart a shadow, Leaving on our hearts a stain?

2. Leaving on his heart a shadow, Leaving on our hearts a stain?
The Spiritual Harp.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

1. Scatter the germs of the beautiful
   By the wayside let them fall,
   That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
   And the vine on the garden-wall;
   Cover the rough and the rude of earth
   With a veil of leaves and flowers,
   And mark with the opening bud and cup
   The march of summer hours.

2. Scatter the germs of the beautiful
   In the holy shrine of home,
   Let the pure and fair and the graceful there
   In their loveliest lustre come;
   Leave not a trace of deformity
   In the temple of the heart,
   But gather about its hearth the gems
   Of nature and of art.

3. Scatter the germs of the beautiful
   In the temple of Our God,
   Of the God who starred the uplifted sky,
   And who flowered the trampled sod;
   Building a temple for himself
   And a home for ev'ry race,
   He reared ev'ry arch in symmetry,
   And curved each line in grace.

4. Scatter the germs of the beautiful
   In the depth of ev'ry soul;
   They shall bud and blossom and bear the
   While the endless ages roll;
   Plant with the flowers of charity
   The portals of the tomb,
   And truth, love, and joy about your path
   In Paradise shall bloom.
**Harmonies for Various Occasions.**

**HOW TO BE HAPPY.**

1. How to be happy? Go ask the flower That peeps above the ground,
   And scatters perfume every hour On all the plants around,
   Dying at last engulfed in sweet, Its own pure leaves its winding-sheet,

2. How to be happy? Go ask the bird
   In golden plumage drest,
   Whose morning hymn of praise is heard,
   Uprising from its nest,
   Singing as sweet as heav'ly choirs,
   Attuned by angels' magic lyres.

3. How to be happy? Go ask the star
   That throws its modest light
   On myriad worlds afar, afar,
   Beyond all mortal sight,
   Running its long and bright career,
   Yet moves not from its brilliant sphere.

4. How to be happy? Come, let us go
   To Nature's secret care;
   Open thy heart to wisdom's flow,
   And lay thy spirit bare.
   Like flower and bird and star, thou'lt find!
   The gem thou seek'st is in thy mind.
BROTHER.

1. Thou art gone before us, brother, To the blessed spirit land;

Thou art gone, and soon another In thy vacant place may stand.

Oh! thy pleasant smile of greeting Ne ver more shall glad our eyes,

And thy voice, the hymn repeating, Never more with ours shall rise.

18.

THOU ART GONE BEFORE.

1 Thou art gone before us, brother,
   To the blessed spirit land;
   Thou art gone, and soon another
   In thy vacant place may stand.
   Oh, thy pleasant smile of greeting
   Nevermore shall glad our eyes,
   And thy voice, the hymn repeating,
   Nevermore with ours shall rise.

2 But thy spirit may be near us
   Sometimes, brother, on our way,
   And its happier presence cheer us
   In our prayer, or in our play.
   Peace be with thee, O our brother!
   In the blessed spirit land;
   Thou'ret not lost, although another
   In thy vacant place may stand.

19.

ANGEL FRIENDS.

1 FLOATING on the breath of evening,
   Breathing in the morning prayer,
   Hear I oft the tender voices
   That once made the world so fair.
   I forget, while listening to them,
   All the sorrow I have known,
   And upon the troubles present,
   Faith's pure shining light is thrown;

2 Soothing with their magic whispers,
   Calming all my wildest fears,
   Thus they bring me sweet submission,
   Peace for sorrow, smiles for tears.
   Bless you, angel friends, for never
   Am I lonely on the way;
   Since your gentle teachings ever
   Guide and guard me night and day.
OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

Andante.

1. O mother, sing to me of heav'n, That home of peace and rest,
   Where weary pilgrims find repose, And sorrowing hearts are blest,

2. O mother, sing to me of heav'n, Of those who've gone before;
   I saw them in my dreams last night, Upon the shining shore;

Where faith unfolds her golden wings, No more by tempests driv'n,
I stood amid the happy throng, New light to me was giv'n.

Where bright and cloudless are the skies, Dear mother, sing of heaven,
I care not for the songs of earth, Dear mother, sing of heaven,

Chorus.

Of heaven, of heaven, Oh, sing to me of heaven,
Oh, sing to me of heaven, of heaven, Oh, sing to me of heaven.

Where bright and cloudless are the skies, Dear mother, sing of heaven,
I care not for the songs of earth, Dear mother, sing of heaven.

Repeat \( \text{pp} \)
The Spiritual Harp.

OH, STRIKE THE HARP IN NATURE'S PRAISE!

1. Oh, the budding leaves of spring-time, With their lovely verdure bright,
   Are filling the earth with beauty, And the soul with calm delight.

Chorus.

Then strike the harp in nature's praise, For all things bright and gay,

For soon the autumn days will come, And the flow'rets pass a-way.

For soon the autumn days will come, And the flow'rets pass a-way.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

STAR OF HOPE.

1 Bright Star of Hope, thy rise we hail; Our hearts drink in thy glad'ning rays, That e'er illume the pilgrim's way, And fill the soul with holy praise.

2 Bright Star of Hope, we follow thee; Herald divine, we catch thy voice; Thy notes proclaim God's jubilee, And bid a rising world rejoice.

3 Hall, Star of Hope! our hearts adore Thy light, which shines on life's dark wave Like the bright guide on ocean's shore, The storm-spent mariner to save.

4 Hall, Star of Hope! man's certain guide To truth and life by mercy given; Spread wide thy rays, till all mankind Receive this richest boon of heaven.

Oh, the roses come in summer With their fragrance sweet and rare, A glorious bright new-comer, Whose brilliance fills the air, A glorious bright new-comer, Whose brilliance fills the air.

Chorus.

But the autumn days are near us With the sere and yellow leaf; But golden grains shall cheer us, And promise earth relief, But golden grains shall cheer us, And promise earth relief.

Chorus.

It is thus with fleeting hours, In the life of man on earth; He comes like the spring-time flowers, And falls in autumn's dearth, He comes like the spring-time flowers, And falls in autumn's dearth.

Chorus.

But there is a land of beauty, Of wisdom, love, and truth, Where in the path of duty We shall live in endless youth, Where in the path of duty We shall live in endless youth.

Chorus.

Oh, the budding leaves of spring-time, With their lovely verdure bright, Are filling the earth with beauty, And the soul with calm delight. Are filling the earth with beauty, And the soul with calm delight. Then strike the harp in nature's praise For all things bright and gay, For soon the autumn days will come, And the flow'rets pass away, For soon the autumn days will come, And the flow'rets pass away.

Oh, strike the harp in nature's praise!
THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.
Not too Slow.

1. There's a beautiful shore, where the loved ones are gone,
   Mid the flowers decked in evergreen bloom,
   And we know they have crossed over the dark death-wave,
   And they dwell in that bright angel home.

They have fought the good fight and the faith have kept,
   And they join in the angel throng,
   And the soft melting notes of the chorus above,
   In beauty are borne along. In beauty are borne along.
Hymn for Various Occasions.

GOD IS LOVE.

1. I cannot always trace the way Where thou, Omniscient One, dost move; But I can always, always say That God is love.

2. When fear her chilling mantle flings O'er earth, my soul to heaven above, As to her native home, upsprings, For God is love.

3. When myst'ry clouds my darkened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove; In this my soul sweet comfort hath, That God is love.

4. Yes, God is love; a thought like this Can every gloomy doubt remove, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, For God is love.

The Beautiful Shore.

1. There's a beautiful shore, where the loved ones are gone, 'Mid the flowers decked in evergreen bloom, And we know they have crossed o'er the dark death-wave, And they dwell in that bright angel home. They have fought the good fight, and the faith have kept; And they join in the angel throng; And the soft, melting note of the chorus above In beauty is borne along.

2. Oh, that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone, And the flowers and the evergreen trees, We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow, And the breath faintly dies on the breeze; We shall meet the beloved who have gone before, And have bloomed in the world of peace, When our spirits shall pass to that holier shore, Where sorrows forever cease.

3. To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone, To the flowers and the evergreen glade, We shall one day ascend, like the brave of yore, And repose in the beautiful shade. We must bear the good part, must not shrink from toll, Till the pilot shall bear us o'er To the union of hearts in the land of the blest, Where parting shall come no more.
The Spiritual Harp.

NEW YEAR.

1. O soul, begin thy mighty quest, To-day set forth in search of God;

The Infinite shall give thee rest, The Spirit is thy staff and rod.

27.

1 SOUL, begin thy mighty quest, To-day set forth in search of God; The Infinite shall give thee rest, The Spirit is thy staff and rod.

Yet, soul, not far away He dwells Who is thy promise and thy stay; Within thee, in thy nature's wells, He showeth clear the truth and way.

28.

1 We come, we come from a land of love, To dry your tearful eyes,

To tell you of your home above, Beyond the mortal skies.

We come with power to conquer death,

To break the chains of fear,

To ope the gates of spirit-life,

And show its shining mere;

3 To soothe your spirits bowed with pain,

To answer doubts that sting,

And to the hearts where sorrows reign

A balm of Gilead bring.

4 We come, we come from realms of light,

To lead you to the shore

Where angels dwell in calm delight,

Forever, evermore.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

1. Our Native Land, our Native Land, Land dear to every heart!

They breathe free air, they proudly stand, Who but of thee have part!

'Tis not broad plains, or skies so clear, Or mountains high and grand;

'Tis liberty that makes so dear Our own blest Native Land!

2. Oh, land beloved, whose Washington
    Toiled nobly for its peace,
    Whose patriots bled till life was done,
    That tyranny might cease!

'Twas Freedom's shrine they sought to rear;
    By that we ever stand;
    'Tis liberty that makes so dear
    Our own blest Native Land!

3. Dear Native Land! the world's oppressed
    Turn longingly to thee;
    Not for thy wealth, thy might confessed,
    Thy noble Unity;

Not for thy wide, embracing sphere,
    Thy sons that waiting stand;
    'Tis liberty that makes so dear
    Our own blest Native Land!

4. Dear Native Land! dear Father-Land!
    May peace within thee dwell!
    May bounteous life from God's good hand
    O'er all thy valleys swell!

May right and truth have nought to fear
    While heaven and earth shall stand!
    'Tis liberty that makes so dear
    Our own blest Native Land!
HARK! I hear the angels calling, 'Mid the thunder tones so loud;
Error's throne is trembling, falling;
Truth presents her with a shroud.
Billows roll 'mid foaming ocean,
Lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Hearts beat high with wild commotion;
God is speaking to the soul.

'Tis no dream of idle fancies,
From the world of spirits brought,
Who are playing games of chances,
That will quickly come to nought.
But 'tis truth from the Eternal
That is winging now its way
Back to earth from worlds supernal,
Changing darkness into day.

WAKEN, toilers, light is breaking!
Morn upon the mountain reigns;
In the dim, prophetic distance,
Lo! a trumpet voice proclaims:
"Leisure for the toiling people!
Wealth from nature's golden store;
Knowledge for the waiting nations,
Herald it the wide world o'er!"

Voices from across the ocean,
Wafted from old England's clime,
Greeted by the Western prairies,
Loud the bells of Freedom chime:
"Leisure for the toiling bondman,
Delving in his master's ore;
Justice, with thy mighty trumpet,
Herald it the wide world o'er!"
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

1. Keep the heart young, though the sands ebb low, And the silver cord be parting.

Though the wrinkles come and the roses go, And the first gray hairs are starting.

Keep the heart young, though the look grow old, All its inner life revealing,

And its pulses leap, though the blood run cold, Like the brook through dingles stealing.

3. Earnest woman, now, is knocking At the door of Senate Halls, Equal rights for all demanding; She for justice bravely calls, Leisure for the working women, Social evils to explore, "Social science" for the people! Herald it the wide world o'er!

4. Then we'll labor till oppression, In its hydra form, is dead; Labor till the world's producer Dares uplift his manly head; Till no honest, life-long worker Lacks a home on any shore; Justice to the toiling masses, Herald it the wide world o'er!

32. KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

1. Keep the heart young, though the sands ebb low, And the silver cord be parting.

Though the wrinkles come and the roses go, And the first gray hairs are starting.

Keep the heart young, though the look grow old, All its inner life revealing,

And its pulses leap, though the blood run cold, Like the brook through dingles stealing.

2. As the pearl keeps fair in its sunken shell, Though the beach be wasting ever, And the springs still gush in the shady dell, While the dying day-beams quiver; As the leaves grow old on the ivy green, With the rest in autumn weather, Let the links keep bright in their golden sheen, That bind us all together.
The Spiritual Harp.

AFFECTION.

1 Thou hast passed the shadowy portal, Thou hast borne the mortal strife,
Thou hast left this world of sorrow For a world of heavenly life;
And our hearts are grieving for thee, Grieving with intennest pain,
Grieving that we shall not see thee, Our dear mother, here again.

2 How we love thee! Ah! we love thee, Love thee more than words can tell, Love thee, not, we trust, unwisely, Lost one? not, we trust, too well; Lost one? No, not lost, for near us In the spirit, still thou art, And in all our best affections Bearest still a precious part.

3 One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each, Let no future dreams elate thee, Learn thou first what those can teach.

4 Do not look at life's long sorrow, See how small each moment's pain; God will help thee for to-morrow, Every day begin again. Every hour that flees so slowly Has its task to do or bear; Luminous the crown, and holy, If thou set each gem with care.

5 Do not finger with regretting, Or for passion hours despond, Nor, the daily toil forgetting, Look too eagerly beyond. Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching heaven; but one by one, Take them lest the chain be broken Ere the pilgrimage be done.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

COME, GENTLE SPIRITS.

1. Come, gentle spirits, to us now; Look on with tender eyes;
Touch your soft hands upon each brow, Sweet spirits from the skies.

2. Come from your homes of perfect light,
   Come from your silvery streams,
   Come from your scenes of joy more bright
   Than we e'er know in dreams.

3. Oh, speak to us in gentle tones!
   Our hearts are seeking now

EMMA.

1. When, in the hours of vernal bloom,
   Some unseen angel's hand
   Leads one we love beyond the tomb
   To heaven's serener land.

2. The shadow of that angel's wing
   Falls darker on our way,
   That midst the budding life of spring,
   We look not for decay.

3. She whom we mourn, while hope was bright,
   And life was fresh and fair,
   To the celestial fields of light
   Hath passed from earthly care.

4. In the soft rest and sweet repose
   Of that fair realm of bliss,
   Her gentle spirit waits for those
   She loved and left in this.

5. They come, and night is no more night,
   Pale sorrow's reign is o'er;
   For death is but a gate of light,
   And gloomy now no more.
THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

1. Think gently of the erring one, And let us not forget,

However darkly stained by sin, He is our brother yet,

Heir of the same inheritance, Child of the self-same God,

He hath but stumbled in the path Which we in weakness trod,

Which we in weakness trod, Which we in weakness trod,

He hath but stumbled in the path Which we in weakness trod.
37. THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.
1 Th INK gently of the erring one,
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet;
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Which we in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to the erring one,
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

3 Speak kindly to the erring one;
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

38. EVENING.
1 GENTLE twilight, softly stealing
O'er the busy scenes of earth,
Brings a beautiful revealing
Of the spirit's holier worth,—
Sweet revealing
Of the spirit's holier worth.

2 Filled with meditative-musing
Sits the calm, communing soul,
Stars of twilight soft diffusing
Evening incense as they roll,—
Soft diffusing
Evening incense as they roll.

3 Brightest of the orbs there beaming,
Heavenly lamps hung out above,
Shines the lamp of truth redeeming,
Star of God's unfailing love,—
Truth redeeming,
Star of God's unfailing love.

4 Holy star, so mildly shining,
With thy pure, celestial ray,
Let my heart, its love entwining,
Feel the dawn of heavenly day,—
Love entwining,
Feel the dawn of heavenly day.
The Spiritual Harp.

TRUST.

1. When in Despondency's dark path My weary feet were found, And scarce one gleam of hope or faith Lit up the gloom profound, Lit up the gloom profound.

3. Then I will trust His guardian care Who, with unmeasured love, Would draw my wandering heart to where Its treasures are, — above.

4. And though the way still darker grow, And I no rift can see Within the cloud, I still shall know, My Father leadeth me.

WE ARE ALL REJOICING.

1. Lo, we all are rejoicing to-day, In the light that illumines our way, For the spirits of those whom we love Come to us from their mansions above.

40.

2. THEY are those whom we lost 'mid our tears, They are those we've thought absent for And they come with a joy all divine years, Round our hearts their fond loves to entwine.

3. Lo, they come in the glory of light, And they come in the stillness of night, And they lead every heart to adore, Till the tearful are weeping no more.
And their light hath dispersed the gloom,
While a halo encircles the tomb,
And fair hope twines a chaplet of bliss
To unite their bright world unto this.

Oh, let smiles then illumine each heart;
Bid its sorrows forever depart;
Take the hand that pure angels extend,
And be guided to joys without end.

Come to her couch, draw quietly near,
Think of her soul in Love's happy sphere,
Check then thy sorrows, death is the hand
Bearing her on to yonder bright land.
Sorrowful mourner, silently weep,—
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep!

Bear her away, friends, to her last home!
Peacefully lay her down in the tomb!
Lightly, tread lightly, round the low bed,
Sweetly now sleeps the beautiful dead.
Sorrowful mourner, silently weep,—
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep?

Beautiful song-birds, sing round her grave!
Gently, ye pine-boughs, over her wave!
Blow, ye soft breezes, sweet breath of spring!:
Musical rill, your lullaby sing.
Sorrowful mourner, weeping no more,
Meet her upon yon beautiful shore.
34

The Spiritual Harp.

PEACE.

1. "Glory to God, and peace to men," Once rung o'er
   wide Judea's plain; Angelic hosts sung gladly when
   The Prince of peace was born to reign.
   The morning stars together sung,
   The hills rejoiced, the valleys smiled;
   The bow of hope in heaven was hung,
   Arched o'er the manger of the child.

2. How sweet that heavenly chorus rose
   O'er hatred's harsh, discordant sound;
   How pure its peaceful anthem flows,
   To charm the earth's remotest bound.

3. The Prince of peace was born to reign, The Prince of peace was born to reign.
   There those who meet shall part no more,
   And those long parted meet again.
   Its skies are not like earthly skies,
   With varying hues of shade and light;
   It hath no need of suns to rise,
   To dissipate the gloom of night.

4. There sweeps no desolating wind
   Across that calm serene abode;
   The wanderer there a home may find,
   Within the paradise of God.

BEAUTIFUL home of life and light,
Thy glory beams upon our sight;
Thy anthems ring from dome to dome,
Home of the angels, happy home.

HOME OF THE ANGELS.

1 BEAUTIFUL home of life and light,
   Thy glory beams upon our sight;
   Thy anthems ring from dome to dome,
   Home of the angels, happy home.

2 Over thy radiant bending skies
   The hues of morning float and rise;
   Gently as breathes the voice of prayer,
   Songs of the sinless fill the air.

3 Beautiful home of love divine,
   Our deepest hearts around thee twine;
   Unto thy summer bowers we come,
   Home of the angels, happy home.

There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
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3 Beautiful home of love divine,
   Our deepest hearts around thee twine;
   Unto thy summer bower we come,
   Home of the angels, happy home.
SHALL WE KNOW THE LOVED ONES THERE?

1. And shall we know the loved ones there, In yon bright world of love and bliss,

When, on the wings of ambient air, Our spirits soar away from this?

Or must we feel the ceaseless pain Of absence in that glorious sphere,

And search through heaven's bright hosts in vain The sainted forms we've cherished here?

2. Will not their hearts demand us there,— Those hearts, whose fondest throbs were To us on earth, whose every prayer [given Petitioned for our ties in heaven? Whose love outlived the stormy past, And closer twined around us here, And deeper grew until the last,— Say, will they not demand us there?

3. Will they not wander lonely o'er Those fields of light and life above, If spirits they have loved of yore Respond not to the call of love? And though the glory of the skies, And seraph's glittering crowns they wear, Though heaven's full radiance greet their eyes, Still, will they not demand us there?

4. It must be so; for heaven is home, Where severed spirits reunite; And from the basement to its dome, Are altars sacred to the rite; And joy doth strike her golden strings, And holier seems that home of bliss, As some reft heart from earth upsprings To meet in that the loved of this.
The Mystic Bark.

1. The river is dark and the waves are cold,
   The boatman is pale and the bark is old;
   'Tis the burden that's breathed from the lips of clay,
   And the spirit shudders to launch away,
   To ungrapple the chains from the shores of time,
   With an outward bound for an unknown clime;
   To lose its grasp from the realm of real,
   And be drifted away to the dim ideal.

2. But a mystical voice that the soul-life hears
   Would scatter such doubts and would banish such fears;
   It talks to the soul in a different way,
   And it says the rays from the realms of Day
   Give warmth to the waves that we dream are cold,
   And the river's glinted with glimmers of gold;
   That the ripples are bronzed by a brilliance bright,
   Unswept by the shadows that darken Time's flight.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

IMMORTALITY.

Moderato.

1. When our wearied eyes shall close
On the toils, the cares, and woes,
Which create a stream that flows
Darkly through life's realm,
Joys and hopes to overwhelm—
Then the soul ascending
Lives where all joys blending,
Bide unending.

3. And it says that the bark, tho' of fairy form,
Is a masterpiece of the heavenly Norm;
And though light as a cloud in the ether blue,
And clear as air, it is strong and true.
And bright angels' wings are the sails that bear
The longing life to a land so fair, [bliss,
And the music that drifts from the world of
Makes the spirit forget all the music of this.

4. And this is the way our bark shall ride
O'er murmuring waters in musical tide;
And a convoy of souls on the other side,
So pure and fair, and so glorified,
With anthems of rapture shall welcome in
Another life from the land of sin;
And the spirit released here shall nevermore
Regret its change to the fadeless shore.

1. WHEN our wearied eyes shall close
On the toils, the cares, and woes,
Which create a stream that flows
Darkly through life's realm,
Joys and hopes to overwhelm—
Then the soul ascending
Lives where all joys blending,
Bide unending.

2. There the soul shall still live on,
As unnumbered cycles run,
Till each planet-circled sun
Pales and fades away,
Knowing sorrow nor decay,
Higher still progressing,
Purer joys possessing,
Onward pressing.
The Spiritual Harp.

DEVOITION.

Andante.

1. Softly evening shades are stealing, Where a lovely cherub, kneeling,
Lips her little prayer, And a look, almost of heaven,
To her angel face is given; Trusting hope is there.

2. Heavenly Spirit, far above me,
Though I cannot see, I love thee,
For your kindly care;

UNCERTAINTY.

Slowly, tenderly.

1. O Father, hear! the way is dark, and I would fain disown
What steps to take, into which path to turn; Oh, make it clear.

48.

Tell me if dear father, mother,
And my little smiling brother,
In your heaven are.

3. For around me when I'm dreaming
Come their faces, happy, beaming,
And I know them well;
When they come, sweet songs are ringing;
Are they in your presence singing?
Blessed angels, tell.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

THE SPIRIT BUGLE.

Not too fast.

1. The splendor falls on church-es' walls, And steeple-summits old in stori-

2. The long light rains a-down the chains Of black ca-thedral-s lit in glo-

3. Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying! Blow, bugle, answer, echoes—dying! dying! d---

4. Thou knowest me;
Thou knowest how I now in darkness grope;
And Oh! thou knowest that my only hope
Is found in thee.

50. THE SPIRIT BUGLE.

1. The splendor falls on churches' walls,
And steeple-summits old in story;
The long light rains adown the chains
Of black cathedrals lit in glory,—
Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying! dying!

2. Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The music-angels faintly blowing!
Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying! dying!

3. Oh love! they fly from bending sky,
We hear their blast across the river!
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever!
Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!
And answer, echoes; answer—dying! dying!

4. I wait for thee
As those who, watching, wait the coming
dawn:
Faint, as for water pants the thirsty fawn;
Oh, come to me!
SONG OF THE HARVESTERS.

Allegretto.

We gather them in, the bright green leaves,
With our scythes and our rakes to-day,
And the mow grows big as the pitcher heaves,
His lifts in the swell'ring bay.
Oh, hol a-field! for the mower's scythe
Hath a ring of destiny,
Sweeping the earth of its burden lithe,
As it sings in wrathful glee.

We gather them in, the mellow fruits,
From the shrub and the vine and tree,
With their russet, golden, and purple suits,
To garnish our treasury;
And each has juiciest treasure stored
Of the nectar we will bring
To cheer the guests at the social board
In our festive gathering.

We gather them in, the nodding plumes
Of the yellow and bended grain,
And the glancing light of our blades illumies
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.
Anon we come with the steed-drawn car,
With the car of modern laws,
And acres stoop to its clanging jar,
As it reeks its hungry jaws.

We gather it in, this goodly store,
But not with a miser's gust,
For the great All-Father that we adore
Hath giv'n it to us in trust.
Our work of death doth preserve our life
In the wintry days to come,—
May blessings fall on the reaper's strife,
As we shout our harvest home!
**Harmonies for Various Occasions.**

**EAN LIFE.**

1. Hush, mighty ocean, hush, And blow, thou boisterous wind,
   Onward we swiftly glide and leave Our home and friends behind.

Away, away, we steer, Up on the ocean's breast,
And dim the distant heights appear, Like clouds along the west.

2. Go forth among the sad,
   Lest their dark cup o'erflow;
   They have on earth a heritage
   Of weariness and woe.
   Tears dim their daily toil,
   And sighs break out from sleep;
   Change darkness into holy light,
   Blest are the eyes that weep.

3. Go forth through all the earth,
   There waiteth work for you,
   The harvest truly seems most fair,
   But laborers are few;
   With tireless, hopeful love
   Fulfil your lofty part,
   And yours shall be the blessing too,
   Blest are the pure in heart.

**Ocean Life.**

Loneliness
in the mighty deep;
urried thoughts upon us press,
ward still we sweep.
ere is hope and joy,
ver we may be;
or death can e'er destroy
trust, O God, in thee.
herefore should we grieve,
hat have we to fear?
home and friends and life we leave,
God is ever near.
mighty ocean, sweep;
vinds, blow foul or fair;
ris guard us on the deep;
home is everywhere.

**Freely Give.**

forth among the poor;
hy pathway leadeth there;
gentle voice may soothe their pain,
And blunt the thorns of care.
Go forth with earnest zeal,
Nor from the duty start,
Speak to them words of gracious love,
Blest are the pure in heart.

Go forth among the sad,
Lest their dark cup o'erflow;
They have on earth a heritage
Of weariness and woe.
Tears dim their daily toil,
And sighs break out from sleep;
Change darkness into holy light,
Blest are the eyes that weep.

Go forth through all the earth,
There waiteth work for you,
The harvest truly seems most fair,
But laborers are few;
With tireless, hopeful love
Fulfil your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too,
Blest are the pure in heart.
NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Allegretto.

1. Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill, Where pleasure itself cannot please, cannot please; Away with cold breeding, that faithless still Ab:

facts to be quite at ease, at its ease: For the deepest in feeling is

highest in rank, The freest is first in the band, And Nature's own nobleman,

friendly and frank, Is a man with his heart in his hand! in his hand!

And Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank, Is a man with his heart in his hand!
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

**STRIKE AWAY.**

1. What though clouds are o'er thee, Strike away! Darkness lies before thee,

Comes the day! O'er the misty mountain Breaks the light!

Morning's crystal fountain Cheers the night!

---

54. **NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.**

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,

Where pleasure itself cannot please;

Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still

Affects to be quite at its ease;

For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,

The freest is first in the band, [frank,

And Nature's own nobleman, friendly and

Is a man with his heart in his hand!

Yet fearlessly honest, and gentle yet just,

He warmly can love without hate, [dust

Nor will he bow down with his face in the

To Fashion in her false estate;

For the best in good breeding, and highest in

Though lowly or poor in the land, [rank,

Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,

Is the man with his heart in his hand.

His fashion is meekness, sincere and intense,

His impulse of soul ever true, [good sense,

Yet tempered by judgment and taught by

And cordial with me and with you;

For the purest in manners is highest in rank;

O man, it is you who can stand,

Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,

Is a man with his heart in his hand.

---

55. **STRIKE AWAY.**

1 WHAT though clouds are o'er thee,
   Strike away!

   Darkness lies before thee,
   Comes the day:

   O'er the misty mountain
   Breaks the light;

   Morning's crystal fountain
   Cheers the night.

2 What though foes defy thee,
   Strike away!

   God is ever nigh thee,
   Ever pray;

   With an earnest spirit
   Labor on;

   Crowns you shall inherit,
   Bravely won.

3 In the midst of doubting,
   Never faint!

   Never hath a coward
   Made a saint;

   In the paths of duty,
   Clear the way!

   Great will be the beauty:
   Strike away!
The Spiritual Harp.

CRYSTAL WATERS.

1. I come, I come from the spirit world, where sounds of sorrow cease;

The crystal waters of truth I bring, whose waves are pulsing peace,

To gladden the soul with holy springs that gush in summer lands,

And freshen the germs of the beautiful along life's dreary sands.

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To gladden the soul with holy springs that gush in summer lands,

And freshen the germs of the beautiful along life's dreary sands.

Harmonies for Various Occasions.

2 I come, I come on the music-drifts that play beyond the skies,
To trill the heart that's cold and dead with joys of paradise;
With tears to pearl hope's withered flower that's touched by the hand of death,
To bloom again with sweets enshpered in a healing angel's breath.

3 I come, I come with forgiving grace to soothe each wounded breast,
And deep in the bleeding soul to pour the balm of heavenly rest,
Till all the wells of thought shall throb with minstrelsy of love,
And passion's fire shall blend with songs of seraph choirs above.

4 I come, I come with flashing light death's portals to unseal,
To roll the stone of doubt away and long-lost friends reveal,
And break immortal mornings o'er the river of the free,
On whose pure sunny tides we'll float to heaven's eternal sea.

MORNING LIGHT.

1. A - rise, O man! the morning light Is dawning on thy men - tal night;
Be - hold your dead are risen a - gain! Let mor - tals shout the glad a - men.

Fine.

God breathes o'er Na - ture's drowsy throng, And wakes her thousand tongues to song.

Proud er - nor yields her hap - less reign; Her valiant hosts are 'mong the slain.

D.C.

Hark! from the spheres where loved ones dwell, What tones of joy their anthems swell!

Hark! from Sc.

RISE, O man! the morning light
Is dawning on thy mental night;
God breathes o'er Nature's drowsy throng,
And wakes her thousand tongues to song.

Hark! from the spheres where loved ones dwell,
What tones of joy their anthems swell!
Let mortals shout the glad amen.

'Proud error yields her hapless reign;
Her valiant hosts are 'mong the slain.

2 Truth mounts again the royal throne,
And millions haste her power to own.
With radiance science gilds the tomb,
And man emerges from its gloom;
Nor creeds, nor priestly rule again,
Hath power the free-born soul to chain.
God wields no more the tyrant's sway;
His love shall light the pilgrim's way,
And make the shining road appear
With every mortal's footprint there.
DREAM OF HEAVEN.

1. I will steer my bark where the waves roll dark,
   I will cross the stranger sea,
   But I know I shall land on the summer strand,
   Where my loved ones wait for me.
   There are faces there divinely fair,
   That earth lost long ago,
   And spirits bright whose curls lay light,
   Like sunbeams over snow.

2. There are sunny eyes like thine own blue
   Sunny eyes I've seen before,
   Will sparkle bright as the stars of night,
   When I near the welcome shore.
   There are little feet I loved to meet,
   When earth was sweet to me,
   I know will bound when the rippling sound
   Of my bost comes over the sea.

3. Ever beautiful land, I dreamed of thee,
   When the summer moonlight fell
   In its silvery showers on the nestling flowers,
   Sleeping on the greenwood dells.
   And I know I'll see thee oft again,
   When fitful hours have fled,
   When flowers lie low, that used to blow
   'Neath the western sky so red.

MENSONG.

1. I come from my spirit home,
   Like a bird in early spring,
   To the beautiful here, whom my heart holds
   Gentle words of love to bring. [dear,
   The heavens are wide, but cannot hide
   The loved whom truth makes free;
   The green old earth, the land of birth,
   With its homes, is dear to me.
Press on, press on, ye brave and true,
On till the dawning of the new,
When liberty, with clarion voice,
Shall awaken worlds to glad rejoice;
When Freedom, with her praiseful songs,
Shall cancel all of slavery's wrongs,
And echo through immensity
Their own eternal victory.

Press On.

Press on, press on, ye brave and true,
On till the dawning of the new,
Liberty, with clarion voice,
Waken worlds to glad rejoice;
When Freedom, with her praiseful songs,
Shall cancel all of slavery's wrongs,
And echo through immensity
Their own eternal victory.
The Spiritual Harp.

ORIENT.

1. Oh, not through seemly forms or creeds,
   By man, with skilful thought, designed,
   To me he comes, the Primal Good,
   The Sov'reign Force, the Central Mind.

   The tidal pulse of Nature's heart
   He buds and blooms in summer hours;

   He comes in autumn's flush and fruit,
   In winter's crown of hoary flow'rs.

2. He floods the morn with orient tides;
   His golden glory noon unbars;
   In sunset's flamy car he glides;
   He moves along the storied past,
   A power to will, to plan, to guide;
   He works throughout the world to-day,
   To animate, inspire, provide.

3. Oh, heart of love! — to me he metes
   This fleckered life of good and ill;
   And all its tangled paths are sweet
   With golden glimpses of his will.
   In death he comes, to bring my soul
   Through aisles of shadow, vague and dim
   To golden stairways, bright with bliss,
   Forever winding on to him.
LOVE ON.

1. Love on! love on! but not the empty things Of fleeting beauty in a summer day. Truth, virtue, well from Heaven's eternal springs,

Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay: Love them! Love them!

Bid proud ones bend, and bid the weak be strong,
And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot:
Give strength! give peace!

2. Love on! love on! though death and earthly change
Bring mournful silence to a darkened home,
The trusting heart rests where no eye grows strange,
Where never falls a shadow from the tomb:
Love there! love there!

3. Love on! love on! the voice of grief and wrong
Comes from the palace and the poor man's cot;

Love God! love man! [done:]

USHER.

4. Love on! love on! and though the evening still
Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noonday sun,
With changeless faith, with calm, unwavering will,
Work, bravely work, till every duty's

THE SACRED SEAL.

1. The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;

3. Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By life, triumphant over death,
In immortality.
DO THEY LOVE US STILL?

1. When night, advancing queenly,
   Her starry mantle throws
   O'er the earth lying serenely
   In quiet, soft repose,
   Down from those realms of splendor
   Do not blest spirits go,
   Winged by remembrance tender,
   To loved ones yet below?

2. Do not bright forms surround us
   Though veiled from mortal sight?
   Clings not the old love round us
   As a coronal of light?
   Do they not hover nigh us
   To comfort, guide, and keep,
   When sorrows sorely try us,
   When bitterly we weep?

3. Oh, mother-love! deep, yearning
   In tenderness and care,
   At death's dark threshold turning
   To breathe on us a prayer;

4. Oh, father-love! that strongly
   Kept our young life from harm,
   Checking steps that wandered wrongly
   Till death unnerved the arm.

5. Oh, sister-love! that brightly
   Shone on our childhood's day,
   Whose young life passed so lightly
   Along the starry way;
   Oh, brother-love! so smiling,
   That sunned our path with joy,
   Till angels him beguiling,
   He passed to their employ.

6. These loves so deep, so cherished,
   That gave to life its light,
   Oh, have they, have they perished
   In the grave's long, gloomy night?
   No! they live, more brightly glowing
   Than in their earthly prime,
   Still brighter, stronger growing
   With the lapse of endless time!

Oh, do they love us still?
MOTHER'S DREAM.

1. While on my lone couch sleeping, In dreams sweet vigils keeping,
   And night winds moan along the sky; In shadows dim before me,
   Now lowly bending o'er me, An airy form seems hovering nigh,
   A form seems hovering nigh.

2. Is this some idle vision, Or fancy's bright elysian?
   Come nearer, angel, speak, oh, speak!
   Now softly near me stealing,
   And by my bedside kneeling,
   I feel her warm breath on my cheek,
   Her warm breath on my cheek.

3. This surely is no dreaming,
   It must be more than seeming,
   For now the sunlight in her eyes
   Dispels my soul's dark sadness,
   And brings, in tones of gladness,
   These whispered answers to my sighs,
   These answers to my sighs.

4. "Dear mother, I am near thee,
   My presence now shall cheer thee,
   Thy darling child can ne'er forget.
   Henceforth to thee 'tis given
   To know the loved in heaven,—
   Watch o'er thy path and love thee yet,
   Watch o'er and love thee yet."

5. Now softly she is going,
   One tender look bestowing,
   Now vanished o'er the purple sea;
   No longer am I only
   Sad, desolate, and lonely;
   My darling lives and comes to me,
   My darling comes to me.
GARDEN OF THE HEART.

**Duet.**

But the roses bloom again, And the springs will gush anew,

In the pleasant April rain, And the summer's sun and dew.

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66. GARDEN OF THE HEART.

2 So in hours of deepest gloom,
   When the springs of gladness fail,
   And the roses in their bloom
   Droop like maidsens wan and pale,
   We shall find some hope that lies
   Like a silent germ apart,
   Hidden far from careless eyes
   In the garden of the heart;

3 Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
   That will spring afresh and new,
   When grief's winter shall have fled,
   Giving place to sun and dew;
   Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
   Through the weary, weary time,
   Budding for its blossoming,
   In the spirit's silent clime.

---

67. LONG AGO.

1 There are moments in our life,
   When are hushed its scenes of strife;
   When, from busy toil set free,
   Mind goes back the past to see:
   Mem'ry, with its mighty powers,
   Brings to view our childhood hours;
   And with never-ceasing flow
   Come the hours of long ago.

2 Oft when troubled and perplexed,
   Worn in heart and sorely vexed,
   Almost sinking 'neath our load,
   Famishing on life's high-road,—
   How hath sweet remembrance caught
   From the past some happy thought,
   And, refreshed, we on would go,
   Cheered with hopes from long ago!
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

SPIRIT SUN.

1. True Sun! upon our souls arise, Shining in beauty evermore,
And through each sense the quick'ning beam Of the Eternal Spirit pour.

3. True Sun! upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore,
And through each sense the quick'ning beam
Of the Eternal Spirit pour.

Confirm us in each good resolve,
And calm the passions that betray;
Turn each misfortune to our good;
Direct us in Truth's holy way.

BRIGHTER VIEW.

1. In darker days and nights of storm, Men knew thee but to fear thy form,
And in the reddest lightnings saw Thine arm avenge insulted law.

3 E'en in the reddest lightnings' path
We see no vestiges of wrath,
But always wisdom, — perfect love,
From flowers below to stars above.

4 See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear;
For pure angelic love is here.

Oh, ever with the opening dawn
May saintly purity attend;
Faith sanctify the mid-day hours,
Upon our souls no night descend!

O Giver of each perfect gift!
This day our heav'nly bread supply;
While from the Spirit's tranquil depths
We drink unfailing draughts of joy.
The Spiritual Harp.

ADIEU.

1. When sorrow on the spirit feeds,
   Like birds of night that seek their prey;

When, wrung by grief, the bosom bleeds
In cold misfortune's tearful day;

When sinks the soul, by care oppressed,
And woes abound and friends are few;

And gladness, like a parting guest,
Reluctant says, "Adieu, adieu!"

2. "This sweet to hear an angel sing
   In music to the listening ear,
   "Hope on, sad heart! eternal spring
   Is almost here, is almost here."

Then angels burst the bars of doom;
   Then vernal flowers adorn the waste;
   Then sunshine gilds our mortal gloom,
   And heavenly friends with welcomes haste.

3. For every tear there comes a smile;
   A joy for every pang is given;
   And angel guides appear the while,
   And gently lead us on to heaven.

And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
   The laden spirit feels forgiven;
   And through the mist of falling tears
   We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

70. Eternal Spring.

71. My Bird-Child.

1. From morn till evening's purple tinge,
   In winsome helplessness it lies,
   Two rose-leaves with a silken fringe,
   Shut softly on her starry eyes.

   The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
   The blood, its crimson hue from mine;
   This life which I have dared invoke
   Henceforth is parallel with thine.

2. A silent awe is in my room,—
   I tremble with delicious fear;
   The future, with its light and gloom,
   Time and eternity are here.

   Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise,
   Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer;
   Room for my bird in Paradise,
   And give her angel-plumage there.
ROCK OF LIBERTY.

1. Oh! the firm old Rock, tow'ring wave-worn Rock, That braved the blast and the billows' shock, It was born with time on a barren shore, And it laughed with scorn at the ocean's roar; 'Twas here that first the Pilgrim band came weary up to the foaming strand, And the tree they reared in the days gone by, It lives, it lives, it lives, It lives and ne'er shall die.

2. Oh! thou stern old Rock, in the ages past, Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast, But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er, And the billows beat thy base no more; Yet countless as thy sands, old Rock, Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock, And the Tree they reared in the days gone by, It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

3. Ever rest, old Rock, on the sea-beat shore; Thy sires are lulled by the breakers' roar; 'Twas here that first their hymns were heard, O'er the startled cry of the ocean bird; 'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died; Their forms repose on the green hill's side, But the tree they reared in the days gone by, It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

72.
The Spiritual Harp.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Allegretto.

1. Merrily, merrily ring the bells, High in the steeple pealing;

Beautiful chiming! it sinks and swells, Far o'er the still air stealing.

This is an exquisite world to-night, Bright as a vision gleaming;

Beautiful stars with a calm delight Look on its happy dreaming.

Chorus.

Merrily, merrily rock and swing, Bells in a thousand steeples!

All the grace of the good Christmas Loud in the ears of the people.
ME UP HIGHER.

It was early night, and the moon's soft light Shone on a dying pyre,

While angel glee were borne on the breeze To soothe an a-god sire,

Sing, "Higher, higher, higher, higher, Come, come up higher!"

74. COME UP HIGHER.

1 It was early night, and the moon's soft light Shone on a dying pyre, While angel glee were borne on the breeze To soothe an aged sire, Singing, "Higher, higher, higher, higher, Come, come up higher!"

2 Soon the deep-toned bell of a sad death-knell Rose on the trembling air; A wail of woe was heard below, Wild accents of despair, Sighing, "Father, father, father, father, Oh, oh my father!"

3 Then the angel-band left the cold earth- For starry homes above, [strand And bore away to regions of day The brother of their love, Singing, "Higher, higher, higher, higher, Come, come up higher!"

CHRISTMAS HENIA.

1ST, in the heart of the heavens so long, o'k'st thou not down in wonder, g the tread of the brilliant throng, ching the earth far under? r thy sweet sake, beloved of men, ne, who art pure and holy, ling, for aye, in thy paradise when ou wert a mortal lowly.

thou dream'et when in Galilee, sing by Jordan's river, in the future would ring for thee, the broad land forever.

for thy teachings, and thorns for thy bow, se were the gifts which cumbered; nds the fairest are wrought thee now, st of God's sons thou'rt numbered.

57
The Spiritual Harp.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

Vigorously.

1. Equal rights! equal rights! equal rights! equal rights!

Equal rights! Clear the way! Don't you hear the thunder of the coming day, When all nations shall be welcome to freedom's holy fane,

And the hoary, slave-trod earth with joy grow young again.

2. Equal rights! send it round!

How the Old World trembles as she hears the sound!

For where throughout our borders all men are truly free,

We will shake hands with nations, not with kings, across the sea. Equal rights, clear the way!

3. Equal rights! once again!

Woman! listen to the cry through your unshared pain;

For when your sons have freed themselves From error's blinding curse,

They shall break your bonds and crown You queen of the universe! Equal rights, clear the way!
LITTLE BIRDIE.

Not too fast.

1. What does little birdie say In her nest at peep of day?

"Let me fly," says little birdie, "Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer, Till the little wings are stronger;

So she rests a little longer, Then she flies away.

2. *WHAT* does little baby say
   In her bed at peep of day?
   Baby says, like little birdie,
   "Let me rise and fly away."
   Baby, sleep a little longer,
   Till the little limbs are stronger.
   If she sleeps a little longer,
   Then she'll fly away.

77. **Watch, Mother.**

1. MOTHER! watch the little feet
   Climbing o'er the garden wall,
   Roaming through the busy street,
   Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.
   Never count the moments lost,
   Never mind the work they cost;
   Little feet will go astray,
   Guide them while you may.

* Observe small notes with this piece.

2. MOTHER! watch the little hand
   Picking berries by the way,
   Making houses in the sand,
   Tossing up the fragrant hay.
   Never dare the question ask,
   "Why to me this heavy task?"
   These same little hands may prove
   Messengers of love.

3. MOTHER! watch the little heart
   Beating soft and warm for you;
   Wholesome lessons now impart,
   Keep, oh, keep that young heart true,
   Extricating every weed,
   Sowing good and precious seed!
   Harvest then as rich as gold
   Gather hundred-fold.

Harmonies for Various Occasions.
LAMENT OF OUR RED BROTHERS.

1. Where the broad Pacifio waters Love the golden western strand,
   With their weeping wives and daughters, Gather a decrepit band;
   And their eagle-eyes are flashing, While they muse upon their wrongs,
   O'er the roar of breakers dash-ing, Rise their wildly wa-ling songs.

2. From the valleys and the mountains, Where our fathers made their home,
   From our sparkling rills and fountains, We are driven forth to roam;
   They the race we hailed with pleasure, Coming o'er the eastern waves,
   Rob us of our only treasure, Drive us from their sacred graves!

3. Love we not the quiet rivers Winding through our native vales?
   Dear is ev'ry leaf that quivers Shaken by autumnal gales;
   Dearer far are shadows streaming O'er our fathers' lonely graves,
   Than the glorious sunlight beaming, On the vast Pacific waves.

78. LAMENT OF OUR RED BROTHERS.

79. ECHOES OF LONG AGO.

1. PAINT and weary are earth's children,
   Toiling up the steep of time,
   Seeking for the eastern token,
   Listening for the morning chime;
   Waiting, waiting, ever waiting
   For the voice of long ago,
   With its soft, melodious accents,
   Soothing every human woe.

2. Know they not the star has risen,
   And its glory gilds the earth?
   Hear they not the song of angels
   O'er this glorious second birth?
   Waiting, waiting, etc.

3. "Peace on earth! good-will from heaven!"
   Sing the white-robed angel-band,
   "Peace on earth! good-will from heaven!"
   Echoes over all the land.
   Waiting, waiting, etc.
THOU ART GONE.

Andante.

1. Thou art gone! Thou art gone to a land more fair; Thy
   glorified spirit hath passed on before, Thou hast crossed the dark
   lake to a brighter shore, Waiting us there, waiting us there.

30.

THOU art gone!
   Thou art gone to thy peaceful rest;
   Sweet wild flowers fragrant bloom o'er thy grave;
   Gracefully drooping branches the willows
   Over thy breast.
   Thou art gone!
   Thou art gone where no sorrows come;
   Where voices of censure forever are dumb;
   And the flowers of love shall immortal bloom
   In that blest home.

LIGHT.
For men's voices.

31.

ANGELS! oh, break the error-night!
   Gladden with music-light!
   Give to the bond in slav'ry's might
   Justice from Freedom's height!

2. Thou art gone, yet why should we mourn?
   Oh, why should we sigh o'er the dark pall of death?
   We shall meet thee, where cometh no blight-
   In that bright bourn.
   Thou art gone!
   Thou art gone to a land more fair;
   And when we have passed through the valley
   And are freed from its sorrow, its care, and
   We'll meet thee there.
   [its strife,
THE CASKET.

1. Unto the Friend that has clothed it and fed it, We gently consign this pale casket of clay; Lo, 'tis a bridal to Nature we wed it, Whose love has sustained it by night and by day.

82. THE CASKET.

1 Unto the Friend that has clothed it and fed it,
   We gently consign this pale casket of clay;
   Lo, 'tis a bridal to Nature we wed it,
   Whose love has sustained it by night and by day.

PLEYEL.

1. Welcome, angels, pure and bright, Children of the living light,
   Welcome to our home on earth, Children of the glorious birth.

83. PLEYEL.

1 Welcome, angels, pure and bright,
   Welcome to our home on earth,
   Children of the glorious birth.

2 Welcome, messengers of God,
   Teaching not of anger's rod;
   Love for all earth's weary throngs
   Is the burden of your songs.

3 Come ye from the realms of light
   Where the day knows not the night,
   Where the gems of love alone
   Are around your spirits thrown.

4 Oh, we joy to feel you near,
   Spirits of the loved and dear;
   Chains of love around us twine,
   Gems of beauty all divine.
I AM NOT OLD.

I am not old, though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old, though youth has passed
On rapid wings away;
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose;
While sympathies and feelings high
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old.

1 I am not old, though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old, though youth has passed
On rapid wings away;
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose;
While sympathies and feelings high
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

2 I am not old. Time may have set
"His signal on my brow,"
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now;
Yet love, fond love a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine [mine.
Thoughts sweet as flowers, that once were

MARTYRS.

1 OUR earth is green with martyrs' graves,
On hill and plain and shore,
And ocean's great engulfing waves
Sweep over thousands more.
For us they drained life's bitter cup,
And dared the reformation's strife.
Where are they, Death? Oh, render up
The holy secret of their life!

2 Lo! how the viewless air around
With quick'ning life is stirred,
And from the silences profound
Leaps forth the answering word,—
"We live — not in some distant sphere
Life's blessed mission to fulfil;
But, joined with faithful spirits here,
We love, we love, and labor still.
ISLE OF THE BLEST.

1. A dream sublime of a sunny climb, Where balmiest breezes blow;

Where mountains loom and landscapes bloom In God's eternal glow!

Give me my lyre! I feel the fire, Unseen by mortal sight:

Oh! vision grand, of the summer-land, I'm fainting in delight!

Oh! vision grand of the summer-land, I'm fainting in delight!

Chorus.

My happy home, my spirit home, Sweet spirit home.
Harmful uses for Various Occasions.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweetland of liberty, Of thee I sing;
   Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From every
   mountain side, Let freedom ring.

4. Oh, hark! again I hear that strain
   That fills my soul with light;
   Whose music rare doth thrill the air
   With strange and wild delight!
   There's concord sweet in all we meet,
   With no discordant jars;
   There all things move in perfect love,
   Like marches of the stars.

1. A sunny isle, like woman's smile,
   Blooms on a silvery sea;
   And from its groves of angel-loves
   Swells music wild and free.
   O God! those strains, those grand refrains,
   What harmony divine!
   And hark! I hear, in accents dear,
   The voices of lang syne.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
   And ring from all the trees
   Sweet freedom's song!
   Let mortal tongues awake,
   Let all that breathe partake,
   Let rocks their silence break,
   The sound prolong.

2. My native country, thee,
   Land of the noble free,
   Thy name I love.
   I love thy rocks and rills,
   Thy woods and templed hills;
   My heart with rapture thrills
   Like that above.

4. Our fathers' God! to thee,
   Author of liberty
   In realms above,
   Long may our land be bright.
   With freedom's holy light,
   Protect us by thy might,
   Great God of love.

5 A DREAM sublime of a sunny clime,
   Where balmy breezes blow; [bloom
   Where mountains loom and landscapes
   In God's eternal glow!
   Give me my lyre! I feel the fire,
   Unseen by mortal sight:
   Oh! vision grand, of the summer-land,
   I'm fainting in delight!

36. Isle of the Blest.

87. America.
HEAVENLY DAY.

1. When morning’s purple gates unfold, Ir-diate with the new-born day,

   And from his quiver’s misty gold, The sun illumes his hazy way,

To me a thousand spirit’s wake, Whose angel foot-steps, all abroad,

From leaf and flower, and stream and lake, Im-press the burn-ing seal of God.

2. And, mid the splendors of the noon,
   When od’rous winds are hushed and calm,
   Or murm’ring in a slumberous tune,
   I feel soft hands of blessed balm;
   And softer voices whisper me,
   “O child of sorrow, care, and pain,
   Be tranquil on life’s stormy sea,
   We watch, and guide to heaven again.”

3. And when the shadowy night descends,
   And folds her wings above the earth,
   The souls of dear, departed friends
   Will mingle in my grief and mirth;
   In hours of waking and in dream,
   Through all the night and all the day,
   They, by their angel-plumage gleam,
   Lead me to truth, and light the way.

SOMETHING STILL TO DO.

1. Though sunny day has nearly past,
   Repose not down with idle hands,
   But labor while the hours shall last,
   While flowing are life’s golden sands;
   For life is changeful, ever brief;
   Oh, then improve each fleeting span,
   Turning each day some brighter leaf,
   And measure time by deeds to man.

2. Knowest thou not some burdened soul
   That’s fettered by disease and pain?
   Direct him to the heavenly goal,
   Bidding him rise and strive again.
   Knowest thou not a drooping heart,
   Sinking beneath misfortune’s blight?
   Go thou, and friendship’s warmth impart,
   And give to him a ray of light.
AM waiting, only waiting,
For the dawning of the day,
When the joys of life relating,
I shall walk the heavenly way;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
I shall sound the joyful lay.

I am waiting, hoping, trusting,
That the future fair and bright,
Shall announce the rule of right;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
I shall see the joyful sight.

3 I am waiting in the twilight
Of a morning yet to be,
When upon my fading eyesight
Angel forms shall come to me;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
Heav'nly glories I shall see;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
Heav'nly glories I shall see.

4 Thus we all through life are waiting
For the coming of the morn,
When, life's pleasure reinstating,
We shall be as angels born;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
We shall hail the glorious dawn;
Then, no longer sadly waiting,
We shall hail the glorious dawn.
CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

1. Hush! I cannot bear to see thee Stretch thy tiny hands in vain!
Dear, I have no bread to give thee, Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me, Proud, and thankful, too, was I.
Now, my darling, I, thy mother, Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary.

2. I have watched thy beauty fading, And thy strength sink day by day; Soon, I know, will want and fever Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless; Hope hath left both him and me; We could suffer all, my baby, Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary.

3. Better thou shouldst go thus early, Starve so soon, my darling one, Than in helpless sin and sorrow Vainly live as I have done.
Better that thy angel-spirit With my joy, my peace, were flown, Than thy heart grow cold and careless, Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary.

4. I have wasted, dear, with hunger, And my brain is all opprest; I have scarcely strength to press thee, Wan and feeble to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us; Death will come to thee and me; He will take us to his heaven, Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary, God is good, but life is dreary.
CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR. Concluded.

Chorus for each stanza.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary.

HEAVENLY ACCENTS.

1. Brothers, will you slight the message sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence, oh, how tender! Every line how full of love!

Heavenly accents, heavenly accents, Full of strength and peace and love.

3. Holy angels, hov'ring round us!

Heavenly Accents.

Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with deepest consolation
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds, tender heralds,
Blest is he their word who hears!

Waiting spirits! speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
That our spirits, that our spirits,
Glad the message may obey.
The Spiritual Harp.

REAPING.

1. Up, mortal, and act, while the angel of light Melts the shadows before and behind thee! Shake off the soft dreams that enfume thy might, And burst the dark fetters that bind thee!

Soar the skylark, soar thou; leaps the stream, do thou leap;

Learn from Nature the splendor of action; Plough, harrow, and sow, or thou never shalt reap; Faithful deed brings divine benediction.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

1. **UP**, mortal, and act while the angel of light
   Melt the shadows before and behind thee!
   Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy might,
   And burst the dark fetters that bind thee!
   Soars the skylark, soar thou; leaps the stream, do thou leap;
   Learn from Nature the splendor of action;
   Plough, harrow, and sow, or thou never shalt reap;
   Faithful deed brings divine benefaction.

2. The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,
   And hath lifted the mists from the mountain;
   The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,
   The stag cools his lips in the fountain,
   And the blackbird's sweet glee rises from the deep elm,
   The river is sparkling and leaping,
   The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm,
   And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

3. To spring comes the bud, and to summer, the blush,
   And to autumn, the happy fruition;
   To winter, repose, meditation, and hush;
   And to man, ev'ry season's condition.
   Lo! he lives, buds, and blooms both in action and rest,
   As a thinker and actor and sleeper,
   Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,
   And is reaped by the hand of a reaper!

**GOOD WILL.**

1. Peace! the welcome sound proclaim,
   Dwell with rapture on the theme;
   Loud, still louder swell the strain,
   "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

2. Breezes, whisp'ring soft and low,
   Gently murmur as ye blow,
   Breathe the sweet celestial strain,
   "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

3. Ocean's billows, far and wide,
   Rolling in majestic pride,
   Loud, still louder swell the strain,
   "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

4. Pilgrims, who its promise seal,
   And its inspirations feel,
   Loud, still louder swell the strain,
   "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

1. Morn amid the mountains, Lovely solitude! Gushing streams and fountains murmur, "God is good." Murmur, etc.

2. Hymns of praise are ringing Through the leafy wood; Songsters, sweetly singing, Warble, "God is good." Warble, etc.

3 Now, the glad sun, breaking, Pours a golden flood; Deepest vales, awaking, Echo, "God is good." Echo, etc.

4 Wake, and join the chorus, Child, with soul endued; God, whose smile is o'er us, Evermore is good.

Ever, etc.

WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS.

1. Little words of kindness, How they cheer the heart! What a world of gladness Will a smile impart! How a gentle accent


Harmonies for Various Occasions.

WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS. Concluded.

6. LITTLE words of kindness, a
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll!

SLEEP, LITTLE BABY, SLEEP.

Slowly, tenderly.

1. Sleep, little baby, sleep! Not in thy cradle bed, Not on thy mother's breast Henceforth shall be thy rest, But with the quiet dead,

Piano e rit.

With the quiet dead.

2. Yes, with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be!
Oh! many a weary one,
Under life's fitful sun,
Would fain lie down with thee.

3. Flee, little tender child!
Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow;
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

4. And when the hour arrives
From earth that sets me free,
Thy spirit will await
The first at heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me.
The Spiritual Harp.

THE SPIRIT ARTIST.

1. Forms that have passed a-way, Bringing regret, Memories that

never decay, Cherish them yet, Loved eyes with diamond light,

Lips that never scorned, Foreheads whose marble white Bright wreaths adorning.

2. Hands whose glad clasp we greet,
   Cheeks carmine dyed,
   Hearts whose warm pulses beat
   Love's gushing tide,
   Bosoms that overflow,
   Tongues ever true,
   Souls where warm friendships glow,
   Songs ever new.

3. They are not lost to us;
   Death's gloomy pall
   Hides but their earthly dust;
   Them we recall!
   Over the eidolon's
   Measureless tide
   Still smile the loving ones
   From farther side.

4. Touched by a mortal hand,
   Guided by one
   Of a blest angel-band
   Bright as the sun,
   Ever they lift the veil
   That hangs between,
   And from the canvas pale
   Smile they serene.

5. Oh, ever glorious art,
   Undreamed before,
   Glad'ning the mourning heart
   For evermore!
   Forms that have passed away,
   Bringing regret,
   Smile on us still to-day;
   We see them yet.

Song-Bird of the Spirit Land.

1. Bird of the brighter land,
   Unbar thy notes;
   Over the spirit-strand
   Melody floats;
   Singing in happy band,
   Come from on high;
   Angel-bird, angel-bird,
   Welcome is nigh.

2. Bird of the realm of flowers,
   Come, let us hear
   Songs from the spirit bowers,
   Giving good cheer,
   Charming our weary hours,
   Where'er we roam,
   Angel-bird, angel-bird,
   Sing of our home.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

SUMMER DAYS.

Not too fast.

1. Oh, the merry summer days, When the fields are dressed in green,
And the smiling sunny rays Rest upon the verdant scene,
Dancing o'er the flow'ry hedges, Where the bee for honey strays,
Crowning hill-top, gilding valleys, In the merry summer days.

3. Bird of a purer sky,
   Peal through thy lays
   Hopes that shall never die,
   Lighting our ways,
   Guiding where ne'er a sigh
   Wakes o'er a pain,
   Angel-bird, angel-bird,
   Loud swell the strain.

4. Bird of the higher life,
   Sing to the throngs,
   Make the earth's welkin rife
   With heavenly songs,
   Quelling all mortal strife,
   Peaceful as love,
   Angel-bird, angel-bird,
   Guide us above.

100. SUMMER DAYS.

1. Oh, the merry summer days!
   When the fields are dressed in green,
   And the smiling sunny rays
   Rest upon the verdant scene,
   Dancing o'er the flow'ry hedges,
   Where the bee for honey strays,
   Crowning hill-top, gilding valleys,
   In the merry summer days.

2. Oh, the merry summer days!
   When the woods with life abound,
   Warbling birds with joyous lays
   Pour a flood of music round,
   Now a tender little love-song,
   Then a lofty burst of praise;
   All unite to swell the chorus
   In the merry summer days.
NEVER SAY FAIL.

1. Keep pushing! 'tis wise Than sitting aside, And dreaming and sighing.

And waiting the tide; In life's earnest battle They only prevail.

Who daily march onward, And never say fail, Who daily march onward,

And never say fail.

In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer!
And never say fail!

101. NEVER SAY FAIL.

2 WITH eye ever open,
And tongue that's not dumb
And heart that will never
To sorrow succumb.
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty,
Who never say fail!

3 Ahead, then, keep pushing!
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
That would you betray.
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail
Before the strong-hearted,
Who never say fail!

4 In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide;

In boundless abundance,
In greenness and beauty, and gladness
Yet man who is noblest of earth, sea and skies,
The upright, the thoughtful, the god-like and wise,

2 Shall he, like a flower, but live for a day,
Unfolding in summer, then wither away?
Or dance, like a bubble, awhile on the wave,
Look joyous a moment, then sink in the grave?

3 Oh, no! the Eternal doth call him his son;
His circuit of glory he ever shall run;
The wide heavens present him their infinite store;
The years of the Highest are his evermore.

4 Released from the body, the immortal shall rise,
Till earth floats beneath him, a speck in the skies;
The bright stars of even shall golden steps be,
And he shall ascend to the realms of the free.

102. GOLDEN STEPS.

1 SHALL trees live for ages, and garnish the ground,
In greenness and beauty, and gladness
Yet man who is noblest of earth, sea and skies,
The upright, the thoughtful, the god-like and wise,

2 Shall he, like a flower, but live for a day,
Unfolding in summer, then wither away?
Or dance, like a bubble, awhile on the wave,
Look joyous a moment, then sink in the grave?

3 Oh, no! the Eternal doth call him his son;
His circuit of glory he ever shall run;
The wide heavens present him their infinite store;
The years of the Highest are his evermore.

4 Released from the body, the immortal shall rise,
Till earth floats beneath him, a speck in the skies;
The bright stars of even shall golden steps be,
And he shall ascend to the realms of the free.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

**5R LAW.**

say not the law divine is hid den far from thee;

heav n ly law within may shine, And there its brightness be.

not the law divine

Thou need st not launch thy bark

3 Thou need st not launch thy bark

Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.

4 Cease, then, my soul, to roam;
Thy wanderings all are vain;
That holy word is found at home;
Within thy heart its reign.

CROWN OF THORNS.

the toilsome way,

What sweet and patient grace,

3 What sweet and patient grace,
E'er beaming true and kind,
Of suffering borne, rests on her face,
So pure so glorified!

Angel walks,

4 Angel behold, I wait,
Crowned for life's weary hours,—
Wait till thy hand shall ope the gate
And change the thorns to flowers.


tis cast meekly down,

in vain for rest.

in vain for rest.

sits and flowers unblest,

1 Angel walks,

3 It tread red ly day by day, Long ing in vain for rest.

in the leaves and withered stalks

4 What sweet and patient grace,
1. Sweet darling of the mother’s heart! Look forth from out thy heaven,

And tell her, with thy starry eyes, Thy presence still is given.

Look forth! and tell her God is great, That he has opened heaven’s gate.

2. Fair maiden! fading in thy spring,

Laid darkly in the tomb,

Beam like a star from thy bright home,

Or flower in summer bloom;

Beam out! and say that God is great,

That he has opened heaven’s gate!

3. Loved mother! passing into night,

To leave thy darkened hearth,

A shadow resting in thy place,

For those thou left on earth,

Look down! and say that God is great,

That thou dost wait at heaven’s gate!

4. Young bride! grown sudden chill and cold,

To one who loved thee well,

Who keeps thee treasured in his heart,

Still binding with a spell,

Burst forth! and teach that God is great,

And pass to him through heaven’s gate!

106. BEAUTY OF HEART.

1. THE sun may warm the grass to life;

The dew, the drooping flower;

And eyes grow bright and watch the light

Of autumn’s opening hour;

But loving smiles are far more true,

And brighter than the morning dew.

2. It is not much the world can give,

With all its subtle art;

And gold and gems are not the things

To beautify the heart;

But tenderness of angel-love

That glows within like heaven above.
COME TO THE WOODS.

E to the woods, come to the woods,
To the woods, come to the woods, where
Tangling wild-flowers grow,
He worried, agile hare
Y darts from its ferny lair.
To the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!
To the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!
To the woods, come to the woods, when
Immer glories glow,
He laughing, loving sun
Tly shines through shadows dun.
To the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!

And the worried, agile hare
Swiftly darts from ferny lair.

Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
From the haunts of woe,
Where the cheering, tuneful song
Of the thrush tells no wrong.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!

Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
With health your cheeks shall glow;
Come, oh, come, from dusty town,
Come from dreamy beds of down.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!

COME TO THE WOODS.

E to the woods, come to the woods,
To the woods, come to the woods, where
Tangling wild-flowers grow,
He worried, agile hare
Y darts from its ferny lair.
To the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!
To the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!
To the woods, come to the woods, when
Immer glories glow,
He laughing, loving sun
Tly shines through shadows dun.
To the woods, come to the woods, come
To the woods, heigho!
WELCOME.

1. Death is the fading of a cloud, The breaking of a chain,
The rending of a mortal shroud We ne'er shall see again.

NEW BIRTH.

1. Death is the mightier second birth, Th' unveiling of the soul;
   'Tis freedom from the chains of earth, The pilgrim's heavenly goal.

2. Death is the conqueror's welcome home, The heav'nly city's door,
   The entrance of the world to come; 'Tis life for evermore.

3. Death is the close of life's alarms, The watch-light on the shore,
   The clasping in immortal arms Of loved ones gone before.

RAINBOW OF PROMISE.

1. Hope's rainbow in life's crystal dome, That spans the flowing tide,
   Doth bridge the way to that bright home, From earth to angels' side.

2. On us the tempest-cloud below Falls stormy fatal breath,
   But those who cross that shining bow Have no more pain or death.

3. Built there by strong immortal hands From showers of love and tears,
   All beautiful the archway stands Through silent lapse of years.

4. Of spirit-friends we're nearing fast Your home on the fair shore,
   We'll cross the rainbow bridge at last And live for evermore.
HO! HILLY HO!

1. No clouds are in the morning sky, The vapors hug the stream;

2. Along our path the woods are bold, And glow with ripe desire.

Who says that life and love can die In all this northern gleam?

The yellow chestnut showers its gold, The sumac spread their fire;

At every turn the maples burn, The quail is whistling free;

The breezes feel as crisp as steel, The buckwheat tops are red;

The part-ridden whirr, and the frost-ed burn Are dropping for you and me.

Then down the lane we will send again, And over the stubble tread.

Hol hilly ho! Hol hilly ho! In the clear autumnal morn,

Hol &c.

Hol hilly ho! Hol hilly ho! In the clear autumnal morn.
HEAVENLY UNION.

1. Two loving clouds at morning, Tinged with the rising sun.
   Calm in the dawn are floating, And mingling into one.
   That dewy morning cloud is blest, It moves so gently to the west.

2. Two crystal summer currents
   Flow softly in their course,
   Their waves in music dancing,
   To join in silent force;
   How beautiful through banks of green,
   While dimpling eddies play between!

3. Oh, what a heavenly union,
   In bowers of delight,
   Where ministries of angels
   Inspire with holy light;
   Two souls one life, two hearts one love,
   As sweet and pure as heav'n above.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

TEMPLE.

1. The turf shall be my fragrant shrine; My tem-ple, Lord, that arch of thine;

2. My ceased's breath the moun-tain airs, And sil-ent thoughts my on-ly prayers.

3. I'll seek some glade with beauty fraught, All light and silent, like thy thought;

And the pale stars shall be at night

The only eyes that watch my rite.

4. Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,

Shall be my pure and shining book,

Where I shall read, in words of flame,

The glories of thy wondrous name.

5. There's nothing bright, above, below,

From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,

But in its light my soul can see

Some feature of thy Deity.

112.

NATURE'S TEMPLE.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,

When murm'ring homeward to their

Or when the stillness of the sea, [caves,

E'en more than music breathes of thee!

TRIUMPH.

1. Truth to the na-tions round In con-verse sweet shall flow; While to the spheres of

heavenly light Their songs of tri-umph go, Their songs of tri-umph go.

113.

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

1. PEAMS of the shining skies

Shall lighten ev'ry land;

And they who dwell in angel-courts

Shall the whole earth command.

2. No war shall rage, nor feuds

Disturb those peaceful years;

To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,

To pruning-hooks their spears.

3. To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,

To pruning-hooks their spears.

4. No longer host 'gainst host

Shall crowds of slain deplore;

They'll lay the martial trumpet by,

And study war no more.
The Spiritual Harp.

SYMBOL.

1. Not in vain the large-eyed prophets
   Saw the days of evil told,
   Heard the anthems of the nations
   From the harps of Freedom rolled.
   Who can mock their glorious visions?
   Hark! already ev'ry hour
   Falls some chain, and man arises
   To his natural, sacred power.

2. Mercy walks with broader symbols;
   Justice lifts a stronger hand;
   Love tends more and more her flowers,
   Sown by God in ev'ry land.
   Science more and more is breaking
   All the olden mystic bars,
   Stands on mountain-tops and waves her
   Rod amid the vassal stars.

3. Art is grander, brighter growing;
   Ev'ry moment is her shrine
   At the will of thought's true angels
   Beaming more and more divine.

114. CROWN THE PROPHET.

Nations, lift, lift your Triumphant,
   Lamped no more by wavering moon;
Crowd the temples; crown the prophets;
   Not in vain they sung the noon.

115. NATURE'S LESSONS.

1 SUMMER in the lap of autumn
   Pours her rich and golden store;
   Bursting buds proclaim the spring-time,
   When the winter storm is o'er.
   So upon life's toilsome journey,
   Like the circling round of years,
   We may trace the deep emotions
   Moving us to smiles and tears.

2 Grandly Nature tells her story,
   As the seasons glide along,
   Full of symbols, hints, and warnings,
   That to every age belong.
   Hers a quaint and ponderous volume;
   Every page is lettered o'er;
   Such as this needs no revising;
   Earnestly its truth explore.
Harmonies for Various 'Occasions.

1GOSY.

1. How many lonely hours we see While journeying along!

How many days when griefs and tears Hush the sweet lips of song!

How many times the breaking heart, A weary, wounded dove,

Tiring of everything on earth, Implores angelic love!

ARGOSIES OF LIFE.

many lonely hours we see While journeying along!
many days when griefs and tears Hush the sweet lips of song!
many times the breaking heart, A weary, wounded dove,
of everything on earth, Implores angelic love!
holy peace, what quiet cheer, e silent angels bring!
ing in their ministries, souls vault up and sing.
the beauteous summer land Bowers of fadeless green,
elting hills and banks of flowers, singing streams between.

3 Then what are argosies of clouds,
   If light break sweetly through?
   And what are all earth's cumb'ring cares,
   With heaven, our home, in view?
   Our fading hopes bloom fresh again,
   Our weary hands grow strong,
   While spirits lovingly declare
   We shall not suffer long.

4 Balm-bearers from the better land,
   Stand ye along our way,
   And purify us from all sin
   By your angelic sway.
   And when the fennel's bitter leaf
   Dips o'er our goblet's brim,
   Still let us in our darkest hours
   Hope on, though sad our hymn.
86

· The Spiritual Harp.

LIFE.

1. He liveth long who liveth well! All other life is short and vain.

2. Be thou in truthfulness arrayed;
   Hold up to earth thy torch divine!
   Be what thou prayest to be made;
   Let steps of charity be thine!
   Fill up each hour with what will last;
   Buy up the moments as they go:
   The life above, when this is past,
   Is the ripe fruit of life below.

3. Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap;
   Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
   Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
   From hollow words and deeds refrain.
   Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
   Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
   Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
   And find a harvest-home of light.

117. HOW TO LIVE.

118. SUN OF TRUTH.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

PROPHET.

1. Joy to the world! the angels come
To crown a prophet king!

The pure in heart prepare them room,
And inspirations sing!

Let sorrow lift her tearful eyes,
Despair forget his gloom,

Up from your fetters, sorrows arise,
The jubilee has come!

2. Joy to the world! the prophet speaks
The love that gladdens heaven! [breaks,
Through Fear's dread night the morning
And Error's veil is riven!
It rolls away Death's icy shroud!
And lo! an angel's shrine!
The God in nature shouts aloud!
The human grows divine!

3. Joy to the world! the angels come!
That prophet is To-day;
Foretelling Superstition's doom,
And Love's celestial sway.
Let Freedom lift her joyous voice!
Let Reason burst her bands!
Let Truth be glad; let Right rejoice!
And Justice clap her hands!

119.  120.

SPARE NO ILL.

1. Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can leave no sting behind;
And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard
Is 'neath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still speak the best we can.

2. Give me the heart that fain would hide,
And others' faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove us all so base?
No; let us reach a higher mood
In estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak the best we can.
The Spiritual Harp.

NATURE'S HARP.

1. The harp at nature's advent strung Has never ceased to play;

2. The ocean looketh up to heaven And mirrors every star.

And prayer is made, and praise is given, By all things near and far;

121. THE GREAT WORSHIP.

1. The green earth sends her incense up
   From many a mountain shrine;
   From folded leaf and dewy cup
   She pours her sacred wine.
   The mists above the mountain rills
   Rise white as wings of prayer;
   The altar-curtains of the hills
   Are sunset's purple air.

2. The sky-lark's silvery lute was strung
   O'er meadow, vale, and hill,
   And myriad tiny insects hung
   Light dancing o'er the rill.

3. "Where is thy blissful home?" I asked,
   "Say where dost thou abide?"
   She turned her beaming face unmasked
   And answered, "By thy side.
   Ever with thee in sun and storm,
   In sorrow or in joy,
   I guide thy steps, thy heart I warm,
   My own, my darling boy!"

4. Such is a mother's love; it dies
   Not, neither can it die;
   My soul with gratitude shall rise
   To Him who dwells on high,
   That over all this checkered scene
   Of life, her loving hand
   Shall lead me with a joy serene
   Up to the summer land.

The angel of the day-beam swept
   The earth with pinions gay,
   And starry dews, the night had wept,
   By him were kissed away.

2 The sky-lark's silvery lute was strung
   O'er meadow, vale, and hill,
   And myriad tiny insects hung
   Light dancing o'er the rill.

In this enrapturing hour I walked
   Forth from my slumb'rous bed,
   And with a radiant being talked
   Whom I had long thought dead.

3 NIGHT'S ample folds were twined around
   The pillars of the morn;
   And fair aurora's splendors crowned
   The hour when light was born.

122. MATERNAL LOVE.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
   Its transept earth and air,
   The music of its starry march,
   The chorus of its prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent fame
   With which her years began,
   And all her signs and voices shame
   The prayerless heart of man.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

THE SILENT LAND.

1. Into the Silent Land! Into the Silent Land! Ah! who shall lead us thither,
   Lead us thither? Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
   And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand. Who leads us with a gentle hand Thither, oh, thither,
   Into the Silent Land? Where the mild herald by our fate allotted,
   E'er beck'ning with inverted torch, doth stand. To lead us with a gentle hand,
   Thither, oh, thither,
   Into the Silent Land!

2. Into the Silent Land! Into the Silent Land! For all the broken-hearted
   Lead us thither!
   Whither inspiring fountains flow to rivers
   In waves of loving sweetness o'er earth's sand,
   To make it fair, as summer land,
   Breathing its fragrance
   Into the Silent Land!

3. Into the Silent Land! Into the Silent Land Of holy meditation,
   Lead us thither!
   Whither inspiring fountains flow to rivers
   In waves of loving sweetness o'er earth's sand,
   To make it fair, as summer land,
   Breathing its fragrance
   Into the Silent Land!

4. Into the Silent Land! Into the Silent Land Where all the boundless regions
   Are perfection, [brighten
   Where the sweet tender morning visions
   With beauteous souls of holy pledge and
   Who in Life's battle firm shall stand, [band; Bearing Hope's blossoms
   Into the Silent Land!

123.
The Spiritual Harp.

INCENSE.
With energy.

1. O Thou, to whom, in ancient time, The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung, Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue, The grateful song, the fervent prayer, The incense of the heart, may rise And prophets praised with glowing tongue, To heaven, and find acceptance there.

2. Not now on Zion's height alone Thy favored worshippers may dwell; Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son Sat weary by the Syrian well; To thee shall age, with snowy hair, And strength and beauty bend the knee; Its praises and its prayers to thee.

VOICE OF PROGRESS.

1. Hear ye not now the voice of God, From the great people's heart re-sounding? See ye the light that is abroad, Proud rulers of the earth con-founding? D.C. Shouting with voice of fire and steam Deep chorus of progressive thunder.

2. Our world is waking from her dream, To snap her creed-forged chains a-sunder,
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

THE HEART'S DEAD.

1. Battle the windows, wind! Rain, drip on the pane! There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes For the life we live in vain.

3. Poor toiling millions, meagre fed, Are standing now at Freedom's portals, While daylight blossoms overhead, With sweet words from the dear immortals! No more shall bigotry enthroud Our dearest hopes in endless terror, For light long hid behind the cloud, Breaks o'er the gloom of ancient error.

4. Kings, priests, and conquerors no more Shall chain our souls and steal our guerdon, For bloody blades shall fall before [den. Strong arms that share our common bur- Earth's song of peace is on our tongue; Archangels lean from heaven to hear it; Mind is our king whose name is sung In deeds, and tyrants must revere it.

126. THE HEART'S DEAD.

3 Gray ocean heaves and heaves, Rolls, rolls on the sand; And the blasted limb of the churchyard tree Solemn shakes like ghostly hand. Silence the dead are there, 'Neath grassy wild waves; But we have more dead in our hearts to-day Than the earth in all her graves.
LAND OF BLISS.

1. O land of bliss, my heart now turns With longing hopes to thee,
As long the blossoms of the spring That sunbeams strive to free!
O stream of time, on whose sweet wave, Like flowers upon thy breast,
My thoughts thy flowing tide doth bend, Towards that sweet land of rest!

2. LAND of fruit, that hangs so rich
Upon thy bending trees,
Oh, when shall I beneath thy shade
Inhale the swelling breeze?
And with these rapturous eyes behold
The white-robed angel band,
And drink the flowing landscape in,
The sweet and dewy land?

3. And with me, too, the beings loved
Find all of sorrow o'er?
When shall these tearful partings cease
On life's retreating shore?
And by those living streams may pluck
The amaranth and rose,
And drink the nectar from the streams
Where deathless water flows?

FLowers.

1. Each tiny leaf unfolds a scroll
   Inscribed with holy truth,
   A lesson that around the heart
   Should keep the dew of youth;
   Bright missals from angelic throngs
   In early by-way left,
   How were the earth of glory shorn,
   Were it of flowers bereft!

2. They tremble on the Alpine height;
   The fissured rock they press;
   The desert wild, with heat and sand,
   Shares, too, their blessedness:
   And wheresoe'er the weary heart
   Turns in its dim despair,
   The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
   Inviting it to prayer.

3. When shall these tearful partings cease
   Upon life's retreating shore?
   And by those living streams may pluck
   The amaranth and rose,
   And inhale the swelling breeze?
   As long the blossoms of the spring
   That sunbeams strive to free!
   Oh, when shall I beneath thy shade
   Inhale the swelling breeze?
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

O’ER BILLOWS BLUE.

1. I’m sail-ing o’er life’s sun-ny sea; And with such guards and lights as these, My heart is light, my glance is bright, I’ve launched my bark from sullen shores,
I’m sail-ing ‘neath bright cloud-less skies; How swift each golden moment flies! While crowned with joy the fleet hours are; Where angry waves have lashed her sides;
I’m, etc., life’s, etc., I’m, etc., bright, etc.
And with such guards and lights as these, How swift each gold-en mo-ment flies!
My heart is light, my glance is bright, While crowned with joy the fleet hours are;
In light canoe o’er billows blue, I’m gliding to a land afar!

Chorus.

In light ca-noe o’er bil- lows blue, I’m gliding to a land a-far!

29. LIFE’S SUNNY SEAS.

I’m sail-ing o’er life’s sunny seas; And with such guards and lights as these, My heart is light, my glance is bright,
I’m sail-ing ‘neath bright cloud-less skies; How swift each golden moment flies! While crowned with joy the fleet hours are;
I’m, etc., life’s, etc., I’m, etc., bright, etc.

Chorus.

There greets me now a spirit-hand, And borne along on gentle breeze, I float along on peaceful tides.

Chorus.

I catch the sweets of fairy-land That woo me over sunny seas!

130. WHEN LAUGHING JOY.

1 WHEN laughing joy makes glad our way, And mirth invites to harmless play, More fair than eve’s bright stars appear, Our angel guards are hov’ring near.

When dark despair doth rule the hour And make us feel its gloomy power, Our guardians come in sympathy To set us from our bondage free.

Chorus.

With blessings to each earthly home, These messengers of heaven come, Inspiring thoughts of higher life, Free from all sorrow, fear, and strife.

Chorus.
1. We give you joyous greeting, Friends of our noble cause, Who have lit the torch of reason, By light of nature's laws; We give you joyous greeting, Ye toilers in the field, Who, the right with patient working, Will never justice yield.

2. We give you joyous greeting, Workers so bold, so free, To unite your scattered forces In ranks of harmony; We give you joyous greeting, Inspired with powers above To demolish ancient error By might of truth and love.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

NGS THAT NEVER DIE.

Fine.

1. The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth;
   The striving after better hopes,— Those things shall never die;
   The impulse of a wordless prayer, The dream of love and truth,
   The longing after some thing lost, The spirit's yearning cry.

Things that never die.

timid hand stretched forth to aid brother in his need,
   timid hand stretched forth to aid brother in his need,
   The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth;
   The impulse of a wordless prayer, The dream of love and truth,

1. Before us heaven invites the way;
   Death-damps behind us lie;
   Before us dawns progressive day
   Whose beauties never die.
   The Eden with its angels bold,
   With flowers and rivers free,
   Is less a mystic story told
   Than growing prophecy.

2. Within the spirit's perfect air,
   Where love is pure and kind,
   In innocence from selfish care,
   The Eden we shall find.
   So when the soul to sin hath died,
   True, beautiful, and sound,
   Then all our earth is sanctified,
   A paradise around.

3. From spirit lands of peace afar
   Disturbing force shall cease;
   Impatient toil nor wrong shall mar
   Immortal unity.
   Oh, welcome day of saint and sage,
   When childhood's holy heart,
   With head of wisdom's golden-age,
   Shall love to man impart!
The Spiritual Harp.

REVELATION.

With Dignity.

1. God of the granite and the rose! Soul of the sparrow and the bee!

The mighty tide of being flows Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.

It leaps to life in grass and flowers, Through every grade of being runs.

Till from creation's radiant towers Its glory flames in stars and suns.

DS. Till from creation's radiant towers Its glory flames in stars and suns.

DS.


1 God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers, Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers Its glory flames in stars and suns.

2 O ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Who only see, amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill,
Know that, like birds and streams and flow-
The life that moves you is divine!
Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
Your god-like spirit can confine.

3 God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all thy creatures back to thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs,—
A mighty sea without a shore,—
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise thee evermore.

136. Entrancement.

1 In this vast temple of the soul,
What fairy glimpses here have we,
When closed are all the outer doors
From which the outer world we see;
And as our spirits then may roam
From land to land, and star to star,
And bring the Spirit-Land so near,
We once had thought so dimly far,

2 What truth and beauty then impress
The spirit's likeness on the face,
When, as the starlight meets the star,
That Spirit-Land and we embrace;
And thus are mirrored on the cheek
The shadows of that world of love,
As through the soul the figures pass,
The imaged forms of those above.

3 And as the tones of music rise,
And in successive scales must chime
So next this world that round us lies
The Spirit-Land takes up the rhyme;
And all things here that now we have
Are types of those we there shall see,
As note to note, and scale to scale,
Here typify the harmony.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

TAKE HOME PLEASANT.

More than building showy mansions, More than dress or fine array,

More than dome of lofty steeples, More than station, power, sway;

Make your home both neat and tasteful, Bright and pleasant, always fair,

Here each heart shall rest contented, Grateful for each beauty there.

Make Home Pleasant.

More than building showy mansions,
More than dress or fine array,
More than dome of lofty steeples,
More than station, power, sway;
Your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair.
Each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles,
More than fashion's luring glare,
More than mammon's gilded honors,
More than thought can well compare;
At home is made attractive,
Surroundings pure and bright,
Arranged with taste and order,
With all their sweet delight.

3 Seek to make your home most lovely,
   Let it be a smiling spot,
   Where, in sweet contentment resting,
   Care and sorrow are forgot;
   Where the flowers and trees are waving,
   Birds will sing their sweetest song,
   Where the purest thoughts will linger,
   Confidence and love belong.

4 There each heart will rest contented,
   Seldom wishing e'er to roam,
   Or, if roaming, still will cherish
   Mem'ries of that pleasant home;
   Such a home makes man the better,
   Sweet and lasting its control;
   Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
   Leaves an impress on the soul.
The Spiritual Harp.

VOYAGE.

1. Oh, guide thy bark with care, my child! A thousand dangers hide
   Along the current, now so mild, Whose river thou must ride;
   And golden lights will dance anon, To lure thee from thy way;
   Oh, heed them not; push on! push on! And tell thy tempters, Nay.

2. Oh, guide thy bark with care, my child!
   These dangers cannot harm,
   While thou dost keep thy soul unguiled,
   Thy feelings pure and warm.
   The world may threaten, keep thy boat
   Straight, where thine angel beck'd;
   Push on! push on! and thou shalt float
   Safe, 'mid a thousand wrecks.

Voyage of Life.

3. Oh, guide thy bark with care, my child!
   The waves will oft run high,
   And storms will rage around thee wild,
   And night will hide the sky.
   But do not quit the helm, my boy;
   Hold on! hold on! hold on!
   No hurricane can thee destroy,
   Until thy work is done.

4. Clouds may shut in like shrouds of death,
   Loud breakers at thy bow;
   But courage and a manly faith
   Will save thee even now;
   These twain will part the clouds, and free,
   And show the dawning day;
   Push on! a voice shall speak to thee,
   And point thee out thy way.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

RELEASEx. Not too fast.

1. While the flesh the soul encumbers, Here as prisoners are we;

2. Then the cast-off vestments flinging
   In the silent, darksome tomb,
   Up in joy the spirit springing,
   Radiant stands, in fadeless bloom.
   All earth's pains and troubles leaving,
   All its mocking, tinsel glare,
   Upward floating, softly cleaving,
   Cleaving still the crystal air.

3. To our Father's home returning,
   From the brief sojourn on earth,
   While ten thousand seraphs burning,
   Chant the spirit's higher birth.
   Then the spirit's view shall widen,
   And its aspirations rise,
   And deep truths that long lay hidden
   Shall rejoice the longing eyes.

140. Wound not the Heart.

1. Do not wound the heart that loves thee,
   Do not cause it needless pain,
   For the heart that once is blighted,
   Like the rose, ne'er blooms again;
   It may seem a goodly flower,
   And awhile delight the eye,
   But there is a secret anguish,
   That will cause it soon to die.

2. Do not wound the heart that loves thee,
   Bid it live beneath thy smile;
   Ever cause it to be happy,
   And its darkest hours beguile;
   If thy blessing will give pleasure
   To the heart that leans on thee,
   It will prove a priceless treasure,
   When thy summer friends shall flee.
100

The Spiritual Harp.

ANGELS BRIGHT.

From "Psalms of Life," by permission of J. S. Adams.

1. Angels bright are drawing near
   Laid en with love; List, you shall their voices hear.

2. Music sweet! we catch the strain;
   Hark! soft and low,
   Now it's borne to us again,
   Gentle its flow.
   Life, immortal life is theirs,
   Joyful its hours;
   Freed from mortal ills and cares,
   It shall be ours.

3. Thanks to God with souls elate,
   He gives us all;
   Joyous in his presence wait,
   List to his call.

RISING MORN.

1. Love paternal, great and holy,
   Fearing nought we come to thee,
   Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
   For thy love has made us free.

2. Though the worlds in flame should perish,
   Suns and stars in ruin fall,
   Trust in thee our hearts should cherish,
   Thou to us be all in all.

3. Tis his voice that bids us meet
   Friends outward gone,
   And with gladsome spirits greet
   Earth's rising morn.

4. Angels bright are coming near
   Bearing their love
   Unto us, who, waiting here,
   Trust God above.

LOVE.

Teach us now the angel chorus, Thou art love and love alone.

D.C.

Fare well the chorus, Thou art love and love alone.

142.

GOD IS LOVE.

1. Though the worlds in flame should perish,
   Seraphs hymns no sweeter tone
   Than the strains our hearts are raising,—
   Thou art love and love alone.

2. And though heaven thy name is praising.
HE LEADS US ON.

1. He leads us on, By paths we do not know; Up-ward he leads us,
   though our steps are slow. Though oft we faint and fal-ter on the way,
   Though storm and dark-ness oft ob-scure the day; Yet, when the clouds are
   gone, We know he leads us on. 

He guides our steps through all these weary years, 
We know his will be done; 
And still he leads us on.

And he at last,
After the weary strife, 
After the restless fever we call life, 
After the dreariness, the aching pain, 
The wayward struggles which ne'er proved in vain, 
After our toils are past, 
Will give us rest at last.

LOVE. Continued.

D.C.

2. And though heav'n thy name is prais-ing, Ser-aphs hymn no sweet-er tone,
THE OTHER WORLD.

1. In the round us like a cloud,
A world we do not see:
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

2. Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

3. And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be;
Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

4. Sweet sounds around us! watch us still;
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

THE HOME WE BUILD.

1. There is a place of peaceful rest
Beyond this earth
Refined from its maternal source,
Awoke to spirit birth;
There is a home we each have built,
Of many mansions bright,
Unfolded from the hearts of this,
Lit up with heavenly light.

2. When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side;
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth immortal morn
In floods of glory from that realm,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3. In that sweet home of fadeless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
Encircled in the arms of love,
'Mid blessedness complete.
There, there adieu are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene;
But life and golden beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.
VALE.

1. From us pass daily those we fondly love Down to the realms that in deep silence lie;

We watch them as their dear forms dimly move A down death's vale till lost to mortal eye.

146.

1 From us pass daily those we fondly love Down to the realms that in deep silence lie; We watch them as their dear forms dimly move A down death's vale till lost to mortal eye.

2 We know 'tis well; that light of love supreme Which brightens here our devious mortal path, Still guides their feet with steady, kindly beam, As tremulously they tread the vale of death.

Fountain.

1. Check at their fountain-head, O Love! the streams of strife;

Nor let misguided man rejoice To take his brother's life. To take his brother's life.

147.

2 Strike off the pomp and pride That deck the deeds of war, And in their gorgeous mantle hide The blood-stained conqueror.

3 To history's blazoned page Touch the pure wand of truth, And bid its heroes stand unveiled Before the eye of youth.

4 So shall the seeds of hate Be strangled in their birth, And peace, the angel of thy love, Rule o'er th' enfranchised earth.

Sacredness of Life.
**The Spiritual Harp.**

**GOD IN THE SOUL.**

1. Thou God, beneath no temple's bane Our mock-ling vows we pay;

2. Within the heart's most deep recess, Where holiest thoughts arise, And sacred loves flow out to bless The world and upper skies, There is thine altar, there we bring, With an adoring throng, Our heart-felt offerings and sing Our ever grateful song.

3. Thy golden threads of light and love, Thy gems of purest joy, Within life's endless web are wove, That time cannot destroy. Tis meet we should adore thee thus, When by this light we see Thy life of life, innate in us, And all our lives in thee.

**PASSAGE HOME.**

1. Oh, sweetly sinks this life of ours, Through age's cloudy bars; A fading flush on hill and sky, And lo, the world of stars! We bless thee, gracious God, for birth, By which we hither come; We bless thee for the gate of death, The good man's passage home.

2. We bless thee for the heart to feel, And for the eye to see; For faith that reaches over time And grasps eternity. Oh, softly fades this life of ours, Through age's silver bars; A tender flush on hill and sky, And lo, the world of stars!
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

WASHTENONG.

Not too fast.

1. An emerald bank of woodland bowers, Be-sprinkled with bright roseate flowers,

2. Begets this beautiful forest stream, That glides afar like fairy dream,

3. Where wild birds with their vocal song, Chant praise to thee, fair Washtenong.

WASHTENONG.

Here doth the wild deer feed, and lave
His graceful limbs beneath thy wave;
In stately form and conscious pride,
The wild fowls on thy bosom ride,
And whippoorwill sings pensive song
Mid thy fair groves, fair Washtenong.

Here bark canoes that once did rest
Upon thy bosom’s placid breast
Have floated down time’s trackless shore,
A name they’ve left, but nothing more.
Methinks the Indian maiden’s song
Laments for thee, fair Washtenong.

Here wandered redman free as air,
O’er stream and valley everywhere;
But ploughman now turns sacred sod
Where forest kings have ever trod,
Whose last sad echoing is a song,
Revealing love for Washtenong.

CLEAR.

What needs a conscience, clear and bright
Within itself, an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to take more light
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Until the white-winged reapers come.
JOY IN GRIEF.

There is a joy in grief when peace dwells with the sorrowful. — ONIAN.

1 Oh, come, gentle peace, from thy heaven descend,
   To sorrows of mortals thy pity lend;
O'er wounds of earth's stricken ones pour thy balm,
And strengthen their souls with thy sacred charm;
Oh, come, gentle peace, with thy sweet relief;
Soothe the sad soul with thy joy in grief.

2 Oh, come to the call of the captive lone;
   Thou only canst stifle his heavy moan;
But faith doth abide, and a joy most rare,
In hearts of the sad, when peace dwelleth there.

   Chorus.

3 All bitter repinings shall flee away
   From souls that in meekness e'er own thy sway;
Dim doubts and dark fears in thy presence yield,
And bow to the power that thy wand doth wield.

   Chorus.

4 Oh, hover, sweet peace, round the couch of pain,
   And soothe the last hours that to life remain;
E'er turn the dim eyes to that country blest
Where none shall seek vainly thy holy rest.

   Chorus.
JOY SHALL COME AT LAST.

1. When the day of life is dreary, And when gloom thy course enshrouds,
   When thy step is faint and weary, And thy spirit's dark with clouds,
   Steadfast still in thy well-doing, Let thy soul forget the past;
   Steadfast still the right pursuing, Doubt not joy shall come at last,
   Come at last, come at last, Doubt not joy shall come at last.

2. STRIVING still, and onward pressing,
   Seek not future years to know,
   But deserve the wished-for blessing;
   It shall come, though it be slow;
   Never tiring, upward gazing,
   Let thy fears aside be cast,
   And thy trials tempting, bearing,
   Doubt not joy shall come at last.

3. Keep not, then, thy mind regretting;
   Seek the good, spurn evil's thrall;
   Though thy foes thy path besetting,
   Thou shalt triumph o'er them all;
   Though each year but bring thee sadness,
   And thy youth be fleeting past,
   There'll be time enough for gladness,
   Doubt not joy shall come at last.
PROGRESS.

Maestoso.

1. Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the truth! Be manly as men in the ardor of youth; Step forward, not backward, nor ever aside, At bidding of custom, ambition, or pride;

Step boldly, but truly, erectly and well; The fruit of your labor the future will tell, If you are but faithful, and never despair,

But live for the truth, and its glory declare.
154. STEPS OF PROGRESS.

1 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the truth!
Be manly as men in the ardor of youth;
Step forward, not backward, nor ever aside,
At bidding of custom, ambition, or pride;
Step boldly, but truly, erectly and well;
The fruit of your labors the future will tell,
If you are but faithful, and never despair,
But live for the truth, and its glory declare.

2 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the right
Leave error behind you, like angels of light;
Step firmly but gently, nor even in ire;
The bush on Mount Horeb burned not in the fire!
Step onward and upward; what others have done
But opens the way to fresh labors begun;
Oh, learn the great truth that the right shall prevail;
If you will but step, all oppression shall fail!

3 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the good
That cometh to you in your loftiest mood;
Step gently, but nobly, on errands of peace,
Till slavery, warfare, and hatred shall cease;
Step truly and firmly and boldly, but light!
Ne'er crushing a worm by your cautionless might;
Step kindly, but step, and you'll surely proceed;
The true and the right and the good will succeed.

THE STARS.

1. Slowly, by God's hand unfurled, Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness; oh, how still Is the working of his will!

2. Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3. Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

4. Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.
The Spiritual Harp.

THE LILY.

1. A pool of water pure as dew Amid the rushes alone,

And there a snow-white lily sat, Upon her crystal throne.

The halo of the setting sun Glanced through her milky wings,

She seemed to be aside from all The dark decaying things;

But through the odors that arose From vapor damp with death,

My grateful senses caught the strength And sweetness of her breath.
THE BLUSHING LILY answer me,  
"Distress thyself no more,  
Ince He who made me hath a boon  
To bless the loneliest shore.  
came from Him whose myriad pearls,  
So hard to seek or save,  
Sparkling in serenest hue  
Beneath the secret wave.  
Why should I care for earthly praise,  
Or covet earthly crown?  
Ie never doth forget to send  
Far holier blessings down.  
To him I lift my stainless hands,  
And breathe my odorous prayer,  
And am infilled from shower or sun,  
And bathed with balmy air.  
My summer life must pass away  
From beauteous things apart,  
Symbol pure of what lies deep  
In many a sinful heart.  

THE LILY. Concluded.

O sainl-ly lily of the pool! How sad thy lot must be  
To blossom in the dreary marsh, Where none may worship thee;  
And, living 'mid the dead-ness, keep Thy-self from stains a-part,  
Where only pitying sun-beams smile, To light thy golden heart!  

9  

THE LILY.

The seeds of sin may rankly grow,  
The clouds may darkly gloom,  
They shall not have the power to blast  
The hidden lily bloom.  
There's not a soul so dead, so cold,  
So smothered under woe,  
But that at last its hope shall spring,  
Its flower divine shall blow.  
Oh, wait His hour of promise sure  
Whose patience ne'er grows old;  
He sends his blessed sunbeams down  
To help the bud unfold;  
For when the power of love breaks through,  
And opes responsive light,  
The morning dawns, the noontide floods,  
Nor ever cometh night!  
And the immortal flower awakes  
From out the quickened sod;  
Expanding hence through life and death,  
It blossoms up to God!
BLESSING.

1. Weep not! God's angel now is standing by us; Our tears will blind us to the blessed sight; Doubt not such love in darkness sent to try us; For soon shall pour the heaven's eternal light! Faint not! 'tis Love whose heavy burdens bind us, Girding our souls a higher joy to share; Life's selfish ways must all be left behind us; We shall be braver for the past despair.

BLESSINGS OF TRIALS.

1. Weep not! God's angel now is standing by us; Our tears will blind us to the blessed sight; Doubt not such love in darkness sent to try us; For soon shall pour the heaven's eternal light! Faint not! 'tis Love whose heavy burdens bind us, Girding our souls a higher joy to share; Life's selfish ways must all be left behind us; We shall be braver for the past despair.

2. Oh, not in loss shall be our journey's ending! Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last; All our best hopes in glad fulfilment blending, Shall dawn so golden when the death is past! Come, O Divine! for hard the trials pressing On our frail hearts that bleed at every pore; Securely lead us to the constant blessing Of Love's pure fountain in the evermore!
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

RELIEF.

1. The man of charity extends To all a liberal hand;
   His kindest, neighbors, foes, and friends His pity may command.

2. He aids the poor in their distress,
   He hears when they complain,
   With tender heart delights to bless,
   And lessen all their pain.

3. The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
   And all the sons of grief,
   In him a benefactor find;
   He loves to give relief.

4. Then let us all in love abound,
   And charity pursue;
   Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
   And love as angels do.

SPIRIT SERENADE.

1. What gentle music wakes me, And murmurs in my ear?
   O mother, see, who can it be, At this late hour, so near?

2. "I hear no sound, no form I see;
   Sink to thy rest so mild;
   No serenade comes now to thee,
   Thou poor and sickly child!"

3. "It was no music born of earth
   That made my heart so light;
   O mother! 'twas the angels' song.
   That serenade — good-night!"
The Spiritual Harp.

LIVE THEM DOWN.

1. Brother, art thou poor and lowly, Tolling, drudging day by day,

Journeying painfully and slowly On thy dark and desert way?

Pause not, though the proud ones frown, Pause not, fear not! Live them down!

160.

LIVE THEM DOWN.

2 Though to vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt endure the slander,
And its woes thy soul must feel;
Jest of willing, curse of clown;
Heed not either! Live them down.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Duet.

1. In the angel's home in glory, There remains a land of rest;

There the loved have gone, before us, To fulfil their souls' request.

3 Hate may wield her scourges horrid;
Malice may thy pain deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead;
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through cross shall come the crown;
Fear not foeman! Live them down!
REST FOR THE WEARY. Concluded.

**Chorus.**

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,
There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you,
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

I. THEY are fitting up our mansions,
Which eternally shall stand
For our stay will not be transient
In that happy spirit land.

**Chorus.**

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

**Earnestly.**

1. Stand for the right! though falsehood rail,
   And proud lips coldly sneer,
   A poisoned arrow cannot wound;
   A conscience pure and clear.

2. Stand for the right! though falsehood rail,
   Exalt the truth on high;
   Thou'lt find warm, sympathising hearts
   Among the passers-by;

3. Men who have seen and thought and felt,
   Yet could not boldly dare
   The battle's brunt, but by thy side
   Will ev'ry danger share.

4. Stand for the right! proclaim it loud!
   Thou'lt find an answering tone
   In honest hearts, and thou'lt no more
   Be doomed to stand alone.
I

1. Soft flowing river, Star-lighted stream, Fill up with music.

Nightly her dream, Mingling thy waters, Roll by the shore,

But softly, oh, softly Thy music outpour,

Mingling your voices
Song and encore,
But softly, oh, softly
Your music outpour.

3 Dreamer, she sleepeth,
Tranquil and blest;
Evening to morning,
Sweet be her rest;
Mingling thy voices,
Night, as of yore,
But softly, oh, softly
Thy music outpour.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

1. Without haste and without rest! Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm and sunshine guide it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

2. Haste not! let no thoughtless heed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

RILL.

1. Let the still air rejoice, Be every youthful voice Blended in one;

While we renew our strain To God with joy again,

Who sends the evening rain, And morning sun.

165. TEMPERANCE SONG FOR CHILDREN.

2 His hand in beauty gives Each flower and plant that lives, Each sunny rill; Springs! which our footsteps meet, Fountains! our lips to greet, Waters! whose taste is sweet, On rock and hill.

3 Each summer bird that sings Drinks from dear Nature's springs Her early dew; And the refreshing shower Falls on each herb and flower, Giving it life and power, Fragrant and new.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT! Continued.

Bear it with thee as a spell; Storm and sunshine guide it well!

3 Rest not! life is sweeping by, Go and dare before you die; Something mighty and sublime Leave behind and conquer time! Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed away.

4 Haste not! rest not! calmly wait; Meekly bear the storms of fate! Duty be thy proper guide, Do the right whate'er betide! Haste not! rest not! conflicts past, God shall crown thy work at last.
The Spiritual Harp.

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

Tenderly.

1. Night sinks on the wave; Hollow gusts are sighing; Sea-birds to their cave

2. Stars look o'er the sea, Few and sad and shrouded! Faith our light must be,

Through the gloom are flying. Oh! should storms come sweeping, Thou in heaven as

When all else is clouded. Thou whose voice came thrilling, Wind and billow

sleeping, Over us vigil keeping, Hear, hear and save!

still ing, Speak, our prayer fulfilling; Power dwells with thee.

PATIENCE.

1. She doth not chide, nor in reproachful guise The grief we cherish rudely thrust apart;

But in the light of her immortal eyes, Revives the manly courage of the heart.

2. Daughter of God! who walkest with us here,

167. THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

3. How fair thy presence by those living streams, Where sin and sorrow from their troubling cease!

Where on thy brow the crown of amaranth gleams, And in thy hand the golden key of peace!
CONGREGATIONAL AND SOCIAL.

SIGHING FOR HEAVEN.

1. The path of the soul through this desert of life is a wearisome journey at best;

   We struggle and strive till we faint in the strife, And our spirits are longing for rest.

Chorus.

   When earth is shrouded in darkness and gloom, We think of that land that is ever in bloom.

Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee! Oh, when shall we ever get there?

168.

OUR crosses are many, our crowns are but few;
   And our loss is much more than our gain;
   We turn from the substance, and shadows pursue,
   Till we find that our life has been vain.
   While close pressed with trouble, with sorrow and sin,
   We lift up our souls for the light to come in;
   Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming
   Oh, when shall we ever get there?  [of thee!  We garner our treasures, our jewels so bright,
   And we worship our idols of clay;
   But Death steals within, like "a thief in the night,"
   And he filches our jewels away.
   But there's a happy bourn waiting the soul,
   Where Death will give back all the jewels he stole;
   Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee!
   Oh, when shall we ever get there?
The Spiritual Harp.

FAMILY MEETING IN HEAVEN.

1. I have a father in the spirit-land,
   I have a father in the spirit-land;
   My father calls me, I must go
   To meet him in the spirit-land.
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land;
   My father calls me, I must go
   To meet him in the spirit-land.

2. I have a mother in the spirit-land,
   I have a mother in the spirit-land;
   My mother calls me, I must go
   To meet her in the spirit-land.
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land;
   My mother calls me, I must go
   To meet her in the spirit-land.

3. I have dear children in the spirit-land,
   I have dear children in the spirit-land;
   And when they call me, I must go
   To meet them in the spirit-land.
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land;
   And when they call me, I must go
   To meet them in the spirit-land.

4. Yes, I shall meet them in the spirit-land,
   Yes, I shall meet them in the spirit-land,
   And clasp their hands, a joyous band,
   In gardens of the spirit-land.
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land;
   And clasp their hands, a joyous band,
   In gardens of the spirit-land.
BREAK the bread of consolation to the souls oppressed with care;
Surely, none need faint with hunger, while we have such blessed fare,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

Bind we up the broken-hearted, and confirm the feeble knees,
For the kingdom has been opened to the least of such as these,
And we need not ask St. Peter to be ready with his keys,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

Set the little children marching with their banners in their hands;
Gently drill them into service with the brave old veteran bands,
Till the tramping of our army shall be heard in distant lands,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

ANNIVERSARY.

With Vigor.

1. We have come up to the mountain, and the city of our God,
To the ways of truth and beauty by the souls perfected trod,
And the resurrection trumpet shall not wake us from the sod,
As we go marching on. Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory! Hal-le-lu-jah! As we go marching on.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

2. Break the bread of consolation to the souls oppressed with care;
Ever in our Father's mansions there is bread enough to spare;
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

3. Bind we up the broken-hearted, and confirm the feeble knees,
For the kingdom has been opened to the least of such as these,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

4. Set the little children marching with their banners in their hands;
Gently drill them into service with the brave old veteran bands,
Till the tramping of our army shall be heard in distant lands,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.
The Spiritual Harp.

5 Deepest thunders of Progression are now shaking tyrants' thrones; For the breath of inspiration wakes "the valley of dry bones;" And the ancient altars crumble while the "King of terror" groans, As we go marching on.

Chorus.

6 Shout we then our loud hosannas to the land beyond the sea, Till the people of all nations shall be through the truth made free, And shall join the swelling chorus in our song of jubilee, As we go marching on.

Chorus.

HOME ABOVE.

1. Home above! home above! From this world of woe, Oh, how this long-ing heart with love And joy doth over-flow! Bright visions open on my sight, Blest spirits stand in view; They all are robed in radiant white, Their songs are ever new.

Oh, ask me not to longer stay, Bid me no longer roam, Along my weary, weary way, But rise into my home.

2 HAPPY hearts, happy hearts, With mine that laughed in glee, Oh, how the pearly tear-drop starts With longings to be free!

3 Music soft, music sweet, Is stealing on my ear, And oh! the sound of angel feet Is drawing, drawing near. Oh, the sweet fragrance of this breath, That bears me o'er the wave! Where is thy sting, O welcome death? Thy victory, O grave?
Congregational and Social.

BETHANY.

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee! Even though it be a cross
   That raiseth me; still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
   Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

2. NeARNESS TO GOD.

   2 Though, like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
      Darkness be over me,
      Yet in my dreams I'd be
      Nearer, my God, to thee,:
      Nearer to thee!

   3 There let the way appear
      Steps unto heaven;
      All that thou sendest me,
      In mercy given;
      Nearer to thee!

   4 Then with my waking thoughts
      Bright with thy praise,
      Out of my stony griefs
      Bethel I'll raise;
      So by my woes to be
      Nearer, my God, to thee,:
      Nearer to thee!

   5 Or if, on joyful wing,
      Cleaving the sky,
      Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
      Upward I fly;
      Still all my song shall be
      Nearer, my God, to thee,:
      Nearer to thee!

173. HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

   1 I'm but a stranger here;
      Heaven is my home;
      Glories are ever there;
      Heaven is my home.
      Danger and sorrow stand
      Round me on every hand;
      Heaven is my father-land;
      Heaven is my home.

   2 What though the tempest rage?
      Heaven is my home;
      Short is my pilgrimage;
      Heaven is my home.
      Time's cold and wintry blast
      Soon will be overpast;
      I shall reach home at last;
      Heaven is my home.

   3 There, on the other side,
      Heaven is my home;
      I shall be glorified;
      Heaven is my home.
      There are the good and blest,
      Those I loved most and best,
      And there I, too, shall rest;
      Heaven is my home.
CONFIDENCE.

1. O angel of the land of peace, When wilt thou ever come for me?

I fain would be where sorrows cease; I dread no more thy kind release.

I wait for thee.

2. Sleep shuns mine eyes; mine inner sight
   Is turning dimly heavenward,
   To that fair land of love and light,
   Where spirits all the silent night
   Earth’s loved ones guard.

3. My yearning soul would fain demand,
   O holy angel pure and blest,
   Where ’mid yon happy, shining band,
   In all the heavenly father-land,
   My lost ones rest!

4. For thou, with sweet and loving smile,
   Didst gently lure them to thy breast,
   And bear them from this world of guile,
   Thy sweet, pure angel lips the while
   Upon them prest.

5. Dark grew my soul, till down the air
   Thy seraph-smile upon me fell!
   And then I knew, from sin and care,

That thou my little ones didst bear
   With God to dwell!

6. O angel of the land of peace,
   When wilt thou ever come for me?
   I fain would be where sorrows cease;
   I dread no more thy kind release.
   I wait for thee!

174. REST FOR THE LOST ONES.

1. O angel of the land of peace,
   When wilt thou ever come for me?
   I fain would be where sorrows cease;
   I dread no more thy kind release.
   I wait for thee.

2. Sleep shuns mine eyes; mine inner sight
   Is turning dimly heavenward,
   To that fair land of love and light,
   Where spirits all the silent night
   Earth’s loved ones guard.

3. My yearning soul would fain demand,
   O holy angel pure and blest,
   Where ’mid yon happy, shining band,
   In all the heavenly father-land,
   My lost ones rest!

4. For thou, with sweet and loving smile,
   Didst gently lure them to thy breast,
   And bear them from this world of guile,
   Thy sweet, pure angel lips the while
   Upon them prest.

5. Dark grew my soul, till down the air
   Thy seraph-smile upon me fell!
   And then I knew, from sin and care,

That thou my little ones didst bear
   With God to dwell!

6. O angel of the land of peace,
   When wilt thou ever come for me?
   I fain would be where sorrows cease;
   I dread no more thy kind release.
   I wait for thee!

175. THE SEA OF LIFE.

1. Far out, where sky and ocean run
   To one fine line of light and foam,
   Our souls, afresh with heaven’s bright sun,
   Are happy vessels bounding home
   To our blest home!

2. On earth, things weary seem and worn,
   Our eyes are stained with dust and tears;
   But there, where holy hopes are born,
   How firm and lovely life appears
   In our blest home!

3. What storms and perils hardly passed!
   What days of doubt and nights of fear!
   How strained the hearts that now, at last
   Draw nearer home, and still more near
   Our own dear home!
SHADOWS.

Not too fast.

1. There are moments when life's shadows fall all darkly on the soul,
   Sliding stars of hope behind them in a black, imperious scroll;
   When we walk with trembling footsteps, scarcely knowing how or where
   The dim paths we tread are leading in our midnight of despair.

STAND FIRM.

2 Stand we firm in that dread moment,
   Stand we firm, nor shrink away;
   Looking boldly through the darkness,
   Wait the coming of the day;
   Gathering strength while we are waiting
   For the conflict yet to come;
   Fear not, fail not, light will lead
   Yet in safety to our home.

3 Firmly stand, though sirens lure us;
   Firmly stand, though falsehood rail,
   Holding justice, truth, and mercy;
   Die we may, but cannot fail.
   Fail! it is the word of cowards;
   Fail! the language of the slave;
   Firmly stand, till duty beckons;
   Conquer e'en the shadowy grave.

177.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILS NOT.

1 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
   Rise and share it with thy friend;
   And through all the years of famine
   There will be enough to spend.

2 Love divine may fill thy storehouse,
   Or thy handful still renew;
   Scanty fare for one will often
   Make a royal feast for two.

3 For the heart grows rich in giving;
   All its wealth is living grain,
   Seeds which mildew in the garner.
   Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
   Is thy burden hard and heavy?
   Do thy steps drag wearily?
   Help to bear thy brother's burden;
   Angels bear both it and thee!

3 Numb and weary on the mountains:
   Wouldst thou sleep amid the snow?
   Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
   And together both shall glow.
   Art thou stricken in life's battle?
   Many wounded round thee mourn;
   Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
   And that balm shall heal thine own.
I26

The Spiritual Harp.

The Temperance Ball is Rolling:

1. The Temperance Ball is rolling,
   And the knell of vice is tolling,
   As the Power Divine comes grandly
   Rolling, rolling, rolling on.

2. A mighty surging ocean
   Is this great and vast commotion,
   When the Temperance Bomb comes bound-
   And our cause goes rolling on.

3. It shall fill up all your rum holes;
   It shall shake up all your numb souls;
   All humanity shall hail it,
   As it goes rolling on.

4. Angel hosts now cheer it daily,
   Human voices shouting gayly,
   While our noble work brings blessing,
   As it goes rolling on.

5. Soon the thousands yet delaying,
   In the haunts of evil straying,
   Shall swell the Temperance triumph,
   And with it go rolling on.

6. So the Temperance Ball goes humming,
   And the glad "good time" is coming,
   To light up all the ages,
   While our cause goes rolling on.
THE TEMPERANCE BALL IS ROLLING. Concluded.

on, rolling on; Oh, the knell of vice is tolling, As our cause goes rolling on.

MANSIONS.

1. Lo, in our heav'n-ly Father's house Are man-y mansions true,
   And each shall find his spir-it's own, With fruits of love or hates o'ergrown,
   As each doth here pur-sue, As each doth here pur-sue,
   With fruits of love or hates o'ergrown, As each doth here pur-sue.

3 But those of sweeter, holier loves
   The balmy life shall breathe
   Of joy from wisdom's lofty throne,
   Whose wondrous glory, shining down,
   Doth glory more inwreathe.

4 O Father, teach us thy pure truth,
   And fill us with thy love,
   That we may find our resting-place,
   With holy ones of every race,
   In thy pure climes above.

O, in our heavenly Father's house
Are many mansions true,
And each shall find his spirit's own
With fruits of love, or hates o'ergrown,
As each doth here pursue.

Each soul must seek its kindred kind,
Of gross or pure desire;
All selfish lusts, and passions vile,
Whatever doth the soul defile,
Still feed its cankering fire.
RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

1. Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
   No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
   No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
   Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
   Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
   Weary with parting, though soon we shall meet,
   Some one has gone to the bright golden shore;
   Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!

2. Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
   Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
   Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
   When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,
   Weary with sowing in sorrow to reap,
   Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,
   Some one's departed for heaven's bright shore;
   Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!

3. Angels were anxiously longing to meet
   One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
   Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest;
   Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest;
   Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,
   One more to cherish, and one more to kiss;
   One more departed to heaven's bright shore;
   Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!
DO GOOD.*

1. Do good! do good! there is ev'-or a way, A way where there's ever a will;

Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day, And to-day when to-morrow comes still.

If you've bread, cast it oft', and the wanderers, Will be sure to return it again.

If you've any old clothes, an old bonnet or hat, A kind word, or a smile true and soft, In the name of a brother confer it, and that Shall be counted as gold up aloft.

D.C. Chorus.

Will be sure to return it again.

2. If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough In every street and lane. Though rough, If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters, Will be sure to return it again.

If you've any old clothes, an old bonnet or hat, A kind word, or a smile true and soft, In the name of a brother confer it and that Shall be counted as gold up aloft.

God careth for all, and his glorious sun Shines alike on the rich and the poor; Be thou like him and bless ev'ry one, ev'ry Where you will find your reward evermore.

* Observe ties when singing first stanza.
The Spiritual Harp

THE WELCOME BACK.

1. Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to meet us,

Where hands are striving, as we come, To be the first to greet us.

When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath, And care has been surely pressing,

'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path, And find a fireside blessing.

Oh, joyfully dear is our home-ward track, If we are but sure of a welcome back, If we are but sure of a
182. **The Welcome Back.**

1 SWEET is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us,
Where hands are striving, as we come,
To be the first to greet us. [wrath,
When the world hath spent its frowns and
And care has been sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

2 What do we reckon dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that beam love-lighted?
What's the worth of brilliant diamond glow
To glances that flash with pleasure?
By words that welcome us back, we know
We form the heart's chief treasure.
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

183. **SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?**

1 SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Chorus.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er;
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?
Chorus.

3 Where the songs of those before us
Roll in harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet, melodious sound?
Chorus.

4 Yes, we'll meet them, all the loved ones
Torn on earth from our embrace,
We shall listen to their voices,
Shall behold them face to face.
Chorus. We shall, etc.
The Spiritual Harp.

GARDEN.
Moderato.

1. There is a garden where ever-more blight, The flow'rs of beaut'ry, that vanish below;

They scent the glad air with a precious perfume, And un-fold in eternity's glow.

Then banish the shadows of sorrow away; Our Father transplants the sweet flowers he gave

To heaven's bright garden; this life is the way, And its gate is the des-o-date grave.

2. There is a world where there breathes not a blight, The light heart of joy knows no shadow of woe;
The ring on the ear the soft sounds of delight, More melodious than any below.

Sweet peace, gentle peace sways her sceptre of love, While round her pure throne all the bright
But, oh, that haven lies far, far above; And to reach it the body must die!

3. There is a home where departed souls dwell; The home of our Father, how pleasant and fair! His children all meet round the board, and Through the mansion a heavenly air.

Oh, happy are they, from the cares of earth fled, Their joy evermore unalloyed by a gloom; Weep not in sorrow for those who are dead, For the door of that home is the tomb.
I'm a Traveller.

1. I'm a lonely trav'ler here, weary, oppressed; But my journey's end is near, soon I shall rest; Dark and dreary is the way, tolling I come; Ask me not with you to stay, yonder's my home.

2. I'm a weary trav'ler here, I must go on; For my journey's end is near, I must be gone; Brighter joys than earth can give win me away, — Pleasures that forever live; I cannot stay.

3. I'm a trav'ler to a land where all is fair, Where is seen no broken band; all, all are there; Where no tears shall ever fall, no heart be sad; Where the glory is for all, and all are glad.

4. I'm a traveller, and I go where all is fair. Farewell, all I've loved below; I must be there. Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, all I resign; Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, if heaven be mine.

5. I'm a trav'ler; call me not; upward's my way; Yonder is my rest and lot, I cannot stay. Farewell, earthy pleasures all, pilgrim I'll roam; Hail me not; in vain you call, yonder's my home.
186.

**The Life of Life.**

1. Life of all being! throne afar,
   Thy glory flames from sun and star;
   Centre and soul of every sphere,
   Yet to each loving heart how near!

2. Sun of our life! thy wakening ray
   Sheds on our path the glow of day;
   Star of our hope! thy softened light
   Cheers the long watches of the night.

3. Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
   Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
   Our rainbow's arch thy mercy's sign:
   All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4. Assist us, then, to act, to be,
   What nature and thy laws decree,
   Worthy thy intellectual flame,
   Which from thy breathing spirit came.

187.

**There is no Death.**

1. There is no death! The stars go down
   To rise up on some fairer shore,
   And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
   They shine for evermore.

2. There is no death! The dust we tread
   Shall change beneath the summer showers
   To golden grain or mellow fruit,
   Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

3. The granite rocks disorganize
   To feed the hungry flocks they bear;
   The fairest leaves drink daily life
   From out the viewless air.

4. There is no death! The leaves may fall,
   The flowers may fade and pass away,
   They only wait through wintry hours
   The coming of the May.

5. And ever near us, though unseen,
   The dear immortal spirits tread;
   For all the boundless universe
   Is life; there are no dead.
CONGREGATIONAL AND SOCIAL.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

1. Ye who, amidst the strife Of human tongues and creeds, Sigh for diviner life To work out nobler deeds, Wear y of doubt and care, And seeking purer rest, Servants of truth, who dare By truth alone be blest, Shake off your fetters, from the discord flee, Burst ev'ry chain, would ye indeed be free.

2. To work out nobler deeds, Weary of doubt and care, And seeking purer rest, Servants of truth, who dare By truth alone be blest, Shake off your fetters, from the discord flee, Burst ev'ry chain, would ye indeed be free.

3. Hear ye this thrilling call Unheard by worldly ears, Clearly its heart-tones fall To chide your faithless fears; Prove ye the holy worth Of ev'ry promise given, Live ye the life on earth That lifts us nearer heaven!

4. For thus the hung'ring soul to him is led; His voice obey, would ye be fed. Then will the dark'ning cloud Of doubt be rent in twain, Never its gloom to shroud The free-born mind again; Light from the world divine Will flood our world with light; Nature in glory shine, And there "Be no more night." Give wing to thought, arise! and swiftly soar Where truth with love abideth evermore!

5. Forth, where the breath of love Yet stirs the quiet air, Up to those heights above, And breathe in freedom there! Hope not in aught below, For man your flight would stay; God is your leader now, His will your law to-day; Be strong in trust, be faithful to the end, His angel-watchers all your ways attend.
The Spiritual Harp.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

1. How happy, in the days of youth, Rolled every hour away!
When hearts were light and faces bright, And all the world was gay,
When every chord within each breast To love and joy was strung;
Oh! all was hope and happiness, In days when we were young!

2. And sweet the flowers that decked our path; All nature’s face looked fair;
Where’er abroad the world we trod, What lovely things were there!
While o’er each view her gorgeous hue Fair fancy ever flung;
Oh! all was bright and beautiful In days when we were young!

3. Then, friendship, sweeter far than all, We thought could never decay; Nor friends beloved, who faithful proved, Would ever pass away.
*Their voice was music to our ears, Upon their smiles we hung;
Oh! all the loves and tender ties Of days when we were young!

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

1. Can we forget the gloomy time, When Bacchus ruled the day, When dissipation, sloth, and crime Bore undisputed sway?
The time, the time, the gloomy time, The time now passed away, When dissipation, sloth, and crime Bore undisputed sway?

2. All honor to the noble band Who feared no creature’s frown, And boldly pledged both heart and hand To put temp’rance down;
The band, the band, the noble band, — The band of blest renown, — Who boldly pledged both heart and hand, To put temp’rance down.

3. Nor shall the pledge be e’er forgot, That so much bliss creates, — We’ll touch not, taste not, handle not, Whate’er intoxicates;
The pledge, the pledge is not forgot, — The pledge old Bacchus hates; We’ll touch not, taste not, handle not, Whate’er intoxicates.
LIBERTY.

1. The world hath felt a quick'ning breath, From heav'n's eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over death,
Return to earth once more. For this we hold our jubilee.

For this with joy we sing, "O Grave! where is thy victory?"

O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Immortal eyes look from above
Upon our joys to-night,
And souls immortal in their love
In our glad songs unite.
Across the waveless crystal sea
The notes triumphant ring,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?"
O Death, where is thy sting?"

4 "Sweet spirits, welcome yet again!"
With loving hearts we cry,
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
The angel hosts reply.
From doubt and fear, through truth made
With faith triumphant sing,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?"
O Death, where is thy sting!"

*Adapted to Auld Lang Syne.
GLORY HALLELUJAH.

1. I have some friends before me gone, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

And I'm resolved to travel on, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

We soon shall reach the shining shore, And there we'll meet to part no more,

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Singing glory, glory, hallelujah!

4. Oh, let us choose the better part, Glory, glory, hallelujah!
And work with angels hand and heart, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Chorus.

5. Nor let aught tempt our feet to stray, Glory, glory hallelujah!
Outside the safe and shining way, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Chorus.

6. Then when shall sink life's setting sun, Glory, glory hallelujah!
Immortal hosts shall shout "Well done!" Glory, glory hallelujah!

Chorus.

192. GLORY HALLELUJAH.

2 Our friends are on the other side, Glory, glory, hallelujah!
They wait for us across the tide, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Chorus.

3 Then let us ever onward go, Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Nor set our hearts on things below, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Chorus.
WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish While the days are going by;
   There are weary souls who perish While the days are going by.
   If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue,
   Oh! the good we all may do, While the days are going by!

2. There's no time for idle scorning
   While the days are going by;
   Be our faces like the morning
   While the days are going by,
   Oh! the world is full of sighs,
   Full of sad and weeping eyes;
   Help your fallen brother rise
   While the days are going by.

3. All the loving links that bind us
   While the days are going by,
   One by one, we leave behind us
   While the days are going by;
   But the seeds of good we sow,
   Both in shade and shine will grow,
   And will keep our hearts aglow
   While the days are going by.

4. Should misfortune dark come o'er us
   While the days are going by,
   Think what brightness is before us
   While the days are going by;
   Think of heaven where all are blest
   Where no sorrow can molest,
   Where we all shall be at rest
   While the days are going by.
THE OLD HUNDREDTH.

1. A new religion shakes the earth; Christ, unknown to outward sage,
   Descends, in forms of love, to birth, And leads from heaven the golden age.

De-acenda, in forms of love, to birth, And leads from heaven the golden age.

NEW RELIGION.

1 A NEW religion shakes the earth;
   Christ, unbeknown to outward sage,
   Descends, in forms of love, to birth,
   And leads from heaven the golden age.

2 A new religion, new, yet old,
   The spirit's faith, the Eden theme,
   Descends, the weary earth to fold
   In joy transcending angel's dream.

DUKE STREET.

1. The perfect world by mortals trod
   Was the first temple built by God;
   His fiat laid the corner-stone,
   And heaved its pillars, one by one.

DEDICATION HYMN.

1. The perfect world by mortals trod
   Was the first temple built by God;
   His fiat laid the corner-stone,
   And heaved its pillars, one by one.

2. He hung its starry roof on high,
   The broad, illimitable sky;
   He spread its pavement, green and bright,
   And curtained it with morning light.

3. He hung its starry roof on high,
   The broad, illimitable sky;
   He spread its pavement, green and bright,
   And curtained it with morning light.

4. It is not ours to make the sea
   And earth and sky a house for thee;
   But in thy sight our offering stands,
   An humbler temple, "made with hands."
FORSAKE NOT THE RIGHT.

1. In the dark hour of peril forsake not the right, Though the storm gather wild on the ocean at night; If the lone bark speed true on its tempest-tossed way, To-morrow 'twill rest in the sun-lighted bay.

2. If foes gather round thee, forsake not the right; Let truth cheer thee on with its beacons of light; The hour is the darkest that heralds the morn; That flower is the fairest that hideth the thorn.

3. If friends should forsake thee, forsake not the right; Heaven's shore is before thee, immortal and bright; The love of false friendship is valueless there; The friends that depart only purchase despair.

4. If sorrow encompass, forsake not the right; The harvest of joy shall yet gladden thy sight; The mourner that walks through the valley of tears Shall travel the path of the glorified years.

5. In the pathway of life, oh, forsake not the right; Joy comes in the morning, though dark is the night; And the hour is the darkest that heralds the morn; The flower is the fairest that hideth the thorn.
GLORIA! AN ANGEL BORN TO-DAY.

1. A loved one gone! a loved one gone! Bewails the lone one left forlorn;
   O mourner! cease that wailing cry, And hear the angels' soft reply:
   "Thy friend beloved has gained a shore Where tempests toss and beat no more;
   There angels chant the joyous lay, 'Gloria! an angel born to-day!'"

2. Then weep no more! the spirit fled
   Sleeps not amid the silent dead;
   Oh, look beyond this veil of clay,
   To where celestial fountains play.
   List! list! oh, list the glad refrain!
   As, freed from sorrow, freed from pain,
   It joins the grand, anthemal lay,
   "Gloria! an angel born to-day!"

3. An angel born! an angel born! [more]
   From earth's dark night to heav'n's blest
   To dwell in light on holy hills,
   By inspiration's sacred rills,
   And swell the avalanche of song
   That sweeps th' angelic shores along,
   Till mortals catch the joyous lay,
   "Gloria! an angel born to-day!"

197. GLORIA! AN ANGEL BORN TO-DAY!

A LOVED one gone! a loved one gone!
Bewails the lone one left forlorn;
O mourner! cease that wailing cry,
And hear the angels' soft reply:
"Thy friend beloved has gained a shore
Where tempests toss and beat no more;
There angels chant the joyous lay,
"Gloria! an angel born to-day!"
LAND OF THE LIVING.

Slow and pathetic.

1. O land so full of breaking hearts, Overhung with shadows blinding,
   Where half the world the other half In sheet and shroud are winding.

Is this the blessed realm of life, So full of death and sighing?

'Tis not the land for which our souls Are ever, ever crying.

2. Love twines her roses round her head,
   And speaks in dulcet measures;
The world seems in full bloom and song,
   And never fading pleasures;

But ah! how soon the very bella Deride us with their wailing!
How soon we see death's sable crepes
O'er life's white billows sailing!

3. Each year we see the brightest leaves
   In autumn's grasp the serest;
Each year the bird-notes die away
Which rang for us the clearest;
Each day the wintry hand of death
The end of earth is giving,
And yet we call this wreck-strewn land
The region of the living!

4. The land of life lies past the shores
   Where death's dark tide is sweeping;
Our angels on its shining heights
Watches for us are keeping.
We string our hopes like priceless pearls
Upon the life before us,
And trust the treasures stolen here
Its glory will restore us.
GOOD-BY.

1. As the sweet bird that sings
Folds her bright starry wings,
When evening's long shadows draw nigh,
So we ev'ry one, when our work is done,
Would whisper a gentle good-by.

2. O ye children of light,
E'er by day and by night
You're guided by One from on high;
The innocent heart
From hope cannot part,
Though softly it whispers good-by.

3. Then dispel ev'ry fear,
While still lingering here,
And part not the lips with a sigh,
But join in the song
Soft floating along,
And give us an answering good-by.

4. Happy hours have been spent
In the sweetest content
By angels who came from on high;
They see that the good
Will be understood,
And gently they whisper good-by.
Congregational and Social.

CONFERENCE.

1. Come, let us join in singing, As hearts in love unite;
   For angels now are winging Sweet thought in living light.

Chorus.

True prayer is ever breathing
Where love and kindness reign,
Where harmony is wreathing
Our souls in friendship's chain.

2. Oh, be our worship ever
   In spirit and in truth,
   That chimes with strong endeavor
   To guide aright the youth.

Chorus.

3. Peace sits in social bowers
   Where mind is calm and meek;
   And holy rest empowers
   Where higher life we seek.

201. THEY ARE WAITING.*

1. On the shore beyond the river,
   Loved ones chant the cheering lay,
   And their tones still linger ever,
   As we journey on our way.

Chorus.

Over there beyond the river,
   They are waiting on the shore;
Only waiting till the boatman
   In his bark shall bear us o'er.

* Observe small notes with these words.

2. On the shore beyond the river,
   We shall find our trials here
   Are recorded, and forever
   Whiter make our robes appear.

Chorus.

3. On the shore beyond the river,
   From our labors we shall rest;
   When the cares of earth are over,
   We shall mingle with the blest.

Chorus.

4. On the shore beyond the river,
   When our hearts are torn with grief,
   Angels whisper they will never
   Fail to furnish sweet relief.

Chorus.

5. On the shore beyond the river,
   When we join the host above,
   Loving hearts no more shall sever;
   All will there be one in love.

Chorus.
THE DAYS GONE BY.

Con moto.

1. The days gone by! how in the mind, They linger sweet and long.

And fill the soul in pensive hour With memory's happy thought!

D.C. And bid us hope for better things, Those sweet, those by-gone days!

D.S.

How o'er the heart beset with grief, They shed their hallowed rays.

2. The days gone by! what visions bright Are in the present born,

When dreaming of the "long ago," Our youth's bright, cloudless morn!

They nerve the heart for braver deeds, And bid us struggle on,

Still strengthened by their cheering light, The light of days now gone.

3. The days gone by! though they may bring Some relics of the past, Which call the ready teardrop forth,

Because they could not last; Their very bitterness is sweet,

And peacefulness is shed In silv'ry rays upon the heart By days that long have fled.

4. Then cherish them, the days gone by, And let their mem'ry be Fresh on the tablet of thy heart,

As breezes from the sea; And in the eve of life when thou Shalt backward turn thy gaze,

How sweet shall be their gentle light, The light of by-gone days!

THE SPIRITUAL HARP.

1. THEY told me she was lost to me, My glory and my pride;

My love, my joy, my soul's delight Had faded from my side.

My soul cried after her from morn Until the hush of even;

And through the weary shades of night My grieving called to heaven.

2. "O monarch Death! bring back my love, O Grave! give up thy prey!"

They told me she was lost to me, That heaven was far away;

But, as the arrow pierced my soul, A messenger of peace,

Transfigured by celestial love, Soft bade my mourning cease.

3. Then, aided by the loved in heaven, Beneath his hand there grew The features graven on my heart, The glance so pure and true;

Then, then, I knew those angel forms Were never baseless dreams;

For lo! the canvas smileth forth Each semblance as it seems.
COMING TO A CLOSE.

1. The race of life is passing, love, We've almost reached the autumn goal;

How fast its time is unwinding, love, The waiting, longing soul!

Chorus.

Oh, happy day to us, dear love, We're coming gently to a close;

Our thoughts are far above, dear love, We're coming to a close!

2. The past seems but a dream, dear love,
   Whose scenes are all dissolving views,
   Like clouds before the fair evening, love,
   Lit up with golden hues.

Oh, happy day to us, dear love,
   We're coming gently to a close!
Our thoughts are far above, dear love,
   We're coming to a close!

3. Our white locks are the emblems, love,
   Of life that is forever new;
Our wrinkles only are rifts, dear love,
   Where shines its glory through!

Chorus.

4. Oh, hear the angels speak, dear love,
   Who kindly welcome us before,
   "Come higher, higher! oh, higher, love!
   Unite, evermore!"

Chorus.

205. WE'RE GOING HOME.

1. Heart trusting heart, hand joining hand,
   A brave-souled and devoted band,
   We're going home to the summer land,
   We're going, going home.

We're going home, we're going home,
   True friends of progress, with us come;
   No more 'mid doubts and fears to roam,
   We're going, going home.

Chorus.

2. We're going home to summer land,
   Where weave we crowns (or agee grand
   That yet wilt compass this time-bound strand,
   We're going, going home.

Chorus.

3. We're going home to summer land,
   Ere long we'll sport on golden sand,
   And feel our brows by its soft winds fanned,
   We're going, going home.

Chorus.
The Spiritual Harp.

GOLDEN SIDE.

1. There is many a rest in the road of life, If we only would stop to take it:
And many a tone from the better land, If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul, that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright, Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

2. Better hope, though the clouds o'er you hang
Ever keep the sad eyes still lifted; [so low;
The sweet sunny sky will be peeping through
When the ominous clouds are rifted
There was ne'er a night but that had a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
The darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

3. There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That's richer by far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miserly hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a dear mother's prayers to heaven,
Or some lone wanderer's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

4. Oh, 'tis better to weave in the web of life
The most beautiful golden filling,
To do all life's work with a cheerful heart,
And with hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the frail, tender, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And still sit and grieve and wonder.
Congregational and Social.

BOYLSTON.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in holy love!
   The fellowship of kindred minds
   Is like to that above.

2. We share our mutual woes,
   Our mutual burdens bear;
   And often for each other flows
   The sympathizing tear.

3. When we asunder part,
   It gives us inward pain;
   But we shall still be joined in heart,
   And gladly meet again.

4. This glorious hope revives
   Our courage by the way;
   While each in expectation lives,
   And longs to see the day.

BADEA.

1. God in each nature folds
   The future of its kind;
   Eternal love its bosom holds,
   And thrills thy soaring mind.

2. Oh, not in weening pride,
   But calm in trust alone,
   Put every alien law aside,
   And govern by thy own.

3. Dogmatic clogs and creeds
   Deform and fetter soul;
   Life only from within proceeds,
   Evolving perfect whole.

4. The heart, self-poised alone,
   Obey what God e'er bids,
   Holds firmly its inviolate throne
   As lofty pyramids.
GOD WILL REMEMBER THE WORLD.

1. Day will return with a fresher boon; God will remember the world!

2. Fountains of joy are supplied by tears,
    Love, lit by breath of a sigh;
    Deepest griefs and the wildest fears
    Have angel sympathy nigh;
    Day will return with a fresher boon;
    God will remember the world!
    The night will come with a newer moon;
    God will never deny the world!

209. GOD WILL REMEMBER THE WORLD.
2 Fountains of joy are supplied by tears,
    Love, lit by breath of a sigh;
    Deepest griefs and the wildest fears
    Have angel sympathy nigh;
    Day will return with a fresher boon;
    God will remember the world!
    The night will come with a newer moon;
    God will never deny the world!

210. GOD IS FOREVER WITH MAN.
1 Heirs of the morning! receive the light;
    God is forever with man!
    Day has come without any night;
    God is forever with man!
    Love is a judge in the human soul;
    Justice is Deity's shrine;
    And life's a journey to happier goal,
    With its hope for the guiding sign.

2 Wisdom's not veiled to our mortal sight;
    God is forever with man!
    Truth within is the law of right;
    God is forever with man!
    Christ is the spirit in human guise;
    Beauty in every part;
    And heaven is gained by a sacrifice,
    When allied with an angel's heart.

3 Sing, O ye birds, while on soaring wing;
    God is forever with man!
    Blossom, roses, and fragrance bring;
    God is forever with man!
    Warble green forest and breezy hill!
    Echo, ye billows at play!
    Oh, chant abroad the celestial trill,
    That the earth is redeemed this day!
LOCK OF HAIR.

1. The sunny spirit passed from sight, The eyes that shed love-beams,

Though closed to earth in starry night, Shone down from land of dreams;

Amid the melting, holy calm, Removed with tender care,

Saf'ring it with tearful balm, I clipped a lock of hair.

211. THE LOCK OF HAIR.

2. Its glory is undimmed by years; Its charms new hopes enfold; I bathe it oft with hallowed tears, More precious far than gold.

And as it curls my fingers round Life's mem'ries clear and meek Come pulsing with a loving sound; That lock of hair doth speak!

3. From it, oh, never will I part, But feel its mute caress The closer in my grateful heart, All weeping hours to bless.

Unbroken shall this tie remain, Though from its owner riven, Enwoven into ringlet chain That draws me up to heaven.

212. NIGHT VIGIL.

1. SWEET Peace, descend with noiseless And seek each human breast, [wing, And through the night in sweetness sing, And soothe to quiet rest.

Smooth every aching brow of pain Till busy thought shall sleep; Till morning light shall come again, Keep thou thy vigil, keep!

2. Good-night! O eyes that look on mine! Hope's golden dreams for thee! May morning's hour bring joy to thine, As daybreak to the sea.

Good-night! my soul pours out its prayer, That heaven's eternal light May be the mantle thou shalt wear, Good-night, good-night, good-night!
The Spiritual Harp.

OUR LOVED IN HEAVEN.

1. Come, all ye loved, to wisdom's mountain, Come, view your home beyond the tide,

Hear now the voices of the angels, Singing so sweet the other side;

Some are singing of bright palms of glory, Some of dear ones who stand near the shore,

Oh, the prospect! It is so transporting, And no danger I fear from the tide,

213. Our Loved in Heaven.

2. There endless streams of light are flowing,

Mansions of beauty are provided,

Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended,

For my loved ones, oh, how I do miss them!

3. Faith now beholds the flowing river,

What are the fields of living bloom,

So I join those who've passed on before,

I'll press on there to meet them once more.

214. Shall We Know Each Other There?

Hi, when we hear the music ringing

Gladly shall bid us welcome home; [ing

Shall we there see the same bright eyes shining

Would you sit by the banks of the river [side?

Would you join in the song of the angels?

Would you join in the song of the angels?

Chorus.

Chorus.

Chorus.
THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO.

1. Though they may lay beneath the ground
   The form of sister dear,
   I know her spirit hovers around,
   And mingles with us here;
   Her home may be in heaven above,
   Yet oft to us below,
   She will return to breathe her love;
   The angels told me so!

L. weep not on the silent bier,
   Where all that's dust shall rest,
   I shed a needless bitter tear
   To give her heart unrest,
   She may feel my throbbing pain,
   And sorrow o'er my woe;
   Now that she'll come back again;
   The angels told me so.

3 Oh, see! there is a spirit light!
   I feel it on my brow!
   My soul is rapt in sweet delight!
   Oh, there is sister now!
   I knew she would return to see
   Those whom she loved below,
   And be a sister still to me;
   The angels told me so!

Chorus.
Aspiration.

1. Come to me, thoughts of heaven! My fainting spirit bear,
On your bright wings, by morning given, Up to celestial air;
Away, far, far away, From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day, O blessed thoughts of heav'n!

2. Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts! and yet again
O'er sinful wish and mem'ry, show'r
Your soft effacing rain;
Wait me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striv'n;
Where living founts forever shine;
O blessed thoughts of heav'n!

Sweet is the song of birds
In summer's leafy wild;
But sweeter far the kindly words
That grace a lovely child.
The streamlet murmurs low
As soft as cooing dove,
But human heart alone can know
The strength of mother's love.

217. There's no one like mother.

1. Sweet is the song of birds
   In summer's leafy wild;
   But sweeter far the kindly words
   That grace a lovely child.
   The streamlet murmurs low
   As soft as cooing dove,
   But human heart alone can know
   The strength of mother's love.

2. When far in distant lands,
   Though skies be ever clear,
   We ever sigh for gentle hands
   And smiles of friends so dear.
   So through the waning years,
   We follow each above,
   Yet murmur, through our blinding tears,
   "There's none like mother's love."
Congregational and Social.

BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

1. Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory, A home when life's sorrows are o'er, Where joys that await the meek and the lowly

Chorus.

Will more than famed Eden restore; Where the new song is given To the loved ones in heav'n, And the angels re-echo the song, the song;

Where the new song is given To the loved ones in heav'n, And the

And with them adore the bounteous Giver, Whose love is rehearsed by the throng.

Chorus.

3 Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the river, escorted by angels along, And sweetly we'll rest in those mansions Where fields are all bright with flow'rets that shall wither in Eden above.

Chorus
REST IN HEAVEN.

1. Should sombre clouds of sorrow rise, And shadows o'er us fling.

And hopes that once had taken root Die in their early spring;

Should every joy and bliss of life Faded like the hues of ev'n,

We still have this sweet solace left, There's rest for all in heav'n.

There's rest for all in heav'n, There's rest for all in heav'n.

Chorus.

2. Should sickness pale the rosy cheek
   And dim the radiant eye,
   And ev'ry pulse that faintly throbs
   Tell of departure nigh,
   Oh, then indeed to that blest world,
   Let holy thoughts be giv'n.
   The new birth comes! cast off the clay!

Chorus.

D.S.

2 Oh, if life's path should seem to us
   A dull and beaten track;
   And all our deep and holy love
   By grief be beaten back;
   If we are like the wand'ring dove,
   On shoreless oceans driv'n,
   Oh, let us raise our eyes above,
   There's rest for all in heav'n.

Chorus.
EDEN.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
   The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.
   Ye wand'fers from God in the broad road of folly,
   Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Chorus.

3. In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
   Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove.
   Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
   Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Chorus.

2. No poverty there, no, the good are all wealthy,
   The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
   Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy,
   Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Chorus.

4. March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
   And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
   Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
   And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

Chorus.
RESIGNATION.

1. O Father, in this trial hour, My soul cries out for t

The darkness hides thee while thy power Enfolds me silent

I cannot see thy guiding hand, Thy voice I hear no more

Thy will I do not understand, Yet would that will adore

221. CHILDLIKE RESIGNATION.

2 WHERE’ER I turn, my pathway seems
Bestrewn with thorns and woes;
But where thy hidden presence beams,
E’en there would I repose.
The solemn mysteries of life
I seek not now to read;
Amid the anguish and the strife
Do thou my footsteps lead.

3 Thou knowest all my needs, O God,
My weakness and my fear;
I murmur not beneath the rod,
But own thy chast’ning dear.
I ask not, “Wherefore dost thou chide?
Why bow me in the dust?”
In thy great love I still abide,
And in thy goodness trust.

222. THE IMPROVING FOUNT.

1 COME, holy thoughts, so lily pure,
And close my heart around!
Oh, fold me gently in, secure
From envy’s cruel wound!
Oh, poet spirit near with lays
Of sweet words set in line,
Lift me beyond the world’s poor praise
To angel realms divine!

2 Give me a martyr’s wing so strong
That I may mortals bear
With truth’s free freight of clarion-sound
To climes of purer air.
Then shall the thoughts that in me be
Touch God’s great thoughts above;
Though scorners may malignant spur
I’ll bless with sunny love.
VISION.

1. Oh, hours most sacred to the soul, When our immortal senses see
   Those guiding angels which control So much of human destiny!

2. They come from those celestial hills Which melt and glimmer from afar,

   And light the shadowed spirit fills, Like evening's from her jewel star.

3. And when we need their counsels most, And gladden our o'er-clouded days
   Which drink their lucent glory in,

   They half forget earth's scars and tears,

   And read the promise of bright years
   On the sublimer heights of life.

223. SPIRITUAL VISION.

2. THE stream of death is bridged with flowing
   O'er which the angels come and go, [ers,
   Descending from immortal bower,

   In lily wreaths and robes of snow.

   They wander to our thorny ways,

   Where'er we need their counsels most,

   When griefs beset and hopes are lost.

3. Supremely blessed are those eyes,

   Which catch the landscapes of the skies

   Which lie beyond these vales of sin.

   They half forget earth's scars and tears,

   Who look beyond its bitter strife,

   And read the promise of bright years
   On the sublimer heights of life.

224. THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1. Ring out the old, ring in the new,

   Ring, happy bells, across the snow;

   The year is going, let him go;

   Ring out the false, ring in the true.

   Ring out the grief that saps the mind,

   For those that here we see no more:

   Ring out the feud of rich and poor,

   Ring in redress to all mankind.

2. Ring out a slowly dying cause,

   And ancient forms of party strife;

   Ring in the nobler modes of life,

   With sweeter manners, purer laws.

   Ring out false pride in place and blood,

   The civic slander and the spite;

   Ring in the love of truth and right,

   Ring in the common love of good.
The Spiritual Harp.

PASSED OVER.

1. She's crossed the shining river, To meet the loved ones there,
   Who wait with starry banners Now floating in the air.

2. She's crossed the shining river, She's reached the golden shore,
   Where music's voices echo, "Dear sister, weep no more."

3. And truth, from history's pages,
   This simple fact shall tell,—
   That deeds of loving woman
   All other deeds excel.

225. PASSED OVER.

2 She's crossed the shining river,
   The silver sparkling tide,
   To pull undying flowers,
   That bloom the other side;
   She's crossed the shining river,
   She's left the vale of tears,
   She's gone where all is gladness,
   Undimmed by doubts or fears.

3 She's crossed the shining river
   On waves of azure hue;
   To weave with fragrant garlands
   A home of rest for you;
   You'll cross the shining river,
   You'll clasp her to your heart,
   Where love shall reign forever,
   Where dear ones never part.

226. WOMAN, THE ARCHITECT OF LOVE.

1 Go thou and search the archives
   Of all recorded time;
   And see whose deeds are greatest,
   Most noble and sublime;

2 Who standeth by in sickness
   When summer friends have fled?
   Who smootheth down the pillow
   Upon the sufferer's bed?
   Who watches o'er our slumbers
   When all the world's at rest?
   Who pillows aching temples
   Upon her loving breast?

3 'Tis self-denying woman,
   The architect of all,
   Whose gentle acts of kindness
   Like summer showers fall;
   She holds within her spirit
   The springs of weal or woe,
   That, touched by skilful fingers,
   In endless music flows.
PRAISE.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lily fair,
   Or marks the humblest flower that grows, But God has placed it there,
   But God has placed it there.

2. There's not of grass a simple blade,
   Or leaf of lowliest mien,
   Where heav'nly skill is not displayed,
   And heav'nly goodness seen.

3. There's not a star, whose twinkling light
   Illumes the spreading earth;
   There's not a cloud, so dark or bright,
   But wisdom gave it birth.

4. There's not a place on earth's vast round,
   In ocean's deep or air,
   Where love and beauty are not found,
   For God is everywhere.

CONSOLATION.

1. The loving Friend to all who bowed Beneath life's weary load,
   From lips baptized in humble prayer is consolations flowed.

2. The faithful Witness to the truth,
   His just rebuke was hurled
   Out from a heart that burned to break
   The fetters of the world.

3. No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
   His piercing glance could bear;
   But longing hearts which sought him found!
   That God and heaven were there.
THERE'S A HOME FOR ALL.

1. There's a home for the poor on that beautiful shore, When life and its sorrows are ended, And sweetly they'll rest in that home of the blest, By the presence of angels attended. There's a home for the sad, and their hearts will be glad When they've crossed o'er Jordan so dreary, For bright is the dome of that radiant home, Where soft ly repose all the weary.

2. There's a home for the ill, and their bosoms shall thrill With rapture of healthful emotion; The invalid's moan there will never be known In that world of sweet peaceful devotion. There's a home for the old, beyond time and its mold, When the fair form of beauty has faded; And brightly they'll bloom in that happier home, Where splendors of youth are not shaded.
HEREAFTER.

1. There are beautiful fields on the farther side, Where the hosts of immortals stand; There are mansions of beauty beyond the tide, And the light that beams o'er the waters wide Is a light from the "Better Land."

2. There are rivers that roll over golden sand Through the midst of this realm so fair; And the beautiful gardens of God are fanned By the kindly breezes so soft and bland, Ever sweet'ning the heav'nly air.

3. There's a home for the young, where the angelic song, That chorus celestial is singing, While harps bright with gold and which never grow old, Through the glittering arches are ringing. There's a home for the good; no one there will intrude, Neither tempt them with evil or folly; They'll calmly repose, freed from trials and In mansions prepared for the holy.

4. There's a home for the vile, all polluted with guile; When cleansed by the quickening Spirit, They, too, may be heir to that kingdom so And may all its full glory inherit. There's a home for us all; when the flat doth We will fly to the shore o'er the river, And join in the song of that beautiful throng, And live in its wisdom forever.

5. We shall join in the song which the angels As they stand on the heav'nly plain; [sing, We shall hear lofty cadences richly ring, And the highest heavenly vault shall bring Echoes sweet of the soul-refrain.

230. THE BEAUTIFUL HEREAFTER.

1. THERE are beautiful fields on the farther Where the host of immortals stand; [side, There are mansions of beauty beyond the tide, [wide, And the light that beams o'er the waters Is a light from the "Better Land."

2. There are rivers that roll over golden sand Through the midst of this realm so fair; And the beautiful gardens of God are fanned By the kindly breezes so soft and bland, Ever sweet'ning the heav'nly air.

3. There's a city whose gates are of pearly And its glories shall ever stand, [white, O'er it never shall gather the shades of night, For the love of God is the sun and the In the midst of this blissful land. [light

4. How I long to be safe on the farther shore, There to join in the happy song, 'Mid the forms of the loved who have gone before, [yore. 'Mid the souls that passed in the days of 'Mid the bands of the glorious throng.

5. We shall join in the song which the angels As they stand on the heav'nly plain; [sing, We shall hear lofty cadences richly ring, And the highest heavenly vault shall bring Echoes sweet of the soul-refrain.
The Spiritual Harp.

EVEGREEN SHORE.

1. This world of strife is not our home; We’re bound for the evergreen shore.

That land of beauty where loved ones have gone, Our loved ones for evermore.

Chorus.

Rest, rest forever at home, Where pain and distress shall be o'er,

We yearn to be free in those realms to roam, Our home on the evergreen shore.

231. The Evergreen Shore.

1. This world of strife is not our home; We’re bound for the evergreen shore,

That land of beauty where loved ones have gone, Our loved ones for evermore. [gone,

Chorus.

2. They beckon on our way along! We press for the evergreen shore; We soon shall enter that heavenly throng Where parting shall be no more.

Chorus.

3. There fadeless garlands ever bloom In paths on the evergreen shore, Where pain and sickness, bereavement and Shall mar our repose no more. [gloom,

Chorus.


1. I feel it float from Eden’s plane, That sweetly bewildering strain,

Like first bright drops of a silvery rain, Electric with life again.

Chorus.

List, list! the melody rings, Soft touching my heart-hidden strings; My answering spirit its fetters flings And soars on its bright, radiant wings!

2. I hear the trilling, clear and strong, That’s borne on the billows along, Aloft where heavenly musicians throng, Entrancing my soul with song.

Chorus.

3. I see the fine seraphic fire, A wave on the quivering lyre, As ev’ry gushing of holy desire Inspireth the angel-choir.

Chorus.
Congregational and Social.

**FIRESIDE.**

1. The earth hath treasures fair and bright, Deep buried in her caves.

And ocean hideth many gems in dark blue curling waves.

233.

**WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME.**

2 Yet not within her bosom deep,
   Or 'neath her dashing foam,
   Lies there a treasure equaling
   A world of love at home.

3 True sterling happiness and joy
   Are not with gold allied,
   Nor can it yield a pleasure like
   A welcome bright fireside.

4 I envy not the man who dwells
   In stately hall or dome,
   If, with its splendor, he hath not
   A world of love at home.

5 Though care and trouble may be mine,
   As down life's path I roam,
   I'll heed them not while I still have
   A world of love at home.

**GROVE.**

1. There is a book, who thinks may read, Which heavenly love imparts;

And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and willing hearts.

234.

**God's BIBLE.**

1 There is a book, who thinks may read,
   Which heav'nly truth imparts;
   And all the lore its scholars need,
   Pure eyes and willing hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
   Within us, and around,
   Are pages in that book, to show
   How truth divine is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
   Reveals immortal love;
   Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
   In peace and order move.

4 Thou who hast giv'n us eyes to see
   And love this sight so fair,
   Give to us hearts to find out thee,
   And read thee ev'rywhere.
**The Spiritual Harp.**

**BEAUTIFUL HOME.**

From the "Silver Fountain," by permission of A. J. Arney.

1. There's a beautiful home for thee, brother, a home, a home for thee:

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In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.

**Chorus.**

A beautiful home for thee, brother, a beautiful home for thee:

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In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.

235. A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

2. There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother,
   A rest, a rest for thee;
   In those mansions above, where all is love,
   There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

   **Chorus.** A beautiful rest, etc.

3. There's a beautiful peace for thee, brother,
   A peace, a peace for thee;
   When the battle is done, and vict'ry won,
   The angels will give it thee.

   **Chorus.** A beautiful peace, etc.

4. There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
   A robe, a robe for thee;
   There's a robe of white, so pure and bright,
   A glorious robe for thee.

   **Chorus.** A beautiful robe, etc.

5. Oh, that beautiful home we'll seek, brother,
   That home, that home above;
   In that land of light, where all is bright,
   That beautiful land of love.

   **Chorus.** That beautiful home, etc.

236. MAGNETIC SPHERES.

1. There's a fount of magnetic life flowing
   In deathless summer lands,
   And its loom of pulsing batteries
   Is working by spirit hands.

   **Chorus.**

   Oh, come to this fount of God's wisdom,
   Enchanted with flow'rs above,
   And repose in bow'rs of beauty, where
   All hearts are so full of love.

2. 'Tis a heavenly charm that guards ever,
   Angelic as we go;
   'Tis the soul's own feelers reaching forth,
   To know who's a friend or foe.

   **Chorus.**

3. 'Tis a mantle that you may wear meekly;
   Oh, keep it pure as light;
   It will gird thee strong with spirit power,
   To climb to that golden height!

   **Chorus.**
Congregational and Social.

FLOWERS.

1. When in the busy haunts of men The meek immortals tread,
   D.S. angel hearts, where holy loves, in deathless bloom abound.

   A fragrance from the spirit land Upon our souls they shed.
   D.S.

   For, not like flowers of earthly mold, The flowers of heav'n are found, In

237.  

CELESTIAL FLOWERS.

2 And when, 'mid earthly toils, they meet The dear ones of their care,
   They pluck a thorn from ev'ry breast, And plant a blossom there.
   Then be it ours, through gentle deeds Of pure and perfect love,
   To sow in human hearts the seeds Of flowers that bloom above.

3 For ev'ry aspiration high, Though earth's divinest thought,
   Shall spring anew with brighter bloom, And richer fragrance fraught;
   And bear the fruits of peace and joy Upon that genial shore,
   And, plucked by angel hands, refresh Our souls for evermore.

OMNIPRESENCE.

1. Father of all in ev'ry age, In ev'ry clime adored,
   By saint, by savage, or by sage, The universal Lord!

238.  

THE OVER-SOUL.

2 Thou great First Cause! least understood, Who all my sense confined
   To know but this,—that thou art good,
   And that I may be blind;

3 If I am right, thy aid impart, Still in the right to stay;
   If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart To find that better way.
168

The Spiritual Harp.

LENOX.

1. Hal- ye ex - em-plars bold; Whose ev - er lift - ed sight Hath caught the gleaming gold

2. Though custom thee assail,
And hoary error frown,
Before thee they shall quail,
And time thy efforts crown.
Thy earnest might
Shall conquer foes,
And strengthen those
Who love the right.

3. The battle may be long,
And mortal armor fail;
The truth shall make thee strong,
Heav'n's breezes fill thy sail.

4. Unveil the laws of life,
The source of good and ill;
The woes and pains of strife
Subject by dauntless will.
The age to come
Shall sound thy praise,
While grateful lays
Shall waft thee home.

CORONATION.

1. We love no triumph sprung of force; They stain the brightest cause; 'Tis not in blood that Lib-er-ty

Inscribes her ho-ly laws, 'Tis not in blood that Lib-er-ty inscribes her ho-ly laws.
OUR SPEARS AND SWORDS ARE TRUTHFUL WORDS.

The mind our battle-plain;
We've won great victories before,
And so we shall again.
We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;

STREAM OF LIFE.

We have a citadel in right
More durable and strong.
No widow's groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

STRENGTH OF LIFE.

Moderato.

1. Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream That flows thro' our Father's land;

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, And ripple o'er golden sand.

Chorus.

Oh, seek that beautiful stream, Oh, seek that beautiful stream,

Its waters so free are flowing for thee, Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

WITH murmuring sound doth it wander
Through fields of eternal green, [along,
Where songs of the blest, in their heav'n of rest.
Float soft on the air serene.

Chorus.

Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure, And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the source of the Spirit alone;
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.

Chorus.

4 This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is O pilgrim, it flows for thee! [found,
Chorus.

5 Oh, will you not drink of the beautiful
And dwell on its peaceful shore? [stream,
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones,
And wander in grief no more." [home,
Chorus.
THE SPIRITUAL HARP.

THERE IS JOY FOR YOU.

Duet.

1. Oh! let not your hearts be troubled, Neither let them be afraid.

For behold the bridegroom cometh In his wedding robes arrayed.

Chorus.

There is joy for the faithful, There is joy for you; In the higher land of wisdom,

Joy for the faithful, There is joy for you; In the higher land of wisdom,

Where the angels sing for glory, Far beyond death's rolling river, There is joy for you.

2. DEEPLY drink of love celestial
   From the fountain flowing free,
   For it giveth joy forever,
   -Joy o'er all that crystal sea.

Tell me not, ye weary laden,
   There is nought but sorrow here,

For the angels are descending
   To remove earth's blighting fear.

4. Keep your minds in truth-light burning!
   Walk in virtue's humble way,
   And be ready for your exit
   To the realms of perfect day!
When the morn a-wakes in glory, With its crimson golden ray,

And the half-remembered story Of the night hath fled away,

Then within the song-bird's carol, Hymning forth the soul's desires,

Bring from life's electric forces
Spirit-balm for every ill,
Fainting hearts with mighty forces
Of magnetic healing thrill.

Souls aglow with loving kindness,
Hope of mortals! joy of earth!
Sensing all the mental blindness,
Feeling all our social dearth,
Oh! lift upward from this sorrow
To a joyous, sure relief
Those who long for heaven's morrow,
Those who falter 'mid their grief.

Speak with "angel tongues" of gladness
In the music of the spheres;
"Cast out serpents," sin and sadness,
Charm to nectar all the tears;
Cleanse each "deadly drink" of error
From the ages' stagnant fount;
Smite the phantoms doubt and terror,
Boldly climb truth's sacred mount.
THEY hail you as spirits created to live Through ages unnumbered to come, And early the counsels of wisdom would give, To guide their young protégés home.

Then welcome their profers and meekly con- To walk in the path of the blest,  

EDINBURG.

Do leave the sweet joys of the mansions above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love! 

246.

HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT.

They come when we wander, they come when we pray, In mercy to guard us wherever we stray; A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given; Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.
SONGS, DUETS, AND QUARTETS.

SPARKLING WATERS.

Prelude.

1. Oh, I love the sparkling fountains, Which flow from the golden mountains.

Soprano solo.

2. Waters which each new-born spirit Drinks deep till it may inherit it.

Of the spirit-land; Streams that dance with ceaseless pleasure,

Everlasting life; Where the angels pure baptise you,

Keep ing time to each glad measure Of an unseen band;

Till no sorrow can surprise you, And no thought of strife.

THE MUSIC OF FALLING WATERS.

Therefore, when the clouds are o'er you, We'll light the dark way before you, With the smiles of love; And each bitter flood of sorrow Change to golden streams to-morrow, In the realms above.

4. All the tears you shed in anguish, When in darkest night you languish, We will change to gems; And in crowns of love will weave them, That your spirits may receive them, Lasting diadems.
HEART SONG.

Andante.

Duet.

1. Love me, love me in the morning, When the light breaks on the world;

And crimson glories sky adorning Wave their banners all unfurled,

Starry banners light, so pearly—Love me in the morning ear—
**HEART SONG.** Concluded.

Cres.

4. Love me in the eventiding,
   When the night is coming down,
   When tempests in the air are riding,
   And when storms begin to frown.

Draw me to thy breast the nearer,
Soothe my timid soul the dearer.

5. Love me when my life is ended,
   And my soul is wasted o'er
   The river, and with angels blended,
   On the ever-blooming shore!

Love me, heart and soul and spirit,
With a love we'll e'er inherit.

**SUPPLICATION.**

249.

1. Our Father, God, who art in heav'n,
   All hallowed be thy name,
   Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
   In earth and heav'n the same;

2. Give us this day our daily bread,
   And as we those forgive

Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive;

3. Into temptation lead us not,
   From evil set us free;

And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory ever be.
DREAMING TO-NIGHT.

1. We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones dear, Gone to the summer land,

We pine for the smiles and the tones so sweet, And the clasp of a gentle hand.

Chorus.

Weary are our hearts as we gather to-night, Sighing o'er our broken chain,

Longing for the gift of a clearer sight To see our loved again;

Dreaming to-night, Dreaming to-night, Dreaming of the loved ones dear.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

250.

DREAMING TO-NIGHT.

1 We're dreaming to-night of the loved one dear;
   Yonder a vacant chair; [ones dear;
   Seems filled with a form, ever beloved and revered;
   Crowned with halo of silvery hair. [vered,
   Come back to be rocked in their empty cribs,
   And be fondled with tender care.

   Chorus.

2 They're all here to-night; yes, our loved ones are
   Come from the summer land! [dear
   And each has a smile and a word of cheer
   For our sorrowing, stricken band.
   Happy are our hearts, as we gather to-night,
   Viewing our unbroken chain;

   Chorus.

3 We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones dear;
   Many a beaming face; [dear;
   Of friend and companion our fancies woo
   To its old accustomed place.
   Happy to-night! happy to-night!
   Happy with our loved ones dear!

   Chorus.

4 We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones dear;
   Darlings with golden hair; [dear,
   Rare are our hearts, as we gather to-night,
   Viewing our unbroken chain;
   We see our loved ones again
   Come from the summer land!

   Chorus.

TRANCE.

1 Reverent listen! The power of an angel Rings out the truths of the wondrous beyond. Honor the temple! It shrines an evangel.

   Drawn to the earth by love's holiest bond.

   The Inspired Speaker.

2 Reverent listen! The power of an angel Rings out the truths of the wondrous beyond. Honor the temple! It shrines an evangel.

   Drawn to the earth by love’s holiest bond.

3 Reverent listen! Uplifting to heaven Soul aspirations befitting the time,

   Bright from the sun-land a presence sublime.

   Drawn to the earth by love's holiest bond.

4 Truest of teachers, to heaven ascended,
   Hasten they back with the gems of the skies,

   Drawn to the earth by love's holiest bond.

   The Inspired Speaker.
OH, COME, LET US GATHER.

1. Oh, come let us gather
   Round the hearthstone to-night;
   We heed not the weather
   When the fire burns bright,
   And loved ones hasten
   To bask in the light
   That beams from the hearth and the heart.
   Chorus.

2. A seat for our father;
   Who so kindly as he?
   And one for our mother;
   With her babe on her knee;
   While sister and brother,
   In innocent glee,
   Add light to the hearth and the heart.
   Chorus.
SONGS, DUETS, AND QUARTETS.

OH, COME, LET US GATHER. Concluded.

Chorus.

While angels that hover
           A-round as we gather
So gladly repeat,

In sympathy sweet.

The songs of the hearth and the heart.

3 The father is smiling
   Upon the loved throng,
The mother beguiling
   Her babe with a song,
   And lovingly checking
   Each movement of wrong,
   Thus guarding the hearth and the heart.

Chorus.

MY HOME IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

1 I've a beautiful home on the other shore,
   A home on the golden strand,
   Some dear ones have gone to that home before,
   My home in the spirit-land.

2 They come to me now since their souls are free,
   And gently they press my hand,
   They say there are treasures in store for me,
   At home in the spirit-land.

3 They tell me that beauties-unceasing flow,
   Around where the angels stand;
   They'll guide me along when I have to go,
   To dwell in the spirit-land.

4 I've a father and mother and sisters dear,
   Who form there a happy band;
   Oh, when shall I see that bright mansion fair,
   My home in the spirit-land?
1. Sweet star of Hope, so clear and bright, Shine on and cheer my yearning sight.
2. When fades the light of friendship's smile, When love and faith no more beguile,

How dark the world would be to me, Did I not gaze, sweet star, on thee!
And o'er the earth we blindly grope, How welcome is thy light, sweet hope!

When sombre clouds obscure the light, And all is wrapped in shades of night,
A foretaste of the realm divine Is given forth by rays of thine.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

FORE-GLEAMS. Concluded.

My eyes can pierce the gloom a-round Un-till thy ra-diant beams are found,—
Shine on, sweet star, a-bove my way, And guide me to the per-fect day,—

HOME.

For men's voices.*

1. Home's not mere-ly four square walls, Though with pic-tures hung and gilded; Home is where af-

2. Home! go watch the faith-ful dove Sail-ing 'neath the heav'n a-bove us; Home is where there's

HOME'S not merely roof and room; It needs something to endear it; Home is where the heart can bloom, Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

What is home with none to meet, None to welcome, none to greet us? Home is sweet, and only sweet, When there's one who loves to meet us!

*May be rendered by mixed voices by singing the parts on the upper staff an octave lower.
NOTHING BUT WATER TO DRINK.

1. When the bright morning star, the new daylight is bringing, And the

Soprano or Tenor Solo.

orchards and groves are with melody ringing; Their way to and from them the

256.

NOTHING BUT WATER TO DRINK.*

3. When a shower in a hot day of summer is over,
And the fields are all smiling with white and red clover,
And the honey-bee—busy and plundering rover—
Is fumbling the blossom leaves over and over,
Why so fresh, clean, and sweet; are the fields, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

3. Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing?
Do you see what great hailstones that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way going,
Against trade winds and head winds, like hurricanes blowing?
Why so sturdy are oaks, clouds, and ships, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

4. Now, if we have to work in the shop, field, or study,
And would have a strong hand and a cheek that is ruddy,
And would not have a brain that is addled and muddy,
With our eyes all "bunged up," and our noses all bloody,—
How shall we make and keep ourselves so, do you think?
Why, we must have nothing but water to drink.

*Composed by John Pierpont at the National Convention of Spiritualists, assembled in Providence, R. I., in 1868. This was the last poem of this revered reformer whilst in the earth form.
SONGS, DUETS; AND QUARTETS.

NOTHING BUT WATER TO DRINK. Concluded.

early birds winging, And their anthems of gladness and thanksgiving singing;

Chorus. Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think? Because they've had nothing but water to drink. Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?

Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

GLIMPSE.

WHO ever yearns to see aright,
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

So since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended.
UNION AND LIBERTY.
Soprano or Tenor.

1. Lo! 'tis unfurling, the emblem of glory, Born through humanity's
    thunder and flame, Blazoned in song and illumined in story,

Chorus.

Waved o'er the nations in Liberty's name! Up with this banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light, Spread o'er all nations from

shore unto shore, While, from the sounding sky, Loud rings the

angels' cry, World nationalism evermore!
SONGS, DUETS, AND QUARTETS.

UNION AND LIBERTY. Concluded.

FLAG OF UNIVERSAL LIBERTY.

Lo! 'tis unfurling, the emblem of glory,
Borne thro' humanity's thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Waved o'er the nations in Liberty's name!

Chorus.

Light of earth's firmament, guide of her nations,
Pride of her children all honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellations
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Chorus.

Brotherhood unioned! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of liberty's van?
Think not the angel of justice shall fail thee,
For it is gained now,—the birthright of man!

Chorus.

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us; who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us, the Many in One!

Chorus.

SWEET BE THY REST.

Gently.

1. Good-night, good-night; The weary hear it with delight; The day grows silent at its close, And busy fingers seek repose Until the morning light.

2. Sweet be thy rest; Each little bird is in its nest; We hear no longer on the street The rapid tread of busy feet; The night cries, "Go to rest;" 'Tis best, 'tis best.

3. Good-night, good-night; In sleep forget time's rapid flight. To him whose peace life's cares destroy, Be present dreams of blissful joy, Till morning greets our sight. Good-night, good-night.

4. Good-night, good-night; Soft be thy dreams, and calm and bright; In peaceful slumbers close thine eyes, Fearless of grief or sad surprise, Trust in our Father's might. Good-night, good-night.

GOOD-NIGHT, good-night; The weary hear it with delight; The day grows silent at its close, And busy fingers seek repose Until the morning light. Good-night, good-night.
SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

1. Rap, rap, rap, Rap, rap, rap! Who is it rapping tonight?

Only invisible friends, Come from those chambers whose light

Radiantly earthward descends, Those whose dear forms you have

covered from sight, And marked by a marble shaft solemn and white,

Have come from the land where their life bloomed anew, And

Rit.

By those raps they are talking to you, talking to you, talking to you.
60.

RAP, rap, rap!

Daintiest fingers of air
Wake the most delicate sound
Rapping on table or chair.

Loved ones of earth gather round,
Taking us know that our loved ones have come,
Rapping on tables and chairs, which are pure and illumined with light,
Oh, list to their counsels, and give them your hands!

RAP, rap, rap!

Guests would honor are here!
Hear the rappings, and know
Visiting angels are near
Greeting their earth friends below!

HERO.

Earnestly.

1. He who seeks the truth and trembles
   At the dangers he must brave
   Speak! no matter what be tides thee;
   Let them strike, but make them hear.

   Be thou like the noble Jesus;
   Scorn the threat that bids thee fear,

2. Thrusting all that's base behind us,
   Build with purpose firm and good,
   That each welcome day may find us
   One step nearer heaven and God;
   And no longer gazing blindly,
   Vision dimmed, and heart grown cold,
   We shall greet each trial kindly
   As the test which tries the gold.

3. Then encourage aspiration;
   For life is no vale of tears,
   But a time for preparation
   For a life in higher spheres.
   Ever rising, rising, rising,
   Nearer to the destined goal,
   All experience undisguising,
   As the text-book of the soul.

61.  TRUE HEROISM.

BE thou like the first apostles;
   Never fear, thou shalt not fall.
   If a free thought seek expression,
   Speak it boldly! Speak it all!
   Face thine enemies, accusers;
   Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
   And if thou hast truth to utter,
   Speak, and leave the rest to God.

62.  GOLD OF THE SOUL.

LOVES that in the past lie scattered,
   Brightest visions, joys, and fears,
   Friends that ever fawned and flattered,
   All were lost in earlier years;
   Yet, upon these fragments hastened,
   We may build a better life,
   With our souls subdued and chastened
   By affliction's fiery strife.
WHEN WE ARE GONE.

Andante.

1. The flowers will bloom, when we are gone, As fresh and sweet as now.

And droop in beauty o'er the clay That wraps our mould'ring brow;

The stately trees will rear a-loft Their leafy heads as high.
The gladsome breeze that through them steals Will not our requiem sigh.

THOSE beauteous hills of green o'er which
Our youthful feet have trod
Will still remain, although our dust
May slumber 'neath the sod.

The flowers, the trees, the grand old hills,
The years still gliding on,
Will smile back to the guardian stars
As bright when we are gone.

GENTLE WORDS.

1. Each gentle word is a bird of love That wings its way through the sky above,

To sing a song on the golden strand, To give thee joy in the summer-land,

To give thee joy in the summer-land.

Each gentle word is a music tide
That passes on to the other side,
To chant a lay on the golden strand,
To give thee joy in the summer-land.

Each gentle word is a sweet guitar
That blends its notes with the harps afar,
That angels touch on the golden strand,
To give thee joy in the summer-land.

All gentle words are the silver bells
That echo forth from the heart's deep wells,
To ring a chime on the golden strand,
To give thee joy in the summer-land.
1. With rose-buds in my hand;  
   Fresh from the sum-mer-land,  
   Fa-ther, I come and stand  

2. Oh, no! for an-gels bright;  
   Out of the bless-ed light,  
   Shone on my won-der-sight,  

3. Moth-er! I could not stay;  
   In a sweet dream I lay,  
   Wait-ed to heav’n a-way,  

4. Oh! were you with me there,  
   Free from your earth-ly care,  
   All of my joy to share,  

---

Close by your side! You cannot see me here,  
Or feel my pres-ence near;  
Sing-ing, we come, Lamb for the fold a-bove,  
Ten-der, young, nest-ing-dove,  
Far from the night. Then with a glad surprise  
Did I un-close my eyes  
I were more blest; But it is best to stay  
There in the earth-ly way,
"BIRDIE'S" SPIRIT SONG. Concluded.

And yet your "Birdie" dear Never has died.
Safe in our arms of love, Hast to thy home!
Under those cloudless skies, Smiling with light.
Till the good angels say, "Come to your rest!"

Chorus.

Soon on that shore, Where all the loved ones meet, Resting your pilgrim feet,

Shall you with blessings greet "Birdie" once more.
REALM OF THE WEST.
Soprano or Tenor Solo.
With Vigor.

1. Have ye heard of the beautiful realm of the west, Encircled by oceans and kissed by the sun? Have ye heard of the nations that thrive on her breast, Chorus.

Bright heirs of her grandeur, the "Many in one"? Kings can not govern this land of our choice; Liberty loves us, and Peace is our guest; Shout for the Union with heart and with voice; Right is our might in this realm of the west.

2. Have ye heard of the wonderful conflict of old? The lion was torn by the bird of the Sun: Through the world has the fame of our Washington rolled, And Heaven sealed to freedom the "Many Chorus.

3. 'Tis the psalm of the free that is borne on the breeze: It leaps from the heart of each patriot son; While the full, surging chorus is sung by the seas, For ever and ever, "the Many in one!" Chorus.
MORNING LAND.

Duet.

1. Oh, sail from out the sun-rise, into the light of day, into the blaze of noon-tide,

With all its gorgeous ray; out of the night of darkness, out of the house of pain.

Swift through the morning sun-rise, swift through the day again.

Chorus.

Sail on! sail on! Life's flowing river leads for ever to the Giver.

Sail on! sail on! thy bark must be for ever toward eternity.

INTO the silent darkness,
Into the unknown deep;
Over the silent river
Pass we, and never weep!
Oh! on the shore there's waiting
The loved, to clasp thy hand;
And joys of the hereafter
Are in that Morning Land.

Chorus.

Oh, catch the gleams of beauty
That speed by winds of heaven!
Bring back thy freight of blessing
To souls by sorrow riven.
Oh, brighter blaze of noontide,
And fuller cup of bliss,
Oh, richer Land of Morning,
For joys ye bring to this!

Chorus.
The Spiritual Harp.

O LIFE, BEAUTIFUL LIFE!

Solo.

1. O Life, beautiful Life! Thy glories unveiled I see;

2. O Life, beautiful Life! The haven of love and truth;

O Life, beautiful Life! That the Angel of death brought me,

O Life, beautiful Life! Thou hast given me back my youth,

Thou hast made me one of the noble, Thou hast made me one of the free.

I rise on your mystic pinions, I breathe in your magical breath.
O LIFE, BEAUTIFUL LIFE! Concluded.

O Life, beautiful Life! I sail on thy crystal sea;
O Life, beautiful Life! For me there is no more death;

Chorus.

O Life, beautiful Life! I sail on thy crystal sea;
O Life, beautiful Life! For me there is no more death.

ECLIPSE.

1. Call it not dark! the inner spirit sense Sees holy light and beauty all around;

They come to us from climes we know not whence, At every touch and every soothing sound.

THOU hast, within thy contemplative mind, The flag of truthful beauty is unfurled
The brightest glimpses of all glorious things;
Within thy spirit's all-resplendent rays.
Conceptions clearly pictured and defined, The light of wisdom is within thy heart,
That come and go on starry spirit wings. And love serene is glowing brightly there;
Call it not dark! 'tis rich, this transient world, While these are ever thine, where'er thou art,
Tho' shrouded from thy ever longing gaze; This changing world must still be bright and fair.

NOT BLOOM IN SPIRIT.
The Spiritual Harp.

GENTLE SPIRITS, ARE YOU NEAR ME? J. HENRY WHITTEMORE, DETROIT, MICH.

1. Is it fancy? is it dreaming? Do you come in very deed,
2. Do your tender voices whisper Com - fort to my doubting soul?

Gentle spirits, linger near me.
Arm my soul with patient hope;
Give me faith in things immortal,
Teach me with life's ills to cope.

Gentle spirits, linger near me, When the lamp of life is low;
When the sky is dark above me, And the cheek has lost its glow.
GENTLE SPIRITS, ARE YOU NEAR ME? Concluded.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

For men's voices.

1. Let your summer friends go by
   With the summer weather;
   Hearts there are that will not fly,
   Though the storm should gather.

2. Summer love to fortune clings,
   From the wreck it saileth,
   Like the bee that spreads its wings
   When the honey faileth.

3. Rich the soil where weeds appear;
   Let the false bloom perish;
   Flowers there are, more rare and dear,
   That you still may cherish.

4. Flowers of feeling, pure and warm,
   Hearts that cannot wither,
   These for thee shall ride the storm,
   As the sunny weather.
The Spiritual Harp.

HUSH-A-BY.
(Cradle Song.)

Dolce.

1. Hush-a-by, baby! Already repose To thy lip and thy cheek brings the smile and the rose, As soft dews of twilight the flow-er-et steep, Flows round my sweet ba-by the spir-it of sleep, Sleep! Sleep! Hush-a-by.

272.

3 HUSH-A-BY, baby! Oh, never again Might sorrow come near thee, or sickness, or pain! Oh, hush-a-by, baby! — asleep on my breast I rock thee, I kiss thee, I sing thee to rest. Rest! Rest! Hush-a-by!

3 Baby, my baby! Ah! never again Shall sweet “Hush-a-by!” soothe thee in joy or in pain.

The bird has forsaken the desolate nest, And never again shall I sing thee to rest. Rest! Rest! Hush-a-by!

4 My arms were thy cradle; they wrapt thee around. [found; But the little child-angels thy cradle they And tenderly, softly, my baby they bear, Yes, up into heaven, and “Hush-a-by!”] There! There! [there. Hush-a-by!
Songs, Duets, and Quartets

MILLENNIUM.
Soprano Solo.

1. In the ages to come a good time shall appear, When man shall his brother esteem,

For the mild Prince of peace shall dis - pel ev'ry fear, And his love the whole race shall redeem.

Chorus.

Work on and despair not, brave toilers for the right; The bat-tle though long shall be won;

For we have the truth, and the an-gels of light Shall say to each leader, "Well done!"

273. THE MILLENNIUM.

Boon the sword and the cannon shall rest side by side,
No navies shall whiten the sea,
And the slave-ship no more o'er the ocean shall glide,
For all men in all climes shall be free.

Chorus.

Granite cells for the guilty no more shall be reared,
The school-house shall stand in their stead;
Ev'ry man truly noble no more shall be feared;
Bloody crime from the earth shall have

Chorus.

274. FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

LIKE the arch of the rainbow upreared in the sky,
'Mid azure and purple and gold,

Is the pure, brilliant halo of faith beaming high,
Where the shadows new beauties unfold.

Chorus.

See there, oh, great brotherhood! coming now to man
Is glory that angels drop down! [van!
Up, speed thee so strong, for they lead in the
Progression shall win thee a crown!

Chorus.

Like a star that is glowing aloft in the sky,
To guide thro' the darkness and gloom,
Is a fresh hope immortal ascending on high,
Triumph-star over death and the tomb!

Chorus.

Like a white fleecy cloud, whence the sweet spirit dove
Descends with a beauty impearled, [above
Comes the mild angel Charity, swift from
To forgive and redeem all the world.

Chorus.
BUILD HIM A MONUMENT.

Prelude on opposite page.

1. Build him a monument! high as the skies, Broad as the land is and deep as the sea, That the nations may look on with wondering eyes, And learn 'tis a glorious thing to be free.

BUILD HIM A MONUMENT.

2 BUILD him a monument! In coming years,
When light of justice hath banished the cloud,
Dusky pilgrims will wash it with gratitude's tears,
And white, black, and red will be equally proud.

Chorus.

3 Build him a monument! Lincoln the good!
Chief of philanthropists, highest in power;
Standing bravely and firm where no other hath stood,
And placing the capstone on Liberty's tower.

Chorus.

4 Build him a monument! sacred to heaven,
In hearts of freed ones from slavery's thrall;
Oh, to him let glad anthems and peans be given;
True Liberty, now, and forever, to all.

Chorus.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

BUILD HIM A MONUMENT. Concluded.

Chorus for each Stanza.

Ay! a monument! glorious monument,

Fame-wreathed and garlanded ne'er to decay.

BUILD HIM A MONUMENT. Concluded.

1. The gloomiest day hath gleams of light, The darkest wave hath bright foam near it, And twinkles through the blackest night Some solitary star to cheer it.

2. The gloomiest soul is not all gloom; The saddest heart is not all sadness; And sweetly o'er the darkest doom, Some solitary star to cheer it.

3. Despair is never quite despair, Nor life nor death the future closes, And round the shadowy brow of care Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

4. Sweet prophecies, these rifts of light, Revealing all the glories o'er us, And brighter, for the shades of night, Will burst the day that lies before us.
MY WIFE'S HAND.

1. Ev'ry night, when the stars come out, And the birds have gone to rest,
   A little hand, like a cooing dove, Nestling about my breast,
   Smoothes my fore-head and pats my cheek, Passes on its finger-tips
   Yet each night as the stars come out, And I near the heav'n-ly land,

2. Cling to my neck and clasps my arm, Till, tired of its caress,
   Fallen asleep within my own That pure white hand I press.
   Many a year has come and gone, The little hand is cold.
   And near the heav'n-ly land,

3. Yet each night as the stars come out, And I near the heav'n-ly land, I
MY WIFE'S HAND. Concluded.

O'er my eye-lids and through my hair, Linger ing on my lips.
Children's children are on my knee, And I am growing old.

Still I feel as in early days, The touch of that gentle hand.

NATURE.

1. Think me not unkind and rude, That I walk in grove and glen;

A-lone I go to the God of the wood, To bring his pure word to men.

4. There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Nor secret ever in life-history,
But birds tell it in the bower.

5. One rich harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
And now the second crop broad acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

\( \wedge \) not thou my sloth, that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
ch cloud that floated so light in the sky
Wren's bright letters in my book.

ide me not, laborious band,
'or the idle flowers I brought;
ch trembling aster I hold in my hand
Ioes loaded with truest thought.
TRANSLATION.

The cold wind whistles dreary, dreary, Mother, round your orphan child.

Oh, I am so weary, weary! And the night grows dark and wild;

Oh, I am so weary, weary, Here upon the cold earth lying,

Spurned, rejected, and reviled, Spurned, rejected, and reviled!

1 Oh, I am so weary, weary!
   And the night grows dark and wild;
The cold wind whistles dreary, dreary,
   Mother, round your orphan child.
Oh, I'm dying, mother, dying,
Here upon the cold earth lying,
   Spurned, rejected, and reviled!

2 Ask I work, the poor don't need me,
   But they look with pitying eye;
I ask the rich, they will not heed me;
   No! but pass me coldly by.
Oh, I am so weary, weary,
And the night wind moans so dreary,
   Mother, hear me ere I die.
All day long I've wandered picking
Foul and filthy rags to sell,
And in my feet sharp stones are sticking.
Oh, how they begin to swell!
And my limbs so ache and pain me,
I cannot from grief restrain me,
And they too begin to swell.

All my limbs the frosts are numbing,
And my frame it shivers so;
I seem to hear the wild bees humming,
As they used to long ago
In our garden 'mong the flowers,
In those bright, bright sunny hours,
As I used to long ago.

Yes, I seem to hear thee calling,
And thy voice so sweet and clear,
"Oh, come, my darling!" now is falling
Softly, gently on my ear.
Winds all through my tangled tresses
Are so like thy loved caresses,
And each raindrop seems a tear.

Are we not brothers?
Hushed be the battle's fearful roar,
The warrior's rushing call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore? Are we not brothers all?

*Do not repeat this line with voice, but play the melody with instrument.

Are we not brothers?
2 Want, from the starving poor depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Great God, subdue th' oppressor's heart!
Are we not brothers all?

3 Sect, clan, and nation, oh, strike down
Each mean partition-wall!
Let love the voice of discord drown,—
Are we not brothers all?

4 Let love and truth and peace alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

6 All around me now it brightens;
Am I lying on a bed?
And oh, how clear and still it lightens!
But no thunder jars my head;
Is it lightning, O my mother?
No! and there's my little brother!
Why, I thought that he was dead!

7 Some one seems to bear me gently;
Oh! I'm soaring up so high;
My breath it comes so faintly, faintly,
Oh! I'm passing to the sky.
Now I've neither pain nor sorrow;
I shall pick no rags to-morrow;
Mother, I am coming—I!*

8 And the night wind caught her wailing
As her last breath she sighed;
And rudely whistling through the paling,
On its fitful wing it hied;
Like the cold, cold stones around her,
Stark and stiff next morn they found her
On the pavement where she died.

205

Songs, Duets, and Quartets.
The Spiritual Harp.

"I STAND ON MEMORY'S GOLDEN SHORE."

1. I stand on memory's golden shore, And muse and dream, this autumn night.
2. O thou un-loved, gone, dreamy past, Give back what I have given to thee.
3. Yet sometimes visions come to bless; A-gain with her I seem to stand.
4. I dream, but dreaming is in vain, To res-ur-rec the buried dead.

Recalling forms that never-more Shall bless on earth my weary sight.
Flow'res that love's tree a-bore, Fair hopes that 'mid thy treasures be.
And full of new-born long-ings, press, With trembling clasp her gentle hand.
And waking but renew my pain, With mem'ry of the vision fled.

I reach in vain to grasp the hands That beckon from the further side,
Life's tender bides that I have kissed, And wept with my anxious tears,
Dear lov'ing spirit, leave me not, To wend these weary shores a-long.
In vain I tread on mem'ry's shore, And plead with tears for what is gone.
"I STAND ON MEMORY'S GOLDEN SHORE." Concluded.

Where glisten the shin-ing sil-ver sands,
I see not through the gath-er-ing mists
Hath not thy heav'n for me a spot,
The ho-ly past re-turns no more;

Where glisten the shin-ing sil-ver sands,
I see not through the gath-er-ing mists
Hath not thy heav'n for me a spot,
The ho-ly past re-turns no more;

I stand on mem-ry's gold-en shore, gold-en shore;
I tread life's wea-ry rounds a-
lone, a-lone; The dear de-part-ed comes no more, nev-er more;

The all of life I love is gone, is gone.
COLD WATER FOR ME.

We're gathered here, a band sincere,
To ask thy smiles forever.

Chorus.
Oh, haste the day when thy blest sway
To earth is universal given,
And light shall shine around thy shrine,
Shine wisdom from heav'n.

2 We've joined to raise for ardent gaze
The veil that hides thy glory,
And joyous pore o'er ancient lore
And famed heroic story.

Chorus.

3 We've sought to trace through endless space
The path of world's bright gleaming;
And hand in hand thy pages scanned
While heav'nly truth is beaming.

Chorus.

4 And now we'll bear thy mandates fair
To all who cluster round us;
And grateful raise glad songs of praise
For blessings that surround us.

Chorus.
COLD WATER FOR ME. Concluded.

Chorus.

Cold wa - ter pure, cold wa - ter free, The drink for you, the

drink for me. Oh, shun the cup, Oh, shun the bowl, It

kills the bod - y, kills the soul! Cold wa - ter for me.

GERM.

1. A trav - eler on the road Strewed a - corns on the lea,

And one took root and sprou - ted up, And grew in - to a tree.

2 A SPRING had lost its way
   Amid the grass and fern;
   A passing stranger scooped a well,
   Where weary men might turn.

3 Years passed, and lo! the well,
   By summer never dried,
   Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
   And saved a life beside.

4 A man amid a crowd
   That thronged the daily mart
   Let fall a word of hope and love
   Unstudied from the heart.

5 O germ! O fount! O love!
   O thought at random cast!
   Ye were but little at the first,
   But mighty at the last.
MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

8oo. Loco.

1. Make your home beau-tif-ful; bring to its flow'rs, Plant them a-round you in
2. Make your home beau-tif-ful; weave round its por-tal Wreaths of the jas-mines and
3. Make your home beau-tif-ful, gath-er the ro-ses, Hoard in the sun-shine with

bud and in bloom; Let them give life to your lone-li-est hours,
del-e-cate sprays Of red fruit-ed wood-bine, with gay immor-telle That
ex-qui-site art; Per-chance they may pour, as your dark-ness clos-es,

Let them bring life to en-Hen your gloom, Make your own world one that
bless-es and bright-en's wher-ev-er it strays; Gath-er the blo-soms, too,

That sum-mer sun-shine down in-to your heart! If you can do so, oh,
MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL. Concluded.

never has sorrowed, Of music and sunshine and gold summer air; A
one little flower; Varied verena, or sweet mignonette,

make it an Eden Of beauty and gladness! remem-bor, 'tis wise, Twill

home world whose fore-head never has sorrowed; And whose cheek of bright beauty will,
Still may bring bloom to your desolate bow'er, Still may be something to,

teach you to long for that home you are need-ing, That heaven of beauty be-

ever be safe, love and to pet.

fond the blue skies.
The Spiritual Harp.

THE SONG THAT I LOVE.

1. Oh, no not for thee can I sing that sweet song, Whose low-throbbing

With tenderness.

With accents flow softly along, Like the strains that are wafted on

2. 'Twas the song that he loved, when, in life's balmy morn,

286. THE SONG THAT I LOVE.

The laurel of fame his fair brow did adorn;
It hallowed his pleasures, it soothed him in pain,
And with what rapture he lingered on each
And the last words he said,—how I treasure them now!—
E'en then the death angel was blanching his brow,
His voice breathing low as the murmuring dove,
"Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"

3. Then how can I sing for thee now that sweet song,

If never that dear one shall join life's glad throng?
That soft voice, whose rich tones sounded almost divine,
Shall it never again here be blended with

All so lonely and sad, through the deepening gloom
Must I pass on my way, but that low voice will come
With musical tones to my ear as I rove,
"Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"

4. Then bid me no more sing for thee that sweet song,

My harp on the low, drooping willow is hung;
All its chords are untuned, and my tremulous voice
Will no longer with melody make me rejoice;
For the spirit of mirth from my heart fled away,
Nor will it return till to me he shall say
In regions of light, when I meet him above,
"Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"
THE SONG THAT I LOVE. Continued.

Sephir's light wing, From the bow-ers of glory where cher-ubims sing;

For that beau-ti-ful lyr-ic so ten-der-ly sweet Was taught me by

one now in death's lone re-treat; And oft would he say when at

eve we would rove, "Oh, sing to me, sis-ter, the song that I love!"
THE SONG THAT I LOVE. Concluded.

Chorus.

"The song that I love!" Oh, what memories gleam Through the shadowy past, like a star's gentle beam! And I hear those low accents wherever I rove, "Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"

BEAUTY.

1. Beautiful faces they that wear The light of a pleasant spirit there; It matters little if dark or fair, Dark or fair, dark or fair.

2. Beautiful bands are they that do The work of the noble, good, and true, Patient and busy the long day through.

3. Beautiful feet are they that go So swiftly to lighten others' woe, Through summer's heat or through winter's snow.

4. Beautiful children rich or poor, Who, walking the pathways sweet and pure, Lead on to mansions of rest secure.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, MOTHER.*  
Music from "Lyceum Banner."  
by permission of LOU M. KIMBALL.

1. Oh, my breath is fail-ing fast, mother, Come closer, my sight grows weak; This rack-ing pain has now pierced my brain; "Tis but lit-tle I can speak. Oh, how had-der of love, in that home above, Where no sadness comes to blight. Then hap-py am I that thou, mother, Art pres-ent here with me now, To give me love's power in this tri-al hour. To soothe my aching brow.

2. I shall rest, so sweet-ly rest, mother, From sickness and sor-row's night; In the thou hast known the bit-ter of life, mother, Hast tasted all of its sweet; Soon will will-ing-ly let me pass, mother, Plead no longer, dear mother, for me; I am heav-en-ly plain we shall meet again, Welcomed by the an-gels' song.


*Play first four measures of melody for prelude and interlude.
The Spiritual Harp.

TRANSFIGURATION.

1. Lo! a cloud of guiding light
   Dawns upon my raptured sight,

2. See! through vistas of the skies,
   Sparkling with unnumbered dyes,
   Comes the spirit dove in baptismal love,
   Hovering o'er my brow with a new heart's vow,
   Throbbing full of goodness,
   Throbbing full of goodness!
   Chorus.

3. Lo! a wreath with wisdom rise
   Coronates my trial life,
   Blooms with flow's austere with angelic

4. Oh, for joy my spirit springs,
   As it soars on hopeful wings,
   Shouting glad adieu for the brighter view,
   Robed in vestures white, rising in the light.
   Of eternal progress,
   Of eternal progress!
   Chorus.
TRANSFIGURATION. Concluded.

Chorus.

"Come up higher! weeping child, Tranched in a cloud-light that gives thy soul release;

Pure in heart, unbeguiled, Rest in the sunbeams of angels' holy peace!"

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

From "The Casket," by permission of ASA HULL, Phila.

1. We are waiting by the river,

Onely waiting for the boatman,

HOUGH the mist hang o'er the river,

And its billows loudly roar,

it we hear the song of angels

Wafted on the other shore.

chorus.

'the bright celestial city,

We have caught such radiant gleams

its towers, like dazzling sunlight,

With its sweet and peaceful streams.

chorus.

4 Over there is many a loved one;

We have seen them leave our side,

And with rapture we shall meet them

When we too have crossed the tide.

Chorus.

5 When we've passed that vale of shadows,

And have gained the other shore,

In that realm of light and beauty

We shall live for evermore.

Chorus.

*Sing first stanzas as chorus after 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th.
GOLDEN AGE. (Solo with vocal accompaniment.)
Cheerfully.

1. Bright days of which the angels sing, Speed onward with your endless spring.

And let the golden age come in, Triumphant with no stain of sin.

Chorus.

Sweet golden age! we long to see The perfect reign of harmony.

Sweet golden age! when will its light Steal down from its celestial height?

* Sustain the tones with lips closed.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

219

THE GOLDEN AGE.

GHT days of which the angels sing,
peed onward with your endless spring;
let the golden age come in
phant with no stain of sin.
ors.

will then have done with wars,
valor need not carry scars;
y will be a name unknown
love sits sceptred on her throne.
ors.

beautiful will life be then
earth can cry, "Behold my men!"
woman in her perfect state
omantly, and yet be great.
ors.

4 Then childhood with heaven's dews impearled
Will make more bright a sunny world,
And famished faces, wild and wan,
Will nowhere haunt the paths of man.
Chorus.

5 Mankind will all be brothers then,
Not prince, nor slaves, but only men;
For Love will sanctify all hearts,
And link them by her wondrous arts.
Chorus.

6 Not till these lips which sing are dust,
Will dawn that age of perfect trust;
We sow, with labors, prayers, and tears,
Truths which will bring those golden years!
Chorus.

HERE'S ROOM IN THE WORLD.

Bold and energetic.

1. The law of our being most pointedly shown
That each man must live out a life of his own.

2. But ever remember that man is your brother,
But mem-ber that man is your brother.

3. There's room in the world for all there is in
Down, deep, in the innermost depths of the
soul,
A voice ever sings of a heavenly goal.
We only by callings differ from others,
There is but one God for all of us brothers.

4. Then let us not proudly monopolize right,
Nor ask of our brother to see with our sight.
Tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win it,
There's room in the world for all that is in it.

5. There's room in the world for all there is in
Down, deep, in the innermost depths of the
soul,
A voice ever sings of a heavenly goal.
We only by callings differ from others,
There is but one God for all of us brothers.

6. Not till these lips which sing are dust,
Will dawn that age of perfect trust;
We sow, with labors, prayers, and tears,
Truths which will bring those golden years!
Chorus.
The Spiritual Harp.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Prelude.

1. The buds are bursting in the vales, And changing into flowers.

2. So from my home of endless bloom, Like a wild bird, gay and free,

And merry, merry birds of spring Are glad-nings all the hours.

I come to the hearts of those I love, Whose watch-light burns for me.

Chorus.

Are glad-nings all the hours, Are glad-nings all the hours,
Whose watch-light burns for me, Whose watch-light burns for me;

And merry, merry birds of spring Are glad-nings all the hours.
I come to the hearts of those I love, Whose watch-light burns for me.

* Play last half of prelude for interlude.
† Chorus may be omitted.
Homeward Bound.

1. NOT o'er the chilling stream of death
   Did I paddle my fairy bark,
   But o'er the radiant river of life,
   Whose waters are never dark!

   Whose white-capped waves your lilies bear
   From the cold dark soil of earth,
   To plant them on the other side
   And bless with heavenly birth.

   Then dream no more of a river dark,
   And a boatman pale with years,
   Who'll come to guide you through the mist,
   And end of mortal tears;

   For only an angel full of love,
   With roses and lilies crowned,
   Will come to ferry you o'er the stream,
   When the soul is homeward bound!

O My Friends, We Are Going.

1. THE fields with flowers are blowing;
   They all behind us lie,—
   Our autumn it draweth nigh;
   But, O my friends, we are going
   To the summer hills on high.

2. We're vexed with wars and warring,
   Our strifes with days increase;
   There cometh a swift release,
   For, O my friends, we are nearing
   The beautiful realms of peace!

3. The winds are beating, blowing;
   Our hearts are frosted white;
   We're drawing more near the night!
   But, O my friends, we are going
   To the morning-land of light!

4. The winter brings rough weather;
   Into the chill and gloom,
   We go, but again we'll come!
   And, O my friends, we shall gather
   At the last in heaven, our home!
The Spiritual Harp.

WHISPER IT SOFTLY. (Duet with vocal accompaniment.)

1. Whisper it softly, when nobody's near, Let not those accents fall harsh on the ear.

2. She is a blossom too tender and frail, For the keen blast, the pitiless gale.

Chorus for each stanza.

Whisper it softly, whisper it softly, Whisper it softly, whisper it softly.

1st.

2nd.

Whisper it softly, when nobody's near, Whisper it softly, when nobody's near.

295.

The Magdalene.

1. Whisper it softly, when nobody's near,
   Let not those accents fall harsh on the ear;
   She is a blossom too tender and frail, For the keen blast, the pitiless gale.

2. Whisper it gently; 'twill cost thee no pain;
   Gentle words rarely are spoken in vain;
   Threats and reproaches the stubborn may
   Noble the conquest aided by love... [move,}

3. Whisper it kindly; 'twill pay thee to know
   Pentent tear-drops a-down her cheeks flow;
   Has she from virtue e'er wandered astray?
   Guide her feet gently, rough is the way.

4. She has no parent, and none of her kin;
   Lead her from error, and keep her from sin.
   Does she lean on thee? oh! cherish the trust;
   God to the kindly ever is just.
Revere thy love-child
With welcome unguiled,
In the answer to prayer for futurity,
As the Christ of immaculate purity,
As the song-bird
That the heart stirred—
For angels to guard o'er with care,
Thy burdens of trial to share,
Till every pain thrills
To harmony's trills;
Under the silver veil.

Oh, 'tis a blest joy
Of grateful employ
To unfold with a faith glowing cheerfully
Thy fair blossom of promise endearingly,
Bright with truth pearled
For the glad world;
So tenderly cherish it pure;
Devold of all passion's allure;
Ennoble and free
The angel to be,
Under the silver veil.
SILENT RIVER.

1. When for me the silent oar Parts the silent river, And I stand upon the shore Of the strange Forever, Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vainly seek mine own?

297.

SHALL I VAINLY SEEK MINE OWN.

1. When for me the silent oar Parts the silent river, And I stand upon the shore Of the strange Forever, Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vainly seek mine own?

2. Can the bonds that make us here Know ourselves immortal, Drop away like foliage sere At life's inner portal? What is holiest below Must forever live and grow.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

3. He who plants within our hearts All this deep affection, Giving, when the form departs, Fadeless recollection, Will but clasp th' unbroken chain Closer when we meet again.

4. Therefore dread I not to go O'er the silent river: Death, thy hastening oar I know; Bear me, thou life-giver! Through the waters to the shore, Where mine own have gone before.
DREAM VERIFIED.

Moderato.

1. As on my couch in calm repose I lay, I dreamed an angel hovered near to pray.

Her holy words filled me with thoughts sublime, Lifting my soul above the things of time.

Oh, such a dream! so soothing, so sweet, With holiest emotions so replete,

That my whole heart was filled with peace and love, True sensations from the fount above!

DREAM VERIFIED.

So vivid did the vision seem to me,
I deemed on earth the real could not be;
But in my slumbers did I fervent pray
That angel-face might bless my waning day;
That my ideal real might assume,
To guide my future and my soul illumine.
My prayer was heard! That vision reappears,
To soothe my sorrows and assuage my tears.

3 The bride vouchsafed me, which the angel brought,
Claims for her home the mighty realm of:
A beacon-light she comes to guide the way
Of human souls to the eternal day,
Where wisdom, peace, and love without alloy,
All fully in the future shall enjoy.
Her name is Freedom! and with joy supreme:
I bless the day that verified my dream!
WHERE THE ROSES NE’ER SHALL WITHER.

Words and music composed for this work by J. G. Clark.

By permission.

1. Where the roses ne’er shall wither,
   Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,
   We shall meet, we shall meet,
   Where no wintry storm can roll,
   Driving summer from the soul,
   Where all hearts are tuned to love,
   On that happy shore a love,
   Where the roses ne’er shall wither.

2. Where the hills are ever verdant,
   And the springs of youth eternal,
   We shall meet, we shall meet,
   Where life’s morning dream returns,
   And the noonday never burns,
   Where the dew of life is love,
   On that happy shore a love,
   Where the roses ne’er shall wither.

3. Where no cruel word is spoken,
   Where no faithful heart is broken,
   Hand in hand and heart to heart,
   Friend with friend no more to part,
   Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,
   Angel bands will guide us thither,
   On that happy shore a love,
   Where the roses ne’er shall wither.

On that happy shore a love.
Where the roses ne’er shall wither.

Nor the clouds of sorrow gather.
Angel bands will guide us thither.

Where the roses ne’er shall wither.
1. The darkness and sorrow Of earth's dreary wand'ring Are fading as death brings re-lease, The
2. The sweet light of heaven Be-fore me is shining; I fol-low its ra-di-ant beam, From
3. A - round I look for ev - er My spir-it shall hover, To guide thee to portals of bliss, And

warfare and tumult. All mortals surrounding Are followed by gladness and peace.
life's weary pathway To numerous immortal Where dwelleth our Father su-preme;
whispers of courage Shall come to thee ev - er, To help thee to bear life like this;

le - ave earthly pleasures With-out pangs of sadness, To
weep not in sorrow That I am departing; My
by not for ev - er, But till death shall sever The-
toes that now bind me to clay,

an-gels are dwelling In blessed com-mu-nion; I'm longing to join their bright band.
lead thee to heaven, Where, angels are chanting A glo-ri-ous lep - ty re - train.
darkness shall vanish And sweet light of heaven Shall show me God's bright, blessed day.

SWEET LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

Chorus.

Till darkness shall van- ish And sweet light of heav-en Shall show me God's bright blessed day.
The Spiritual Harp.

ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE. (Quartet.)

For men’s voices.

1. The moon-beam on the billowy deep, The blue wave rippling on the strand,

The ocean in its peaceful sleep, The shell that murmurs on the sand,

The cloud that dims the bending sky, The bow that on its bosom glows,

The sun that lights the vault on high, The star at midnight’s calm repose,

These praise the power that arched the sky, And robed the earth in beauty’s dye,

These praise the power that arched the sky, And robed the earth in beauty’s dye.
ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE.

1. THE moonbeam on the billowy deep,
   The blue wave rippling on the strand,
   The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
   The shell that murmurs on the sand,
   The cloud that dims the bending sky,
   The bow that on its bosom glows,
   The sun that lights the vault on high,
   The star at midnight's calm repose,—
   These praise the power that arched the sky,
   And robed the earth in beauty's dye.

2. The melody of nature's choir,
   The deep-toned anthems of the sea,
   The wind that tunes a viewless lyre,
   The zephyr on its pinions free,
   That peal upon the mountain air,
   The lay that through the foliage floats
   Or sinks in dying cadence there,—
   These all to Thee their voices raise
   A fervent voice of gushing praise.

UNITY.

1. Lol the Christ a - ris - en By the sec - ond birth Seeks the "souls in pris - on,"
   Bound by wrongs of earth: Lifts the veil of blind - ness, Heals the men - tal sight,
   With a win - ning kind - ness Leads them to the light.

302.

TOUCHED by love so holy,
   Dwellers of the earth,
   Welcome ye the lowly
   To a higher birth!
   Drive them not, forsaken,
   To their gloom again,
   Though their coming waken
   Agonies of pain.

SPIRITS IN PRISON.

3 God hath giv'n you teachers
   Gentle, wise, and true,
   Be ye, also, preachers,
   Lifting them to you;
   Heaven and earth, thus blending
   In the upward march,
   Step by step ascending
   To the "Royal Arch."

2 TOUCHED by love so holy,
   Dwellers of the earth,
   Welcome ye the lowly
   To a higher birth!
   Drive them not, forsaken,
   To their gloom again,
   Though their coming waken
   Agonies of pain.

3 God hath giv'n you teachers
   Gentle, wise, and true,
   Be ye, also, preachers,
   Lifting them to you;
   Heaven and earth, thus blending
   In the upward march,
   Step by step ascending
   To the "Royal Arch."
ANGEL WATCHERS' SERENADE.

1. Sleep on your pillow, earth's dear rest and best, Angels are soothing your tired hearts to rest; Fair ones above ye Their holy watch keep, Singing, "We love ye, Sleep, dear ones, sleep!" Singing, "We

Rit.

love ye, sleep, dear ones, sleep!"

303. ANGEL WATCHERS' SERENADE.

2 CLEAR be your visions Through all the calm night; Charmed be our numbers So flowing and light; Starry wings hold ye, As softly they sweep; Rosebuds enfold ye; Sleep, dear ones, sleep!

3 Come, mates, to love-land, 'Mid musical showers; Oh! come where beauty Beguiles the swift hours,

Lips have no scorning, And eyes do not weep; Rest ye till morning, Sleep, dear ones, sleep!

4 Life's links dissevered, Ye'll soar as the dove, Where isles of heaven, Are sunny with love, Angels attending, And silv'ry vines creep, Soul with soul blending; Sleep, dear ones, sleep!

5 Peace now be with ye; We pass to our rest, Waiting to greet ye In realms of the blest; Fairy our bowers Where crystal springs leap, Fadeless our flowers; Sleep, dear ones, sleep!
ANTHEMS, SENTENCES, CHORUSES.

JOY COMETH.

1. Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?

Joy cometh, joy cometh; The morn is breaking;

Truth is making mighty conquests, Truth is making mighty conquests,

Truth, etc. Truth, etc.

Truth is making mighty conquests. Lift up your heads, O faithful souls,

Rit.

For your redemption draw nigh.

For all the people!
Mind is ruling land and ocean.
Lift up your heads, etc.

2. FREEMEN! what of the right?
Freemen! what of the right?
Great vict'ry! great vict'ry!

3. ANGELS! what of the day?
Angels! what of the day?
Peace dawnteth! peace dawnteth!
With glory shining!
Love is banding all the nations.
Lift up your heads, etc.

(351)
The Spiritual Harp.

MY GOD! HOW SHALL I THANK THEE?

1. My God! how shall I thank thee for thy love? Tears must defile my sacramental words, and daily prayer be daily penitence for actions, feelings, thoughts which are amiss; yet will I not say "God, forgive," for thou hast made the effect to follow cause, and bless the erring, singing man. Then let my sin continual find me out, and make me clean, make me clean from all transgression, purified and blessed.
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART.

1. Create in me a clean heart, O God; create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit, and renew a right spirit, a right spirit within me; create in me a clean heart, create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

CELESTIAL CLIME.

1. O spirit, freed from earth, Rejoice thy work is done! The weary world's beenneath thy foot, Thou brighter than the sun.

307. RISEN.

2 A WAKE, and breathe the air Of the celestial clime! Awake to love which knows no change, Thou who hast done with time!

3 Awake, lift up thine eyes! See, all heav'n's host appears! And be thou glad exceedingly, Thou, who hast done with tears.
BLESSED IS THE HEART.

1. Blessed is the heart that keepeth pure, undefiled in all its temptations; its meditation is with angels of patience in the councils of wisdom.

Let there be joy in the denial of self; yes, it is peaceful and beautiful day and night. Sweet charity rules that heart blossoming with flowers of meekness and fruitful with the lessons of goodness, and fruitful with the lessons of goodness. Its love like a flowing.
BLESSED IS THE HEART. Concluded.

COME UNTO ME.

I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. Come, come, come unto me.
ALL HAIL, SUBLIME! Invocation.

Not too fast.

1. Father of earth and sky Whose all-beholding eyes
2. God of the unseen world! Thy mystic might unshrouded

Looks through all time, Whose fingers weave the light Of morning's
O'er this dark sphere, 'Round us lead in light Thy viewless

Glorious bright Upon the web of night, All hail, Sublime!
Children bright Who stand for thee and right—Our friends,

Whose more than matchless will The thunder bids be still,
Oh! may the gentle show'r Of sweet ethereal power

Or lightnings gleam; Who o'er earth and air, Systems distill-
Dew-like and free, Refresh us even now, Our souls with

Vine's fair, Spheres bright with beauty rare, Reigneth supreme!
Love en-dow, And lift us while we bow, Near-er to thee.
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

1. **THE LYCEUM BAND.**

1. **OUR Lyceum, 'tis of thee,**
   Sweet band of liberty,
   Of thee we sing;
   Band where our songs resound,
   Band where no creeds are found,
   But deeds of love abound,
   And pleasures bring.
   God bless our little band!
   Firm may we ever stand,
   Stand for the right!
   May all we say and do,
   May all our teachings, show
   Our sympathy for woe,
   Our search for light!

2. Let us our voices raise
   To God in songs of praise,
   The God of truth!
   May our young hearts be meek,
   May we for wisdom seek,
   When we together meet,
   Now in our youth.
   Unfurl our banners all,
   And to the angels' call
   Gladly we come.
   Let us our voices raise
   In songs of joyful praise,
   For heav'n's immortal days,
   And purer home.

---

**WE'LL MEET OUR LOVED ONES THERE.**

1. Come in my partners in distress, We'll be gathered home; My comrades through this wilderness, We'll meet our loved ones there.

Chorus.

meet our loved ones there, We'll meet our loved ones there, When we are gathered home, gathered home.

2. **COME in, my partners in distress,**
   We'll be gathered home;
   My comrades through this wilderness,
   We'll be gathered home.

Chorus.

Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope,
   We'll be gathered home.
   t lifts my fainting spirit up;
   We'll be gathered home.

Chorus.

3. Our sufferings here will soon be o'er;
   We'll be gathered home.
   Then we will sigh and weep no more;
   We'll be gathered home.

Chorus.

4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears;
   We'll be gathered home.
   How bright th' unchanging morn appears;
   We'll be gathered home.

Chorus.
1. God hath endowed us with reason to maintain our dominion.

He hath fitted us with language to improve by society, and exalted our minds, and exalted our minds with powers of meditation.

Oh, praise his goodness with joyful songs, Oh, magnify his wisdom with harp and with organ, magnify, magnify his wisdom, and meditate in silence on the wonders of his love. Let our
GOD HATH ENDOwed US. Concluded.

hearts o - ver - flow with grat - i - tude and aknowl - edge - ment; let the

lan - guage of our lips speak praise and ad - o - ra - tion; let the

ac - tions of our lives show our love to his laws.

BEATITUDE. (Sentence)

Bless - ed are they that keep jus - tice, bless - ed are they that

keep jus - tice, and he that do - uth right - ous - ness at all times, and

be that do - uth right - ous - ness at all times.
GLADSOSE LIFE.

1. This gladsome life, when free from strife, Shall fill our hearts with glee,

Birds as they sing on buoyant wing, And falling showers on field and flow'res,

And brows are bright with sunny light That catch the soft, sweet breeze.

Shall make us pure, shall make us pure and free.

3. Beautiful songs of unseen throngs O'erflow this world of ours; Angels of love from realms above, By willing hands in holy bands, Bedeck our paths with flowers.

4. There is no death! the Father's breath Restores our hearts to youth; Life springs to view with vigor new; A spirit wave destroys the grave For him who loves the truth.

PEACEFUL REST.

1. Every day hath toil and trouble, Every heart hath care; God shall fill thy mouth with gladness, And thy heart with love.

Fear not, shrink not, though the burden Heavy to thee prove;

Every heart hath love;

D.C.

315.

316.

LABOR, wait! though midnight shadows Gather round thee here, And the storms above thee low'ring Fill thy heart with fear,

Wait in hope: the morning dawneth When the night is gone;

And a peaceful rest awaits thee When thy work is done.
ANTHEM OF LIBERTY.

Sad was the household, and hushed was the
mirth;
Let the house ring with sweet laughter
again.
[home, Long has the angel Death hung o'er thy
Now he hath fled and joy-spirits come;
Sunshine and music brighten the hearth!]

Soon will the pallid cheek flush like the rose;
Soon will the languid heart strengthen and
thrive; [snows, Soon will the crimson tide, melting the
Rush through the veins till they darken and
fill.
She will be hopeful and cheerful, ere long,
Daily her step will grow steady and strong.
Lo, the dark cloud will blossom the
rose. .
GOD IS SPIRIT.

O God, O Spirit, O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live! Who
dost on them that sit in darkness shine? The darkness ever with the
light doth strive, Yet pour on us again thy beams divine.

O breath from out the Eternal Silence! blow softly, blow softly up
on our spirit's barren ground, Blow softly, blow softly up
on our spirit's barren ground. O, Fountain! that dost unexhausted
GOD IS SPIRIT. Concluded.

They are the mystic lyres,
Attuned by hands above,
That waft from heav’n’s celestial choirs
The songs of angel-love.

They are the hunted birds
Of bruised and bleeding breast,
Whose loving deeds and spirit words
Soothe angry hearts to rest.

MEDIA.

Andante.

They are the pioneers That bring the world release From fetters of trans-
dition’s years, To freedom’s age of peace, To freedom’s age of peace.

320. MEDIUMS.

They are the trembling palms,
With healing influence rise,
Whose wounded leaves are Gilead balsms
Restoring all to life.

Oh, cherish them with care,
Their dying hopes renew;
In all their many sorrows above,
As loving angels do.
The Spiritual Harp.

MORN OF FREEDOM.

1. Soon shall the trump of freedom Resound from shore to shore;

Soon, taught by heavenly wisdom, Man shall oppress no more;

But every yoke be broken, Each captive soul set free,

And every heart shall welcome The day of jubilee,
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

MORN OF FREEDOM. Continued.

And ev'ry heart shall welcome The day of jubilee.

Bass Solo. Animato.

Then tyrants' crowns and acorn-trees, And victors' wreaths and cares, And galling chains and fetters, With all the pomp of wars, Shall in the dust be trodden.

And rule the earth no more; And peace and joy from heav'n, The Lord on earth shall pour.
The Spiritual Harp.

MORN OF FREEDOM. Continued.

The morn of peace is beam ing, Its glo ry will ap pear;

Be hold its ear ly gleam ing, The day is draw ing near!

The spear shall then be bro ken, And sheathed the gil t-ring sword;

The ol ive be the to ken, And peace the greet ing word.
Morn Of Freedom. Concluded.

1. Yes, yes, the day is breaking! Far brighter glows its beam!

2. The nations round are waking, As from a midnight dream.

3. They see its radiance shedding, Where all was dark as night;

4. 'Tis higher, wider speeding, A boundless flood of light,

5. 'Tis higher, wider speeding, A boundless flood of light!
DIVINE GOODNESS.

Oh! ye dwellers on the earth! Oh! ye dwellers on the earth! ye know not how well and fervently ye are loved by the angels, else would your hearts wax strong, else would your hearts wax strong in the hour of trial; and a holy peace that no earth storms could disturb would possess your souls, and a holy peace that no earth storms could disturb would possess your souls.
O BRUISED AND BLEEDING HEART!  

O bruised and bleeding heart, who, in thy weary struggling,

found not a single earth-friend true and tried, the angels will never desert thee.  

A voice of warning, and a word of encouragement, comes to thee in thy darkest hour from those whose loves grow not weary, and whose faith in humanity's unshaken, and whose faith in humanity is unshaken.
THE COMING DAY.

See the twilight on the hills! See the leaping mountain rills!

Comes the wished-for, longed-for day Rolling on its sunny way.

Full Chorus.

Rolling on its sunny way. The world's long night is flying now,

For young day 'tis the mountain's brow, And error's icy chains give way

Before his warm and genial ray. Hark! swelling on the morning breeze,

What soul-enchanting symphonies, Bright angels from the realms away!
THE COMING DAY. Concluded.

Are heralding the coming day, Are heralding the coming day.

Wake, drowsy earth! from sleep arise! Light waits to bless uplifted eyes!

Thy mists must vanish, darkness fly, For truth illumines the eastern sky;

And lovers of the dusky night, May hide their heads, for lo! 'tis light!

BLESSED IS THE MAN. Sentence.

Blessed is the man who shall ever walk with meekness and integrity, and in whose spirit there is no guile, and in whose spirit there is no guile.
WHEN WE GO HENCE.

When we go, let no wall in the mansions be heard, No wavelet on soul—sea, or heart-chord be stirred; But let calm—ness and trust their faith off'ring bring To blend with the rapture,—"O death! where's thy sting?"

Let the hour be morn, while the first breeze is steal—ing O'er for—est and flow'rs, in sweet notes re—veal—ing The soul's as—pira—tions, like hymns in the air, That rise like the in—cence of flow'rs bent in prayer.
When we go hence.

1. When we go, let no wail in the mansion be heard,
No wavelet on soul-sea or heart-chord be stirred;
But let calmness and trust their faith-off'erings bring
To blend with the rapture, "O death! where's thy sting?"
Let the hour be morn, while the first breeze is stealing
O'er forest and flow'r, in sweet notes revealing
The soul's aspirations, like hymns in the air,
That rise like the incense of flow'rs bent in prayer.

2. O'er the grave let no willow in minor tones moan,
The false dogma, "died," ne'er be carved on the stone;
For such breathe not the truths o'ergleaming the ports
That gladden forever the heavenly courts.
Oh, these death-scenes are sweet, for the soul pens for ages
Vast volumes of thought on unwritten pages;
While each throe of despair, of deep sorrow and pain,
Will burnish the links in life's mystical chain.

3. Let the harps of the angels be newly restrung!
There's mirth to be made; there are songs to be sung;
For a pilgrim has passed from the care-lands of earth
To realms of the loved, where the spirit had birth.
'Twill be joy to stand in that bright world of glory,
Where wisdom and love are themes of life's story,
Where the cross shines a crown that to angels is given,
With loved ones who glide through the azure of heav'n.

Hear! 0 man, hear! 0 man, the pleadings from the angel land, nor
Close thine ear against nature's voice; for it is God, the Father, who speaks.
UNIVERSAL PATRIOTISM.
With animation, but not too fast.

1. Oh, the glory! Oh, the glory! That shall come to our dear mother world, When the lightning

2. Oh, the glory! Oh, the glory! That shall come to our dear mother world, When the spirit

of truth bright'n ing With the a ges, as they roll, Puls ing, puls ing Tales of love from

we in her it, Striking valiant 'gainst the wrong, Shout ing, shout ing "Equal rights to

soul to soul, Shall dis se ver all oppres sions, And de stry all

all be long!" Shall e man ci pate the ra ces, And shall con se

false con ces sions To a par ty, sect, or clan; Shall aboli sh

crate all pla ces Ho ly in a com mon cause, Till there is a

all re la tions Of the boun da ries of na tions That en slave our broth er man

heart com mu nion Of hu man i ty in u nion, Ruled at last by "high er laws!"

Oh, the glory! Oh, the glory! That shall come to our dear mother world.

Oh, the glory! etc.
FEAR NOT.

1. Fear not, O friends, the wintry storms of life; 
   And acorns driven by the wind's rude strife, 
   The sweet arbutus blooms beneath the snow;
   Fear not, though right be smitten of the wrong.

2. And all your good intents seem empty breath; 
   But learn ye then to sing the olden song: 
   From grief springs joy, from weakness cometh strength,
   That they may burst their cells and germinate,

3. But learn ye then to sing the olden song: 
   From grief springs joy, from weakness cometh strength.

4. That they may burst their cells and germinate,
   And come to blossoms and to fruitage fair.

5. Know, then, O friends, with wisdom comes content,
   And each event of life to us is blest.

6. When we accept in trust what'ere is sent,
   And learn to say, "God's will is mine—tis best."
INDIAN HUNTER.

1. Oh, why does the white man follow my path, Like the hound on the tiger's track?

2. The spirit above thought fit to give The white man corn and track. Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath? Does he covet the bow at my back? Like the hound on the tiger's forest shades are mine. The white man corn and track; Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath? Does he wine; There are golden fields where he may live, But the covet the bow at my back? He has rivers and seas where the forest shades are mine. The eagle hath its billows and breeze Bear riches for him alone; And the sons of the wood never place of rest; The wild horse where to dwell; And the Spirit that gave the...
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

INDIAN HUNTER. Concluded.

plunges the flood Which the white man calls his own. Yha — then

bird its nest Made me a home as well. Yha — then

why should he come to the streams where none But the red skin dares to

back, go back from the red man's track, For the hunter's eyes grow

swim; Why, why should he wrong the hunter, one Who never did harm to

dim To find that the white man wrongs the one Who never did harm to

him? Yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha.

him. yha, yha, etc.

FELLOWSHIP.

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love, His spirit only

can be - now, Who reigns in light a - bove.

331. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

1 WALK in the light, and thou shalt find.

Thy heart made truly his,

Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,

In whom no darkness is

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own.

Thy darkness passed away,

Because that light hath on thee shone.

In which is perfect day.
The Spiritual Harp.

UNION.

Maestoso.

As the mountain torrents, Gather'ing in-to one, Broad-er, deep-er, grand-er

hast-en proud-ly on, Thus the firm and faith-ful, with their un-seen hands,

Mingling souls and voices, Join-ing hearts and hands, Form a migh-ty magnet,

Drawing from the sea, Where the el-e-men-tal truths of a-ges be.

Full Chorus.

Hol-ly friends of pro-gress, Lov-ing God in-deed,

Join your eager for-ces For the com-ing need, the com-ing
Good-night.

**Andante.**

1. Good-night! good-night! all our labor now is done;

Day-light sweet-ly round is clos-ing, Bus-y hands and heads re-pos ing,

Till to-morrow's ris-ing sun. Good-night! good-night!

Good-night.

- NOW to rest! now to rest!
  Let the weary eyelids close!
  Sleep on every eye is lying;
  Hark! the whippoorwill is crying;
  All invite thee to repose.
  Good-night! good-night!

- Rest in peace! rest in peace!
  Till the morning gaily breaks;
  Till the day, its cares renewing,
  Calls us to be up and doing.
  Rest in peace! thy Father wakes!
  Good-night! good-night!

**Hope for the Insane.**

1. ANGELS bright, charged with light,
   Are now in the prison rooms,
   O'er the minds of weepers bending,
   Ev'ry seal of terror rending,
   Op'ning all the mental tombs.
   Sweet light! sweet light!

2. Reason dawns! reason dawns!
   Hark! the cries of sorrow cease!
   For the angels' magic power,
   Healing in electric shower.
   Charm by beauty, love, and peace!
   Sweet light! sweet light!
GLADNESS.

Allegretto.

1. Be glad! be glad! for nature around Never robes in the garb of a drooping gloom; Neither a sighing nor weeping is found Over her realm of bloom, realm of bloom. Hang-birds are singing with

Over her realm of bloom, realm of bloom.

Hum-bie wrens, And the swallows gossip thro' all the bright sky,

Gay squirrels chirp from trees and from dens, And bees hum so merri-

ly, And bees hum so merri-

ly.

2. A T play are clouds in blue azure space, With the light and the shade on the teeming vale, Stretching away in a frolicking chase, Blending with sweets of gale, sweets of gale; Leaves have a dance in the aspen bow'rs, And the laughing wind is a-waving the stream; Blossoming groves are kissing the show'rs, And courting the rainbow gleam.
The broad-faced sun I how genial it smiles
On the dew-sprinkled earth that reflects its
Blessing the waters and far distant isles, [ray,
Smiling thy fears away, fears away.
Stars in the night are our world's bright crown,
As they drink the light from the fountain
above,
Bathing our heads with silvery down,
And glowing our hearts with love.

4 Rejoice! rejoice! in innocent glee;
Make thy heart ever pure here in life's great
school;
Sunshine is brightest in souls that are free,
Loving the golden rule, golden rule:
Giving to others as nature parts [hand,
With her beauteous gifts from her generous
Asking no pay of famishing hearts,
For all are a brother-band.

**PUSHMATAHA.**

*Adagio.*

1. My children will walk through the forests,
My children will walk through the

for-est, and the Great Spirit will whisper in the tree-tops, and the flowers will spring

up in the trails; but Push-ma-ta-ha will hear not, he will see the flowers no more!

His people will know that he is gone! The news will come to their ears, as the

sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.

Rit e piano.
ETERNAL PROGRESS.

1 Eternal progress! watchword of Reform!
   Hark, how the great thought-echoes of the past
   Ring roundly from the silver trump of time!

2 What living fire their clarion roundel stirs
   In souls that dare live out the conscious truth
   So trembling into whispered life within!

3 O virtue grandest, that which dares to trust
   The voice of God before the art of man!

4 Eternal progress blazons grandly down
   The arch-angelic battle-ments of light,
   And beacons mankind upward unto joy:
   Come up higher! O ye that thrill with hope,

5 And feel the groping mystery of life;
   Come up from darkest slavery, and learn
   Pure, righteous freedom: truth shall make you free!

THE MEADOWS.

1 Each form that the eye beholdeth is fresh with the life of God,
   The bird in the elm-tree branches, the flowers of the golden rod;

2 And I yield my soul in rapture to the sweet and sacred flow
   From the central fount of being to man . . . and the world below.

3 Oh, what are the cares and sorrows that come in a fearful throng,
   Oh, what are the pain and anguish, the lose . . . and the cruel wrong,

4 When the eyes of the soul are lifted, and the holiest depths are stirred,
   By the ceaseless hymn of Nature in the lonely meadows heard!

THE ANGELS OF CONSOLATION.

1 With silence only as their benediction, God's angels come,
   Where, in the shadow of a great affliction, the soul sits dumb.

2 Yet would we say, what ev'ry heart approveth, our Father's will
   Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth is mercy still.

3 Not upon us, or ours, the solemn angel hath evil wrought;
   The fun'ral anthem is a glad vanishing; the good die not!

4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly what he has given;
   They live on earth in thought and deed as truly as in his heavens.
CHANT NO. 8. O SACRED PRESENCE.

1. O Sacred Presence! Life Divine! We rear thee no gilt-ed shrine;
2. We will not mock thy holy name, With titles high, or comp-ty fame.
3. All souls in circling orbits run, Around thee as their cen-tral sun.

Unfashioned by the hand of art, Thy temple is the child-like heart.
For thou, with all thy works and ways, Art far beyond our light we turn;
And as the planets roll and burn, To thee, O Lord! for our bril-ly we bring.

No tearful eye, no bended knee, No servile speech we bring to thee;
No life, nor death, nor time, nor space, Shall rob us of our name or place.

For thy great love tunes ev'ry voice, And makes each trust-ing soul rejoice.
And like the fragrance of the flow'rs, We con-ce-crate to thee our pow'rs.
But we shall love thee and adore, Through end-less ages ev-er-more!

Chorus. lively.
Then strike your lyres, ye angel choirs! The sound prolong, O white-robed throng! Till ev'ry creature joins the song.

G R A C E S O F H E A R T.*

1 BREATHE through our hearts the spirit | life di- | vine,
   Inspire with wisdom, | warm with | radiant | love,
2 Direct our powers to work with | heaven's design,
   That deeds of chari- | ty our | faith may | prove;
3 And send thy watchful guardians | from a- | bove;
   Teach us our earth-born | vices | to de- | stroy;
4 And, as along life's varied | lines we move,
   All gifts and graces | may we | so employ,
5 That, when the birth of | death shall come,
   It may come with | glory | and with | joy.

*Music, Chant No. 1 or 2.
CHANT No. 4.

1. Joy is the main-spring in the whole Of endless nature’s calm rotation;

Joy moves the shining wheels that roll In the great time-piece of creation.

CHANT No. 5. MISSION OF TRIAL.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray, Far from my home on life’s rough way, The gales her waving banners buoy; Let me be still and long—er nigh, The gales her waving banners buoy.

2. Though dark my path, and sad my grief I sigh, For friends belov’d no tear. Bear this for that be— yond the sod, Long—er nigh, the gales her waving banners buoy.

3. What though in lonely waste a way My life in prema—ture de—lay, Assured that o’er the star pa—villions Re—ward a—waits with God.

4. Should pining sickness I glimmering star, I see the loved ones far, Re Jo—yous ree—ring gay.

5. There bravely bear this life, ye millions, Bear this for that be— yond the sod, Assured that o’er the star pa—villions Re—ward a—waits with God.
CHANT No. 6.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

1 Launch thy bark! launch thy bark on the swelling tide,
   But oh, look up and lean on heav'n, as swiftly on you glide;
   For perils all around thee lie, like rocks upon the sea;
   And he who slumbers on the watch a shapeless wreck may be!

2 Hoist thy flag! hoist thy flag! nail it to the mast;
   The flag of truth, the flag of love, up on the breezes cast;
   And 'neath that banner's glorious folds spread out thy flowing sail;
   Press onward to the destined port before the fav'ring gale.

3 Speed thee on! speed thee on, o'er the troubled sea;
   But oh, let wisdom guide thy bark, and truth thy compass be;
   Unloose thy sail; God speed thee now; thy vigil never cease,
   Till, anchored in the heavenly port, thou find eternal peace.

CHANT NO. 1.

EVENING PRAYER.

1 Hush! 'tis a holy hour; the quiet room
   Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds

2 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
   And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,

3 With all their clust'ring curls, un-touched by care,
   And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer!

4 Oh, take the thought of this calm vesper time,
   With its low murm'ring sounds and silv'ry light,

5 On through the dark days fading from their prime,
   As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!

6 Earth will forsake — Oh! happy to have giv'n
   The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto heav'n!
346. **HUMAN LIFE.**

1 WISDOM divine! O human life!
   In countless joys and endless strife forever art thou blending:

2 Creation's causes measuring out,
   With changing life's exultant shout, ever changing, never ending;

3 All life's blessings, all its sadness,
   All its sorrows, all its gladness, mingling bitter with the sweet;

4 Reason's torch each pathway lighting;
   Frosts of age can have no blighting while these endless life-tides meet.

5 And ever thus, O human life!
   With more of joy, and less of strife, fill up thy golden bowl;

6 While ever living, never failing,
   God endures, the all-availing soul of life, and life of soul.

347. **ANGELS ARE ABOUT US.**

1 THE angels are about us when we think not they are near;
   And those of angel natures are to angels wedded here.

2 As we walk with bleeding feet over life's uneven way,
   We know that angels guard us thro' the night and thro' the day.

3 When hope is shrouded like the sun, and life is bowed by care,
   And all the chambers of the soul are haunted by despair,

4 Let us heed the gentle whispers of the angels ever near,
   And ghosts of grief like shadows from the soul shall disappear.

CHANT NO. 9. **MIDNIGHT WATCHERS' PRAYER.**

2. May the songs of the angels fall sweet on their ears,
   Dispelling the darkness, soothing their fears.

And when earth's last shadow bids the soul take its flight, Oh! lead them, our Father, to regions of light.

CHANT NO. 10.

349. EVENING OF LIFE.

1 When eve empurples cliff and cave, Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye
Not softer on the western wave, The golden lines of sunset glow.

2 Then all by Providence moved, Like spirits imaged on the eye,

CHANT NO. 11.

350. CONSIDER THE LILIES.

1 Consider the lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief:

We are as they; like them we fade away, as doth a leaf.

2 Consider the little sparrows, tho' of small account:

He guards us too, for God doth view when they fall or when they mount.

3 Consider the lilies that do neither spin nor toil,

Yet are most fair: what profits all this care and all this toil?

4 Consider the birds that have no barn nor harvest weeks:

God gives them food; to do us good, much more our Father seeks.

351. PERFUTUAL INSPIRATION.

1 Is God asleep, that he should cease to be

All that he was to prophets of the past?

All that he was to poets of olden time?

All that he was to heroes, souls, who clad

Their sun-bright minds in adamantine mail,

Of constancy, and walked the world with him,

And spake with his deep music on their tongue,

And acted with his pulse within the heart?
1 "The truth shall make you free;" for truth is God's,
And hath a power sacred unto it,
A power that stirs the living souls of men,
And lifts them up from lowliness to light.
"The truth shall make you free;" for hope, fair hope,
And all her train of eloquent resolves,
Do stand upon the watch, and guard you well.
"The truth shall make you free;" for faith, strong faith,
Stands sterling sentinel upon the rock and tower
Of God's eternal purposes with man.
"The truth shall make you free;" for love, pure love,
Is God's divinest attribute, and wins
All human hearts to learn and keep his law.
And faith, hope, truth, that teach us to be free,
Do culminate and bosom all in love.
For "God is love;" if we but trust him so,
Then all these goodly gifts take root in us.

3 When clouds above our earthly way shut out the sunshine clear,
How sweet the thought that angels come to whisper words of cheer;
The spirits of those gone before, the loved and lost of ours,
Come back from gardens bright and fair to strew our paths with flowers.
How sweet the thought that God will hear the humblest mortal's prayer,
That none can gather in his name without his presence there.
Let not our earthly eyes be drawn to fleeting pageantry;
Let not our ears shut out the song of all eternity.

1 Hail! spirit of devotion, light of life,
That lifts away the veil 'twixt earth and heav'n,
And bids the soul look up with filial trust.
Hail, hail, religion! maid of gentlest name,
Whose diadem shines queenly among the angels.
Whose sweet voice whispers to the waiting heart,
"Thy God is near, and angel ministries
Have charge of all thy spirit march of prayer."
CHANT NO. 14.

355.

1 Why droopest thou, sad soul,
   Over this crumbling clay?
   Why sadly sit and weep?
   Has all hope fled a-way?

2 Is there no star above thee?
   No fond heart still to love?
   No breast whereon to slumber,
   Thy faith, thy trust to prove?

3 Take heart, take heart, sad soul;
   Be firm, be strong, be free:
   Put forth thy hand to grasp
   The moments as they flee,

4 And ope the golden portals
   That hang the worlds betwixt,
   The mortal and immortal,
   The unseen and the seen.

5 The dead are not departed;
   Only the dross laid by;
   The good and the true-hearted
   Are ever hov'ring nigh.

6 Then wake, sad soul, to cherish
   The loves enkindled here;
   The form alone can perish,
   Then wherefore weep a tear?

CHANT NO. 15.

356.

LIGHT OF HOME.

1 The light of home! how bright it beams
   When evening shades a-round us fall,
   When we are tired with toils of day,
   The strife of glory, gold, and fame,

2 And from the lattice far it gleams
   To love and rest and comfort call.
   How sweet to seek the quiet way,
   Where loving lips will lisp our name,

357.

BEATITUDES.

1 Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
   Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

2 Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.
   Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

3 Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.
   Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.
CHANCE NO. 16.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

1 O God, I cannot fear, for thou art love, And wheresoe'er I grope I feel thy breath.
2 Yes, in the storm which wrecks an argosy, Or in the surges of the sea of men,
3 When empires perish, I behold thy face, I hear thy voice which gives the law to all.
4 The furies of the storm and law proclaim, "Peace, troubled waves, serve ye the right—be still!"
5 I cannot fear a single flash of soul Shall ever fail, outcast from thee, for got.
6 Father and Mother of all things that are, I flee to thee, and in thy arms find rest.

CHANT NO. 17.

ONWARD.

1 "ONWARD!" shouts earth, with her myriad voices, Singing a re- sponse to the song of the seven,
2 As like a winged child of God's love she re-joices, Swinging her cens er of glory in heav'n.
3 And lo, it is writ by the fin ger of God, In sunbeams and flow'rs on the living green sod:
4 "Onward forever, for ever more onward," And ever she turns eth all trust fully sunward.

CHORUS OF NATURE.

1 THRO' the sounding aisles of the dim old woods, A ceaseless hymn is heard;
2 The low, soft sigh of the solitude, The song of the glad and bird;
3 The whispering wind and the murmur'ing rill, And the voice of the lofty trees;
4 The calm blue sky, with its face so still, And a thousand harmonies;
5 Nameless and strange by the heart-harp made, In a full, grand chorus swell,
6 On hill, in valley, and woodland shade, The Father's love to tell.
SPIRIT ECHOES.

DIVINE PATERNITY.

GOD is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. — John.

God is truth, and light is his shadow. — Plato.

God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. — Jesus.

Our Father and our Mother!
Help us to love the good, the beautiful, the true.

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS.

MAY this soul of mine, which is a ray of perfect wisdom, pure intellect, and permanent existence, which is the unextinguishable light fixed within created bodies, without which no good is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent.

Hallowed be thy name.

O Vishnu! who art Spirit, self-existent and imperishable, who, with the three qualities, — cause of creation, preservation, and destruction, — art the parent of nature and all the ingredients of the universe, bestow upon us understanding and final emancipation. — Purana.

Give us a part in all good actions and all holy words. — Zend Avesta.

SPIRITUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

LET us take refuge with God from dark and evil thoughts which molest and afflict us.

The eyes of Purity saw thee by the lustre of thy substance.

Intelligence is a drop from among the drops of the ocean of thy place of souls. The soul is a flame from among the flames of the fire of thy residence of sovereignty.

O Thou who showerest down blessings! O Light of lights!
Rescue us from the fetters of dark and evil matter. — Persian Prophet.
The Spiritual Harp.

Immanuel.

Soul of souls! by our senses thou seest, hearest, tastest, smellest, feelest; by our heart thou lovest; by our mind thou thinkest! We are one with thee!

O God above and within us! by the love of thy still voice of wisdom, Call us aloft where angels are. —Prophet of To-day.

Angelic Harmony.

We beseech thee for nothing, for thou dost all things well. Every moment thou art calling minds out of darkness. In thee they find strength and enlightenment and sanctification. They love, and they fear not. They walk, and do not stumble. They look upon thee, and their doubts flee away.

We beseech thee for nothing, because thy gracious omniscience comprehendeth the least as well as the greatest; thy life is in all and through all. In thee all live and move and have their being. O Father! O Mother! O Light!

Receive from all thy children everlasting love. Amen. —Arabula.

Progress.

Immortal force — servant of Deity— Works forward, never backward. From the plane Of nature's pyramidal base it moves Upward in transmutations glorious, Tracing the thought of God. Inward fires That flame at nature's heart, the strength and power Of all material method, the ascent, The terrible abyss, the tempest wrath, The beauty of the blossom and the leaf, The glory of the rainbow and the cloud, The music of the bird and bee and stream, The harmony of things, the restless toss And mystery of the changing opal sea,— All are refined, transmuted, and conserved, And wrought into the fetal angel — man. The human organism perishes, To aid the wondrous alchemy of life; And Force, sublimed to phosphorescent mind, Mounts upon pinions of celestial flame, Sphering the germ-spark of a seraph's fire, And burning upward to the Infinite. —Augusta Cooper Bristol.
PEACE BE STILL.

Let the truth of inspiration o'er us roll, Till the joy of love's communion fills the soul;

Pure in thinking, pure in will, Sweetly breathing, Peace be still!

INVOCATION TO THE ANGELS.

Angel ministry cheers the darkest days of our pilgrimage here with the confident assurance that there is not an aspiration after good, nor a dream of the beautiful, during the earthly life, that will not find a nobler field and fairer realization when the pilgrim has cast off his burden and reached the better land.

—R. D. Owen.

I heard voices saying, Come up higher!

How vast is the power of spirits! An ocean of invisible intelligences surround us everywhere. They cause men to purify and sanctify their hearts. How important that we should not neglect them! — Confucius.

The angels are with us; the place is holy; aspiration is worship.

Blessed evangel of the Divine Spirit! they inspire us with pure thought; they succor us in adversity; they encircle us with rainbows of hope; and in the fading scenes of life, the mystic gates ajar, they roll up the curtains of immortality and show us those we love.

O faithful spirits! save us from abusing your heavenly oracles.

Feed us with the bread of God that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

Teach us the virtues of sincerity, meekness, innocence, and heavenly-mindedness; the sacredness of orderly marriage and its holy uses for paternity; and awaken in us sweet tempers and the loves of spiritual devotion.

Inspire us with the enlightenments of normal reason and harmony.

* Indicates the place for the music. When there are no words opposite the star, sing the words set to music.
NATURE calls with many voices to worship in her temple.

The willing spirit answers, and I go forth into the great fane that is consecrated by the Divine Presence.

Nature’s great heart beats under our feet and over our head.

The currents of all pervading life flow into every form of the natural world, and therefore do all forms partake of the divine energy.

God is here, and the quick soul feels his presence in the midst of his temple.

Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The morning sun his golden eyelash raises
O'er eastern hills;
The happy summer-bird, with matin praises
The thicket fills.

A day will come to every soul when into the channels of its purified being will pour the love, the truth, the beauty of the world.

And nature's dress, with softly tinted roses,
And lilies wrought,
Through all its varied unity dis closes
God's perfect thought.

More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me, and become human and public in my regards and actions. Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through toys and atoms, a great and beneficent tendency irresistibly flows.
Spirit Echoes.

• Oh, drop, my soul, the burden that oppresses
   And cares that rule,
   That I may prove the whispering wildnesses
   | Heaven's | vest | bale |

   All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
   Whose body nature is, and God the soul. — Pope.

• For I can hear, despite material warden
   And earthly looks,
   A still small voice, and know that through his garden.
   The Father walks.

LIBERTY.

W H A T E V E R is just is the true law, nor can this true law be abrogated by any written enactment. Cicero.

The spirit of liberty is principle at work. — Burke.

The primary aim of government is to protect individuals in the enjoyment of those absolute rights which were vested in them by the immutable laws of nature. — Blackstone.

Obey God manifest in thyself.

Hopeful and glorious are the times, when men can exercise the right to speak and publish the truth. — Tacitus.

Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. — Moses.

The aim of the people is liberty. In every corner of the known earth at this day the cry is "Liberty! liberty for the body, liberty for the soul!" — Emma Harding.

Give the public freedom, noble aims; busy them with great work.
CHANT. NO. 2.

PURITY.

Virtue is nobility without heraldry.
Unto the pure all things are pure.
Be not ashamed of thy virtues.

- Sallust.
- Paul.
- Ben. Johnson.

Sully not the honor of thy house;
Fix not a withering stigma upon thy children.

- Phocylides.

Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth;
And without it age plants more wrinkles in the spirit than on the forehead.

- Sanscrit.
Spiri'J Echoes.

Pure affections, pure thoughts, pure habits, clothe the person with attributes of beauty.

There's a pure white lily,
That is fresh with wisdom's dew,
A beautiful lily,
Of a sweetness ever new,
The lily of the soul.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they see God.

There's a pure white lily
That will blossom soon at hand,
A beautiful lily,
In the golden summer-land,
The lily of the soul.

Oh, take heart! a pure and honorable life is possible to all.

Grace Greenwood.

Woman.

The universal human heart, even though blind and cold, pays a certain involuntary homage to the mothers whose children have acted the Christ-part in their generations.

Mrs. Farnham.

The heart cannot be true to others that to itself is false.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

Woman! take courage to elevate thyself; strive to free thyself from fetters, and the great-souled men will haste to thy rescue.

Mrs. Mary F. Davis.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to man;
Then reign the world's great bridal, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

Tennyson.

She is clothed with neatness; she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence.

The awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels and sweetened by her endearments.

Happy is the man who has made her his wife; happy is the child that calleth her mother.

Sanskrit.

The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers.

The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.

Whitman.
COME now, let us reason together, saith the Spirit: Though your sorrows be red like crimson, they shall be white as snow; though they be as the sands of the sea, they are gold dust in the eye of Wisdom.

O Spirit of Love! thy children are athirst on the desert of life.

Within thee may be found the oasis of rest, with its dews of mercy, springs of justice, sunshine of truth, and beauty of virtue.

O Spirit of Love! thy children are worried with cares and disappointments. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

O Spirit of Love! thy children murmur amid hatreds and repinings.

Great peace have they that love my law of forgiveness, and nothing shall offend them.

O Spirit of Love! save us from distrust. In hallowed silence let us meditate on thy wonderful goodness.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

REFORM.

IT is so cheap to praise what all applaud,
To bend the supple knee and bow the head
Over the graves of the illustrious dead,
Extol the past in popular accord,
And with the lips confess that Christ is Lord!
If we have not the martyr strength to tread
Their thorny paths, lead onward as they led
Far in advance of ancient bounds, unawed,—
If, cowards in the present, we recoil
From grappling with the evils of our time,
Content with bygone, vanquished sins to toil,
Our praise of olden heroes is but slime,
And we are naught but cumberers of the soil,
And parasites, and panderers to crime.

—William Loyd Garrison.

REFINEMENT.

WERT thou never refined in pitiless fire
From the dross of thy sloth, and mean desire;
Wert thou never taught to feel and know
That the truest love hath its roots in woe,
Thou would'st never unravel the complex plan,
Or reach half-way to the perfect man;
Thou would'st never attain the tranquil height
Where wisdom purifies the sight,
And God unfolds to the humblest gaze
The bliss and beauty of his ways.

—Chas. McKay.
WHAT is truth?

Truth is the soul's divine conviction. — Pilate.

Master mind, and you have mastered the universe. — Spirit of John.

Search for truth on all occasions, and espouse it in opposition to the world. — Perasse Lendanta.

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. — Jesus.

• With myriad wrongs they wage
  An endless war,
  And shed their lustre o'er each passing age,
  Like morning's golden star!

The way to gain admission into the temple of science is through the portal of doubt. — Socrates.

• Great souls are filled with love,
  Great brows are calm,
  Serene within their might, they soar above
  The whirlwind and the storm.

Be persuaded that those things are not your riches which you do not possess in the penetralia of your reasoning powers. — Demophilus.

Brave the world; be firm in truth, liberal and generous. — E. V. Wilson.
THE life of man is sacred.
The government is for the people, not the people for the government.
Man before and above his institutions.
Wherefore the wisdom of law binding us to rob, maim, starve, or destroy our fellow-men? wherefore the worth of a church or state that sacrifices life to preserve its authority? wherefore the charge of guilt to him who slays only his neighbor, but the plaudits of glory to the hero who slays his thousands?
Are we not all brethren? hath not one Father created us? — Malachi.

Suffer rather than inflict suffering.

The dawn will break —
The dawn of brotherhood and love and peace,
The light of a new time, when there shall cease
This clang of armies over Christian lands;
And nations, tearing off their Lazarus-bands,
Shall rise — see face to face — and sadly say,
Why were we foes? why did we serve and slay?” — Garibaldi.

Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God. — Jesus.
The trumpets that blow when the battle's red star
Whelms the world with its blood, as it bursts from afar;
When the demon of wrath beats his war-drums that roll,
And clashes his steel as the steeple-bells toll —

The death-smitten eyes that look up to the sun,
And see only the cannon-smoke darkling and dun;
And the lips that in dying hurl curses at those
Whom the Father made brethren, but evil made foes —

The groans of the wounded, that fled but to die,
The death-shot that scatters the ranks as they fly,
The wild, fierce hurrah! when the fratricide host
Have driven their brethren to Hades' red coast —

The temples where Moloch is worshipped, and blood
From the innocent spirits wrung out like a flood,
Where the curse of perdition is shot from the bow
Of the bigot, whose creed is a terror and woe —

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly
host praising God, and saying,
Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good-will to men.—Angels.

PEARLS OF WISDOM.

In action, preserve self-possession; in opportunity, be prompt; in danger,
be wary; in labor, patient; in determining, just; in discourse, persuasive; let your manner be ingenuous.

Think before you speak. —Pythagoric.

Press forward not too hastily; follow the middle path at a steady pace. —Chilo.

Give just measure and weight.

Listen not to a whisperer and slanderer, for he tells you not anything out of good-will; but as he exposes to you the secrets of others, so will he expose your secrets to them.

Sincerity of heart is the first of virtues. —Socrates.

In your most secret actions, suppose you have all the world as witnesses. —Confucius.

Denial of self is the nobility of manhood.

A truly noble nature cannot be insulted. —Syrius, the Syrian.

Speak not injurious words, either in jest or earnest. —Geo Washington.

Do to others what you would they should do unto you, and do not unto others what you would should not be done unto you. —Chinese Analects.

Make thy soul the birthplace of thy Saviour. —H. C. Wright.
TAKE heed that ye offend not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of my Father. — Jesus.

Little children form a ladder of garlands on which the angels descend to our souls.

— Lydia M. Child.

Oh, banish the tears of childhood! continual rain upon the blossoms is hurtful.

— Jean Paul.

Give children the heritage of pure water, free ventilation, innocent amusement, music, sunshine, flowers, and birds.

Never deceive children; fulfil just promises; teach them self-government; soften the manners; train to industry; lovingly unfold the innate spirit.

He who teaches not his child an art or profession by which he may earn an honest livelihood teaches him to rob the public. — The Talmud.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

A child is the repository of infinite possibilities.

Of such is the republic of heaven.
**Spirit Echoes.**

*Charity.*

V*ERY good act is charity.

Giving water to the thirsty is charity.
Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity.
Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity.
Exhorting your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is charity.
Smiling in your brother’s face is charity. — *Mohomel.*

Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that eth is born of God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.

He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

This commandment have we, that he who loveth God love his brother.

And now I beseech thee, sister, not as though I wrote a new commandment, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another. — *John.*

Have confidence in the Father, for in thus doing you have confidence in nannya, as they are but parts of the universal whole. — *Spirit of Hosea Ballow.*

Charity seeketh not her own. — *Paul.*

**Reason.**

O *Reason!* in thy seeking find us out,
Arousing our souls and make us dare to doubt;
Teach us to love, and only seek the truth,
Though it may change all lessons taught in youth;
Throw off our shackles, set our spirits free,
And make us dare to think, and learn of thee! — *W. S. Barlow.*
SHUT not thine ear against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the unfortunate. When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow’s heart is sinking, and she imploreh thy assistance, oh, pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

- Is there a gloom of sorrow on thy spirit?
  Do clouds o’erhang thee and shut out the day?
  Go, seek thy neighbor’s darkened heart and cheer it,
  And soon his smile shall fright the clouds a way.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street shivering with cold and destitute of habitation, let bounty open thine heart; let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

- Art thou crushed down, shut in thy body earthen,
  O’erladen with thy troubles sad and lone?
  Aid, then, thy neighbor with his heavy burden,
  And it shall cause thee to forget thine own.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity, oh, how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes? — Sanscrit.

- Of what thou hast, impart unto thy neighbor;
  To others do what they should do to thee.
  If thou need’st aid, then give thy hearty labor
  To make on want’s cold hearth a jubilee.

THE AMERICAN DELEGATION.

The church and the government are but developments of the people.

How can they advance and improve the causes of their existence?

Be watchful, O Americans!
Lest ye become worshippers at the shrine of St. Custom!
When ye think that thy government is complete,
Then art thou on the way to death!
When ye think that thy church can enlighten thee,
Then art thou on the road to papal supremacy! Let thy people proclaim,
Peace Justice, Love, Law, Right, Liberty! — Spiritual Congress
The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.

Let not thine heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination; for if thou believest a thing is impossible, thy despondency shall make it so.

He that persevereth shall overcome all difficulties. — Sanscrit.

* If we never wept or wearied,
  Life would surfeit and decay,
  And the smiles of hope be buried
  In the shimmer of a day.

Take heart! the Master builds again;
A charmed life old goodness hath.

* Age and sorrow, gloom and gladness,
  Mingle in this changeful fate,
  But the birthright of our sadness
  Is the soul's divine estate.

Humility.

Be not impatient to mount higher than thou canst see, nor haste to hold more wisdom than thou canst comprehend. Avoid the poison of ambition, for its temptation, stealing the sunshine of thy heart, will allure thee to seem what thou art not. — Spirit of J. Victor Wilson.

Who soars too near the sun with golden wings melts them. — Shakespeare.

Let reputation go, for the sake of a principle, and in due time you will be in good repute.

Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full of flowers. — Ford.

We are the weakest when we think ourselves the strongest.

Lowliness is the base of all virtues.
CHANT. NO. 6.

Oh, I hear in this sacred stillness The fall of an angelic foot, I feel white hands on my forehead With a benediction sweet.

SACRED SILENCE.

In this sacred stillness The fall of an angelic foot, I feel white hands on my forehead With a benediction sweet.

NEVER with blasts of trumpets But a thousand years of silence, And the chariot wheels of fame, And the world falls to adore Do the servants and sons of the Highest And kiss the feet of the martyrs His oracles proclaim; They crucified before! But when grandest truths are uttered, Shall I have a part in the labor, And when holiest depths are stirred, In the silence and the might When our God himself draws nearest, Of the plans divine, eternal, The still, small voice is heard. That he open to my sight? Unheralded and unheeded Shall I have a part in the labor, His revelations come; In the strength and the inspiration His prophets before their scorners Into songs of triumph flow; Stand resolute, yet dumb; THAT his crowned and chosen know? 

THE WORD OF GOD.

The genius of the living whole is within us and the essence itself of our spiritual being.

Where God is, religion is, syllabled by a thousand dialects:

Here breathed in the mild accents of meditative wisdom:

There hymned sweet, flute-like, infinitely melodious, from the lips of enchanted saints:

Again blown across the passionate turmoil of time in the hearts of indignant prophets:

But ever the same Word, ever the voice of the Spirit, saying, I AM!

— D. A. Waser.
FORGIVENESS.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. — Jesus.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love; the purity of its flower shall ennoble thine heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions. — Sanscrit.

* Forgive and forget! why, the world would be lonely,
   The garden, a wilderness left to deform,
   If the flowers but remembered the chilling blast only,
   And fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

Regard every sinner as a lawful heir of God's love and goodness. — Child.

With malice toward none, with charity toward all. — Lincoln.

* Away with the clouds from thy beautiful vision;
   That brow was no home for such frowns to have met;
   Oh, how could our tried spirits e'er hope for elysian,
   If Heav'n should refuse to forgive and forget!

In the light of genuine spiritual illumination, no human being can be condemned. — Loveland.

RATIOS OF LIFE.

The next life is but the continuation of this; we begin there where we close here. If we are upon low planes here, we shall enter upon low planes there. If here we sustain high relations to wisdom and goodness, we shall there also.

This life is but the horoscope of the future. Try, then, and make the present as glad and golden as the future you would like to see. — A Spirit.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels who examine him will ask, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?" — Mahomet.
IMMORTALITY.

THERE was no beginning; no creations; only new combinations and formations. I AM, therefore, eternally was, eternally shall be. By birthright we are immortal.
The casket breaks, and lo, the child of angelhood! The soul emerges from its chrysalis state, as free as the planet on which it had its birth. The maternity of earth is indelibly engraved upon us. We shall know each other there.

COME, gather ye in pensive review of a father's virtues, lingering as sweets of the dead rose upon its leafless stalk. A father's wisdom is a rock of defence; his good example is precious; his love is sacred. All ye that know him bemoan him; and all ye, remembering his name, will say, How is the strong staff and the beautiful rod broken!
But lo, the staff doth blossom now a young tree in the garden of God! Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

NONE knew her but to love her, nor named her but to praise. For who is like a mother among them that are on all the earth? She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness.
Her children rise up and call her blessed. Precious is her memory; the remembrance of her goodness shall be as a healing balm. Yea, plant flowers upon her grave as the emblems of her maternal presence.
And oh, when life is ended, and she waits
On the bright threshold of the blest for us,
How like the sweet accustoming will be
The far felt lustre of that look of love!
And how like our remembered welcomes home
Will be her brighter welcoming to heaven!

CHILDREN are tender olive-trees growing up in our homes. When touched by the frosty fingers of death, they are transplanted to the more congenial climes of heaven, to bear their ripened fruitage. They are immortal from the sacred moment of incarnation. Deprived of the mortal experiences of life, they are wafted to the sphere of innocence to be educated by the angels.
THERE is no absolute loss in the universe; everything, dying, 
dies upward to subserve some divine purpose in the economy of 
the Infinite.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would 
have told you; I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive 
you unto myself; that where I am, ye may be also.

The brightest crowns worn in heaven were tried, polished, and glorified 
in the furnace of earthly sufferings.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far- 
more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Who are these that are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?
These are they that came out of great tribulation. Angels shall lead them: 
unto living fountains, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back. Wisely improve: 
the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear,. 
and with a manly heart.

—A. J. Davis.

O MOTHER Nature! we lay in thy tender bosom what is thine, —
dust to dust, ashes to ashes; but the spirit to God who gave it!! 
O angels! receive your new charge! Peace, peace be still!

Open thyself, O earth! and press not too heavily; 
Be easy of access and approach to the form; 
As a mother with the rose her child, 
So do thou cover it, O earth!

—Vedic Hymns.
INDEX OF TUNES
TO
HARMONIES FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS, AND CONGREGATIONAL
AND SOCIAL.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tune Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adieu</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Affectio</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Along the River of Time</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>America</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angell Bright</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anniversary</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argosy</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are not Brothers C. M.</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aspiration</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balm</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bazaar</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Vision</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Home</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beauty</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Happy</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bethany</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boylston</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brother</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brighter View</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright Hills of Glory</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celestial Climax</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charity</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Bells</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clear</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comast a Blessing</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come gentle Spritiz</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come upHigher</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come to the Woods</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confidence</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conference</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coming to a Close</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composition</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conversation</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crystal Waters</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cradle Song of the Foot</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devotion</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do they love us still</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do Good</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dream of Heaven</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duke Street</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eclipse</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eden</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edinburgh</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emma</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Equal Rights</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evergreen Shore</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evening</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Family Meeting in Heaven</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fellowship</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friends</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fountain</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fowrake not the Right 12a</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garden</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garden</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germ</td>
<td>390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory Hallelujah</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloria an Angel born to</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glimpses</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God in the Soul</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God's Day</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God will remember the</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is Love</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Will</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greeting</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grove</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haste not, Rest not</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavenly Day</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavenly Accounts of</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hereafter</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavenly Union</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He leads us on</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hero</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Higher Law</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How to be Happy</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hol' Hilly Hol</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Above</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How I would Die</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am not old</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immortality</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm a Traveler</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incense</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isle of the Blest</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joy in Grief</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joy shall come at Last</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keep the .., Sa, Sa &amp; 10sa, D</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land of Bliss</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lament of our</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land of the</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. W. Foster</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemox</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Birdie</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Live them down</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Locan of Hall</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love on</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make home</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mantanses S. M.</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medall</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midas</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Light</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother's Dream</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morn amid the Mountains</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Home in the Spirit</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nature</td>
<td>588</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nature's Harp</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nature's Nepheman</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Year</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never say Fall</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night Hymn at Rest</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(500)
Index of Tunes.

SONGS, DUETS, AND QUARTETS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SONGS, DUETS, AND QUARTETS.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>We shall meet again. E. T. Blackmer.</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wher where we are gone. Felix Schelling.</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where the Roses never shall whisper softly. E. H. Bailey.</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ANTHEMS, SENTENCES, CHORUSES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ANTHEMS, SENTENCES, CHORUSES.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>All Hall, Sublime. E. H. B.</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anthem of Liberty. E. W. F.</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beatitude. James Bailey.</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessed is the Man. J. B.</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come unto me. M. M. B.</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Create in me a clean Heart. Mendelssohn.</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Divine Goodness.</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fear not.</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladness.</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladsome Life. M. M. B.</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is Spirit.</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God hath endowed us. E. H. B.</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heart, O Man.</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indian Hunter. Russell.</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joy cometh. E. H. B.</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morn of Freedom. S. W. Foster.</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, how shall I thank.</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O bruised and bleeding.</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pushmataha. E. H. B.</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The coming Day. E. H. B.</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union. T. A. Leib.</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Universal Patriotism.</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When we go hence. E. H. B.</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CHANTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHANTS.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>No. 1. E. H. B.</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. 2. L. Bow.</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. 3. D. A. Warden.</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. 4.</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. 5.</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. 6.</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. 7. E. H. B.</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. 8. &quot;Lottie,&quot; by Mrs. Cowd.</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SPIRIT ECHOES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SPIRIT ECHOES.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chant No. 1. E. H. B.</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chant No. 2.</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chant No. 3.</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chant No. 4. E. H. B.</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chant No. 5.</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chant No. 6.</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TUNES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUNES.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Childhood.</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charity.</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eden's first Bloom.</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forgiveness.</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope.</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty.</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natural Worship.</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace be still.</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purity.</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sacred Silence.</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They shall come.</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truth.</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Blessed are the poor. Jesus.</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breathe thro' our Hearts. E. S. Holbrook.</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Consider the Lilies. Christina G. Rosetti.</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Each form that the Age. Mary F. Davis.</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eternal Progress. J. B.</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail! Spirit of Devotion.</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hush! 'Tis a holy Hour.</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God asleep, then be.</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis the Main-spring.</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>soul thy Bark.</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, my Father. Joshua Hutchinson.</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O God, I cannot fear. Theo. Farber.</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Owanli,&quot; allures Earth. Gerald Massey.</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Sacred Presence. Little Dots.</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Angels are about us. J. H. Powell.</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Light of home, how.</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Truth shall make you</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through the sounding. J. T. Rowe.</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Clouds. Thee. O. Owns.</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When eve empurple cliffs. T. C.</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wisdom Divine. Orig. A. A. Wheelock.</td>
<td>286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Droopest thou. Orig. L. B. Brown.</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

[The * indicates changes, or additions, to the author's poetry.]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A loved one gone. Original. A. B. Whiting. 143</td>
<td>Forms that have passed. Original. L. B. Brown. 123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A new religion shakes the earth. T. L. Harris. 140</td>
<td>From golden sunlands. Original. J. O. Barrett. 223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A pool of water. Original. Addie C. Barrett. 113</td>
<td>From morn's till evening. Emily Judson. 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A traveller on the road. * 209</td>
<td>From us past daily. Original. G. S. Ingham. 103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An emerald bank. Original. Homer. 105</td>
<td>Glory to God and peace to men. Mrs. Price. 42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And shall we know the loved. W. L. Howard. 35</td>
<td>God hath endowed us. &quot;Sasset.&quot; 228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angels bright, charged. Original. 209</td>
<td>God of the granite and the rose. Jane Joss. 149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angels, oh, break the error. 61</td>
<td>Good-night, good-night! 185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anthem of liberty. 55</td>
<td>Good-night, good-night! 259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arise, O man, the morning. Original. Anon. 45</td>
<td>Go then and search the archives*. Finley Johnson. 199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As on my couch. Original. Luther Coley. 233</td>
<td>Happy the man whose hope divine. 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As that sweet day, and ocean run. * Mrs. A. Archer. 224</td>
<td>Ha! I hear the angels. Spirit of Wm. Penn. 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Away with false fashion. 43</td>
<td>Have ye heard of the beautiful. Amanda T. Jones. 192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be glad, be glad! * 209</td>
<td>Heaven, mighty ocean, heaven. S. Graham. 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be happy, be happy! Original. Emma Tuttle. 10</td>
<td>Heart, O man, hear, O man. 253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful faces that wear. * 214</td>
<td>Heart trusting heart. Original. E. S. Lettsom. 147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful is me of life and light. &quot;Lyceum Manual.&quot; 34</td>
<td>Hear ye not now the voice. Orig. Lyman C. Hove. 91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before us heaven invites the way. * 95</td>
<td>Here's the morning. * 150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beside the toilsome way. 77</td>
<td>He leaves us on. 101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bless the bright dawn. &quot;Faust.&quot; 190</td>
<td>He liveth long who liveth well. * H. Bonar. 88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bless the day that binds. &quot;Faust.&quot; 149</td>
<td>He who seeks the truth and. Mrs. D. Caligher. 167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessed are they that keep justices. 239</td>
<td>Hoe! all ye that bloom. A. Batten. 172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessed is the heart. Original. Evangeli. 234</td>
<td>Hoe! ye exemplars bold. Orig. Mrs. M. A. Archer. 168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessed is the man. 231</td>
<td>Home above, home below. Original. L. B. Brown. 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright star which the angels. Orig. Emma Tuttle. 219</td>
<td>Home's not merely four square walls. 181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright star of hope! 23</td>
<td>Hope's rainbow in life's crystal. Original. Evangel. 90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brother, art thou poor and lowly. * 114</td>
<td>How cheering the thought. 172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brothers, will you slight. 172</td>
<td>How happy in the days of youth. 136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Build him a monument. Original. L. B. Brown. 200</td>
<td>How many lonely hours we. Orig. Warren. 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call it not dark. S. C. Edgerton. 183</td>
<td>How to be happy. Original. Warren Chase. 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Can we forget the gloomy time. &quot;Adelade A. Proctor. 6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check at their fountain head. Mrs. Sigourney. 103</td>
<td>How to be happy. Mrs. D. Coltg. 88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, gentle spirits. 22</td>
<td>How to keep the way. &quot;Adelade A. Proctor. 69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, holy thoughts, so Lilly. * 158</td>
<td>Hurled into the battle's fearful roar. Mrs. Sigourney. 205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come in, my partners in distress. 237</td>
<td>I am not old. Park Benjamin. 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come to me, thoughts of heaven. Mrs. Hemans. 124</td>
<td>I cannot always trace the way. 46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come to the woods, hellsgro. * J. H. Powell. 79</td>
<td>I come, I come from my spirit-home. * 46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come unto me all ye that labor. Jesus. 235</td>
<td>I come, I come from the spirit. Original. 44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Create in me a clean heart. &quot;Psalm.&quot; 233</td>
<td>I feel it float from Eden's plain. Original. 168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crowned of God by holy. Original. M. A. Archer. 171</td>
<td>I have a father in the spirit-land. * 168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day will return with a fresher born. J. G. Hollander. 150</td>
<td>I have some friends before me gone. * 158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death is the falling of a cloud. Harris. 80</td>
<td>I hear thee speak of the better-land. Mrs. Hemans. 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dig, do good! there's ever a way. 109</td>
<td>I stand on memory's golden. S. Filmore Bennett. 205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do not wound the heart that loves. * Draymter Smith. 90</td>
<td>I'm but a stranger here. T. R. Taylor. 123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Each gentle word. Original. Mrs. C. J. Osborn. 182</td>
<td>I'm a lonely traveller here. K. Bullings. 133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Each leaf unfolds a scroll. Mrs. E. Casler Smith. 92</td>
<td>I'm sailing over life's sunny.*. Arthur's Home Mag. 93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Equal rights. &quot;Spiritual Republic.&quot; Mrs. Corbin. 58</td>
<td>If we knew the cares and crosses. Emma Helle. 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ev'ry day hath toil and trouble. 948</td>
<td>If we'll steer the better-land. 110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ev'ry night when the stars. Sarah Knowles Bolton. 202</td>
<td>In darker days and nights of storm. Theo. Parker. 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father of all in every age. Pope. 167</td>
<td>In the ages to come. * 92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father of earth and sk. Original. W. S. Trask. 236</td>
<td>In the angels' home in glory. 114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fear and weary are earth's children. 60</td>
<td>In the dark hour of peril. H. E. Wardwell. 141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fair science bright. * 208</td>
<td>In the dim recess of the spirit's chamber. 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fear not, oh friends. &quot;Banner of L.&quot; Belle Brush. 205</td>
<td>In this vast temple of the soul. 98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Floating on the breath of evening. 15</td>
<td>Into the Silent Land. * 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Joy to the World. Original. Mrs. M. A. Archer. 67</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(393)
Index of First Lines.

Page 295

Watchman, what of the night? * ........................................... 231 When laughing joy. Original ........................................... E. S. Ledges. 22
We are waiting by the river ............................................. 217 When morning's purple gates ......................................... C. D. Stuart. 22
We come, we come. Original .............................................. 5 When night advancing. Orig. ........................................... O. S. Inglish. 20
We come, an angel band. Original ..................................... 14 When our weared eyes. Orig. .......................................... O. S. Inglish. 27
We come, we come from. Orig. ........................................... Hudson Twich. 34 When sorrow on the spirit ................................................ Harris. 54
We gather them in. * "Ohio Farmer." ................................... 40 When the bright morning star ........................................... Pierpont. 182
We give you joyous greeting. Orig ...................................... 94 When the morn awakes. Original .................................... L. B. Brown. 71
We have come unto. * "Pierpont." ..................................... 121 When we go let no wall. Original .................................... J. M. Prebester. 202
We love no triumphs sprung. "Spirit Minstral." ....................... 106 Where the broad Pacific waters ...................................... N. F. White. 69
We're bound for the land .................................................. 157 Where the roses ne'er shall .............................................. Orig. ........................................... A. C. Clark. 228
We're dreaming to-night ................................................... Mrs. Cha. A. Fenn. 176 While angels that hover. Orig. ...................................... S. W. Tucker. 179
Weep not, God's angel is standing. * ................................... 112 While on my lone couch ................................................ Aches. C. Sprague. 81
Welcome angels pure and bright ......................................... F. G. Henck. 89 While the flesh the soul. Orig. ....................................... O. S. Inglish. 29
Welcome her back ........................................................... Mrs. Howard. 241 Whisper it softly .......................................................... 222
What gentle music wakes me? ............................................. Undead. 113 With eye ever open ...................................................... 76
What needs a conscience ................................................... Vaughan. 100 With rose-buds. "Birdie." .............................................. Orig. ........................................... 190
What tho' clouds are o'er thee ............................................ 43 With haste. Goethe ......................................................... 118
When for me the silent oar ................................................ 224 Wouldst thou lead ......................................................... 9
When in Despondency's dark ............................................. Mrs. O. Ommersch. 32 Ye who amid the shrub. Orig ........................................... Mary A. Whiacher. 139
When in the busy haunts of men ........................................ Hrrr. 167
When in the hours of vernal bloom ...................................... 29

SPIRIT ECHOES.

Page 292

Crystal rills. Original ...................................................... 292 Onward, higher onward ............................................... L. C. How. 268
Forgive and forget. .......................................................... 297 See truth, love and mercy .............................................. 289
Great truths, they come .................................................... Eliaa A. Pittinger. 279 The night has gathered up .............................................. Auguste C. Bristol. 274
Is there a gloom of sorrow ................................................ O. G. Woren. 294 Then shall come the new ................................................ 275
Let the truth of inspiration. Original .................................. 273 There's a pure white lily. Original ................................ J. O. B. 276
Love divine, all things are thine ....................................... Orig. ........................................... 282 They shall cease .......................................................... Harris. 289
Oh, hear me in this Sacred Stillness .................................. 286
## INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. of Poems</th>
<th>ANGELS</th>
<th>No. of Poems</th>
<th>BROTHERS</th>
<th>No. of Poems</th>
<th>PORTAL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Native land</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Of the West</td>
<td></td>
<td>88</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coursage</td>
<td></td>
<td>Speaking boldly</td>
<td>239</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death</td>
<td></td>
<td>Emancipation</td>
<td>74</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Meeting after</td>
<td>215</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>No death</td>
<td>187</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Triumph over</td>
<td>65</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedication</td>
<td></td>
<td>In nature</td>
<td>112</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Fairy glimpses</td>
<td>126</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devotion</td>
<td></td>
<td>Infantile</td>
<td>46</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discipline</td>
<td></td>
<td>Blessings of</td>
<td>187</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Blossoms</td>
<td>250</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Crown of Thorns</td>
<td>104</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Soothing balm</td>
<td>29</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thorns to flowers</td>
<td>104</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Water of Life</td>
<td>59</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Welcome of</td>
<td>83</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Wife's Hand</td>
<td>p 262</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. of Poems</td>
<td>AGE</td>
<td>No. of Poems</td>
<td>FUTURE</td>
<td>No. of Poems</td>
<td>THE HOME HEAVENLY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Coming</td>
<td></td>
<td>Ratios of life</td>
<td>179</td>
<td>Beautiful above</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Waiting the day</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>For all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Going toward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Heavenly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Home we build</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Lament of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Trespass against</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
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<td>HOPE</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>IMMORTALITY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Natural</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Purer joys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Unending things</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>INDIANS</td>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Departure of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Fortitude of</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Lament of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Trespass against</td>
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<td>INSPIRATION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Speaking by</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Perpetual</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Words of love</td>
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<td>INVOCATION</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Child's</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Father God</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Divine aid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Heart seeking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Of spirits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Nearness to God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>To angels</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>JOY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Come at last</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Reward of duty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Triumphant</td>
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<td></td>
<td>KINDNESS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Words and acts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>LABOR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Reward of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Punctual</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>LIBERTY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Anthem of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Flag of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Rock of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Spiritual</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>LIFE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Brevity of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Golden side</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sacredness of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Bowing seed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Stream of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Wisdom divine</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### ANGELS.
- Accents of...
- At evening.
- Balm bearers.
- "Bird's" song.
- "Chearing thoughts.
- Drawing near.
- Dreaming of.
- Homeward Bound.
- Hovering near.
- Mission of.
- Mistrelly of.
- Nocturne of.
- Nocturnal.
- Shadowy wings.
- Soothing balm.
- Thorns to flowers.
- Water of Life.
- Welcome of.
- Wife's Hand.

### AGE.
- Coming.
- Golden.
- Not old.
- Old and New.

### ANNIVERSARY.
- Thirty-first of March.
- Emancipation.
- Spiritual.

### ASPIRATION.
- Blind thoughts.

### AUTUMN.
- Song of.

### BEATITUDES.
- Blessings.
- Righteousness.
- To whom given.

### BEAUTY.
- Beatitudes of age.
- True.

### CHARITY.
- Adding the poor.
- Finding the lost.
- Generosity.
- In our hearts.
- Kindness.
- Speaking kindly.

### CHILDREN.
- Bird-child.
- Maternal care.
- Welcoming Child.

### CHRIST.
- Annunciation.
- Fidelity.
- Partaking.

### CHRISTMAS.
- Bells for.

### COMMUNION.
- Communion.

### CONSCIENCE.
- Pure.

### CONTENTMENT.
- Smiles of.

### COUNTRY.
- America.
### Index of Subjects.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LIGHT</th>
<th>No. of Poem.</th>
<th>No. of Poem.</th>
<th>No. of Poem.</th>
<th>No. of Poem.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Primavera</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>Trust in God</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>Onward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Silver Linings&quot;</td>
<td>276</td>
<td>MARTYRS</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>Press on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOVE</td>
<td>Angelic</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Living still</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constant</td>
<td>246</td>
<td>MILLENNIUM</td>
<td>273</td>
<td>Voice of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavenly</td>
<td>209</td>
<td>MEMORY</td>
<td>202</td>
<td>RECOGNITION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Days gone by</td>
<td>202</td>
<td>By law of love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maternal</td>
<td>122</td>
<td>Of childhood</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>Shall we know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Undying</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>PENATIVE</td>
<td>205</td>
<td>RELIGION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LYCEUM</td>
<td>Aerial mountains</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>MOTHER</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balm</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>Cradle Song</td>
<td>272</td>
<td>In soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be happy</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Love of</td>
<td>217</td>
<td>New</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Better Land</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Of childhood</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>RESIGNATION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beyond the river</td>
<td>183</td>
<td>Welcome child</td>
<td>206</td>
<td>Child like</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Home</td>
<td>235</td>
<td>Song bird</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>FILIAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conference</td>
<td>200</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>173</td>
<td>Divine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charity</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Rapturous</td>
<td>253</td>
<td>In adversity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Child's song</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>SPIRITUAL</td>
<td>222</td>
<td>SPIRITUALITY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Days going by</td>
<td>193</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>222</td>
<td>Acting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devotion</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>Raptures</td>
<td>253</td>
<td>Forsake not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do good of joy</td>
<td>155</td>
<td>Spiritual</td>
<td>222</td>
<td>Stand for</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dreaming to-night</td>
<td>250</td>
<td>Spiritual</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>SERENADE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evergreen shore</td>
<td>221</td>
<td>Spiritual</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Angel watchers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentle words</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Spiritual</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Spiritual</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory</td>
<td>102</td>
<td>Spiritual</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Science</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good-night</td>
<td>159</td>
<td>Spiritual</td>
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### SPIRIT ECHOES.

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