

Terry, W H X

THE LYCEUM LEADER,

COMPILED FROM THE

LYCEUM GUIDE,

FOR THE

Melbourne Progressive Lyceum.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

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PREFACE.

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THE first meeting of the Melbourne Progressive Lyceum, was held on October 20th. 1872. Mr. W. H. Terry, its conductor, opening with twenty-five members in the Masonic Hall; which it has since occupied without intermission for the space of five years. A period of success was followed by a temporary depression, while in 1876 the tide of fortune again turned, and has continued to rise steadily ever since. In numbers and efficiency it will now bear comparison with the best of its former days, while the publication of this little volume marks the attainment of an object long desired, and the satisfaction of a need as natural as imperative. The Lyceum system transferred by the gifted A. J. Davis, from the superior spheres to American soil in 1863, found its earliest text-book in the Manual which he published soon after. Following and elaborating its design the Lyceum Guide was issued by the joint labors of Mrs. Tuttle, and Messrs. Clarke, Barrett, and Peebles, in 1870. Only 18 copies of this most valuable work could be obtained for the use of pupils, the Boston fire rendering it as rare as it was admirable. For some time these have been distributed among the members, numbering about one hundred, at considerable inconvenience, and to the detriment of both song and service. To remove this difficulty the present "Leader" has been issued, with the effect, it is hoped, of advancing the comfort and proficiency of all. Following as far as seemed judicious the plan, and retaining wherever possible the matter of the "Guide," it is yet something more than an abridgement of that most excellent selection. Omissions and additions, together with an arrangement suggested by experience in the management of the Institution, give it in some respects a kindred title to originality. For in this, as in its predecessors, the literature of both past and present has been laid under contributions for poems, or proverbs, suitable to the spiritual consciousness of the day. All that relates to the government of the Lyceum, advice for its discipline, or explanation of its motives, is here removed. The Calisthenics to Music, the Badges, Standards, and other prominent features of our sessions are not treated of. That which has been preserved or introduced, is simply such a series of extracts as may serve the necessities of its vocal exercises. The field of choice is indeed a wide one, and the impartial mind is humbled by the wealth and value rather than the scantiness of the harvest spread before it. Acknowledging the essential verity of all forms of belief, accepting as readily from the poet as the preacher, looking to

Science and Philosophy as its prophets, to Reason and Intuition as its guides, to right thinking and right acting as its end, accepting Evolution as the law to fulfil which all its energies are bent, and kneeling only to Nature and the Divine in Humanity as the purest manifestations of the Supreme, Spiritualism, through its highest expression, the Lyceum scheme of a Harmonial Education, requires only of its teachers that they prove their love and wisdom, that their words be good and true. Granting this, they are welcome to her halls, where they will meet with nothing but reverence and gratitude. Two of the profoundest movements of the present day are represented in its curriculum as in no other place or fashion, for it aims pre-eminently at heightening the every hour of our daily life with an abiding sense of infinite obligation, worship, and holiness, while it tends immediately to that secularisation of Religion, which makes it a reality, and not a dream ; which discovers its worth because it tests it, honouring that which is thus demonstrated to be Divine. The fire of the altar is not desecrated when it descends to a hearth whence it can warm the hearts of the million, nor is the light of its tapers as sacred in the soft seclusion of the sanctuary, as when high uplifted into the storm upon some bleak and gusty shore. There is but one spirit of Righteousness and Truth, which underneath names and days reveals itself to the adoring souls of men, and speaks by the tongue of Genius, or acts in virtuous power. Whomsoever this moves becomes a saviour, a seer ; whensoever he speaks angelic hosts surround him, he stands on Sinai still ; whatsoever his title, inspiration makes him a temple and a shrine, and wheresoever the presence of it may abide is Zion—Eden—Heaven.

A. D.

September 9th, 1877.



GOLDEN CHAIN RECITATIONS.

No. I.

Beatitudes.

Conductor.—Blessed are the faithful ;

Children.—For they shall dwell in the confidence of men and of angels.

Conductor.—Blessed are the dutiful ;

Leaders.—For they shall find the peace which cannot be bought nor sold.

Conductor.—Blessed are the punctual ;

Children.—For they have learned the lesson which stars and planets teach
They are students of God.

Conductor.—Blessed are the orderly ;

Leaders.—For theirs is the first law of progress.

Conductor.—Blessed are the innocent ;

Children.—For they shall have peace of conscience.

Conductor.—Blessed are the pure in heart ;

Leader.—For they shall see God.

Conductor.—Blessed are the faithful, the dutiful, the punctual, the orderly,
the innocent, the pure in heart ;

All.—For theirs is the republic of heaven.

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No. II.

The World is Full of Beauty.

1.

There lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my heart ;
And its sweet lisplings win me till the tears a-trembling start.
Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody,
And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs to me :
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

2.

If faith and hope and kindness passed, as coin, 'twixt heart and heart,
How through the eye's tear-blindness should the sudden soul upstart !
The dreary, dim, and desolate should wear a sunny bloom,
And love should spring from buried hate like flowers from winter's tomb.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

3.

With truth our uttered language, angels, might talk with men,
 And, God-illuminated, earth should see the golden age again ;
 The burthened heart should soar in mirth, like morn's young prophet lark,
 And misery's last tear wept on earth quench hell's last cunning spark.
 The world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

4.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flower-lips of the sod,
 The happy birds that hymn their raptures in the ear of God,
 The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,
 Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me :—
 This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

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No. III.

Invocation to the Infinite.

O INFINITE source of wisdom and love !

In the morning of my days, ere temptations have brought their sorrows,
 Oh teach me truth !

Give me knowledge, that I may shun the evil, and choose the good.

Let wise and loving angels guard the springs of my youth.

Let my worship be the purities of health, the strength of moral heroism, the
 offerings of noble thoughts, and the sacrifices of daily charities.

And may my heaven be found in the fruitions of a well-ordered life !

Hallowed be thy name !

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No. IV.

Invocation to our Divinities.

1.

O Spirit of Light ! may the time hasten on,
 When wronging and crime from our midst shall have gone,
 And the gospel of angels, throughout the broad land,
 Like a beautiful bride at our home-altars stand !

2.

O Spirit of Peace ! may the dark waves subside
 That dash us about on contention's fierce tide,
 And warring winds hush at the fiat of will,
 That speaks to the soul of the rocker, " Be still ! "

3.

O Spirit of Love ! with thy magical wand
 Touch sweetly each heart in our sin-shrouded land,
 And make, with thy roseate tints of light,
 The sable-hued garments of mortals more bright.

4.

O Spirit of Truth ! may the sound of thy feet,
Like the firm tread of armies that know not defeat,
Be heard in our land ; and thy strong arm of might
Be lifted to aid those who stand for the right.

5.

O Spirit of Man ! bound in fetters of clay,
While swiftly the moments of time flee away.
Work hard for all truth while those brief moments last,
That thy life may be sweet when the earth-shores are past.
Mrs. M. J. Kutz.

—:O:—

No. V.

Prayer to the Virtues.

O ANGEL of love ! dwell in our bosoms as the dove of innocence.
O angel of wisdom ! enlighten our understandings with the beauties thou
dost unfold from spiritual affections.

O angel of justice ! balance our forces of character to equalize the blessings
of life.

O angel of truth ! free us from false traditions and habits, and sit as a serene
judge in the chambers of a clear conscience.

O angel of modesty ! lead us to childhood of spirit, that we may love and
cultivate the flowers of simplicity.

O angel of mercy ! teach us charity and forgiveness, and breathe on us the
heavenly spirit of sympathy for the suffering.

O angel of the pure in heart ! hallow all our loves to holiness.

O angel of harmony ! we pray for rest of soul, for thy philanthropy, for the
heaven of universal peace.

O ye angels of virtue ! chasten every affection of our being to love as you
love the beautiful, the good, and the true.

J. O. Barrett.

—:O:—

No. VI.

The Spirit World.

1.

THE spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

2.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires :
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

3.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants, and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

4.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
 Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
 Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
 Into the realms of mystery and night ;

5.

So, from the world of spirits there descends
 A bridge of light connecting it with this,
 O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
 Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

Longfellow.

—:O:—

No. VII.

The Inner Judge.

Conductor.—Preserve thyself.

“ Develope thyself.

“ Know thyself.

“ Instruct thyself.

“ Affirm thyself.

Members.—Purify thyself.

“ Deny thyself.

“ Moderate thyself.

“ Celebrate thyself.

“ Harmonize thyself.

The great Judge of the world is inherent Justice.

The Supreme pierces into the recesses of the heart, as light penetrates into a dark room. We must endeavor to be in harmony with this light, like a musical instrument perfectly attuned.

Confucius.

Behold a part of God himself within thee ! Remember thine own dignity,
 nor dare descend to evil or meanness.

Brahminic.

—:O:—

No. VIII.

“The World would be the Better for it.”

1.

IF men cared less for wealth and fame
 And less for battle-fields and glory ;
If, writ in human hearts, a name
 Seemed better than in song or story ;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
 Would learn to hate it and abhor it ;
 If more relied
 On love to guide,—
 The world would be the better for it.

2.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
 And more in bonds and deeds fraternal ;
If Love's work had more willing hands,
 To link this world with the supernal ;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
 And on bruised human hearts would
 pour it ;
 If “ yours ” and “ mine ”
 Would once combine,—
 The world would be the better for it.

3.

If more would *act* the play of Life,
 And fewer spoil it in rehearsal ;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife
 Till good became more universal ;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
 Had fewer blind men to adore it ;
 If talent shone
 In truth alone,—
 The world would be the better for it.

4.

If men were wise in little things.
 Affecting less in all their dealings ;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings,
 To isolate their kindred feelings ;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
 Would strike together to restore it ;
 If right made might
 In every fight,—
 The world would be the better for it.

M. H. Cobb.

No. IX.

Disappointments.

WELCOME disappointment! Thy hand is cold and hard ;
But it is the hand of a friend.

Thy voice is stern and harsh ; but it is the voice of a friend.

Oh ! there is something sublime in calm endurance.

Something sublime in the resolute fixed purpose of suffering without complaining which makes disappointment oftentimes better than success.

Disappointments are the sunken piers upon which are rested the bridges to more rational hopes and achievements.

Then let us not drown them in thoughtless merriment.

It is a treacherous peace which is purchased by indulgence. Rather should we take them to our hearts, until we grow wiser and stronger.

Welcome, disappointment !

Thy hand is cold and hard ; but it is the hand of a friend.

Longfellow

—:0:—

No. X

The Promised Land To-morrow.

1.

High hopes that burn like stars sublime

Go down the heavens of freedom ;

And true hearts perish in the time

We bitterliest need them :

But never sit we down and say,

"There's nothing left but sorrow ;"

We walk the wilderness to-day,

The promised land to-morrow.

2.

Our birds of song are silent now,

There are no flowers blooming ;

But life beats in the frozen bough,

And freedom's spring is coming.

And freedom's tide comes up alway,

Though we may strand in sorrow ;

And our good bark, a-ground to-day,

Shall float again to-morrow.

3.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our

With smiling futures glisten ;

Lo ! now the dawn bursts up the skies,

Lean out your souls and listen.

[eyes

The world rolls freedom's radiant way,

And ripens with our sorrow ;

And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,

Brings victory to-morrow.

4.

Through all the long dark night of years

The people's cry ascended ;

And earth was wet with blood and tears,

Ere there meek sufferance ended :

The few shall not forever sway,—

The many toil in sorrow ;

The bars of hell are strong to-day,

But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

5.

O Youth, flame earnest ;—still aspire,

With energies immortal ;

To many a heaven of desire,

Your yearning opes a portal :

And though age wearies by the way,

And hearts break in the furrow,

We'll sow the golden grain to-day—

The harvest comes-morrow.

Gerald Massey.

No. XI.

The Religion of Health.

WHAT is our baptism ?

Frequent ablutions in pure water.

What is our eucharist ?

Nutritious food and cold water.

What is our inspiration ?

Plenty of sunlight and fresh air.

What is our prayer ?

Abundant exercise.

What is our pledge of holiness ?

Personal cleanliness.

What is our "love-feast" ?

A clear conscience and sound sleep.

What is our bond of fellowship ?

Sweet affections and harmonious social relations.

J. O. Barrett.

—:O:—

No. XII.

Health is Wealth.

1.

A clear bright eye
That can pierce the sky
With the strength of an eagle's vision,
And a steady brain
That can bear the strain
And shock of the world's collision ;

2.

A well-knit frame,
With the ruddy flame
Aglow, and the pulses leaping
With the measured time
Of a dulcet rhyme,
Their beautiful record keeping ;

3.

A rounded cheek,
Where the roses speak

Of a soil that is rich for thriving,
And a chest so grand
That the lungs expand
Exultant without the striving ;

4.

A breath like morn,
When the crimson dawn
Is fresh in its dewy sweetness ;
A manner bright,
And a spirit light,
With joy at its full completeness ;

5.

Oh ! give me these,
Nature's harmonies,
And keep all your golden treasures ;
For what is wealth
To the boon of health
And its sweet attendant pleasures !

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

—:O:—

No. XIII.

The Senses.

THY soul is the monarch of thy frame ; suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.

As the ocean giveth rise to springs, whose waters return again into its bosom through the rivers ; so runneth thy life from the heart outwards, and so returneth it unto its place again.

Keep the currents of life pure by pure habits, and all thy being shall be healthful.

J. O. Barrett.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

Preserve thy soul in moderation ; teach thy spirit to be attentive to its good : so shall these, its ministers, be always to thee conveyances of truth.

Why, of all things living, art thou made capable of blushing ? The world shall read thy shame upon thy face ; therefore do nothing shameful. *Brahminic.*

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No. XIV.

There's no Dearth of Kindness.

1.

THERE'S no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours ;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
Outward we are spurning,
Trampling one another ;
While we are inly yearning
At the name of " Brother."

2.

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind ;
But, in darkling loneliness,
Hooded hearts grow blind.
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
While they might be mingling
In one kindred whole.

3.

As the wild rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river.
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart forever ;
But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kingliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

4.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours ;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
Oh ! cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above :
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for love.

Gerald Massey.

—:O:—

No. XV.

Charity.

Conductor.—What is the bond of union ?

Leaders.—Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.

Conductor.—What is the commandment of brotherhood ?

Children.—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Conductor.—What is the law of angels ?

Leaders.—All men are my brothers ; all women are my sisters ; all children are my children.

Conductor.—What does love require ?

All.—Instruction for the ignorant, sympathy for the fallen, rest for the weary kindness to the unthankful, succor to the distressed, forgiveness to the erring.

Conductor.—Little children, love one another. *A. J. Davis.*

No XVI.

On the Other Side.

1.

WE go our way in life too much alone ;
 We hold ourselves too much from all our kind ;
 Too often are we deaf to sigh and moan,
 Too often to the weak and helpless, blind ;
 Too often, where distress and want abide,
 We turn, and pass upon the other side.

2.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn
 By footsteps passing idly all the day :
 Where lie the bruised ones who faint and mourn,
 Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
 Our selfish hearts are for our feet a guide :
 They lead us all upon the other side.

3.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
 Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones ;
 To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,
 And bear them where the stream of blessing runs.
 Instead, we look about, the way is wide,
 And so we pass by on the other side.

4.

O friends and brothers ! gliding down the years,
 Humanity is calling each and all
 In tender accents, born of grief and tears :
 God bids you listen to the thrilling call.
 You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
 Pass guiltless by upon the other side.

L. B. Baker.

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No. XVII.

The Unity and Eternity of Labor.

WHAT a glorious thing is human life !
 How glorious man's destiny !
 We behold all round about us, one vast union.
 No man can labor for himself.
 Without laboring at the same time for all others.
 This truth becomes an inward benediction, lifting the soul mightily upward.
 The feeling of our dignity and power grows strong when we say :
 Being is not objectless and vain ; we all are necessary links in the great chain
 which reaches forward into eternity.
 All the great and wise and good whose names we read in the world's history
 have labored for us.
 We have entered into their harvest.
 We tread in their footsteps from which blessings grow.

We can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook.
 We can try to make our common brotherhood wiser and happier.
 We can build forward where they were forced to leave off,
 And bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left uncompleted.
 And at length we, too, must leave it and go hence.
 Oh ! this is the sublimest thought of all.
 We can never finish the noble task of life.
 We can never cease to work, we can never cease to be.
 What men call death cannot break off this task, which is never-ending.
 No period is set to our being : we are eternal. *Longfellow.*

—:O:—

No. XVIII.

Life Builders.

1.

HOW the busy builders throng !
 Ever coming, ever going,
 Day by day their great walls growing,
 To the hammer's ringing song.
 Whether reared on Fashion's highway,
 Or on close and crowded by-way,
 Still are homes for men upspringing,
 Still is Labor's anthem ringing,
 Where the workman plays his part,
 Stout of hand and true of heart.

2.

Thus, with deeper meaning fraught,
 Viewless mansions all are rearing,
 On their shadowy walls appearing
 All the work our hands have wrought.
 Though we build for song or story,
 Carve out cross or crown of glory,
 Silently and very slowly
 Build we on foundations lowly
 Laid with word, or deed, or pen,
 Hidden in the hearts of men.

3.

Therefore should we build, my friend,
 Nobly, with high scorn refusing
 Low aims offered for the using,
 Doubtful ways to some good end.
 Write above life's archway golden,
 These strong words of knighthood olden
*" Better stony truths unfearing
 Than a lie with smooth veneering.
 Richer Honor's empty purse
 Than a pilfered universe."*

4.

Lay foundations deep and wide,
 Not on white sands idly drifting,
 But upon the rocks, uplifting
 All their grandeur o'er the tide ;
 Build so wide that every other
 Struggling soul shall be your brother,
 Light a beacon for the weary,
 Toiling long through darkness dreary,
 That your towers may stand complete,
 Crowned with benedictions sweet.

5.

Let your works be fair to see,—
 Trace the lines of grace and beauty
 Round the rugged front of duty ;
 And, where'er your lot may be,—
 Wayside tent, or marble palace,
 Cottage girt about with lilies,—
 Make life something worth the living,
 Use God's gifts, whate'er the giving ;
 And his record pure shall tell
 You have builded true and well.

6.

Build your mansion sure, my friend,—
 From foundation-stone to rafter
 Build it for the vast hereafter,
 Making strength and beauty blend
 Like a hint of grace supernal,
 Like a dream of domes eternal,
 Where the shafts of sunrise quiver
 O'er the homes beyond the river,
 On the streets by angels trod,
 In the city of our God.

Annie Herbert.

—:O:—

No. XIX.

True Womanhood.

LO ! yonder standeth the house of joy. Within, an angel walketh in maiden
 sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.
 On her tongue dwelleth music ; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips,

Her eye speaketh softness and love, and discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow. The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence ; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of purity and goodness :

Therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy is the man that shall make her his wife.

Happy is the son that shall call her mother.

Brahminic.

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No. XX.

Spirit Hunger.

1.

COME to me, angels ! the room of my spirit
Is garnished and swept for a season by prayer :
I have cast out, just to win you near it,
All the earth-vanities brooding in there.
Come to me, angels !
Lift for a moment my curtain of care.

2.

I am so weary of earthly supineness,—
Life that is levelled to labor and pay ;
I am so hungry for Nature's divineness,
Hungry to talk with her just for a day.
Come to me, angels !
Write in my heart the sweet words she would say.

3.

Bear on your wings, in your coming and going,
Wafts of her breathing o'er prairie and lea ;
Bring me sweet hints, from the May roses blowing,
Of Deity's thought sprung to bloom on a tree.
Come to me, angels !
Tell what the roses are keeping for me.

4.

Open to me, by a sacred impressment,
Mysteries hid in a gurgle of song,
Secrets enfolded in purple caressment
Close in the tubes where the honey-bees throng,
Come to me, angels !
Bearing the bird and bee message along.

Augusta Cooper Bristol.

—:O:—

No. XXI.

A Ladder of Light.

WHAT is the first step towards progress ?

A desire to know and follow truth.

What is the second step ?

A willingness to receive it, without dictating how it shall come.

What is the third step?
Courage to cherish and defend it, making it a part of our lives.
 What law of progress ought we always to remember?
Fraternal love. We should do as we would be done by.
 What is the first lesson in fraternal love;
Faith in our fellow-beings; faith that there is in every human soul a desire to be good.
 What does this faith teach us?
Charity, which covereth a multitude of sins; that sins flow from weakness and imperfection, and we pity where we cannot blame.
 Does charity necessitate toleration?
"The greatest good of the greatest number," should be the motto of nations and individuals.
 What is the grand ultimate of truth?
The truth shall make you free.

Emma Tuttle.

—:O:—

No. XXII.

When this old Earth is Righted.

1.

I searched the volume of my heart,
 I spread its purple lids apart,
 Its leaves with inspiration's art,
 And prophecy indited.
 Entranced with trope and mystic
 rhyme,
 I caught the symphony sublime,
 The prelude of the coming time :
 I saw the old Earth righted.

2.

Thou shalt lay cross and burden down,
 Humanity, and take thy crown,
 The bride of Heaven in lily gown,
 With every wrong requited;
 Enthroned for thy achievement vast,
 With each ideal of the past
 One grand reality at last,
 When this old Earth is righted.

3.

And nations shall not then, as now,
 The cause of righteousness avow,
 With "ego" written on the brow;
 But each to each united
 Shall wear the badge of sacrifice,
 And drop the hypocrite's disguise,
 And face high Heaven with honest eyes,
 When this old Earth is righted.

4.

No more before Redemption's gate,
 Stumbling at prejudice and hate,
 Humanity shall hesitate,
 To liberty half plighted;

For truths that loosely lie apart
 Shall be inwrought into the heart
 By Reason's skill and Wisdom's art,
 When this old Earth is righted.

5.

And Freedom's march no more shall
 pause
 At God Almighty's broken laws.
 The full requirements of her cause
 Shall nevermore be slighted :
 Nor civic strategy elude
 Equality and brotherhood;
 And Justice shall pronounce it good
 When this old Earth is righted.

6.

And woman's life no more shall be
 The playground of hypocrisy,
 But earnest, natural, and free;
 And Love shall stay unfrighted,
 And reign in sacred, sweet content
 And offer service reverent;
 For marriage shall be sacrament
 When this old Earth is righted.

7.

Then urge thy tardy courser, Time !
 We watch to hail the blessed prime,
 We listen for the morning chime
 That heralds the long-plighted :
 Humanity and the Divine
 Shall wed at Nature's sacred shrine,
 Completing Infinite design,
 When this old Earth is righted.

Augusta Cooper Bristol.

No. XXIII.

Esteem Thyself.

WHAT should be the first ambition of every one?

To command his own esteem. One cannot retain the esteem of others who is not worthy of his own.

Is self-esteem vanity?

No. It is the consciousness of having lived righteously.

Can we esteem ourselves when we cheat and deceive our fellow-beings?

No. We feel that we do not deserve trust. We grow weak, faltering, and unsafe.

How can we best gain our own esteem?

By being honest in our dealings, truthful in the utterance of our opinions, brave in vindicating them when assailed, and courageous in living them, always testing their merits by their results.

Emma Tuttle.

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No. XXIV.

The Happy Life.

1.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

2.

Those passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for Death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath.

3.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by
praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

4.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience in his strong re-
treat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

5.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

6.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

—:0:—

No. XXV.

The Kingdoms of Nature.

WHAT is the lowest kingdom in nature?

The mineral.

What is the name of that kingdom immediately above the mineral?

The vegetable.

What is next above the vegetable?

The animal.

What above the animal?

The human.

What rises above the human, the highest and most glorious of all ;

The spiritual,

What do you mean by the mineral kingdom ?

The base of the grand pyramid of existence.

What do you mean by the vegetable kingdom ?

The first step of this pyramid, wrought by the action of living forces.

What do you mean by the animal kingdom ?

The second step, including the vast domain from the beginning of sentient life to the bounds of the human.

What do you mean by the human kingdom ?

The third step, on which man stands alone, as the representative of developed reason and intellect, and prophecy of immortality.

What do you mean by the spiritual kingdom ?

The infinite apex, the crowning glory of Life's grand pyramid ; the region of infinite force, and the destination of all progress.

Hudson Tuttle.

—:O:—

No. XXVI.

The Voice of Progress.

1.

CAN ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,
Or chain the wings of the morning light?
Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,
Or bind the thunders in silent sleep?
The sun that rises, the seas that flow,
The thunders of heaven, all answer, No !

2.

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth,
The earthquake still in its awful birth?
Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee,
Or the pulse of the universe pause for thee?
The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,
The pulse of the Universe, answer, No !

3.

Can ye burn a truth in the martyr's fire,
Or chain a thought in the dungeon dire?
Or stay the soul when it soars away,
In glorious life from the mouldering clay?
The truth that liveth, the thoughts that grow,
The spirit ascending, all answer, No !

4.

O priest ! O despot ! *your doom* they speak ;
For God is mighty, as ye are weak.
Your night and your winter from earth must roll,
Your chains must melt from the limb and soul.
Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe ;
Shall ye triumph much longer ? we answer, No !

5.

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled ;
 On the broken heart of a famished world,
 Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
 Ye have made its children a race of slaves.
 O'er the future age shall the ruin go ?
 We gather against ye, and answer, No !

6.

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers ;
 But weak are ye, for the *truth* is ours.
 In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move ;
 But we are stronger, *our strength is love*.
 Can truth be slain with a curse or blow ?
 The beautiful heavens, they answer, No !

7.

The wintry night of the world is past,
 The day of humanity dawns at last ;
 The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
 And prophets and heroes and seers arise.
 Their words and deeds like the thunder go :
 Can ye stifle their voices ? they answer, No.

8.

It is God who speaks in their words of might ;
 It is God who acts in their deeds of right.
 Lo ! Eden waits, like a radiant bride :
 Humanity springeth close to her side.
 Can ye sever the twain who to oneness flow ?
 The voice of Divinity answers, No.

T. L. Harris.

—:O:—

No. XXVII.

Matter and Spirit.

WHAT are the two great divisions of nature ?
 Matter and spirit.

What is matter ?

The material of which every thing is made.

What is spirit ?

It is a pure and eternal force.

Of what is matter composed ?

Atoms.

What is an atom ?

It is the indivisible centre from which force emanates.

What are the three states of matter ?

Solid, liquid, and gaseous.

How do we learn the qualities of matter ?

By means of its emanating force or spirit.

Do we know anything of matter except by means of its forces ?

It is unseen, unfelt, and unknown.

Will you illustrate this grand truth ?

As we learn of the sun by means of its light, heat, and gravitation, so do we learn of the atom by its attraction, methods of combination and other qualities. When we come in contact with a solid, it is not the atom we touch, we only touch the sphere of its emanating force.

What is the relation between matter and force ?

They are inseparable, co-existent, and co-eternal.

Hudson Tuttle.

No. XXVIII.

The Divine Order.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns ;
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small,
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.
 Cease, then, nor order imperfection name,
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point ; this kind, this due, degree
 Of blindness, weakness Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit,—in this or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blessed as thou canst bear ;
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good ;
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, *whatever is, is right.*

Alexander Pope.

—:O:—

No. XXIX.

The Three Rules.

WHAT is the lowest rule of human conduct ?

The Iron Rule.

What is the next higher rule ?

The Silver Rule.

What is the highest rule of human conduct ?

The Golden Rule.

What is the Iron Rule ?

Evil for evil.

What is the Silver Rule ?

Good for good.

What is the Golden Rule ?

Good for evil.

Why do you consider the Iron Rule the lowest ?

Because it is the expression of the animal faculties of the mind, and the law of brutes and savages.

Why is the Silver Rule better ?

Because it is the Golden Rule half expressed.

Why is the Golden Rule the highest and the best ?

Because it is the essence of our spiritual perceptions of right ; and, flowing from the highest faculties of our nature, must be the best guide in the conduct of life.

A. J. Davis.

No. XXX.

Pride.

BROTHERS! henceforth be warned; and know, that Pride,
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness; | that he who feels contempt
 For any living thing, hath faculties
 Which he has never used; that thought with him
 Is in its infancy. | The man whose eye
 Is ever on himself, doth look on one
 The least of Nature's works, | one who might move
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
 Unlawful ever. | Oh, be wiser, ye!
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to Love, |
 True dignity abides with him alone
 Who in the silent hour of inward thought,
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
 In lowliness of heart.

William Wordsworth.

— :0: —

No. XXXI.

The True and the False.

ANSWER, O, soul. What is the sweetest and best of all things?
Love.

What is the worst?

Cruelty.

Answer, O soul! What is the noblest of all things?

To do our duty.

What is the basest?

To be treacherous towards others.

Answer, O soul! What is the grandest of all things?

The divine mind.

What is the meanest?

An envious disposition.

Answer, O soul! What is the purest of all things?

Charity.

What is the foulest?

A slanderous tongue.

Answer, O soul! What is the most beautiful of all things?

A good life.

What is the least?

A deformed spirit.

Answer, O soul. What is the wisest of all things?

Adherence to truth.

What is the most foolish?

Vanity.

Answer, O soul. What is the rarest of all things?

A mind which is purely self-sustaining.

What is the most pleasing of all things?

A contemplation of all God's excellencies.

What is the most distressing?

The contemplation of Vice and her attendant evils.

Mrs. E. S. Ledsham.

XXXII.

Human Beauty.

AND is thy young eye dazzled with the pleasant form of beauty?
 This is but a lower love ; still it hath its honor :
 What God hath made, and meant to charm, let no man despise.
 Nevertheless, as Reason's child, look thou wisely farther ;
 For age, disease, and care, and sin shall tarnish all the surface,
 Reach a loftier love ; be lured by the comeliness of mind,—
 Gentle, kind, and calm or lustrous in the livery of knowledge.
 And more, there is a higher grade. Force the mind to its perfection ;
 Win those golden trophies of consummate love.
 Add unto the riches of the reason, and a beauty moulded to thy liking,
 The precious things of nobler grace that well adorn a soul ;
 Thus be thou owner of a treasure, great in earth and heaven,—
 Beauty, wisdom, goodness, in a creature like its God.

—:O:—

No. XXXIII.

A Moral Code.

NO wrongful act of another can bring shame on us ; and it is not men's
 acts which disturb us, but our own opinion of them.
 Our own anger hurts us more than the acts themselves
 Benevolence is invincible, if it be not an affected smile, nor acting a part.
 Sin is error and ignorance—an involuntary slavery.
 Suffer rather than inflict suffering.
 Bless them that persecute you.

Marcus Aurelius.

Love is the Life of Man.

Wisdom is the light in which Love sees.

All Religion has relation to Life, and the Life of Religion is to do good.

Emanuel Swedenborg.

—:O:—

No. XXXIV.

Revelations of the Divine.

1.

THOUGH nature is a veil, of lightnings woven,
 Most beautiful and glorious to see,
 And registers, in each progressive motion,
 The beatings of the heart of Deity ;
 Yet, through its folds, His loftiest revelations
 Of law and essence have been never made ;
 His voice, that awes and thrills the adoring nations,
 Comes not with sensual imagery arrayed.
 It ripples, bathed in everlasting splendor,
 Through veins where Deity hath ever ran ;
 And speaks, in tones with Love's rich breathings tender,
 From the child-lips and heaven-bright soul of man.

2.

God speaketh in their lives of truth and beauty ;
 God speaketh in their words of prophet fire ;
 God speaketh in their acts of loving duty,
 And noiseless charities that never tire.
 And, haloed round with everlasting lustre,
 They shine transfigured in the might of soul ;
 And thronging generations round them cluster,
 To hear the music from their spirits roll.
 For them earth shines more joyfully and fairer ;
 Each word and deed of right lives on for aye ;
 Each heart-beat of their lives to man brings nearer
 The golden sunrise of the Eden day.

T. L. Harris.

—:0:—

No. XXXV.

Heavenly Wisdom.

Who is a wise man and endowed with knowledge among you ? let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.

Ye are, then, unwise and foolish.

For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

—:0:—

No. XXXVI.

Wisdom, True Riches.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill, |
 That maketh grieved or happy, rich or poor ; |
 For one that hath abundance at his will |
 Hath not enough, but wants in greater store ; |
 Another that hath little, asks no more, |
 But in that little is both rich and wise ; |
 For wisdom is most riches ; | fools therefore
 They are which Fortune do by vows devise, |
 Since each unto himself his life may fortuneise.

Edmund Spenser.

—:0:—

No. XXXVII.

Wisdom True Power.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power, power of herself
 Would come uncalled for, but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear ;
 And because right is right, to follow right,
 Were Wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Tennyson.

XXXVIII.

Wisdom.

WHAT is wisdom?

To judge liberally, to think purely, and to love thy neighbour.

Who gains wisdom?

He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources.

Who is the mighty man?

He who subdueth his temper.

Who is rich?

He who is content with his lot.

Who is deserving of honor?

He who honoureth mankind.

Study is more than sacrifice.

Charity is greater than all.

The Talmud.

—:O:—

No. XXXIX.

The Happy Warrior.

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is he

Whom every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous spirit, who, when brought

Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought

Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought; }

Whose high endeavors are an inward light

That make the path before him always bright;

Who, with a natural instinct to discern

What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,

But makes his moral being his prime care;

Who, doomed to go in company with pain,

Turns his necessity to glorious gain;

In face of these doth exercise a power

Which is our human nature's highest dower;

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves

Of their bad influence, and their good receives;

By objects which might force the soul to abate

Her feeling, rendered more compassionate.

'Tis he whose law is reason, who depends

Upon that law as on the best of friends;

Who fixes good on good alone, and owes

To virtue every triumph that he knows;

Who comprehends his trust, and to the same

Keeps faithful with strong singleness of aim,

And through the heat of conflict keeps the law,

In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

'Tis finally, the man, who lifted high,

Conspicuous object in a nation's eye, }

Or left unthought of in obscurity,— }

Who, with a toward or untoward lot,

Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,

Plays, in the many games of life, that one

Where what he most doth value must be won;

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,

Nor thought of tender happiness betray;

And not content that former worth stands fast, }
 Looks forward, persevering to the last, }
 From well to better, daily self surpassed : }
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth }
 Forever, and to noble deeds give birth, }
 Or he must go to dust without his fame,
 And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ; }
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws }
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause ; }
 This is the happy warrior ; this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

William Wordsworth.

—:O:—

No. XL.

Truth.

THE inquiry of Truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it ; the knowledge of Truth, which is the presence of it ; and the belief of Truth, which is the enjoying of it ; is the sovereign good of human nature.

It is better to have no opinion of God at all, than such a one as is unworthy of him.

It is Heaven upon Earth to have a man's mind move in Charity, rest in Prudence, and turn upon the poles of Truth.

Superstition is the reproach of Deity.

Francis Bacon.

Nor is there any higher grace given to man, spirit, or angel, than that of loving Truth because it is Truth, since in that affection they have Heaven with all its blessedness.

Emanuel Swedenborg.

—:O:—

No. XLI.

A Psalm of Life.

1.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream !"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

2.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

3.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;

But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

4.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout & brave
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

5.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

6.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living present !
 Heart within, and God o'er head !

7.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

8.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing shall take heart again.

9.

Let us, then, be up and doing
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

—:O:—

No. XLII.

Death.

What is Death ?

A condition of life, consequent upon its fuller unfoldment.

What is the law of Life ?

Eternal progression.

Whence and whither ?

From imperfection towards perfection.

By what means ?

The expansion of sympathy, the acquisition of knowledge, and thus the increase of power.

What do we leave at Death ?

The physical body, and all pertaining only to it.

What do we retain ?

The character and intelligence fashioned on earth still pursuing its development.
 A. D.

—:O:—

No. XLIII.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

- 1 **S**AINTE Augustine ! well hast thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame !
- 2 All common things, each day's events,
 That with the hour begin and end,
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.
- 3 The longing for ignoble things,
 The strife for triumph more than truth ;
 The hardening of the heart, that brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;
- 4 All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds
 That have their roots in thoughts of ill ;
 Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will ;

- 5 All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain
 In the bright fields of fair renown
 The right of eminent domain.
- 6 We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.

H. W. Longfellow.

—:O:—

No. XLIV.

Spiritualism.

WHERE are the dead ?
They inhabit invisible spheres of loveliness and glory amid the inter-stellar spaces.

Can they revisit the earth ?

Yes, they do so continually ; watching or assisting those to whom they are attracted.

Can we communicate with them ?

Yes, under appropriate conditions.

Are all such as speak with us capable and veracious ?

Not necessarily. Only the discipline of long periods of time can thoroughly efface the stains upon some souls.

What, then, is our criterion ?

An unbiassed judgment, a deliberate exercise of the Reason.

What is the universal revelation as to their own forms and that of their surroundings ?

That they resemble those of earth as the flower does the bud, or the man the child, from which he sprang.

The change, then, is one of growth in all respects ?

Yes ; Humanity and Nature are eternal, but substance is infinitely variable, perpetually increasing in refinement, purity, and beauty.

A. D.

—:O:—

No. XLV.

Spiritual Communion.

HOW pure at heart, how sound in head,
 With what divine affections bold,
 Should be the man whose thought would hold
 An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day,
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest.

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

Tennyson.

—:O:—

No. XLVI.

Spirit.

What is the Spirit?

*Affection and intelligence,—A self-conscious being enclosed in human form
The noblest manifestation of Deity.*

What is its destiny?

*Everlasting life and everlasting ascension through endless realms of thought
and action.*

What are its Laws?

Justice and Truth, Love and Wisdom.

What is the consequence of obedience to these?

Swift progress to happiness and power.

What is the consequence of neglecting them?

Retarded growth, weakness and suffering.

Is this seen on Earth?

Only partially, its full reality is discovered in the hereafter.

What do Spirits teach us is the one salvation?

A spiritual life.

What are the characteristics of a spiritual life?

*Temperance and study, aspiration and charity, self-denial, the practice of the
virtues, and the cultivation of our higher nature in all its faculties.* A. D.

—:O:—

No. XLVII.

Work is Prayer.

1.

Brothers! be ye who ye may,
Sons of men, I bid ye pray!
Pray unceasing, pray with might,
Pray in darkness, pray in light.
Life hath yet no hours to spare:
Life is toil, and toil is prayer!

2.

Life is toil; and all that lives
Sacrifice of labor gives:
Water, fire, and air and earth,
Rest not, pause not, from their birth.
Sacred toil doth nature share:
Love and labor! work is prayer.

3.

Patriot! toiling for thy kind,
Thou shalt break the chains that bind;
Shape thy thought, and mould thy plan
Toil for freedom, toil for man;
Sagely think, and boldly dare:
Labor, labor! work is prayer!

4.

Brother! round thee brothers stand.
Pledge thy truth, and give thy hand;
Raise the downcast, help the weak;
Toil for good, for virtue speak.
Let thy brother be thy care:
Labor, labor! work is prayer.

Duganne.

Man.**No. XLVIII.**

THE world is sustained by four things only.

The learning of the wise.
The justice of the great.
The prayers of the good.
The valor of the brave.

The Koran.

The best preacher is the heart.
The best teacher is time.
The best book is the world.
The best friend is God.

The Talmud.

What a piece of work is man !
How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculties !
In form and moving how express and admirable !
In action how like an angel.
In apprehension how like a God !
The beauty of the world !
The paragon of animals !

Shakespeare.

—o:—

No. XLIX.**The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine.**

1.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine ;
My censer's breath the mountain airs
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

2.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
[caves,
When murm'ring homeward to their
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music breathes of thee!

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.

The 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,
[glow,
From flowers that bloom to stars that
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity. *Moore.*

—o:—

No. L.**Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.**

What is the law of liberty ?

The right of every man to act as he pleases, providing that he infringes not upon the equal rights of all other men.

What is the law of mental freedom ?

Tolerance. The right of every mind to think and judge for itself upon all matters of belief and opinion.

What is the law of Equality ?

That to all the same opportunities of attaining knowledge and power shall be thrown open unreservedly.

What is the law of Fraternity ?

That every man is bound to assist his comrades, and to work with them as a brother, instead of against them as an enemy, making love the guide, as well as the crown of human achievements.

What is the basis of these laws ?

Conscience and Justice, the common conscience of mankind.

What is the completion of the Law of Liberty as taught by conscience ?

That of Duty, which imperatively demands of each subserviency to right, fulfilment of obligations, and earnest activity in doing good.

What is the completion of the Law of Equality ?

That of Individuality, which discovers to us that absolute equality or similarity of natural gifts is unknown, and that therefore we must allow for differences and degrees.

What is the completion of the Law of Fraternity ?

That of Wisdom, which demands the due development of each along with that of the whole, and recognises itself as a component unit of the humanity which it is its life purpose to exalt.

How, then, shall the World be made a Heaven ?

The power is within us. Justice and Tolerance, Liberty and Duty, Equality and Individuality, Fraternity and Wisdom, are the angels of our deliverance.

But the beginning and the end of all is Love.

A. D.

—:O:—

LI.

The Old and the New.

1.

Oh ! sometimes gleams upon our sight,
[right !

Through present wrong, the eternal
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.

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 ;
[fear
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of
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.

Whittier.

PART II.

MUSICAL READINGS.

(In these readings, singing may be introduced at the points marked with #)

No. I.

Always a Future.

- 1 **I** BEHELD a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
 And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting day,
 While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
 Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came that way.
 And the gate, forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
 Melodious as the singing of one that we adore ;
 And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling ;
 And the burden of that chorus was Hope's glad word, " Evermore !"

*

- 2 And, as I gazed and listened, came a mortal wildly weeping :
 " I have lost my hopes forever ; one by one they went away.
 The idols of my patient love the cold grave hath in keeping ;
 Life is one long lamentation ; I know no night nor day !"
 Then the angel, softly speaking, " Stay, mourner, stay thy shrieking ;
 Thou shalt find those thou art seeking, beyond that golden door."
 Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
 " They whom thy sad soul loveth shall be with thee evermore !"

*

- 3 I saw the toiler enter, to rest for aye from labor ;
 The weary-hearted exile there found his native land ;
 The beggar there could greet the king as equal and as neighbor ;
 The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand.
 And the gate, forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
 Melodious as the singing of one that we adore ;
 And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
 While the vision faded from me, with the glad word " Evermore !"

No. II.

Rest for the Weary.

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.

CHORUS.

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

2.

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

CHORUS.—There is rest, &c.

3.

Death itself shall then be vanquished
And its sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout for gladness, O ye mortals,
Hail with joy the rising morn.

CHORUS.—There is rest, &c.

—:O:—

No. III.

The Angels.

THE angels stand by the pure in heart in their transfigured beauty, and surround them with a sphere of light and melody.

They come to lead the weary pilgrims from the rude scenes of life to mansions of inward rest.

*

Their presence is marked by an iridescent glory, and their footsteps are luminous long after they have passed.

They breathe a holy calm into the wounded heart.

*

The glory of their presence dissipates the darkness of the world ; their smiles dissolve the frosts of years ; they restore the springtime of the affections, and make life's barren wastes bloom like the gardens of Paradise. *S. B. Brittan.*

—:O:—

No. IV.

An Opening Song.

1.

Oh, ye who once were mortals,
Enrobed, like us, in clay,
Come down from heaven's blue meadows,

And be with us to-day.
Instruct us, loving angels,
The way your glory came,
And wreath about our foreheads
Truth's glowing ring of flame.

2.

Bring down a breath from Eden,
And let us breathe it in,
Till its surpassing sweetness

Makes us forget to sin !
Our hearts are reaching upward,
Like singing larks in spring,
And every soul is willing
To learn the truths you bring.

3.

Come down, oh, blessed angels,
Make earth and heaven one,
And when our paths are shadowed,
Be ye our rising sun ;
Unfold us in God's wisdom,
His beauty and his love—
And may the earth-life fit us
To be like you above.

No. V.

The Beautiful.

BEAUTY is the robe of divinity itself, the privilege of angels. There is a spiritual beauty gleaming from the features of the good and pure, which transfigures them into a divine expression.

Beauty, called into being by the genial warmth of goodness, and inspired by the soft radiance of joy, expands into bloom only in the bland atmosphere of love.

*

Spiritual love gives grace to every movement, light to the eye, sweetness to the mouth, color to the cheek, and beautiful animation to the whole figure.

Absolute purity of heart and life is the richest human possession.

"Give ear," said the old Aryan of India, "to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep into your hearts, O my children! So shall the charms of your minds add lustre to the elegance of your forms; and your beauty, like the rose it resembles, shall retain its sweetness when the bloom is withered."

*

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever : |
 Its loveliness increases ; | it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; | but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, | and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. *Keats.*

*

All things are for the sake of the good, and the good is the cause of every thing beautiful. *Plato.*

—:O:—

No. VI.

Walk with the Beautiful.

1.

Walk with the beautiful and with the grand :

Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter.

Sorrow may lead the weeping by the hand,

But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her.

Walk with the beautiful.

2.

I hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"

Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure

'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,

For thou canst make it smile beside thy door.

Then love the beautiful.

3.

Ay, love it: 'tis a sister that will bless,
 And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely,

The angels love it, for they wear its dress;

And thou art made a little lower only.

Then love the beautiful.

No. VII.

In Knowledge there is Safety.

WHO would tarry on the lowlands of ignorance? Are not the highlands of knowledge more broad, bright, and beautiful?

There are no treacherous pitfalls, but we may see and know that our feet are sure.

Lead us onward, O evangels of Truth!

*

There is no danger so appalling as that of ignorance. Groping in its darkness, we stumble upon all conceivable sorrows and follies.

The violation of the laws of physical existence fills countless graves with forms which the spirit should have worn much longer, for its highest good. In ignorance we unwittingly scar and stain our souls with sins which pain and weaken us here and in heaven.

Against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless.

*

Ignorance involves nations in war, and lays low their champions of honor, amidst the wailing of broken homes and hearts.

Who can count the multitudes which have perished by her dusky hands?

Lead us onward, O divine wisdom!

—:O:—

No. VIII.

The World is Growing Good.

1.

Let us set the great world ringing,
With our hopeful merry singing,
For the earth is full of beauty, far and
near;

On the fragrant air of summer,
We will wake a tuneful murmur,
That the faint and weary hearted all
may hear.

CHORUS.

O, the world is growing good,
For the right is understood,
And our little lives are full of brilliant
chances.

Martyrs have not died in vain,
And we chant a glad refrain
As we follow Truth wherever she ad-
vances!

2.

O, a thousand lights are streaming,
Brighter far than poet's dreaming,
Through the darkness which has shut
away the skies.

Lo, we see illumined faces
Lighting up the ether spaces,
And we meet the earnest gaze of angel
eyes.

CHORUS.—O, the world, &c.

3.

Then we'll raise a ringing chorus,
For the golden days before us,
While we work to bring them nearer,
day by day,
Heaven is not so far above us,
That its inmates cannot love us,
And lean out to hear us singing on
our way.

CHORUS.—O, the world, &c.

No. IX.

Remember the Poor.

DO not call loudly upon God to remember the poor, when thou art constantly forgetting their needs and their sorrows.

Benevolent actions are the most holy prayers; and he who giveth to the needy enriches his own soul.

*

Be just, as well as generous; be willing to remunerate labor honestly and fairly: then shall warm hearts know better days, sighing voices grow merry, and the old chains of want be broken.

*

Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared or left behind but always hinder the march and sometimes lose the victory. *Francis Bacon.*

Riches often slip away as silently and as irrecoverably as the moments of life. They are evanescent and changeable; and only as far as they aid us in spiritual growth are they of lasting value.

*

—:0:—

No. X.

Hard Times Come Again no More.

1.

Let us pause in life's pleasures, and
count its many tears,

While we all sup sorrow with the poor
There's a song that will linger forever
in our ears,—

"Oh! hard times, come again no
more."

Chorus.—"Tis the song, the sigh of the
weary,—

"Hard times, hard times,
come again no more;

Many days you have lingered
around my cabin door:

Oh! hard times, come again no
more."

2.

While we seek mirth and beauty
music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the
door.

Though their voices are silent, their
pleading looks will say,
"Oh! hard times, come again no
more."

Chorus.—"Tis the song, &c.

3.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the
troubled wave,

'Tis a wail that is heard upon the
shore;

'Tis a dirge that is murmured around
the lowly grave

"Oh! hard times, come again no
more."

—:0:—

No. XI.

Home Affections.

A COUNTRY of true homes is a country of true greatness.

A beautiful home, musical with loving voices, is the nursery of heaven.

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary-headed; thou shalt listen reverently to the wisdom of the aged; thou shalt honor thy father, and let thy words to him be full of tenderness.

Thy mother is the guardian angel of thy life ; her virtues are registered indelibly upon thy heart ; preserve the integrity of her good name ; bless her with kindness and sympathy.

*

Love thy brother as thou lovest thy own soul ; and as often as pleasant emotions kindle to the word expressing thy relation, shalt thou feel that thou art not fighting life's battles alone and single-handed.

Thy sister is the playmate of thy youth. Let her purities be inspirations to virtue ; her goodness thy emulation. If she is weak, be thou her defence ; if weary, her refuge of peace.

*

The free and lovely impulses of hospitality, the faithful attachment of pious friends, these, too, are a holy Religion to the heart. *Schiller.*

—:0:—

No. XII.

Let us Love while we may.

1.

Let us love while we may ; for the storms will arise,
As we sail o'er the dim waves of time ;
And the hopes of to-day may be hid from our eyes
By the noon-clouds that darken our prime.
We may look for the lost hills of morning, and grieve ;
But the soft hush of twilight will come,
And our souls, on the rose-tinted billows of eve,
Float calmly away to their home.

Repeat.—Let us love while we may, &c.

2.

Let us love while we live ; and our memory will rise
Like a halo of light from the grave,
As the day from the deep lends a glow to the eyes
That are guarding the gloom of the wave.
There's a life in the soul that is better by far
Than the glitter of glory or gold ;
It may fade in the noon, but will shine like a star
When the proud world is darksome and cold.

Repeat.—Let us love while we may, &c. *James G. Clark.*

—:0:—

XIII.

Courage.

EVERY winter hath its spring, every ocean its glittering gems, every frost its shining crystals, every thunder-storm its compensating atmospheric purity.

Every cloud hath its silver lining, every ruin its growing vines, every wave-tossed ark its dove, every blood-stained cross its flower-wreathed crown ; and for every paradise lost, there are thousands to be gained.

There is a grandeur in the soul that dares to live out all the life God lit within it.

*

The courage of the soldier, which makes him willing to kill or be killed, may be bought for gold ; the courage which will face a wild beast in its den is not rare ; martyrs who could unflinchingly endure prison, wheel, or fagot, are not few ; but that courage which denies itself for itself's own sake is rarest of all gifts, and of inestimable price.

Hudson Tuttle.

---:0:---

No. XIV.

The 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 prevaieth.

2.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer by far than the jewelled
crown,
Or the miserly-hoarded treasure :
It may be the love of a little child,

Or a dead mother's prayer to heaven,
Or some lone wanderer's grateful
thanks
For a cup of water given.

3.

Oh ! 'tis better to weave in the web
of life
The most beautiful golden filling,
To do all life's works 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 their
tangled ends,
And still sit and grieve and wonder.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

---:0:---

No. XV.

Action.

IF a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar ; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.

Harbor the smile of childhood in your hearts, and in old age it will halo your careworn brow with the first glimpse of heaven.

*

To do good, which is really good, a man must act from the love of good and not with a view to reward here or hereafter.

E. Swedenborg.

Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, the second will then be clearer.

*

The end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest.

T. Carlyle.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

XVI.

Let us Gather up the Sunbeams.

1.

If we knew the woe and heartache
 Waiting for us down the read,
 If our lips could taste the wormwood,
 If our backs could feel the load,
 Would we waste the day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be ?
 Would we wait in such impatience
 For our ships to come from sea ?

2.

If we knew the baby-fingers
 Pressed against the window-pane
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
 Never trouble us again,

Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow ?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now ?

3.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
 Lying all around our path ;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff ;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort,
 In the blessings of to-day
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briers from our way.

—O:—

No. XVII.

Nature's Teachings.

LET Truth and Falsehood grapple : who ever knew Truth put to the worst
 in a fair and open encounter ? *Milton.*

Not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtle ; | but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom. *Milton.*

*

Nature is the universal exponent of God ; and reason is the external exponent
 of Nature : therefore nature and reason combined constitute the only true and
 reliable standard of judgment.

Obey God manifest in thy Intuitions.

*

Ever to that truth,
 Which but the semblance of a falsehood wears,
 A man, should bar his lip.

Those things alone
 Are to be feared, whence evil may proceed,
 None else.— *Dante.*

Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee, |
 Corruption wins not more than honesty. |
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues | Be just and fear not. |

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves ; | for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, t'were all alike
 As if we had them not.

To thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou can'st not then be false to any man. *Shakespeare.*

No. XVIII.

Onward and Sunward.

1.

Tell me the song of the beautiful stars,
As grandly they glide on their blue
way above us,
Looking in spite, of our sins and our
scars.

Down on us tenderly, yearning to love
us.

This is the song in their work-wor-
ship sung—

Down thro' the world jewelled uni-
verse rung,

Onward forever, for evermore onward,
And ever they open their loving eyes
sunward.

2.

Onward! shouts Earth, with her
myriad voices

Of music, aye answering the Song of
the seven,

As like a winged child of God's love
she rejoices,

Swinging her censer of glory in heaven

And Lo! it is writ by the finger of
God,

On the tree and the flower, and the
living green sod,

Onward forever, for evermore onward,
And ever she turneth all trustfully
sunward.

3.

The mightiest souls of all Time hover
o'er us,

Who labored like Gods among men,
and have gone

Like great bursts of sun on the dark
way before us,

They're with us, still with us, our bat-
tles fight on;

Looking down victor-browed from the
glory-crowned hill

They beckon, and beckon us on, on-
ward still,

And the true heart's aspirings are on-
ward, still onward

It turns to the future, as Earth turneth
sunward.

—:O:—

No. XIX.

Childhood Morals.

NEVER kill or torture any living thing for amusement.

Whoever would inflict needless suffering on the weak and helpless is a
cruel tyrant and an ignominious coward.

Be just in small things, and you will be just in great ones.

*

Treat all playmates as equals by right. We are all brothers and sisters; and
there is no high, no low, except in spiritual attainments.

The bud of generosity in the child will unfold into the flower of benevolence
in the adult.

*

J. O. Barrett.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small :
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.

Never mix thou thy pleasure or thy pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

W. Wordsworth.

No. XX.

Be Kind to Each Other.

From "The Psalms of Life"

1.

Be kind to each other :
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone.
 Then, midst our dejection,
 How sweet to have earned
 The blest recollection
 Of kindness returned !

2.

When day hath departed,
 And memory keeps
 Her watch, broken-hearted,
 Where all she loves sleeps,

Let falsehood assail not.
 Nor envy disprove ;
 Let trifles prevail not
 Against those you love.

3.

Nor change with to-morrow,
 Should fortune take wing ;
 But, the deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling.
 Oh, be kind to each other !
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone.

—:O:—

No. XXI.

Nobility.

NOBLENESS lies in a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making of others suffer.

The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men, fronting the peril which frightens back all others.

T. Carlyle.

Take the instant way ;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow
 That but one goes abreast.

Shakespeare.

*

O it is great, and there is no other greatness,

To make some work of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God.

To make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier.—more blessed, less accursed.

It is work for a God !

T. Carlyle.

*

There is no wealth but Life—Life including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration.

That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy beings.

That man is richest who having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others,

John Ruskin.

No. XXII.

Are we not Brothers?

1.

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 ?

2.

Want from the starving poor, depart !
Chains from the captive, fall !
Great God, subdue the 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.

Mrs. Sigourney.

—:O:—

No. XXIII.

The Hereafter.

THE kingdom of heaven is within you.

Every noble deed of charity is heaven.

Giving water to a thirsty pilgrim is heaven.

Educating the orphan is heaven.

Watching in midnight hours with the sick, to administer the healing panacea,
is heaven.

Placing a wanderer's feet in the right road is heaven.

Removing thorns and stones from a brother's or sister's pathway is heaven.

Shedding sympathy upon the unfortunate, and smiling in a brother's face, is
heaven.

Lifting up the fallen, and holding them till they can stand alone, is heaven.

Leading our fellow-men into paths of virtue, and inciting them to deeds of
charity, is heaven.

J. M. Peebles.

*

Nay falter not ; tis an assured good
To seek the noblest ; 'tis your only good,
Now you have seen it ; for that higher vision
Poisons all meaner choice for evermore.

George Eliot.

No. XXIV.

Meet us at the Crystal Gate.

1.

Meet us, angels, at the gate,
 With a welcome sweet and warm ;
 Be it early, be it late,
 We shall come thro' dark and storm,
 Weary from our dying pillows,

[lows,
 Faint with surging on death's bill-
 Strewn with cypress leaves and willows
 Plucked to mourn the cherished form.
 Meet us, angels, at the gate,
 With a welcome sweet and warm ;
 Be it early, be it late,
 We shall come thro' dark and storm.

2.

Meet us where low, holy hymns
 Float like balm upon the air ;
 Where no sullen blaming dims
 Those who come sin-tarnished there.
 Hail us at that precious meeting,
 With some old familiar greeting,

Which will set our faint hearts beating
 To love's olden, olden prayer.
 Meet us where low, holy hymns
 Float like balm upon the air ;
 Where no sullen blaming dims
 Those who come sin-tarnished there.

3.

Meet us with extended hands,
 As you used to here below ;
 Tell us, when we reach those lands,
 [so !"
 " Friends, come home ! we love you
 Then we all can love each other,
 Parents, husband, sister, brother ;
 Knowing fully, one another,
 Warm as sunlight, pure as snow.
 Meet us with extended hands,
 As you used to here below ;
 Tell us, when we reach those lands,
 [so !"
 " Friends, come home ! we love you

—:O:—

No. XXV.

Our Highest.

THE secret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist.
 To demand in all things good faith, reality and a purpose.
 And first, last, midst and without end, to honor every truth by use.

Goethe.

*
 Fidelity to conscience is the essential precept.

We are to do unflinchingly and without speculating as to consequences whatsoever it requires.

The highest truth we see we must fearlessly utter. *Herbert Spencer.*

*

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite :
 To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ; |
 To defy Power which seems omnipotent ; |
 To love and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
 From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ; |
 Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent : |
 This is true triumph this it is to be
 Good, great and glorious, beautiful and free ; |
 This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory. !

P. B. Shelley.

No. XXVI.

Speak! No Matter what Betide.

1.

He who seeks the truth, and trembles
 At the dangers he must brave,
 Is not fit to be a freeman ;
 He at best is but a slave.
 Speak ! no matter what betide thee ;
 Let them strike, but make them hear
 Be thou like the noble Jesus,
 Scorn the threat that makes the fear.

2.

Be thou like the first apostles ;
 Never fear, thou shalt not fall ;
 If a free thought seeks 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 with God !

—:O:—

No. XXVII.

Sacrifice.

THE greatness of life is sacrifice.

The reward of holier actions comes not in this world, and is not given by the hands of humanity.

*

It is easier to rise with the knife unsheathed, than to keep watch and ward on our own passions.

But let us not cheat ourselves into believing that it is higher; and nobler, and harder.

To die when life can be lived no longer with honour, is greatness indeed.

But to die because it galls us and is difficult to pursue is base.

*

To keep our souls in patience ; to strive unceasingly with evil ; to live in self-negation and continual sacrifices of desire.

To give strength to the weak, and sight to the blind ; bring light where there is darkness, and hope where there is bondage.

To do all this through many years unrecognised of men, content that they are done with such force as lies in us—this is our duty.

Ouida.

—:O:—

XXVIII.

Your Mission.

1.

If you cannot on the ocean,
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet,
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boats away.

2.

If you are too weak to journey
 Up the mountain steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley.

While the multitudes go by,
 You can chant in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along,
 Though they may forget the singer
 They will not forget the song.

3.

If you have not gold and silver
 Ever ready to command,
 If you cannot towards the needy,
 Reach an ever open hand,
 You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep,
 You can be a true disciple,
 Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

PART III.

CHORAL RESPONSES.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Con.	Conductor.
Aur. Cir.	Aurora Circle.
Sun. Cir.	Sunbeam Circle.
Mtn. Cir.	Mountain Circle.
Rt. Div.	Right Division.
Lt. Div.	Left Division.

—:O:—

I.

The Family of Nations.

Con.—What does History disclose to us?

Aur. Cir.—Man's trials.

Sun. Cir.—Man's conquests.

Mtn. Cir.—Man's progression.

All.—The process of civilisation.

Con.—What are the ascending grades of organised life?

Aur. Cir.—The individual.

Sun. Cir.—The family.

Mtn. Cir.—The nation.

All—Nations are individuals in the family of Man.

Con.—What do the most ancient records discover?

All—Three countries.

Aur. Cir.—India, the birthplace of Religion.

Sun. Cir.—Egypt, the cradle of Science.

Mtn. Cir.—Greece, the home of Philosophy, Poetry, and Art.

Con.—What are those powers parallel to and mingling with these?

All—Three Races.

Aur. Cir.—The Persians, with their Zend Avesta.

Sun. Cir.—The Jews, with their Two Testaments.

Mtn. Cir.—The Arabs, with their Koran.

Con.—What followed these streams?

All—Three powers.

Aur. Cir.—Italy, the land of great cities, Rome, Venice, and Florence.

Sun. Cir.—Spain, the monarch of the Two Worlds.

Mtn. Cir.—The Netherlands, the saviours of religious liberty.

Con.—What are the glories of modern times ?

All—Three peoples.

Aur. Cir.—The French with their rare intelligence.

Sun. Cir.—The Germans with their lofty thought.

Mtn. Cir.—The Anglo-Saxons, the pioneers of political freedom, and the enlightened advocates of consistent advance.

Con.—Has the History of Nations any teachings ?

Aur. Cir.—Russia and Turkey darkened by Ignorance remain in want.

Sun. Cir.—Spain and Austria are crushed by Priestly despotism.

Mtn. Cir.—Hungary and Poland fell victims to internal dissensions, and the ambition of relentless neighbours.

All—Ignorance, Superstition, Discord and Tyranny are the common foes of all mankind.

Con.—Was the European the first Civilisation ?

All—No. It is the offspring of others whose memory has passed away.

Con.—Have there been any contemporary with it ?

All—Three.

Rt. Div.—The Aztec, and the Peruvian, destroyed by bigoted fanatics.

Lt. Div.—The Chinese, which having lost the impulse of progression, has lost therefore its life also.

Con.—What will be the probable future of national existence ?

All—Each nation will perfect itself harmoniously in its own sphere, until all are blended in a superb whole.

Con.—Does that perfection involve the loss of nationality ?

All—Not in its true sense ; they will be distinct in their offices, but united in their operation like the various limbs and organs of the body.

Con.—Is then Humanity in reality a Unity ?

All—Yes, even as God is. Its many members mutually assist each other, they are governed by an intelligence and a sympathy, which the same in every race, blends the millions of mankind in one holy brotherhood, of aim and being.

A. D.

—:0:—

II.

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.

1.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats, tho' unseen, among us ; visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance ;
 Likes hues and harmonies of evening,
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
 Like memory of music fled,
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

2.

Spirit of Beauty ! that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form, where art thou gone ?
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?
 'Tis barren all bereft of thee,
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
 Or music by the night-wind sent
 Thro' strings of some still instrument,
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

3.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past : there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,
 And if it could not be, as if it had not been !
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on the poet's youth
 Descendeth, to our onward lives supply
 Its calm, that we may worship thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 So that thy spells our souls may bind.
 To fear ourselves, and love all human kind.

Shelley.

—:o:—

III.

The Religion of Humanity.

WHAT is the Religion of Humanity ?
The acknowledgment, reverence, and worship, of the Divine in Men.
 What is the measure of the Divine so manifested ?
The degree in which their thoughts and actions benefitted their kind.
 How is it worshipped ?
By emulative imitation, the sincerest adoration.
 What is its prophet ?
Genius.
 What is Genius ?
Spiritual insight.
 Upon what is it based ?
Love and Wisdom.
 From whence do they proceed ?
From the Deity.
 What is our highest conception of Deity ?
As the Genius of goodness, omnipotent and eternal, in and through humanity.
A. D.

IV.

Joys and Sorrows of Genius.

BECAUSE the few with signal virtue crowned
 The heights and pinnacles of human mind
 Sadder and wearier than the rest are found,
 Wish not thy soul less wise, or less refined.
 True that the dear delights which every day
 Cheer and distract the pilgrim are not theirs,
 True that tho' free from lawless Passion's sway
 A loftier being brings severer cares ;
 Yet have they special pleasures,—even mirth—
 By those undream't of who have only trod
 Lives valley smooth ; and if the rolling earth
 To their nice ear have many a painful tone,
 They know man does not live by joy alone,
 But by the presence of the power of God !

Monckton Milnes.

—:O:—

V.

A Calendar of Saints.

- Con.—What is a Saint ?
 All.—One who elevates his kind by his labor and sorrow.
 Con.—Name some saints ?
 Rt. Div.—Buddha and Zoroaster.
 Lt. Div.—Jesus and Mahommed.
 Con.—For what are these canonised ?
 All.—Because they uplifted the religious consciousness of their several days.
 Con.—Recall some of the Saints of Philosophy ?
 Aur. Cir.—Plato and Aristotle.
 Sun. Cir.—Descartes, Bacon, and Kant.
 Mtn. Cir.—Spinoza and Swedenborg.
 Con.—In Poetry ?
 Aur. Cir.—Homer, Dante, and Calderon.
 Sun. Cir.—Goethe, Schiller and Spenser.
 Mtn. Cir.—Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley.
 Con.—In Art ?
 Aur. Cir.—Phidias, and Michael Angelo.
 Sun. Cir.—Titian, Turner, and Leonardo.
 Mtn. Cir.—Beethoven and Mozart.
 Con.—In Arms ?
 Aur. Cir.—Cyrus and Epaminondas.
 Sun. Cir.—Cæsar and Belisarius.
 Mtn. Cir.—William the silent, Washington and Garibaldi.
 Con.—In Science ?
 Aur. Cir.—Euclid and Archimedes.
 Sun. Cir.—Newton, Laplace, and Bichât.
 Mtn. Cir.—Priestley, Hunter, and Linnæus.
 Con.—In Mechanical Inventions ?
 Aur. Cir.—Watt and Stephenson.
 Sun. Cir.—Morse and Wheatley.
 Mtn. Cir.—Arkwright and Brunel.
 Con.—Have you no Martyrs ?
 Aur. Cir.—The Truth has thousands.
 Sun. Cir.—From Socrates to Bruno.
 Mtn. Cir.—From Galileo to Paine.

- Con.—Are there no women saints ?
 Aur. Cir.—Aspatia and Cornelia.
 Sun. Cir.—Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale.
 Mtn. Cir.—George Sand, George Eliot, and Mrs Browning,
 Con.—Are these all the saints ?
 All.—No, they are but a few from the great host who have founded our happiness.
 Con.—Is the list closed ?
 All.—No, every year adds to it, and the future will see it even more rapidly increase.
 Con.—What are the sainted great in relation to the past ?
 Aur. Cir.—Its glories.
 Con.—In relation to the present ?
 Sun. Cir.—Its riches.
 Con.—In relation to the future ?
 Mtn. Cir.—Its prophecies.
 Con.—What do we offer our saints ?
 Aur. Cir.—Gratitude.
 Sun. Cir.—Reverence.
 Mtn. Cir.—Affection
 Con.—What do they give us ?
 Aur. Cir.—Light
 Sun. Cir.—Strength.
 Mtn. Cir.—Hope.
 Con.—What is their teaching ?
 All.—That we like them may attain to lofty levels, wherefrom we can be as beacons to our bretheren in distress, if we will but make ourselves worthy.
 Con.—How will they reward those so aspiring ?
 All.—By their presence, sympathy, and inspiration.
 Con.—Let us then gratefully remember the Saints !
 All.—And by our lives summon them to our assistance.

A. D.

—:O:—

VI.

What is Noble.

1.

What is noble? to inherit
 Wealth, estate, and proud degree ?
 There must be some other merit
 Higher yet than these to see !
 Something greater far must enter
 Into life's majestic span,
 Fitted to create and centre
 True nobility in man.

2.

What is noble? 'tis the finer
 Portion of our mind and heart,
 Linked to something still diviner
 Than mere language can impart :
 Ever prompting—ever seeing
 Some improvement yet to plan ;
 To uplift our fellow being,
 And, like man, to feel for man !

3.

What is noble? is the sabre
 Nobler than the humble spade ?
 There's a dignity in labor
 True'r than e'er pomp arrayed !
 He who seeks the mind's improvement
 Aids the world, in aiding mind !
 Every great commanding movement
 Serves not one, but all mankind.

4.

What is noble? that which places
 Truth in its enfranchised will,
 Leaving steps, like angel traces,
 That mankind may follow still !
 E'en tho' scorns malignant glances
 Prove him poorest of his clan,
 He's the noble—who advances
 Freedom, and the cause of man !

Charles Swain.

VII.

The Deity.

Con.—All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded, his wisdom is from eternity, and his goodness endureth for ever.

Rt. Div.—He sitteth on his throne in the centre, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

Lt. Div.—Order, and grace, and beauty, spring from his hand. His goodness is conspicuous in all his works ; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

Con.—There is but one God ; the author, the creator, the governor of the world ; almighty, eternal and incomprehensible.

Rt. Div.—He hath stretched forth the heavens with his hand ; he hath described with his finger the courses of the stars.

Lt. Div.—He setteth bounds to the ocean, which it cannot pass, and saith unto the stormy winds—Be still !

Con.—The thoughts of the heart, the depths of futurity are open to Him.

All—To Him alone belongs worship, adoration, thanksgiving, and praise.

Brahminic.

Con.—God is the one life, and intelligence of the universe.

Swedenborg.

Aur. Cir.—God is a spirit.

Jesus.

Sun. Cir.—God is love.

John.

Mtn. Cir.—God is all.

Spinoza.

Con.—Our Father and our Mother.

Theodore Parker.

Rt. Div.—The Divine Mind manifest in nature which is "His living garment."

Goethe.

Lt. Div.—And in the soul which is His offspring.

—:O:—

VIII.

The Higher Pantheism.

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains

Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns ?

Is not the vision He, tho' He be not that which he seems,
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams ?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,

Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him ?

Dark is the world to thee, thyself art the reason why,

For is He not all but thou, that hast power to say "I am I."

Glory about thee, without thee, and thus fullest thy doom,

Making him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom,

Speak to Him for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet.

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet,

God is Law. say the wise, A soul, and let us rejoice,

For if he thunder by law, the thunder is yet his voice.

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see,

But if we could hear and see this vision,—Were it not He ?

Tennyson.

Prayer.

Con.—What is prayer ?

All—The soul's aspiration.

Con.—How is it expressed ?

Aur. Cir.—In words.

Sun. Cir.—In thought.

Mtn. Cir.—In action.

Con.—What are its effects ?

Rt. Div.—It induces in us a superior condition of trust, strength and feeling.

Lt. Div.—It draws to us benevolent spirits anxious to assist and bless us.

Con.—Is it then a positive power in the world ?

All—Yes, a most mighty one, whose imperceptible influence pervades the whole sphere of Being.

Con.—What must the possession of so potent a force impress upon us ?

Aur. Cir.—The necessity for absolute purity of desire and intention.

Sun. Cir.—For loftiness, and generosity of aim, forbearance, and forgiveness.

Mtn. Cir.—Its earnest and constant use in noble offices.

Con.—By prayer we come nearer to the Supreme Spirit, and enter into its attributes.

All—Let us pray.

A. D.

—:O:—

No. X.

Prayer.

1.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire

Unuttered or expressed ;

The motion of a hidden fire

That trembles in the breast.

2.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

The falling of a tear,

The upward glancing of an eye,

When none but God is near.

3.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech

That infant lips can try ;

Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach

The majesty on high.

4.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice

Returning from his ways ;

While angels in their songs rejoice,

And cry, " Behold he prays."

—:O:—

No. XI.

Parents and Children.

Con.—Consider, thou who art a parent, the importance of thy trust.

All—A wicked child is an enduring reproach.

Con.—The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation ; the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

All—Reverence the virtues of thy children, remembering that they are now immortal souls.

Con.—Teach them obedience.
 Aur. Cir.—And they shall bless thee.
 Con.—Teach them modesty.
 Sun. Cir.—And they shall not be ashamed.
 Con.—Teach them gratitude.
 Mtn. Cir.—And they shall receive benefits.
 Con.—Teach them charity.
 All—And they shall gain love.
 Con.—Teach them temperance.
 Aur. Cir.—And they shall have health.
 Con.—Teach them prudence.
 Sun. Cir.—And fortune shall attend them.
 Con.—Teach them sincerity.
 Mtn. Cir.—And they shall be strong.
 Con.—Teach them justice.
 All—And the world shall honor them.
 Con.—Teach them diligence,
 Aur. Cir.—And their wealth shall increase.
 Con.—Teach them benevolence.
 Sun. Cir.—And their minds shall be exalted.
 Con.—Teach them science.
 Mtn. Cir.—And their lives shall be useful.
 Con.—Teach them religion.
 All—And their death shall be happy.
 Con.—The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia.
 Rt. Div.—Children honor your parents!
 Lt. Div.—Love and serve them.

Brahminic.

—:O:—

No. XII.

Love.

LOVE is the happy privilege of mind,
 Love is the reason of all living things.
 A Trinity there seems, of principles
 Which represent and rule created life,
 The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
 In all throughout one common feeling reigns,
 Each does maintain, and is maintained by each,
 All are compatible, all needful; one
 To life, to nature one, and one to bliss,
 Which thus together make the power, the end,
 And the perfection of created Being.
 Truly to love ourselves, we must love God,
 To love God, we must all his creatures love,
 To love his creatures both ourselves and Him,
 Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy.

Bailey.

—:O:—

XIII.

Duties.

Con.—What are our duties?
 Aur. Cir.—To ourselves.
 Sun. Cir.—To our neighbours.
 Mtn. Cir.—To God.

Con.—What is our duty to ourselves?

Aur. Cir.—Self-reverence, control, and culture.

Con.—What is our duty to our neighbour?

Sun. Cir.—Justice, sympathy, and charity.

Con.—What is our duty to God?

Mtn. Cir.—To love and cherish all created things that evidence His qualities.

Con.—What are His qualities?

Aur. Cir.—Truth.

Sun. Cir.—Goodness.

Mtn. Cir.—Beauty.

Con.—In what are these exhibited?

Aur. Cir.—In Nature.

Sun. Cir.—In Animal Life.

Aur. Cir.—In Humanity.

Con.—How do we prove our appreciation of these?

Aur. Cir.—By seeking to understand, enjoy, and perfect Nature.

Sun. Cir.—By protecting, tending, and ministering to all helpless living things.

Mtn. Cir.—By making the good of others the sole aim of our exertions, and persisting in those exertions unremittingly for the period of our days.

Con.—Define these duties more fully?

All.—We must be faithful to friends, dutiful to parents, and gentle with children, respect all ages, all classes, all nations, and all creeds, honour virtue, seek truth, and continue in right doing without discouragement from persecution, or expectation of reward.
A. D.

—:O:—

XIV.

Ode to Duty.

- 1 **S**TERN daughter of the voice of God !
O, duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou who art victory and law,
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.
- 2 Through no disturbance of the soul,
Or strong compunction in us wrought,
We supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought ;
Now this unchartered freedom tires ;
We feel the weight of chance desires ;
Our hopes no more must change their name,
We long for a repose which ever is the same.
- 3 Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face ;
Flowers laugh before thee in their beds ;
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, thro' thee, are fresh and strong.

4 To humbler functions, awful power !
 We call thee ; we ourselves commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh ! let our weakness have an end,
 Give unto us, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give ;
 And in the light of truth, thy bondsmen let us live.

Wordsworth.

—:O:—

NO. XV.

The Conduct of Life.

Con.—Since the days that are past are gone, and those that are to come may not find thee, it behoveth thee, O man, to employ the present.

All.—This instant is thine, the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Con.—Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly ; defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Rt. Div.—Idleness is the parent of want, and of pain.

Lt. Div.—But the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

Con.—Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it may be, neither let any one go before thee in well doing.

Rt. Div.—Envy not the merits of another.

Lt. Div.—But improve thine own talents.

Con.—Scorn to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods.

Rt. Div.—Strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him.

Lt. Div.—So shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honor, if not with success.

Con.—Hear the words of prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart.

Rt. Div.—Her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her.

Lt. Div.—She is the guide and mistress of human life.

Con.—A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of Fortune ; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

Rt. Div.—His happiness dependeth not upon her smiles.

Lt. Div.—Therefore with her frowns he is not dismayed.

Con.—He meeteth the evils of life as a man goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Rt. Div.—His calmness and courage alleviate the weight of his misfortunes.

Lt. Div.—His constancy surmounts them.

Con.—A good death is better than an evil life ; strive therefore to live as long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou canst.

Rt. Div.—While thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it.

Lt. Div.—Complain not of the shortness of thy time ; remember that with thy days thy cares are shortened.

Con.—He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so.

Brahminic.

XVI.

God Knows it All.

IN the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber,
Is there some hidden grief thou may'st 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 billows of temptation,
And would'st be good, but evil still prevails?
Oh, think, amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge fails,
God knows it all!

And dost thou wrong thy brother,—deeds concealing
For some dark spot no human eye can see?
Then walk in pride, without one sin revealing,
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee.
God knows it all!

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

Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear drops flowing
For one so early lost to earth and thee?
The depths of grief no human being knowing,
Which moans in spirit like the moaning sea.
God knows it all!

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!

—:o:—

XVII.

Body and Spirit.

Con.—Wherefore of all creatures, O Man, art thou only erect, but that thou mayest behold God's works.

Rt. Div.—Wherefore art thou to behold, but that thou mayest admire them.

Lt. Div.—Wherefore to admire, but that thou mayest adore their creator.

Con.—Wherefore is consciousness reposed in thee alone, and whence is it derived to thee?

Rt. Div.—'Tis not in flesh to think, 'tis not in bones to reason.

Lt. Div.—The lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him; the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for slaughter.

Con.—Something is added to thee, unlike to what thou seest ; something informs thy clay higher than all that is the object of thy senses.

Rt. Div.—The body remaineth perfect after it has fled.

Lt. Div.—Therefore it is not part of the body.

Con.—It is immaterial, individual, and eternal.

Brahminic.

— o: —

XVIII.

Crown the Prophet.

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.

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.

Art is grander, brighter growing ;
Ev'ry moment is her shrine
At the will of Thought's true angels
Beaming more and more divine,
Nations hail your Dawn Triumphal,
Lamped no more by wavering moon ;
Crown the temples ; crown the prophets ;
Not in vain they sang the noon.

— :o: —

XIX.

Resolution.

Con.—What exalted form is this, that hitherward directs its even, its uninterrupted course ?

Rt. Div.—His foot is on the earth, his head above the clouds.

Lt. Div.—On his brow sitteth majesty, and in his heart reigneth tranquillity.

Con.—He deigneth not to look down upon the obstacles which oppose his way ; he proceedeth, though heaven and earth oppose his passage.

Aur. Cir.—The mountains sink beneath his tread.

Sun. Cir.—The waters of the ocean are dried up under the sole of his foot.

Mtn. Cir.—The tiger throweth herself across his way in vain ; the spots of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

Con.—He marcheth through the embattled legions ; with his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

Aur. Cir.—Storms war against his shoulders, but are not able to shake him.

Sun. Cir.—The thunder bursteth over his head in vain.

Mtn. —The lightning serveth but to show the glories of his countenance.

Con.—His name is Resolution ; his eye discovereth the temple of Happiness beyond the pole.

Aur. Cir.—He walketh up to it.

Sun. Cir.—He entereth boldly.

Mtn. Cir.—He remaineth there for ever.

Con.—Establish thy heart, O man ! in that which is right, and then know that the greatest of human glories is to be immutable. *Brahminic.*

—:O:—

XX.

Beauty.

BEAUTIFUL faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true,
Patient and busy the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
So swiftly to lighten others' woe.
Thro' summer's heat, or thro' winter's snow.

Beautiful children, rich or poor,
Who, walking the pathways sweet and pure,
Lead on to mansions of rest secure.

—:O:—

No. XXI.

Life and Death.

Con.—As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchemist, so is death the test of our lives.

Rt. Div.—To judge of a life examine the period of it.

Lt. Div.—At its last it appeareth without dissimulation.

Con.—He hath not spent his life ill who knoweth how to die well.

Rt. Div.—He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought.

Lt. Div.—Neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

Con.—Wouldest thou learn to die nobly ?—let thy vices die before thee.

Rt. Div.—Join esteem to thy admiration.

Lt. Div.—Unite friendship to thy love.

Con.—So shalt thou find that contentment surpasseth raptures, and that tranquility is of more worth than ecstasy.

Rt. Div.—Presume not in prosperity ; despair not in adversity.

Lt. Div.—Court not dangers, nor meanly fly from them.

All—Dare to despise whatever will not remain with thee.

Con.—The wise man maketh everything the means of his growth.

Aur. Cir.—He governeth the good.

Sun. Cir.—He conquereth the evil.

Mtn. Cir.—He is unmoved in all.

Con.—Think not the longest life the happiest ; that which is best employed doth man most honor ; himself shall rejoice after death in its harvest.

Brahminic.

XXII.

The Workers Win.

1.

THE seed which lies inert and cold,
 Will neither flower nor fruitage bear,
 Unless it struggles through the mould
 For light and air.
 The soul that seeks for Freedom's
 prize
 Must Freedom's battle first begin—
 True effort never vainly dies,
 The workers win.

2.

Through weary years of want and woe
 The soul irresolute must wait,
 While he who strikes the timely blow,
 Will conquer fate.
 The might that nerves the hero's arm
 Springs from the manly might within,
 The coward only flies from harm ;
 The workers win.

3.

Yet Truth shall sound her bugle-call,
 And Justice draw her flaming sword ;
 The Spirit of the Lord on all
 Shall be outpoured.
 A countless host, unseen, but near,
 To hopeful human hearts akin
 Repeat the words of lofty cheer :
 "The workers win."

4.

Oh, fainting soul ! "take heart of
 grace !"
 Though dangers in thy pathway lie,
 Pursue thine heaven-appointed ways
 With courage high.
 One grand, eternal law, controls
 The life without—the life within.
 Heaven is no place for idle souls :
 The workers win.
Lizzie Doten.

—:O:—

XXIII.

The Religion of Use.

Con.—What is the principle of the Religion of use ?

All—That all its rites and ritual must be such as minister to the welfare of Humanity.

Con.—What does consideration of the welfare of our fellows involve ?

All—Care for everything developing them, and the conditions amongst which they move.

Con.—What are its three planes ?

Aur. Cir.—The Material.

Sun. Cir.—The Mental.

Mtn. Cir.—The Spiritual.

Con.—What are its commandments upon the Material plane ?

Aur. Cir.—That every human being must be able to obtain the necessities of physical health and happiness.

Sun. Cir.—That social irregularities must be removed, and the unjust division of labor and possessions regulated.

Mtn. Cir.—That science must be cultivated to its highest pitch, in order that the severer manual and mechanical employments may be abolished.

Con.—What are its commandments upon the Mental plane ?

Aur. Cir.—That every restraint upon inquiry and reason must be destroyed.

Sun. Cir.—That the intellectual faculties of each be unfolded to their fullest possibility,

Mtn. Cir.—That the sphere of scientific knowledge be extended until it includes all the phenomena with which we are acquainted.

Con.—What are its commandments upon the Spiritual plane?

Aur. Cir.—That a clear and accurate understanding of the Spiritual universe be the common heritage.

Sun. Cir.—That the superior regions of thought, emotion, imagination, aspiration, and conscience be universally educated.

Mtn. Cir.—That the lives and beings of all be moulded by an everpresent consciousness of the sublime and eternal relations of God and Man.

Con.—How are those who own this Religion to worship?

Rt. Div.—By devoting themselves to become, as far as possible, its exponents.

Lt. Div.—And consecrating their lives to advance its ideal in others.

Con.—What does this Religion render sacred?

Aur. Cir.—All life.

Sun. Cir.—All thought.

Mtn. Cir.—All action.

Rt. Div.—All places.

Lt. Div.—All times.

Con.—What are its sacrifices?

Rt. Div.—The baser parts of us to become more pure.

Lt. Div.—The better parts of us to make others holy.

Con.—What is its inspiration?

All—Love.

Con.—What are the manifestations of this spirit?

All—Incessant effort. Neglecting nothing. From the slightest word to the most momentous deeds, directing its energies to the religious fulfilment of those duties.

Con.—What is the Gospel of this Religion?

All—Truth.

Con.—What is its God?

All—Goodness.

Con.—What is its Temple?

All—The spheres of Eternal Life and Eternal Labor.

A. D.

—:O:—

XXIV.

Love On.

1.

LOVE on! love on! but not the empty things
Of fleeting beauty in a Summer's day.

Truth, virtue, well from heaven's eternal springs,
Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay;
Love them! love them!

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

4.

Love on ! love on ! and though the evening still
 Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noon-day sun,
 With changeless faith, with calm, unwavering will,
 Work, bravely work, till every duty's done :
 Love God ! love man !

—:O:—

XXV.

Charity.

Con.—Though we speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, we are become as sounding brass, or tinkling cymbals.

Aur. Cir.—Charity suffereth long, and is kind.

Sun. Cir.—Charity envieth not.

Mtn. Cir.—Charity is not puffed up.

Con.—Though we have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though we have all faith, so that we could remove mountains, and have not Charity, we are nothing.

Aur. Cir.—Charity seeketh not her own.

Sun. Cir.—Charity is not to be provoked.

Mtn. Cir.—Charity thinketh no evil.

Con.—Charity hopeth all things, endureth all things, rejoicing in the truth.

Aur. Cir.—Prophecies may fail.

Sun. Cir.—Tongues may cease.

Mtn. Cir.—Knowledge may vanish away.

Con.—But Charity faileth, ceaseth, vanisheth never.

Paul.

Aur. Cir.—Love your enemies.

Sun. Cir.—Bless them that curse you.

Mtn. Cir.—Do good to them that hate you.

Con.—Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.

Jesus.

—:O:—

XXVI.

How to Live.

1 He liveth long who liveth well !
 All other life is short and vain.
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of living most for heav'nly gain.
 Waste not thy being ; back to Him
 Who freely gave it, freely give :
 Else is that being but a dream ;
 'Tis but to be, and not to live.

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.
 So 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.

—:O:—

XXVII.

Proverbs.

Con.—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Rt. Div.—For the merchandise of it is better than silver.

Lt. Div.—And the gain thereof more than fine gold.

Con.—Wisdom is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared with her.

Rt. Div.—Length of days is in her right hand.

Lt. Div.—And in her left hand riches and honor.

Con.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Rt. Div.—Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee.

Lt. Div.—Love her and she shall keep thee.

Con.—The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead.

Rt. Div.—He that loveth pleasure shall be spiritually poor.

Lt. Div.—He that loveth possessions shall not be rich.

Con.—He that followeth after righteousness and mercy, findeth life, righteousness, and honor. *Solomon.*

—:O:—

XXVIII.

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.

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.

XXIX.

Precepts.

Con.—Blessed are the merciful.

All.—For they shall obtain mercy.

Con.—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake.

All.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Con.—Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.

Rt. Div.—Where moth and rust doth corrupt.

Lt. Div.—And where thieves break through and steal.

Con.—But lay up for yourselves treasures of the spirit.

Rt. Div.—Of holiness, and truth and love.

Lt. Div.—For where the treasure is there will the heart be also.

Con.—Do not your alms before men, and when ye pray let it be in private.

Rt. Div.—Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you.

Lt. Div.—Do ye even so to them.

Con.—Suffer little children to seek the teacher.

Rt. Div.—Cherish them, and forbid them not.

Lt. Div.—For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Con.—Love one another.

All.—Worship in spirit and in truth.

Jesus.

—:o:—

XXX.

Nature's Revelation.

- 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 flowers,
 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.

XXXI.

Reform.

Con.—What is a reform ?

All.—A re-adjustment of the conditions of life, bringing them into harmony with the higher needs and aspirations of Humanity.

Con.—Are such alterations required ?

Rt. Div.—They are necessary and inevitable.

Lt. Div.—To all growth.

Con.—In what departments of being do they appear ?

Rt. Div.—In all that relates to Man and Nature.

Lt. Div.—Progress is the sequence of reforms.

Con.—Who among mankind attain to the office of Reformers ?

Rt. Div.—The wise, the just, the good, and the inspired.

Lt. Div.—All who are above or beyond their own day.

Con.—What is their reward for signal services in the cause of Right and Freedom ?

Rt. Div.—On earth persecution, neglect, and sorrow.

Lt. Div.—Beyond it love, honor, and power.

Con.—What is Reform in its highest sense ?

Rt. Div.—The sign of a ceaseless aspiration.

Lt. Div.—The continual triumph of the soul.

Con.—What are Reformers in this light ?

Rt. Div.—The redeemers and benefactors of mankind.

Lt. Div.—The angelic ministers of Divine Providence.

Con.—The first task of the Reformer is within himself ; out of his own character he manifests his mission to the world. A. D.

—:O:—

XXXII.

Justice and Faith.

1.

THE Sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
And calmly drained the fatal draught:
Such pledge did Grecian justice give
To one who taught men how to live.

2.

The Christ, in piety assured,
The anguish of his cross endured ;
Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
On him who taught us how to die.

3.

Mid prison walls, the Sage could trust
That men would grow more wise and
just ;
From Calvary's mount the Christ
could see
The dawn of immortality.

4.

Who know to live, and know to die,
Their souls are safe, their triumph
nigh.
Power may oppress and priestcraft ban
Justice and faith are God in man.

W. J. Fox.

PART IV.

SONGS.

I.

Sing All Together.

- 1 **S**ING, for the Angels from God's brighter lands,
 Link with the lowly their dear loving hands,
 The roses of love, and the lilies of truth
 They bind for a crown 'round the forehead of youth.

CHORUS---Sing altogether, sing, sing, sing !
 Sing like a chorus of woodbirds in spring ;
 Sing and be happy, sing and be gay,
 The fuller of music,
 The brighter the day.

- 2 Gaily to music our hands shall keep time,
 Happily bounding our thoughts flow in rhyme,
 Working together in movement and word,
 The deeps of our souls shall in concert be stirred.

CHORUS---Sing altogether, &c.

- 3 If errors oppress us, with quickness and tact
 Together in crushing them out we will act ;
 At pleasure's sweet fountains fraternally drink,
 And sweetness and power in one chain we will link.

CHORUS---Sing altogether, &c.

—:O:—

II.

The Beautiful Hills.

- 1 **O**! the beautiful hills, where the blest have trod
 Since the year when the Earth was new,
 Where our fathers gaze from the fields of God,
 On the vale we are journeying through.
 We have seen those hills in their brightness rise,
 When the world was black below,
 And we've felt the thrill of immortal eyes
 In the night of our darkest woe.

CHORUS---Then sing for the beautiful hills
 That rise from the evergreen shore,
 O! sing for the beautiful hills,
 Where the weary shall toil no more.

- 2 The cities of yore, that were reared in crime,
And renowned by the praise of seers,
Went down in the tramp of old King Time,
To sleep with his gray-hair'd years ;
But the beautiful hills rise bright and strong
Thro' the smoke of old Time's red wars,
As on that day when the first deep song
Rolled up from the morning stars.

CHORUS---Then sing for the beautiful hills, &c.

- 3 We dream of rest on the beautiful hills,
Where the traveller shall thirst no more ;
And we hear the hum of a thousand rills
That wander the green glens o'er ;
We feel the souls of the martyred men
Who have braved a cold world's frown ;
We can bear the burden which they did then,
Nor shrink from their thorny crown.

CHORUS---Then sing for the beautiful hill, &c.

- 4 Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling
To our feet this load of ours ;
The winds of spring to the valleys sing,
And the turf replies with flowers ;
And thus we learn on our wintry way
How a mightier arm controls,
That the breath of God on our lives will play,
Till our bodies bloom to souls.

CHORUS---Then sing for the beautiful hills, &c.

—:O:—

III.

Cherish Kindly Feelings.

1.

CHERISH kindly feelings, children,
Nurse them in your heart ;
Don't forget to take them with you
When from home you start.
In the school-room and the parlor,
At your work or play,
Kindly thoughts and kindly feelings
Cherish every day.

2.

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
Toward the old and poor,
For you know they've many blightings

Hardships to endure ;
Try to make their burdens lighter,
Help them in their need,
By some sweet and kindly feeling,
Or some generous deed.

3.

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
While on earth you stay,
They will scatter light and sunshine
All along your way ;
Make the path of duty brighter,
Make your trials less,
And whate'er your lot or station,
Bring you happiness.

IV.

Come to the Woods.

1.

COME to the woods, come to the woods,
 Come to the woods, heigho !
 Come to the woods, come to the woods,
 When summer glories glow,
 And the laughing loving sun
 Brightly shines through shadows dun.
 Come to the woods, come to the woods,
 Come to the woods, heigho !

2.

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 throstle tells no wrong.
 Come to the woods, come to the woods,
 Come to the woods, heigho !

3

Come to the woods, come to the woods,
 Come to the woods, heigho !
 Come to the woods, come to the woods,
 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 !

—:O:—

V.

Old "Glory Hallelujah."

1.

A grand old song, so sweet and strong,
 Old "Glory Hallelujah !"
 We'll sing it on Mount Beautiful,
 And in the land of Beulah.

CHORUS.

Glory ! glory, glory,
 Glory Hallelujah !
 The hero song, so sweet and strong,
 Old "Glory Hallelujah !"

2.

And 'mid the shadowy, gloomy vale,
 With darkness closing o'er us,
 We hear the chorus joyful rise,
 Of pilgrims gone before us.

Glory ! &c.

3.

And past the lair of "Grim Despair,"
 We pass, his strength defying,
 His challenge drear we do not fear,
 But shout with songs replying.

Glory ! &c.

4.

With joy sincere, we scale Mount Clear,
 While echoes all are ringing.
 A mighty throng the sound prolong,
 We pilgrims must be singing.

Glory, &c.

5.

A good old song, so sweet and strong,
 On earth it led our legions,
 But higher praise in angel lays,
 Shall fill the starry regions.

Glory ! &c.

VI.

The Unseen City.

1.

I think of a city I have not seen,
 Except in my hours of dreaming;
 Where feet of mortals have never been
 To darken its soft, soft gleaming.
 A glimmer of pearl, and a glint of gold,
 And a breath from the souls of roses;
 And glory and beauty all untold,
 Steal over my calm repose.

CHORUS.

As I dream of a city I have not seen,
 Of a city I have not seen.

2.

I think of that city, for O, how oft
 My heart has been wrung at parting;
 With friends all pale, who with foot-
 falls soft
 To its airy heights were starting.

I see them again in their raiment
 white,
 In the blue, blue distance dwelling;
 And I hear their praises in calm de-
 light
 Come down on the breezes swelling.
 As I dream, &c.

3.

That beautiful city is home to me,
 My loved ones are going thither,
 And they who already have crossed the
 sea
 Are calling, "Come hither, hither;"
 The tender eyes that I worshipped here,
 From the golden heights behold me;
 And their songs entrance my raptured
 ear
 When the wings of slumber fold me.
 As I dream, &c.

—:O:—

VII.

Christmas Bells.

1.

MERRILY, merrily ring the bells,
 High in the steeples 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 clear delight,
 Look on its happy dreaming.

CHORUS.

Merrily, merrily rock and swing,
 Bells in a thousand steeples!
 All the grace of the good Christ ring
 Loud in the ears of the peoples.

2.

Christ in the heart of the heavens so
 long
 Look'st thou not down in wonder,

Seeing the tread of the brilliant throng,
 Marching the earth far under?
 All for thy sweet sake, beloved of men,
 Thine, who art pure and holy,
 Thinking, for aye, in thy paradise,
 When Thou wert a mortal lowly.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

3.

Little thou dream'st when in Galilee,
 Fishing by Jordan's river,
 Bells in the future would ring for thee
 O'er the broad land for ever.
 Scoffs for thy teachings, and thorns
 for thy brow,
 These were the gifts which cumbered;
 Garlands the fairest are wrought thee
 now,
 High 'mongst God's son's thou'rt
 numbered.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

VIII.

Morn Amid the Mountains.

1.

MORN amid the mountains,
 Lovely solitude !
 Gushing streams and fountains mur-
 mur,
 "God is good,"
 Murmur, murmur, murmur, murmur,
 Gushing streams and fountains mur-
 mur,
 "God is good."

2.

Hymns of praise are ringing
 Through the leafy wood ;
 Songsters, sweetly singing,

Warble, "God is good."

Warble, &c

3.

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

4.

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

—:O:—

IX.

Be Happy.

- 1 **B**E 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 feet,
 With joys more abundant than tears.
- 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 shrouds,
 'Tis better to smile than to weep.

X.

The Power of Little Things.

1.

A traveller on the road
 Strewed acorns on the lea,
 And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into 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.

A man amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love
 Unstudied from the heart.

4.

O germ ! O fount ! O love !
 O thought at random cast !
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.

—:O:—

XI.

Marching Song.

- 1 **W**E are marching on, we are marching on,
 Will you come and march along ?
 There is room in our ranks for all ;
 We will welcome you with song.
 Our banners float in the light of love,
 And our hearts are warm and true,
 Our lessons come from the better land,
 Far away in the soft sweet blue.
- 2 We are marching on, we are marching on,
 And our feet grow sure each day ;
 We can catch a breath from the landscapes bright
 To which we march away.
 There are voices ringing back to us,
 All glad with their cheerings sweet,
 And who would fear, when we almost hear
 The chime of the angels' feet ?
- 3 We are marching on, we are marching on,
 But not in idleness ;
 This world of ours is a place to learn,
 To toil, to love, to bless.
 So day by day we must grow in soul ;
 In wisdom, strength, and truth,
 As we march along to our cheery song,
 Through the pleasant paths of youth.
- 4 We are marching on, we are marching on,
 To the fair lands bathed in light,
 Where wisdom rules in majesty,
 And Heaven is doing right.
 We ask no pledge that a crown of gems
 Upon our brows shall glow,
 For the silver flowers of immortal bowers.
 Within each heart will grow.

XII.

Life's Beautiful Sea.

1.

THE waves are bright
With rosy light,
Upon life's beautiful sea.
The shores are new,
The skies are blue,
And who so merry as we.
New lights are gleaming,
Through all our dreaming,
Off on a distant shore.
O! glad and cheerful,
Not sad and tearful,
Steer we for the distant shore.

CHORUS.

The waves are bright with rosy light,
Upon life's beautiful sea ;
The shores are new,
The skies are blue,

And who so merry as we.
We sail away, away, away,
Upon life's beautiful sea.

2.

We sail away,
Day after day,
Over life's beautiful sea,
With faces gay,
As waves that play,
And break in their melody.
Moonlight will meet us,
Daylight will greet us,
Many a time on the wave.
Singing and sailing,
Cheerily hailing
Our brothers and sisters brave.
The waves, &c.

—:O:—

XIII.

Moonlight and Starlight.

1.

FAR over ocean, o'er moorland and lea,
Moonlight and starlight are gleaming.
Wake from thy slumber and wander
with me
Down where the roses are dreaming.
Come to the hills ;
Sing with the rills ;
Roam where the river is shining ;
O! may our hopes like the star o'er
the sea,
Live when our day is declining.

CHORUS.

Moonlight and starlight silently beam-
ing,
Gilding the mountain, silv'ring the
wave,

Moonlight and starlight, tenderly
streaming,
Over the beautiful,
Over the brave.

2.

Daylight has flown to the caves of the
deep,
Mars o'er the mountain is burning ;
Rise ere the wild birds awake from
their sleep,
Come ere the dawn is returning.
Sing me the lays,
Breathing of days,
Radiant of memories olden ;
Sweet as the flow'rs where the night
shadows weep,
Pure as the moonbeams olden.

—:O:—

XIV.

We shall Meet our Friends in the Morning.

1 O the cheering dreams we know,
As we toil along below,

To the country where we all shall rest together, friends,
 Where the summer always stays
 With her blossom brightened days,
 And we need not face earth's stormy wintry weather, friends.

CHORUS—O, glory lighted land,
 Thy valleys deep and grand,
 Thy rivers adown them that flow,
 Thy silver lakes and streams
 Come flashing through our dreams,
 As we dwell in our own world below.
 We shall meet our friends in the morning,
 We shall meet our friends in the morning,
 We shall meet our friends in the morning,
 When the dream of our earth-life is o'er.

2 Oft our hearts grow sick with pain,
 And we hope and pray in vain
 That our Father make more sweet earth's bitter fountains, friends,
 Then we wipe away our tears,
 And look past these cloudy years,
 Where a rosy dawn lights up Heaven's vernal mountains, friends
 CHORUS.

3 We shall scarce remember there,
 All these battle scars we bear.
 How we cleft a path to glory through the shadows, friends,
 For our triumph will be sweet,
 And most jubilant our feet, [friends.
 When we tread, at last, God's great star-gleaming meadows,
 CHORUS.

—:O:—

XV.

I Live for those who Love Me.

1.

I live for those who love me,
 For those I know are true ;
 For the Heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For the human ties that bind me,
 For the task that God assigned me,
 For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

2.

I live to hail the season,
 By gifted minds foretold,
 When men shall rule by reason,
 And not alone by gold,
 When man to man united,
 And ev'ry wrong thing righted,
 The whole world shall be lighted,
 As Eden was of old.

3.

I live to hold communion
 With all that is divine,
 To feel there is a union
 'Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;
 To profit by affliction,
 Reap truths from fields of fiction,
 Grow wiser from conviction,
 And fulfil each grand design.

4.

I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true,
 For the Heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For the wrongs that need resistance,
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the dawning in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

XVI.

O Sacred Presence.

1.

O sacred presence! Life Divine!
 We rear for thee no gilded shrine!
 Unfashioned by the hand of art,
 Thy temple is the child-like heart,
 No tearful eye, no bended knee,
 No servile speech we bring to thee;
 For thy great love tunes ev'ry voice,
 And makes each trusting soul rejoice.

2.

We will not mock thy holy name
 With titles high of empty fame,
 For thou, with all thy works and ways,
 Art far beyond our feeble praise;
 But freely as the birds that sing,
 The soul's spontaneous gift we bring,
 And like the fragrance of the flowers,
 We consecrate to thee our powers.

3.

CHORUS.

Then strike your lyres, ye angel choirs!
 The sound prolong,
 O white-robed throng!
 Till ev'ry creature joins the song!

All souls in circling orbits run
 Around thee as their central sun;
 And as the planets roll and burn,
 To thee, O Lord! for light we turn;
 Nor life, nor death, nor time, nor
 space,
 Shall rob us of our name or place;
 But we shall love thee and adore,
 Through endless ages evermore.

—:0:—

XVII.

Truth.

1. O Truth, we turn as to the | light. | Thou art a .Treasure above all | price.
2. To thee we bow the knee as to our | king. | Thou guidst in .pleasant places;
3. Lifting the dark clouds from our | souls. | Revealing the joys of | heaven.
4. Thy celestial beacon | gleams. | Over the shadows and .valley of | death.
5. Thou art the harmony of nature's | laws. | The goal of .Perfect | spirit.
6. Thou art the King of the | world, | our Redeemer. .Saviour and | friend.
7. Our feet shall be swift at thy | bidding, | Our voices ever, .ascend in thy | praise. A-men.

—:0:—

XVIII.

The Angels of Consolation.

1. With silence only as their benediction, the | angels | come,
 Where in the shadow of a great af- | flic-.tion, the | soul sits | dumb.
2. Yet would we say, what every 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 e- | van- .gel; 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 tru...ly as | in his | heaven.

XIX.

Invocation of the Angels.

1.

Immortal ones who tread the arching
way,
That spans the dark abyss of death
and night.
Descends to us from thy celestial day,
And guide our wandering feet to love
the right.

CHORUS.

Come in our weariness, spirits of love
Come in our sadness, O spirits of light'

2.

The earth is dark to your supernal
eyes,
And pain and weariness a burden are,
But come and bring the summer of
your skies,
And let us of your love a portion share.

3.

Oh make us cheerful whatso'er our
cares,
Angels of light, helpers in our distress,
Lead us away from sin's alluring snares
Into the heaven of spotless holiness.

—:O:—

XX.

Star of the Evening.

1.

Beautiful star, in heaven so bright ;
Softly falls thy silvery light,
As thou mov'st from earth afar ;
Star of the evening, beautiful star ;

CHORUS.

Beautiful star, beautiful star ;
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

2.

In fancy's ear thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away ;
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky ;

3.

Shine on, O star of love divine ;
And may our soul's affections twine
Round thee as thou mov'st afar ;
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

—:O:—

XXI.

Keep a Pure Heart.

AIR—" *Crystal Fountain.*"

1.

Come let us sing together,
As leaves sing on a tree,
When through the swaying branches
The wind pipes merrily.
Let us repeat a lesson
Our Angel guides impart ;
That he shall be most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

2.

We learn a loving spirit
Will beautify the face,
And fashion every feature
To soft angelic grace.
While sinful thoughts, and feelings
Will spoil the brightest eyes,
And mar the lips of childhood,
Though steeped in rosy dyes.

3.

Each child may make his spirit
 An angel, clad in clay,
 And do an angel's mission
 To others every day.
 How many bleeding gashes
 His little hands may bind ;
 How sweet the ways of Heaven
 Thus placed before mankind !

4.

Oh, who would covet brilliants
 To glitter on his brow ?
 Or who win empty honors
 That all the world may bow ?
 Since well we know the lesson
 Our Angel guides impart ;
 That he shall be most blessed
 Who keeps the purest heart.

Emma Tuttle.

—:O:—

XXII.

Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.

- 1 **S** CATTER 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 each 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 fruit,
 While the endless ages roll ;
 Plant with the flowers of charity
 The portals of the tomb,
 And truth, love, joy about your path
 In Paradise shall bloom.

XXIII.

One by One.

1.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall ;
 Some are coming, some are going,
 Strive not thou to grasp them all.
 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.

2.

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 fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear ;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 If thou set each gem with care.

3.

Do not linger 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.

A. A. Procter.

—:0:—

XXIV.

Shall we Know the Loved Ones There ?

- 1 **A**ND 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 given
 To us on earth, whose every prayer
 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 several 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.

XXV.

Blessings of Trials.

- 1 **W**EEP 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 !

—:O:—

XXVI.

Anniversary Song.

- 1 **W**E have come unto 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 Hallelujah !
 Glory ! Glory Hallelujah !
 Glory ! Glory Hallelujah !
 As we go marching on.

- 2 Break the bread of consolation to the souls oppressed with care,
 Ever in our Father's mansions there is bread enough to spare ;
 Surely, none need faint with hunger, while we have such blessed fare,
 As we go marching on.

CHORUS.

- 3 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.

- 4 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.

XXVII.

Nearness to God.

1.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

2.

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My bed a stone ;
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 ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
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 !

—:O:—

XXVIII.

The Life of Life.

1.

LIFE of all being ! throned 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 wak'ning 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.

—:O:—

XXIX.

Spiritual Liberty.

- 1 **T**HE 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 ?"

- 2 Our cypress wreaths are laid aside
 For amaranthine flowers,
 For death's cold wave does not divide
 The souls we love from ours ;
 From pain and death and sorrow free,
 They join with us to sing,
 " O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?"
- 3 " 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 free,
 With faith triumphant sing,
 " O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?"

—:O:—

XXX.

New Religion.

- 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.
- 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.
- 3 Break chains, thrill heart, glow mind, for aye !
 From heaven the angel splendours fall ;
 Wake eyes, shout lips, love's endless day
 Consumes old error's darksome pall !
- 4 Whence comes the light, whence comes the power,
 To burst the chains and break the rod ?
 Whence comes the bright delivering hour ?
 'Tis all of God, 'tis all of God !

—:O:—

XXXI.

All Hail, Sublime !

1.

FATHER of earth and sky,
 Whose all-beholding eye
 Looks through all time,
 Whose fingers weave the light
 Of morning's glory bright
 Upon the woof of night,
 All hail, Sublime !
 Whose more than matchless will
 The thunder bids be still,

Or light'ning's gleam ;
 Who over earth and air,
 Systems divinely fair,
 Spheres bright with beauty rare,
 Reigneth supreme !

2.

God of the unseen world !
 The mystic might unfurl'd
 O'er this dark sphere,
 Around us lead in light
 Thy viewless children bright,
 Who stand for thee and right—
 Our friends still dear.
 Oh ! may the gentle shower
 Of sweet ethereal power,
 Dew-like and free,
 Refresh us even now,
 Our souls with love endow,
 And lift us while we bow,
 Nearer to Thee.

—:0:—

XXXII.

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 ev'ry yoke be broken,
 Each captive soul set free,
 And ev'ry heart shall welcome
 The day of jubilee.

2.

The morn of peace is beaming,
 Its glory will appear ;
 Behold its early gleaming,
 The day is drawing near ;

The spear shall then be broken,
 And sheathed the glitt'ring sword ;
 The olive be the token,
 And peace the greeting word.

3.

Yes, yes, the day is breaking !
 Far brighter glows its beam !
 The nations round are waking,
 As from a midnight dream.
 They see its radiance shedding,
 Where all was dark as night ;
 'Tis higher, wider speeding,
 A boundless flood of light !

PART V.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

I.

The Lyceum.

What is the Lyceum?

The school of a liberal and harmonious education.

What is its object?

The unfoldment of all the faculties in their due order and degree.

How is this attained?

By first removing all obstacles to self-development, and then providing the expanding intelligence with the fitting food, which it can assimilate according to its needs.

What are the two great divisions of its study?

The Physical and the Mental Nature.

How does it accomplish Physical education?

By a series of calisthenics, arranged so as to exercise every portion of the body.

In what way is mental advancement obtained?

By such instruction as calls forth the rational powers of the pupils, through judicious information and careful discussion.

How are the artistic sensibilities appealed to?

By the Badges, Standards, and Banners, with graceful marching and exercises.

Of what use are the Recitations and Responses?

They embody in poetry and prose choice selections of great truths, thus impressed upon the memory, awakening the understanding and gladdening the heart.

What is the chief principle of our system?

Harmony.

What is its particular manifestation?

Music and singing, in which our unity of feeling and purpose is at once symbolised and expressed.

What is the invariable accompaniment of all our exertions?

Pleasure. That which is right is always delightful to the healthy spirit.

Which office is the most important?

The Leaders, since upon them devolves the responsibility of directing and encouraging the young and plastic minds, susceptible to every breath of influence.

Recall the duties of the children?

Punctuality, order, attention, diligence, and earnestness; subordination and obedience, kindness and self-restraint.

What distinguishes the Lyceum method from other modes of tuition?

Its recognition of the intellectual rights, freedom, and conditions of the young; its comprehensiveness, variety, and tolerance; the scope it gives to individuality, and its perfect accordance with the laws of nature.

What is its most characteristic quality?

That it teaches a Religion of Reason, a creed without dogmas, in a ritual whose only laws are Beauty and Truth, and whose sole end is Goodness.

What is its glorious aim?

The spiritual, moral, and intellectual elevation of its members, and through them of the world at large.

Let us remember this, and each recognising the lofty standard of our commonwealth, fulfil his or her part in faithful devotion. So shall we come to realise its superb ideal. A. D.

—:O:—

II.

The Lyceum Song.

AIR.—“*Crystal Fountain.*”

1.

OUR hearts are bound together,
A chain of chalice blooms,
Wooing the dews of heaven,
And rich in sweet perfumes.
The skill of angel fingers
Combined the circlet fair,
And bade us be love's lilies,
The dusky earth shall wear.

2.

We love our march and music,
Our banners bright unfurled,
Our lessons and our teachers,
And all the great wide world.
Our souls behold God's goodness,
And blossom into prayer,—
Prayer which shall speak in actions
Of kindness everywhere.

3.

We meet with glances sparkling
To touch the skirts of Truth,
And plant the germs of wisdom
Along the banks of youth.
The brightly tinted roses
Will bless us bye and bye,
And our glad souls will wear them
Through death in victory.

4.

We part, and may each member,
Wherever he may go,
Work for the poor and sinful,
But keep as pure as snow!
Our confidence is boundless,
For though we walk with men,
Angels will watch and guide us
Until we meet again.
Emma Tuttle.

—:O:—

III.

The Law of Love.

1.

POUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou fallest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

2.

But then, when such are found no more,
Tho' flowing broad and free,
Till then, and nourished from on high,
It straightway stench'd will be.

3.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run,
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them everyone.

4.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,

The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

5.

For we must share, if we would keep
That good thing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,
Such is the Law of Love.

R. C. Trench.

IV.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

1.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
Can we find it in the grave ;
No : the green embroidered mound
Where the lowly grasses wave
Doth not rest the weary soul
In its silence dark and deep ;
For Death's melancholy toll
Only lays the form to sleep.

2.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
For the spirit cannot die,
Nor lie dreamless in the ground
As the last year's roses lie.
In the clustered gems of earth,—
Diamonds, garnets, opals, pearls ?
Brilliant are of little worth,
Save to signal kings and earls.

3.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
In the dower which beauty gives ?
No : the head with graces crowned
Bows and fades and vanishes ;

Bears its griefs and braves its pains,
Dreaming of a perfect rest ;
Mourns its losses, counts its gains,
Rosaries upon the breast.

4.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
In the laurel-leaves of fame,
Wherewith mighty men are crowned
When the peoples shout a name ?
No, not there : for crowning leaves
Soon grow faded, crisp, and brown ;
And thought's roaring ocean heaves
New names up and beats old down.

5.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
Tell us, O ye guides above !
" Perfect peace ? she sitteth crowned
In the soul replete with love."
There, serene 'mid clash and jars
Dwelling in earth's twilight even,
She can pass the tomb's dark bars,
And live on for aye in heaven.

Emma Tuttle.

V.

Better than Gold.

1 **B**BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please ;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow ;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
 Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere ;
 Doubly blest with content and health,
 Untried by the lust of cares or wealth ;
 Lowly living and lofty thought
 Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot.
 For mind and morals, in Nature's plan,
 Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

3 Better than gold is the sweet repose
 Of the sons of toil when their labours close ;
 Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
 And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
 Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
 Where luxury pillows his aching head :
 His simple opiate labour deems
 A short road to the land of dreams.

4 Better than gold is a peaceful home,
 Where all the fireside charities come,—
 The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
 Hallowed by mother or sister or wife.
 However humble the home may be,
 Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
 The blessings that never were bought or sold,
 And centre there, are better than gold.

—:0:—

VI.

Maximus.

1.

Many, if God should make them kings,
 Might not disgrace the throne he
 gave ;
 How few who could as well fulfil
 The holier office of a slave.

2.

I hold him great who for Love's sake
 Can give with generous, earnest will ;
 Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake
 I think I hold more generous still.

3.

I prize the instinct that can turn
 From vain pretence with proud dis-
 dain ;
 Yet more I prize a simple heart
 Paying credulity with pain.

4.

I bow before the noble mind,
 That freely some great wrong for-
 gives ;
 Yet nobler is the one forgiven
 Who bears that burden well and
 lives.

5.

It may be hard to gain, and still
 To keep a lowly steadfast heart ;
 Yet he who loses has to fill
 A harder and a higher part.

6.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
 Of a deserved and pure success ;
 He who knows how to fail has won
 A crown whose lustre is not less.

7.

Great may he be who can command,
 And rule with just and gentle sway ;
 Yet is diviner wisdom taught
 Better by him who can obey.

8.

Blessed are those who die for good
 And earn the martyr's crown of light ;
 Yet he who lives for good may be
 A greater conqueror in Truth's sight.

A. A. Procter.

VII.

The Philosophy of Life.

Con.—Let us be liberal after the example of our great Creator, and give to others with the same consideration that he hath given to us.

Rt. Div.—He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and Man.

Lt. Div.—For without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.

Con.—Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of Fortune can either exalt or depress.

Rt. Div.—It raises us as high as we can go.

Lt. Div.—It is human perfection.

Con.—Generosity, Gratitude, and Tranquillity are the strength and splendour of the soul.

Rt. Div.—A sound mind makes a happy man.

Lt. Div.—He that fears serves.

Con.—The foundation of Happiness is Wisdom and Virtue.

Rt. Div.—Wisdom is to know what we ought to do.

Lt. Div.—Virtue is to do it.

Con.—Virtue is the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality.

Rt. Div.—All virtues are in agreement.

Lt. Div.—All vices are at variance.

Con.—A clear conscience is the testimony and reward of a good life.

Rt. Div.—No man is happy who depends upon Fortune for his happiness.

Lt. Div.—It is preposterous to place the good of a reasonable creature on unreasonable things.

Con.—No man is ever poor who seeks for what he wants within himself.

Rt. Div.—The greatest wealth of a man is to have a mind that subjects all things to itself.

Lt. Div.—Such a one goes not to Heaven. Heaven comes to him.

Con.—A good man is influenced by God himself, and has a kind of Divinity within him. *Seneca.*

—:O:—

VIII.

Memorabilia.

TO halls of heavenly truth admission would'st thou win?
Oft knowledge stands without, while Love may enter in.

Lovingly to each other sun and moon give place,
Else were the mighty heaven for them too narrow space.

Despise not little sins, for mountain high may stand,
The piled heap made up of smallest grains of sand.

Despise not little sins; the gallant ship may sink,
Tho' only drop by drop the watery tide it drink.

Merely thyself, oh man, thou canst not long abide,
But presently for less or greater must decide.

Owe no man aught save love, but that esteem a debt
Which thou must ever pay, well pleased to owe it yet.

Would'st thou do harm, and still thyself unharmed abide?
None struck another yet, except through his own side.

Loved wilt thou be? Then love by thee must first be given,
No purchase money else avails beneath the heaven.

When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,
What time wilt thou have then for murmurs and lament.

Truth, knowledge, wisdom, love, oh lay up these in store,
True wealth which all may share, and yet yourselves have more.

What thing thou lovest most thou mak'st its nature thine,
Earthly if that be earth,—if that be God, divine.

One furnace many times the good and bad will hold ;
Yet what consumes the chaff will only cleanse the gold.

The tasks, the joys of earth, the same in heaven will be ;
Only the little brook has widened to a sea.

God, being so great, great gifts most willingly imparts,
But we continue poor that have such narrow hearts. *R. C. Trench.*

—:O:—

IX.

Flowers.

1 **S**PAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelled by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

2 Stars they are wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

3 Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flow'rets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

4 Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

5 And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

6 Gorgeous flow'rets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

7 Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;
Large desires with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night.

- 8 In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.
- 9 And with child-like, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand,
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

Longfellow.

—:O:—

X.

The Kingdom of God.

1.
 I say to thee, do thou repeat
 To each and all thou mayest meet,
 In lane, highway, or open street.

2.
 That he, and we, and all men move
 Under a canopy of love,
 As broad as the blue sky above.

3.
 That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
 And anguish all are shadows vain;
 That death itself shall not remain;

4.
 If we our conscience will obey,
 The dreariest path, the darkest way,
 Shall issue out in heavenly day.

5.
 And we, on divers shores now cast,

Shall meet our perilous voyage past,
 All in the spirit land at last.

6.
 In all thy deeds remember this,
 And faithfully—they only miss
 The winning of that final bliss.

7.
 Who will not count it true that love,
 Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
 And that in it we live and move.

8.
 And one truth further deeply know,—
 That to believe these things are so,
 This firm faith never to forego;

9.
 Despite of all which seems at strife,
 Or suffering, or with curses rife,
 That this is blessing this is life.
R. C. Trench.

—:O:—

XI.

Hope On, Hope Ever.

- 1 **H**OPE on, hope ever : though to-day be dark,
 The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow ;
 Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
 Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow.
 Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
 With none to echo back thy thought or love thee,
 Cheer up, poor heart, thou dost not beat in vain,
 For God is over all, and heaven above thee :
 Hope on, hope ever.

- 2 Hope on, hope ever : after darkest night,
 Comes, full of loving life, the laughing morning.
 Hope on, hope ever : Spring-tide, flushed with light,
 Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.
 Hope on, hope ever ; yet the time shall come
 When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
 And this old world shall be a happy home,
 And all Earth's family love one another.
 Hope on, hope ever.

Gerald Massey.

—:O:—

XII.

Trust to the Future.

- 1 **T**RUST to the future. Though, gloomy and cheerless,
 Prowls the dark past like a shade at thy back,
 Look not behind thee ; be hopeful and fearless ;
 Steer for the right way, and keep to the track.
 Fling off despair, it hath strength like a giant ;
 Shoulder thy purpose, and, boldly defiant,
 Save to the right, stand unmoved and unpliant :
 Faith and God's promise the brave never lack.
- 2 Trust to the future. The present may fright thee,
 Scowling so fearfully close at thy side :
 Face it unmoved, and no danger can blight thee ;
 He who stands boldly each blast shall abide.
 Never a storm but the tainted air needs it ;
 Never a storm but the sunshine succeeds it :
 Each has a lesson ; and he alone reads it
 Rightly, who takes it, and makes it his guide.
- 3 Trust to the future : it stands like an angel,
 Waiting to lead thee, to bless, and to cheer ;
 Singing of hope like some blessed evangel,
 Luring thee on to a brighter career.
 Why should the past or the present oppress thee ?
 Stamp on their coils ; for, with arms to caress thee,
 See, the great future stands yearning to bless thee :
 Press boldly forward, nor yield to a fear.
- 4 Trust to the future : it will not deceive thee,
 So thou but meet it with brave heart and strong.
 Now begin living anew, and, believe me,
 Gladness and triumph will follow ere long.
 Never a night but there cometh a morrow ;
 Never a grief but the hopeful will borrow
 Something of gladness to lighten the sorrow :
 Life unto such is a conqueror's song.

—:O:—

XIII.

The Inward Power.

WHEN the gloom is deepest round thee,
 When the bonds of grief have bound thee
 And, in loneliness and sorrow,
 By the poisoned springs of life

Thou sitt'st, yearning for a morrow
 That will free thee from the strife,
 Look not upward, for above thee
 Neither sun nor star is gleaming ;
 Put not faith in mortal seeming.
 Lightly would they hold and leave thee ;
 E'en thy friends may all neglect thee ;
 But in the depths of thine own soul
 Descend, and mightier powers unroll,—
 Energies that long have slumbered
 In its trackless depths unnumbered.
 Speak the word ! the power divinest
 Will awake if thou inclinest.
 Thou art loved in thine own kingdom :
 Rule thyself, thou rulest all.
 Smile, when fortune's proud dominion
 Roughly touched shall rudely fall.
 Be true unto thyself, and fear not
 Evil thoughts that would enslave thee :
 God is in thee ! Mortal, fear not :
 Trust in Him, and He will save thee.

From the German of Mahlmann.

—:0:—

XIV.

Sowing and Reaping.

1.

Sow with a generous hand
 Pause not for toil or pain,
 Weary not thro' the heat of summer,
 Weary not thro' the cold spring rain,
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.

2.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
 A table will be spread ;
 What matter if you are weary
 To eat your hard-earned bread ;
 Sow while the earth is broken,
 For the hungry must be fed.

3.

Sow while the seeds are lying
 In the warm earth's bosom deep,
 And your warm tears fall upon it,

They will stir in their quiet sleep,
 And the green blades rise the quicker.
 Perchance for the tears you weep.

4.

Then sow—for the hours are fleeting
 And the seed must fall to-day,
 And care not what hands shall reap it,
 Or if you shall have passed away
 Before the waving corn fields
 Shall gladden the sunny day.

5.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
 Where the starry light appears,
 Where in spite of the coward's doubt-
 ing,
 Or your own heart's trembling fears,
 You shall reap in joy the harvest
 You have sown to-day in tears.

A. A. Procter.

XV.

To the Murmurer.

1.

Why wilt thou make light music
Give forth a sound of pain?
Why wilt thou weave fair flowers
Into a weary chain?

2.

Why turn each cool grey shadow
Into a world of fears?
Why say the winds are wailing?
Why call the dew drops tears?

3.

The voices of happy nature,
And the Heaven's sunny gleam,
Reprove thy sick heart's fancies,
Upbraid thy foolish dream.

4.

Listen, and thou shalt joy in
The song creation sings,
From the humming of bees in the
heather
To the flutter of angels' wings.

5.

An echo rings for ever,
The sound can never cease;

It speaks to God of glory,
It speaks to earth of peace.

6.

Not alone did angels sing it
To the poor shepherd's ear,
But the sphered hours chant it
While listening ages hear.

7.

Above the peevish wailing
Rises that holy song;
Above earth's foolish clamour,
Above the voice of wrong.

8.

No creature of God's too lowly
To murmur peace and praise;
When the starry nights grow silent,
Then speak the sunny days.

9.

So leave the sick heart's fancies,
And lend thy little voice
To the silver song of glory
That bids the world rejoice.
A. A. Procter.

—:0:—

XVI.

The Angel of Death.

1 **W**HY should'st thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals of the skies?
Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath;
Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes.

2 How many a tranquil soul has passed away;
Fled gladly from fierce pain and pleasures dim,
To the eternal splendour of the day,
And many a troubled heart still calls for him.

3 Spirits, too tender for the battle here,
Have turned from life, its hopes, its fears, its charms,
And children, shuddering at a world so drear,
Have, smiling, passed away into his arms.

- 4 He whom thou fearest will, to ease its pain,
Lay his cold hand upon thy aching heart ;
Will soothe the terrors of thy troubled brain,
And bid the shadows of earth's grief depart.
- 5 He will give back what neither time nor might,
To passionate prayer, nor longing hope restore
(Dear as to long blind eyes recovered sight),
He will give back those who are gone before.
- 6 Oh, what were life if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by the tears, or thou would'st see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee. *A. A. Procter.*

—:0:—

XVII.

The Present.

1.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled;
Hush your voice to tender reverence ;
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead ;
For the Present reigns our monarch
With an added weight of hours ;
Honor her, for she is mighty ;
Honor her, for she is ours.

3.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her,
Is the lustre of his name ;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvest in her hands.

2.

See the shadow of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne ;
Every day the ranks are strengthened
By great hearts to him unknown ;
Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams both strange and new,
But the present shall fulfil them,
What he promised she shall do.

4.

She can never reign and conquer
If we now her glory dim ?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule, and us obey—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
Bids us serve the great to-day.

—:0:—

XVIII.

We do not die.

1.

We do not die—we cannot die ;
We only change our state of life
When these earth temples fall and lie
Unmoving 'mid the world's wild
strife.

3.

And when the spirit leaves its frame,
Its home in which it long hath
wept,
It goes, a life that's real to claim,
As if in this it had but slept.

2.

There is no death in God's wide world ;
But one eternal scene of change ;
The flag of life is never furled,
It only taketh wider range.

4.

Then let us speak not of "the dead,"
For none are dead—all live, all love ;
Our friends have only changed—have
sped,
From lower homes to homes above.

XIX.

Life.

1.
Life is the hour that lies between
Earth and the heavenly spheres ;
And merges, like some tranquil dream,
In Love's immortal years.

2.
Life is the kindling of a star
In heavenly skies to shine,
Where sin, nor strife, nor sorrow mar
The harmonies divine.

3.
Life is the blooming of a flower,
Whose blossom shall impart
A fragrance to Love's Eden bower,
A joy to God's own heart.

4.
Life is a strain of sacred love
The inmost spirit sings,
Then rises to the spheres above,
While heaven with gladness rings.

5.
Life is a hymn of holy thought
From God's paternal mind ;
A soul into his image wrought
And in his truth enshrined.

6.
Life is, to be a beauteous part
Of Nature's perfect whole ;
To dwell in fellowship of heart
With the Creative Soul.

T. L. Harris.

—:0:—

XX.

Death.

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.

2.
Death is the conqueror's welcome home
The heavenly city's door ;
The entrance of the world to come—
'Tis life forever more.

3.
Death is the mightier second birth,
Th' unavailing of the soul ;

'Tis freedom from the chains of earth,
The pilgrim's heavenly goal.

4.
Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore ;
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.

5.
Death is a song from seraph lips,
The day-spring from on high ;
The ending of the soul's eclipse,—
It's transit to the sky.

T. L. Harris.

—:0:—

XXI.

Hand in Hand with Angels.

1 **H**AND in hand with angels, through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know :
Tenderer voices cheer us than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone.

- 2 Hand in hand with angels ; some are out of sight,
 Leading us, unknowing, into paths of light ;
 Some soft hands are covered from our mortal grasp,
 Soul in soul to hold us with a firmer clasp.
- 3 Hand in hand with angels, walking every day,
 How the chain may brighten none of us can say ;
 Yet it doubtless reaches from earth's lowest one
 To the loftiest seraph standing near the thorne.
- 4 Hand in hand with angels, ever let us go ;
 Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow.
 One electric love chord, thrilling all with fire,
 Soar we through vast ages, higher—ever higher. *L. Larcom.*

—:O:—

XXII.

Love All.

1.
 Love all ! there is no living thing
 Which God has not created :
 Love all ! there is no living thing
 Which God has ever hated.

2.
 His love sustains the lowest life—
 Whate'er doth live or perish—
 And man may not disdain to love
 What God hath loved to cherish.

3.
 Love all ! for hate begetteth hate,
 And love through love increaseth ;
 Love all ! for hate shall faint and fail,
 While love, like God, ne'er ceaseth.

4.
 Love is the law, the life supreme,
 The goal where all are tending ;
 The hate shall die, the strife shall cease
 But love is never-ending.

—:O:—

XXIII.

From the Recesses.

- 1 **F**ROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
 Our humble prayer ascends ; O Father ! hear it,
 Upsoaring on the wings of love and meekness ;
 Forgive its weakness !
- 2 We see thy hand ; it leads us, it supports us :
 We hear thy voice—it counsels and it courts us :
 And then we turn away ; and still thy kindness
 Forgives our blindness.
- 3 O how long-suffering, Lord ! but thou delightest
 To win with love the wandering ; thou invitest,
 By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
 Man from his errors.

- 4 None can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling ;
Oh ! none can hear the accents of thy mercy,
And never love thee.
- 5 Kind Benefactor ! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness ; and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.
- 6 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;
Where every flower that's passed thro' life's bright portal
Becomes immortal.

—:0:—

XXIV.

Spirit Longing.

- 1 **F**OREVER wakefully the air is turning
To catch some token from the shadowy sphere ;
Forever is the full heart strongly yearning
Some word of promise from its depths to hear.
- 2 And there are kindred spirits dwelling by us,
And mingling yet their loving thoughts with ours,
Forever dwelling in communion nigh us,
In virtue's way to cheer our lagging powers.
- 3 Oh, there are voices that will at our asking
Come to assure us of that better state,
Where, evermore in endless pleasure basking,
Those gone before, our fond re-union wait.
- 4 The grave is not a bourne whose sombre portal
Closeth eternal o'er the bright and fair,
But through the gate, to blessedness immortal,
The spirit passeth endless life to share,
- 5 Still old affection hereward back is turning,
And whispering words to us of joy and peace,
And spiritual eyes are round us burning,
With holier love as heavenly powers increase.

—:0:—

XXV.

Angel Footsteps.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1.</p> <p>When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight :</p> | <p>2.</p> <p>Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall.</p> |
|--|--|

3.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more.

4.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Come the messengers divine,
Take the vacant chair beside me,
Lay their gentle hands in mine.

5.

And they sit and gaze upon me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

6.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer—
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from their lips of air.
Longfellow.

—:O:—

XXVI.

All Men are Equal.

1.

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies,
All men are equal, when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

2.

All wait alike on Him, whose power
Upholds the life he gave ;
The Sage within his star-lit tower,
The savage in his cave.

3.

'Tis man alone, who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low ;
Who worships those and tramples these
While the same path they go.

4.

Ye great ! renounce your earthborn
pride ;
Ye low ! your shame and fear ;
Live, as ye worship, side by side,
Your common claims revere.

Harriet Martineau.

—:O:—

XXVII.

Self-Abnegation.

Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world.

With it, everywhere shalt thou bear a cross.

If thou seekest thine own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet nor free from care, for in everything somewhat will be wanting.

Of necessity we must have patience if we would possess inward peace.

On this error, that a man inordinately loveth himself, all sorrow dependeth.

It is little we suffer in comparison with those who have gone before.

If a man give all his substance, yet it is as nothing.

If he do great penances they are yet but little.

If he be of virtue and devotion, there is something needed.

If he attain all knowledge he is yet far off.

One thing is yet wanting.

That having left all, he leave himself, go out of himself, and retain nothing of self-love.

Forsake thyself, resign thyself !

Then all that is immoderate, superfluous, or painful, shall pass away.

Thomas à Kempis.

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures.

We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being great, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world.

If we mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best, we must fix our minds on lofty ends, and not on what will happen to us because of them.

No man can be great, he can hardly keep from being wicked, unless he gives up thinking about pleasures and rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful.

To struggle against powerful wrong, to try to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of, this is to be great.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we do not quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

George Eliot.

—:O:—

XXVIII.

An Ode to the Almighty.

O Thou Eternal One ! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy—all motion guide ;
 Unchanged throughout Time's devastating flight ;
 Thou only God ; There is no God beside ;
 Being above all things ! Thou Mighty One !
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore ;
 Who fill'st existence with THYSELF alone,
 Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er ;
 Being whom men call God—and know no more !

In its sublime research, Philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
 The sands, or the sun's rays. But God! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
 Up to Thy mysteries! Reason's brightest spark—
 Though kindled by Thy light—in vain would try
 To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
 And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high—
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness did'st call
 First chaos, then existence:—Lord on Thee
 Eternity had its foundation:—all
 Sprung forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole Origin:—all life, all beauty Thine,
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine,
 Thou art, and wert, and shall be! glorious! great!
 Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
 And what are we then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
 Though multiplied by myriads and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed
 Against Thy greatness—is a Cypher brought
 Against infinity! What are we then?—Nought.

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine
 Pervading worlds hath reached our bosoms too:
 Yes! in our spirits doth Thy spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Nought! But we live, and on hopes, pinions fly
 Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
 We live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity,
 WE ARE, O God! and surely THOU MUST BE!

Thou art! directing, guiding all. Thou art!
 Direct our understandings, then, to Thee;
 Control our spirits—guide the wandering heart.
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
 Still we are something fashioned by Thy hand!
 We hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 God! thus alone our lowly thoughts can soar;
 Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good
 'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The Soul shall speak in love its gratitude.

Derzhavin.

XXIX.

Charity.

1.

✓ If we knew the cares and crosses,
 Crowded round our neighbour's way;
 If we knew the little losses,
 Sorely grievous day by day;
 Would we then so often chide him
 For the lack of thrift and gain,
 Leaving on his heart a shadow,
 Leaving on our hearts a stain?

2.

If we knew the silent story,
 Quivering through the heart we
 blame,
 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.

—:0:—

XXX.

The Other World.

1.

It lies around us like a cloud,
 A world we do not see;
 Yet the sweet closing of an eye
 May bring us there to be.
 Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
 Amid our worldly cares
 Its gentle voices whisper love,
 And mingle with our prayers.

2.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,
 And palpitate the veil between
 With breathings almost heard.
 So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
 So near to press they seem,
 They hush us gently to our rest,
 They melt into our dream.

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.
 Let death between us be as nought,
 A dried and vanished stream;
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

XXXI.

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

2.

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 the balm shall heal thine own.

—:O:—

XXXII.

God in the Soul.

1.

THOU God, beneath no temple's fane
 Our mocking vows we pay;
 All prayers, all offerings are vain
 We on their altars lay.
 Vain is the priestly sacrifice,
 The offering and the blood;
 Only within the soul can rise
 The incense true to God.

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 can not 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.

—O:—

NOTE.

The latter portions of Parts I., II., and IV., and the whole of Parts III. and V., are new; the remainder has been altered from "The Lyceum Guide." A number of songs have been taken from "The Spiritual Harp and Lyre."

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