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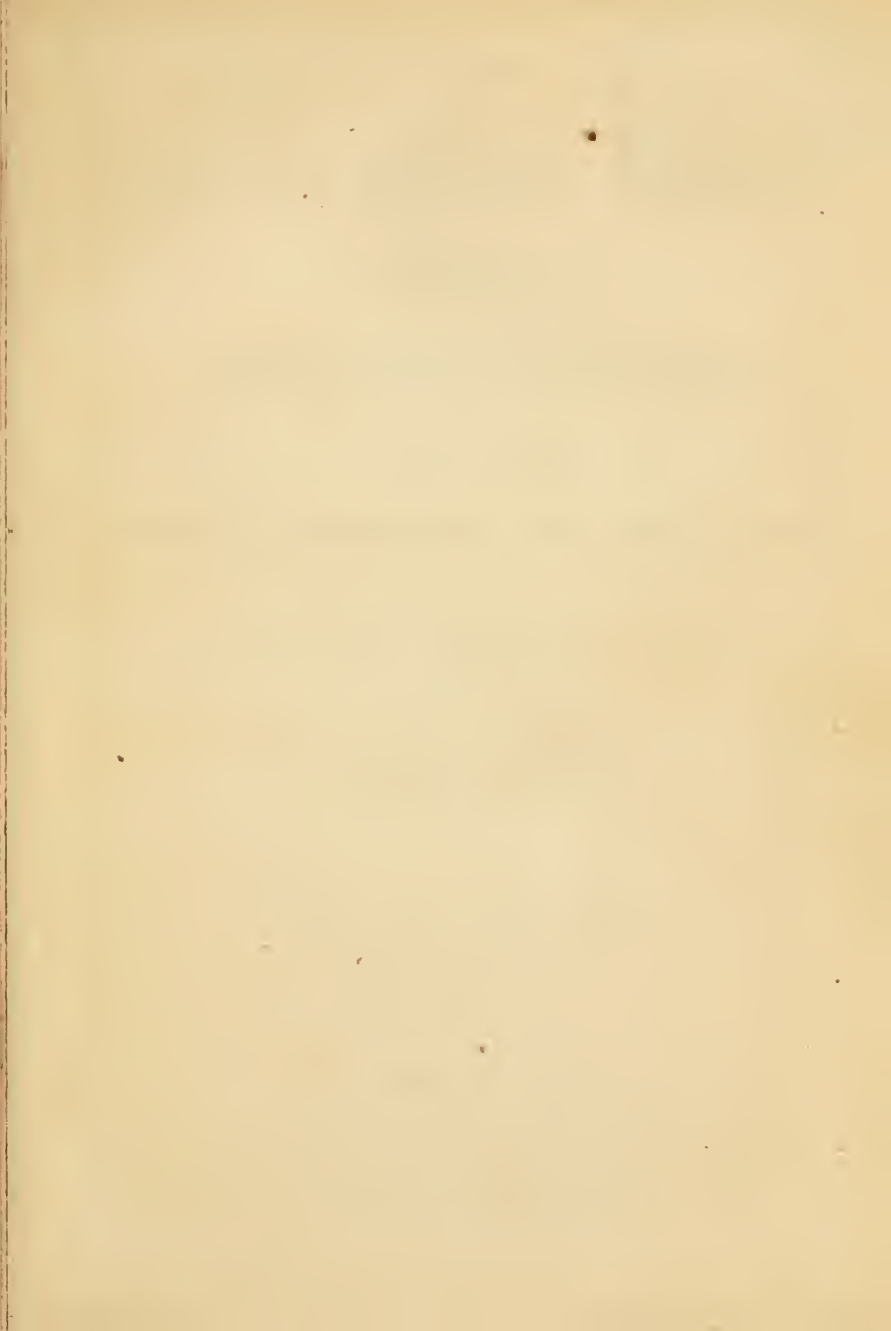
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THE



PSALMS OF LIFE.

A Compilation of

PSALMS, HYMNS, CHANTS, ANTHEMS, &c.

EMBODYING THE

SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE AND REFORMATORY

SENTIMENT OF THE PRESENT AGE.

BY

✓ ✓
JOHN S. ADAMS.

"LIFE IS REAL; LIFE IS EARNEST!"

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PREFACE.

It is hardly necessary that anything should be said prefatory to this work, as its distinguishing features are fully made known on the title page; yet as some remarks may be looked for in this place, a few words may not be deemed superfluous.

Among the many collections designated as "Hymn," and "Music Books," already published, this new compilation certainly possesses the characteristic of originality, inasmuch as its Editor has entered a new field, and gathered material never before used for a like purpose.

Similar works are, for the most part, mere repositories of the thoughts and feelings of the Past, while the mind continually yearns for the Inspirations of the Present. The Psalms and Hymns they bring to us were written for a previous generation,—for a people subject in their daily life to other surroundings, and actuated by motives differing in many essential particulars from those that govern us. Hence, they were adopted by them as the representatives of their spiritual faith and aspirations; but to suppose them to be adapted to every people and every occasion, is neither wise nor just.

It is readily admitted that in some points the people of a hundred years ago were like ourselves:—their God is our God, though we may not view him from the same plane of thought; they had hopes to cherish, so have we; sorrows that plead for comfortings, and we, also, have our times of sadness; they had duties and loves, paternal and fraternal, and such have we. In these and other points they were one with us—children of one father, members of one great brotherhood.

But in many things we differ. Subject to the great law of 'Progression' we have advanced, not only in our views of Art and Science, but also in our views of our relations to God and to each other. This supreme principle, related to worlds and atoms as soul to body, inevitably applies itself to our Religious and National Lyrics. Yet compilers seemed to have overlooked this great truth, and have followed each other in the same path, editing and re-editing the self-same 'Psalms and Hymns,'—changing the dishes, but presenting the same food. Selections have been confined to the very limited range of what for the past two or three centuries has been denominated 'Sacred Poetry,' with but a slight, if any, recognition of productions of a more recent date. The result has been, a score or more of books, differing only in the arrangement of their contents, not in the contents themselves.

The spirit of the past found its desires met in the poetry that flowed through the channels of its own thought. But new occasions give birth to new thoughts,

and create new wants; and these wants must be met with responses as intimately connected with them as every effect with its cause.

The Theology of the present differs from that of the past in so far as its views of God and of our relations to him and to each other, and of our present and future existence, take a much broader scope, and grasp with the hands of a stronger and more rational faith the great fact of Immortality. For the people of this age we want the poetical fervor of our own times; we want the ideas by which our thoughts and feelings are inspired, embodied in verse, so that our songs of praise, our words of cheer, and our devotional aspirations may be harmonious responses to the highest conceptions of the soul.

And we have these. The poetry of to-day is replete with the hopes and faiths of to-day. It is practical, and at the same time glowing with a spiritual beauty commensurate with the loftiest ideality of the mind. It has been called forth by the stirring events transpiring around us;—it is the living inspiration of our age; is adapted to a faith in a present revelation from the spirit-world, and is fully expressive of the high and glorious impulses of Divinity within us that move our thoughts to action in behalf of an absolute freedom of mind and body.

The result of an effort to gather this poetry and present it in connection with an appropriate selection of music is found in this volume. In the pursuit of this object we have not forgotten the past. Our ancestry had much in common with us, as we have already remarked, and we would not disown it. The Past comes to us, bearing as an offering to place upon the altar of the Present, the sweet and fervid devotional songs of our fathers. Gladly we accept them, and love them for the beauties they enshrine. They are wreathed with a glowing immortality, and the generations of our own times and of the future will find hope, and strength, and comforts in them.

The selections of music will be recognized by all who have had experience in singing, to comprise tunes with which they have before met, and around which associations gather that have established them as favourites. In addition to these are several original compositions and new arrangements. The collection of chants will be found unusually large; a feature that their rapidly increasing use will at once commend, and one which enables us to furnish a number of poems not suited to common tunes, but which will be highly valued for the sentiments they represent.

Our thanks are tendered to the owners of copyright on music for permission of use, as, also, to those individuals in various parts of the Union, who have in various ways manifested their interest in the progress of the work. With the hope that it may meet their expectations and supply our present wants, and that every reform,—religious, political, social, and domestic, may find within it that which will cheer the soldier in life's great battle, wreath the brows of the despairing with stars of hope, and lead all to a firmer trust in God and love for one-another, 'The Psalms of Life' are submitted to the People.

J. S. A.

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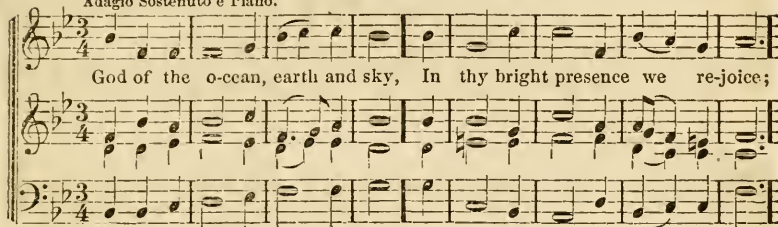
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THE PSALMS OF LIFE.

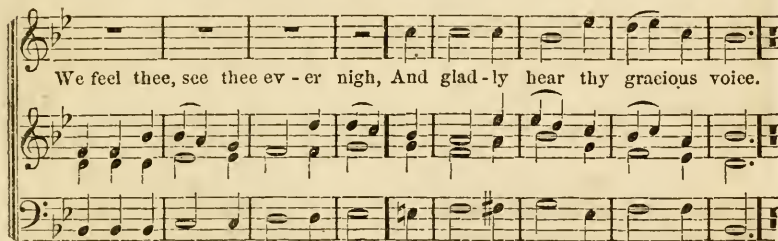
GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.
From "Modern Harp."

Adagio Sostenuto e Piano.



God of the ocean, earth and sky, In thy bright presence we re-joice;



We feel thee, see thee ev - er nigh, And glad - ly hear thy gracious voice.

1.

God in his Works and Word.—WRETFORD.

- 1 God of the ocean, earth and sky,
In thy bright presence we rejoice;
We feel thee, see thee ever nigh,
And gladly hear thy gracious voice.
- 2 We feel thee in the sunny beam;
We see thee walk the mountain waves;
We hear thee in the murmuring stream,
And when the tempest wildly raves.
- 3 God on the lonely hills we meet,
God, in the vale and fragrant grove,
While birds and whispering winds repeat,
That God is there—the God of love.
- 4 We meet thee in the pensive hour
When wearied nature sinks to rest;
When dies the breeze, and sleeps the
flower,
And peace is given to every breast.
- 5 We see thee when, at eve, afar
We upward lift our wondering sight,
We see thee in each silent star
That glorifies the gloom of night.

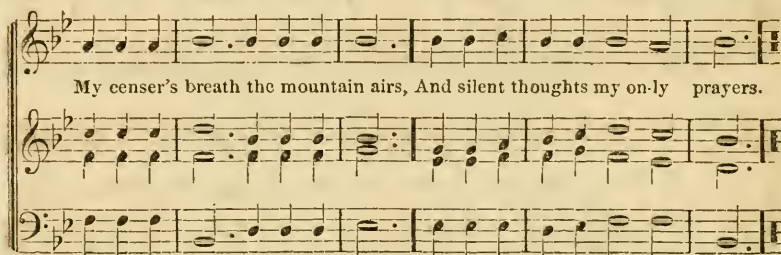
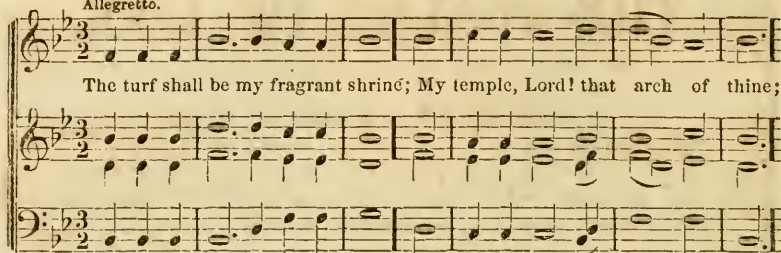
- 6 Great God! we look to thee in love,
We bring no fear before thy throne,
For thou art good below, above,
And we thy goodness well have known.

2.

The Light from Above.

- 1 Eternal God, thou Light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
O, let thy glories on me shine,
In earth beneath, from heaven above.
- 2 Thou art the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me the easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring tho't be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 4 Speak to my warring passions, 'Peace';
Say to my trembling heart, 'Be still';
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy holy will.

Allegretto.



3.

Nature a Temple of Worship.—MOORE.

- 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 moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their
caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee!
- 3 I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.
- 4 Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.
- 5 There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that
But in its light my soul can see [glow,
Some feature of thy Deity:
- 6 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

4.

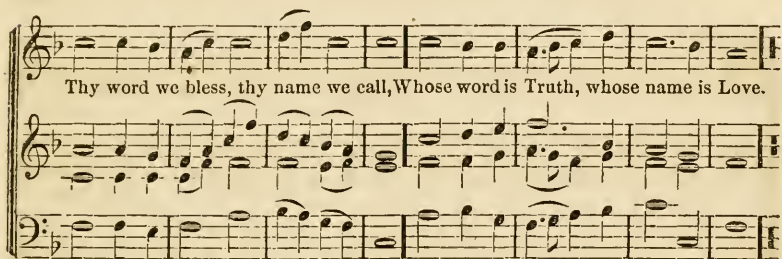
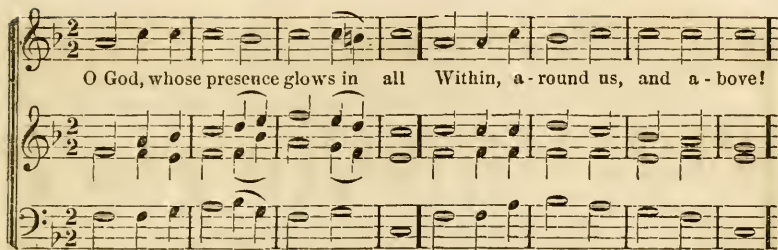
God Manifest.—J. M. GOOD.

- 1 Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove that God is here:
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.
- 2 For who but he that arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood
Wondrous in all alike he tries,
Could raise the daisy's purple bud;—
- 3 Mould its green eup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin;
And ent the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within;
- 4 Then fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks may see
In every step the stamp of God.

5.

The Spirit's Birth.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 There is no death—'tis but a shade;
Be not of outward loss afraid;
There is no death—it is a birth—
A rising heavenward from the earth!
- 2 Sharing that life's unbounded span,
Eternity is thine, oh man!
Think of the future as a sphere
Where roses blossom all the year!



6.

Truth and Love.—FROTHINGHAM.

- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirit's light, thy spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessings more
Round each with all, and all with thee,
- 4 Send down its angel to our side,—
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

7.

Morning of Freedom.

- 1 Awake the song that gave to earth
The sacred joys of Freedom's birth!
Angelic tongues the strain began,—
'Twas peace on earth, good will to man.
- 2 Celestial peace! and is it ours
To strike the harp on heavenly towers?
To welcome back the dove that brings
The balm of healing in her wings?

[2*]

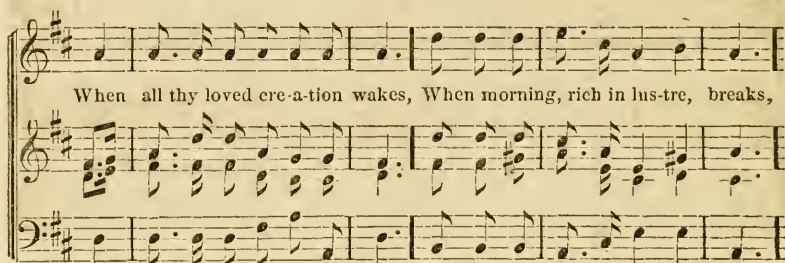
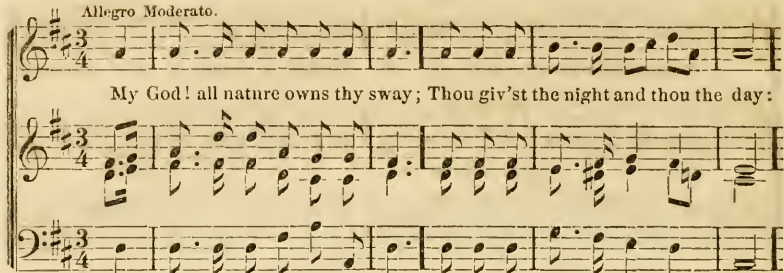
- 3 She comes! and, lo, the orphan's wail
No longer loads the passing gale;
Contentment sheds her sacred calm,
And Nature owns the sovereign charm.
- 4 She comes! and banner, spear, and plume,
That led to conquest and the tomb,
Wreathed with the olive, now adorn
The triumph of bright Freedom's morn.

8.

Praise to the Creator.—WATTS.

- 1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

Allegro Moderato.



9.

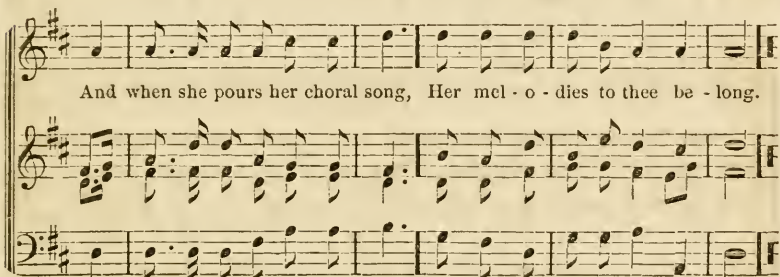
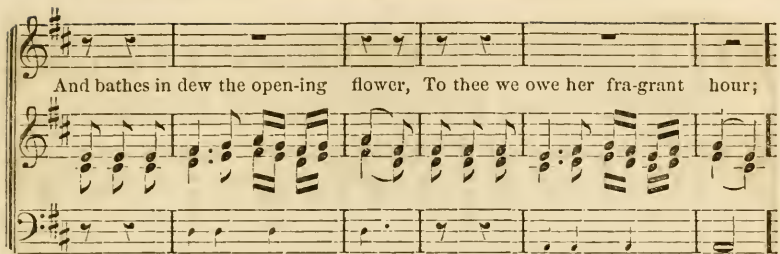
God seen in All.—H. M. WILLIAMS.

- 1 My God! all nature owns thy sway;
Thou giv'st the night and thou the day:
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.
- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade,
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.
- 3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
In every form by thee impressed,
Upon the mountain's lofty head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,—
A voice is heard of praise and love.

10.

Angel Footsteps.—C. D. STUART.

- 1 When Morning's purple gates unfold
Irradiate with the new-born day,
And from his quiver's misty gold,
The sun illumines his kingly way,
To me a thousand spirits wake,
Whose angel-footsteps, all abroad
From leaf and flower, and stream and lake,
Impress the burning seal of God.
- 2 And, 'mid the splendors of the noon,
When od'rous winds are hush'd and calm,
Or murmuring in a slumb'rous tune,
I feel soft hands of blessed balm;
And softer voices whisper me,
'O child of sorrow, care, and pain,
Be tranquil on life's stormy sea,
We watch—and guide to heaven again.'
- 3 And when the shadowy night descends,
And folds her wings above the earth,
The souls of dear, departed friends
Will mingle in my grief and mirth;
In hours of waking and in dream—
Through all the night and all the day—
They, by their angel-plumage gleam,
Lead me to God, and light the way.



11.

Hallowed be thy Name.—ELIZA COOK.

- 1 List to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave or sighing tree;
Go, hearken to the old church bells,
The song of bird, the hum of bee.
Interpret right, and we will find
'Tis 'power and glory,' they proclaim:
The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish, 'hallowed be thy name.'
- 2 The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To gain the altar of his sires;
The hermit pores above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes nor tires;
But holiest rite or longest prayer,
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear,
Than, 'Father! hallowed be thy name!'
- 3 The savage, kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The raptures of the idiot one
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;
The saint, well taught in Christian lore;
The Moslem, prostrate at his flame—
All worship, wonder, and adore;
All end in 'hallowed be thy name.'

- 4 Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still;
We trace them on the blooming mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill.
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
Each varied beating tells the same.
The strains may differ; but the theme
Is, 'Father! hallowed be thy name!'

12.

The Sabbath.—T. SWAIN.

- 1 To him, who for six days a week
Can rarely call an hour his own,
How sweet to watch the Sabbath break,
And bless the light that heaven has
thrown.
Oh, welcome more than tongue can name,
The dearest morn that greets our soil
Is that the Sabbath bells proclaim,
Which shuts the busy world of toil.
- 2 From morn to eve, from morn to eve—
Still wakening but for work alone;
Oh Heaven! it is a blest reprieve
To have one day to call our own,
One day to breathe a wider span,
Unfettered by the bonds of trade,
To leave the plodding world of man,
And view the world which God has
made.

Maestoso.

The mourners came at break of day, Un - to the garden sep-ul - chre, }
With saddened hearts to weep and pray For him, the loved one, buried there. }

What radiant light dispels the gloom? An an - gel sits be - side the tomb.

13.*The Angel at the Tomb.*—S. F. ADAMS.

- 1 The mourners came, at break of day,
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With saddened hearts to weep and pray
For him, the loved one, buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 2 The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low;
The spring returns, the flow'rets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 3 Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit hath but fled
To brighter realms of heavenly day;
Immortal Hope dispels the gloom;
An angel sits beside the tomb.

14.*The Angel of Patience.*—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes;

No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again,
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

- 2 There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance,
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear.
But ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly learns us to endure.
- 3 Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brow with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!
- 4 Oh! thou, who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, 'Be resigned!
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well'

Andante.

1. Our God is love: and would he doom The likeness of him-self to die?

No! love on earth may bud—its bloom Is for the more congenial sky.

15.

Human Love Undying.—I. G. BLANCHARD.

- 1 Our God is love: and would he doom
The likeness of himself to die?
No! love on earth may bud,—its bloom
Is for the more congenial sky.
- 2 And breathed from the serener sphere,
Like odors o'er the desert blown,
May not its fragrance reach us here
Who are not yet too earthly grown?
- 3 Ye dear departed of our love!
What ministry so fit could be,
Of all the shining ones above,
As theirs who once were such as we?
- 4 The ways we travel ye have trod,
And where we dwell our souls are bound;
Sure it is worthy of our God
With such to gird our paths around.

16.

Submission through Faith.—NORTON.

- 1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought
Deem aught of life's events severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay:
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.

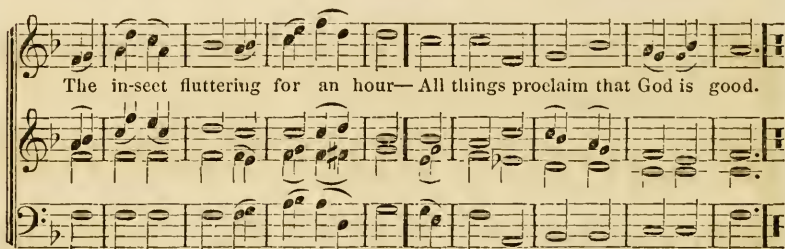
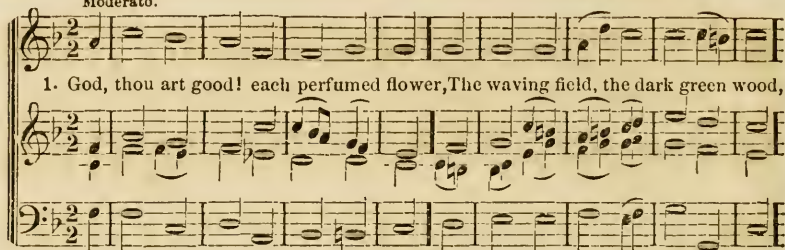
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

17.

Friends never leave us.—J. S. A.

- 1 Friends never leave us, those we call
The 'dear departed' never do;
They are around us, though the pall
Of earth conceals them from our view.
- 2 They are around us, O how near!
Their spirits throb close to our own;
Bound to our hearts with ties more dear
Than we before have ever known.
- 3 They're with us ever—Morning's hour
Bears on its wing their holy love,
And Evening hath its gentle dower
Of peace to bear us from above.
- 4 O, purer than the love of earth,
Is that those friends do freely bring,
Who've passed the change of 'second
birth,'
And songs of 'life eternal' sing.

Moderato.



18.

Goodness of God.—MRS. FOLLEN.

- 1 God, thou art good! each perfumed flower,
The waving field, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour,—
All things proclaim that God is good.
- 2 I hear it in each breath of wind:
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with gold and silver lined,
All still repeat that God is good.
- 3 Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.
- 4 The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
That sing his praise with light renewed;
That rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.
- 5 The moon that walks in brightness says
That God is good! and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Doth still repeat that God is good.

19.

Love to Christ.—E. TAYLOR.

- 1 There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

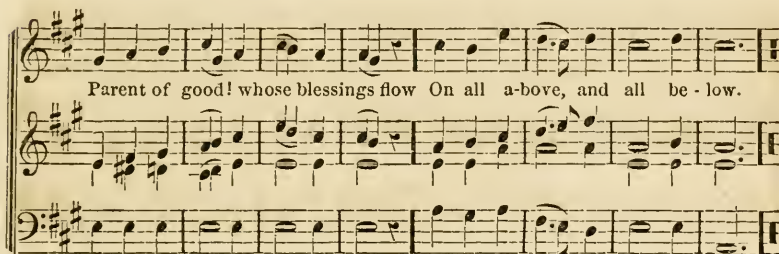
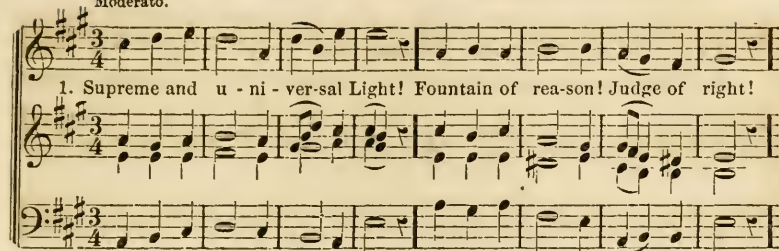
- 2 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
I see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 3 I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him I tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with my God to seek.
- 4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
I hear him in the frequent sigh,
Of those whose pathway clouds do shade.
- 5 I meet him at the lowly tomb;
I weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise, and weep no more.

20.

God known through Love.

- 1 No human eye thy face may see;
No human thought thy form may know;
But all creation dwells in thee.
And thy great life thro' all doth flow!
- 2 Though we may faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to thee.

Moderato.



21.

Manliness and Freedom.—H. MORE.

- 1 Supreme and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:
- 2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came!
- 3 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.
- 4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O, may our steadfast bosoms bear,
The stamp of heaven—an upright heart,
Above the low disguise of art!
- 5 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
And with a truthful zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 6 O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

22.

Mercy and not Sacrifice.—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 O thou, at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
Who, waking, saw with joy, above,
A brother's face of tenderest love;—
- 2 Thon, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came;
The burden of thy holy faith,
Was love and life, not hate and death.
- 3 O, once again thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which know thee not,
And let the light of thy pure day
Shine in upon the darkened thought!
- 4 O, touch the hearts of men, and show
The power which in forbearance lies;
And let them learn that Mercy now
Is better than old Sacrifice.

23.

Union of Praise.

- 1 With one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
Through endless ages shall endure.

1. We come at morn and dew - y eve, At radiant noon, and midnight hour,

To breathe our messag-es, or leave The inward to-kens of our power.

24.

The Spirits' Mission.

- 1 We come at morn and dewy eve,
At radiant noon, and midnight hour,
To breathe our messages, or leave
The inward tokens of our power.
- 2 Think not our home is far away
From human sympathy and love,
Nor when desired, that we delay
To leave our spirit—home above.
- 3 Our mission is the work of love,
To kindred in the earthly home,
And they with joy our work approve,
And often kindly bid us come.
- 4 Thrice gladly we the call obey,
When yearning hearts the welcome
Receive our love, our care repay, [give,
In our communion joyous live.

25.

The Better Land.

- 1 There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

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

26.

Night and Morning.—GEO. W. BUNGAY.

- 1 How radiant are the evening skies,—
Broad wing of blue in heaven unfurled;
God watching with a thousand eyes,
The welfare of a sleeping world.
- 2 He lights the wild flower in the wood,
And rocks the sparrow in her nest;
He guides the angels on their road,
That come to guard us while we rest.
- 3 When the bee blows his tiny horn,
To wake the sisterhood of flowers,
And God shall kindle up the morn,
Praise shall expand these hearts of ours.

27.

Forgiveness of Foes.

- 1 Forgive thy foes,—nor that alone;
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who love thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
- 2 So does the fragrant sandal bow,
In meek forgiveness to its doom;
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
Shed in abundance rich perfume.

Moderato.

1. The rod that smote the desert rock Brought forth the fountain at the shock ;
And Israel's fainting thousands sank Down by the living stream and drank. }

The rod but touched the heart of earth, And pure and healing streams gushed forth.

28.

Tears.—O. G. WARREN.

- 1 The rod that smote the desert rock
Brought forth the fountain at the shock ;
And Israel's fainting thousands sank
Down by the living stream and drank.
The rod but touched the heart of earth,
And pure and healing streams gushed
forth.
- 2 Withered and parched, in sore dismay,
Israel's countless thousands lay ;
Prone on the earth they fell and died,
Till Moses' rod drew forth the tide.
They rose—they drank—the fainting men,
Touched by the water, lived again,
- 3 When sadness long has held control,
And darkened o'er the suffering soul,
When, amid suffering, pain and strife,
Man almost wearies of this life,
And, in despair of solace nigh,
Would gladly lay him down and die ;—
- 4 Then, on the heart, affliction's shock
Falls like the rod upon the rock ;
Tears flow—they wash away the pain—
The fainting spirit lives again ;
Man springs from terror and dismay,
And goes with gladness on his way.

[3]

29.

The Moral Warfare.—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptised her infant brow in blood, [swept,
And, through the storm which round her
Their constant ward and watching kept.
- 2 Our fathers to their graves have gone ;
Their strife is past—their triumph won ;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.
- 3 So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given,
The light, and truth, and love of heaven !

30.

Thy will be done.—S. F. ADAMS.

- He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower ;
Alike they're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

Tenderly.

1. With sunshine al - ways on his face, Fair - er to us than summer flowers,
How sank our trembling hearts to see His pathway turning off from ours;

31.

A Child's Path.—PHOEBE CAREY.

- 1 With sunshine always on his face,
Fairer to us than summer flowers,
How sank our trembling hearts to see
His pathway turning off from ours;
- 2 As one on whom we dared not look,
So strange and chilling was his grasp,
Took solemnly his childish hand,
And pushed our fingers from his clasp;
- 3 And led his half reluctant feet
Along the common way for all,
Down softly toward that open gate,
Set in life's farthest boundary wall!
- 4 But, when we saw the portal gained,
Ne'er folded back for death or sin,
The shadow which had led him on
Shrank back, afraid to enter in.
- 5 And the sweet child, no more alarmed,
But turning from us smilingly,
Gave trustingly his little hand
To One our dim faith scarce could see.
- 6 And, O, how much it soothed our grief,
To know that loving hands as ours
Would gently lead his feet about
Over the heavenly hills of flowers!

32.

There is no Death.—J. S. A.

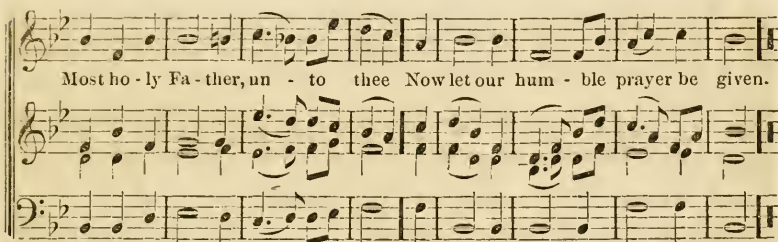
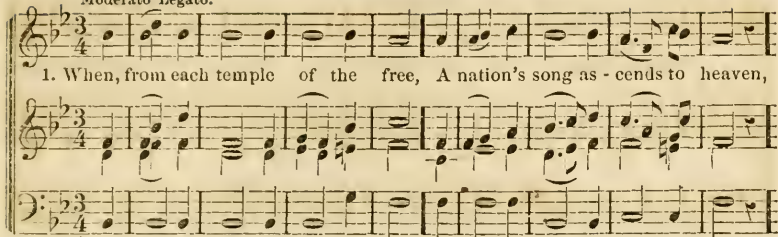
- 1 We do not die—we cannot die;
We only change our state of life
When these earth temples fall and lie
Unmoving 'mid the world's wild strife.
- 2 There is no death in God's wide world;
But one eternal scene of change;
The flag of life is never furled,
It only taketh wider range.
- 3 And when the spirit leaves its frame,
Its home in which it long hath dwelt,
It goes, a life that's real to claim,
As if in this it had but slept.
- 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.

33.

Looking to God.—FAWCETT.

- 1 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 2 To Thee, our Father, would we look,
Our rock, our portion and our friend,
And on thy gracious love and truth
With humble, steadfast hope depend.

Moderato Legato.

**34.***The Day of Freedom.*—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.
- 2 Sweet peace be here; and hope and love
Be round us as a mantle thrown,
As unto thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bow'd alone.
- 3 And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of thy love shall hear;—
- 4 When, smitten as with fire of heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

35.*A New Religion.*—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 A new religion shakes the earth;
Christ, unknown to outward Sage,
Descends, in forms of love, to birth,
And leads from heaven the golden age.
- 2 A new religion—new, yet old,
The ancient 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 splendors 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!

36.*Change.*

- 1 Why should we mourn that changes come,
When 'neath the cold and shrouded
snow,
The grass and flowers may shelter find,
And in the darkness bud and grow?
- 2 Why should we mourn that clouds are
formed
And o'er our drooping spirits fly?
The law that forms the clouds, expands
The bow and brings unclouded sky.
- 3 Our hopes may fall like leaves away,
As swiftly pass each winged hour,
But leaves ne'er fall until the fruit
Is formed within the bursting flower.
- 4 Then change is angel of the soul,
That keeps all things from swift decay:
Through which the crystal here is formed,
And life anew may spring alway.

1. When adverse winds and waves arise, And my sad heart de-spond-ent sighs;

When life her throng of cares re-veals, And weakness o'er my spi-rit steals,

Grate-ful I hear the kind de-cree, That "as my day, my strength shall be."

37.

Strength in Weakness.—L. H. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 When adverse winds and waves arise,
And my sad heart despondent sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."
- 2 When, with sad footsteps, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves;
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to thy promise, Lord! I flee,
That, "as my day, my strength shall be."
- 3 One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail:
My Father! grant my soul to see
That, "as her day, her strength shall be."

38.

Omnipresence of God.

- 1 Above, below, where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planet's blaze,
Or glist'ning in the morning dew;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.
- 2 And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipped the mountain tops with gold,
Smote with the blaze, my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold;
That ray of glory bright and fair,
Is but thy living presence there.
- 3 Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve, the dewy morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thy hands have fashioned to adorn.
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is here."

Moderato.

1. I cannot plainly see the way, So dark my path is; but I know

If I do truly work and pray, Some good will brighten out of woe.

39.*The Way.*—ALICE CAREY.

- 1 I cannot plainly see the way,
So dark my path is; but I know
If I do truly work and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.
- 2 For the same hand that doth unbind
The winter winds, sends sweetest
showers,
And the poor rustic laughs to find
His April meadows full of flowers.
- 3 I said I could not see the way,
And yet what need is there to see,
More than to do what good I may,
And trust the great God over me?
- 4 Why should my spirit pine, and lean
From its clay house; or restless, bow,
Asking the shadows if they mean
To darken always, dim as now.
- 5 Why should I vainly seek to solve
Free-will, necessity, the pall?
I feel, I know that God is love,
And knowing this, I know it all.

40.*A Plea for the Slave.*—MARY JACKSON.

- 1 Eternal Father! thou hast made
A num'rous family thy care;
Nor sable hue, nor caste, nor grade,
Excludes the lowest from thy share.

[3*]

- 2 Of kindred blood and flesh the same,
In thy pure sight of equal worth;
Then why should one the sceptre claim,
And crush his brother to the earth?
- 3 We know thou'lt hear, and set them free,
The downcast slaves,—for whom we
plead;
And make our land, as it should be,
A free and happy land indeed.

41.*All for the Best.*

- 1 When troubles overflow the soul,
And foaming billows proudly roll,
These words to us are ever blest,
"Take courage, all is for the best."
- 2 When disappointment throws us down,
And courted fortune casts a frown,
On these consoling words we rest,
Still knowing, "all is for the best."
- 3 When pestilence is in the land,
And sickness strikes with heavy hand,
We are of comfort still possess,
Believing "all is for the best."
- 4 Then let us trust from day to day,
The hand that gives and takes away;
And gladly cry, "His name be blest.
Who worketh all things for the best."

Brillante.

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re-flec-tions caught from thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

42.

God's Presence in Nature.—T. MOORE.

- 1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beams, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

43.

Sabbath Eve.

- 1 Oh! if there be an hour that brings
The breath of Heaven upon its wings,
To light the heart, and glad the eye,
With glimpses of eternity;
It is the hour of mild decay,
The sunset of the holy day.
- 2 For then to earth a light is given,
Fresh flowing from the gates of heaven;
And then on every breeze we hear
Angelic voices whispering near;
Through veiling shades glance seraph eyes,
One step—and all were paradise!

In slow and graceful style.

1. Be firm! what-ev-er tempts thy soul To loi-ter ere it reach its goal,

What-ev-er sy-ren voice would draw Thy heart from du-ty and its law.

44.

Be Firm.—SARAH C. E. MAYO.

- 1 Be firm! whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal,
Whatever syren voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law,
- 2 O that distrust! Go bravely on,
Firm till the victor crown be won.
Firm when thy conscience is assailed,
Firm when the star of hope is veiled,
- 3 Firm in defying wrong and sin,
Firm in life's conflict, toil and din,
Firm in the path by martyrs trod,—
Be firm in love to man and God.

45.

Insight.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 This common earth, by mortals trod,
Is hallowed by the present God;
And still great heaven is all unfurled
In light and beauty o'er the world.
- 2 Look up, O man! behold the same
Celestial throngs of old who came.
For thee descends the spirit-host;
Thine all the tongues of Pentecost.
- 3 Let worldlings dig for golden ore:—
Do thou the angel-heaven explore:
Thy heart shall then, seraphic, sing,
And dwell for aye with morn and spring.
- 4 While others see but chance and change,
Thy soul the heavenly spheres shall range,
And there discern, with spirit-sense,
The heart of God's great providence.

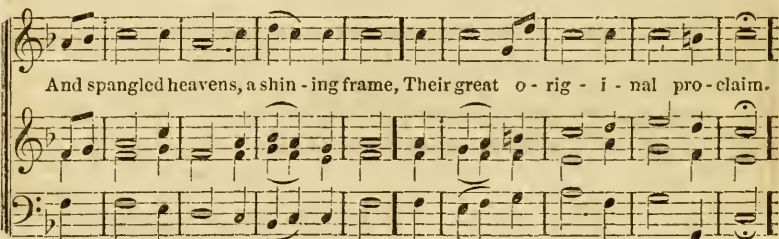
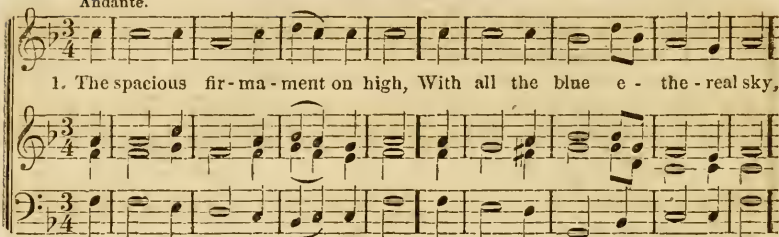
- 5 The lonely chamber of thy rest
Shall beam with many an angel guest,
And nature lay her tribute sweet
Of health and beauty at thy feet.
- 6 No creed shall bind thy freeborn might,
No shadow veil the heavenly height,
But sorrow from thy soul debase
And God's own presence give thee peace.

46.

Pioneers of Thought.—J. F. CLARKE.

- 1 For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee;
But now our thanks are chiefly poured,
For those who taught us to be free.
- 2 For when the soul lay bound below
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
And none thy word of truth could know,
O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds;
- 3 The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man.
- 4 Half-battles were the words he said,
Each born of prayer, baptized in tears;
And routed by them, backward fled
The errors of a thousand years.
- 5 With lifted song and bended knee,
For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord;
But chief for those who made us free,
The champions of thy holy word.

Andante.



47.

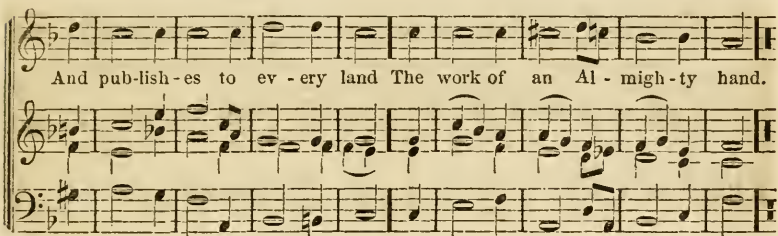
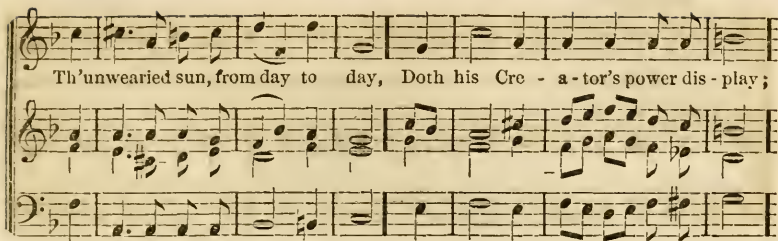
All thy Works Praise Thee.—ADDISON.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

48.

Thine is the Glory.

- 1 Great ruler of the realms on high,
The glory of the earth is thine,
Whose seas reflect the starry sky,
Whose cliffs eternal sunward shine;
Far as adventurous man has tried
To scour the land or stem the tide;
Far as the human eye can see—
Belongs, all bountiful, to thee!
- 2 The daily sun and nightly moon
That gild the living world below,
The glimmering stars in leafy June,
And northern lights on northern snow—
Will ceaselessly thy power proclaim,
Still glory in thy glorious name;
Forever offering praise to thee,
In notes of purest harmony.
- 3 But far beyond the glories here,
That we adoring thus behold,
Still newer heavens in light appear,
With pearly gates and streets of gold.
There white-robed glancing souls shall
gleam,
Beneath the trees of Eden's stream,
There kneeling by the glassy sea,
Shall sing their grateful songs to thee.



49.

Autumn Hymn.

- 1 God of the rolling year! to thee
Our songs shall rise, whose bounty pours
In many a goodly gift, with free
And liberal hand, our autumn stores;
No firstlings of our flock we slay,
No soaring clouds of incense rise,
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.
- 2 Borne on thy breath, the lap of spring
Was heaped with many a blooming
flower;
And smiling summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower;
And autumn's rich luxuriance now,
The ripening seed, the bursting shell,
The golden sheaf, and laden bough,
The fulness of thy bounty tell.
- 3 And here shall rise our song to thee,
Where lengthened vales and pastures lie,
And streams go singing, wild and free,
Beneath a blue and smiling sky,
Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
Where crowned oppressors never trod;
Here, at the throne of heaven alone,
Shall man in reverence bow to God.

50.

The Home-Gone.—G. S. BURLEIGH.

- 1 Ah, why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the wounded sod,
When, verily, there are no dead
Of all the children of our God.
They who are lost to outward sense,
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our earthly way;
- 2 And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope, and strength, and love of
theirs,
Which bloom, as bloom the early flowers,
In breath of summer's viewless airs;
And silent aspirations start
In promptings of their purer thought,
Which gently lead the troubled heart
To joys not even hope had sought.
- 3 'Tis well the heart can lose its tide,
And gently pour the soothing tear,
When joyful hope is crucified
In death-pangs of the loved and dear;
But when from her sepulchral pris'n
Their angels roll the grief away,
Then yield we to the new aris'n
And own her everlasting sway.

Dolce e Piano.

1. With-in this ho - ly vol - ume lies The wisdom of ce - les - tial skies.

Instarred with fiery words that burn, Its radiant leaves the an - gels turn.

51.*Spirit of the Scriptures.*—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 Within this holy volume lies
The wisdom of celestial skies.
Instarred with fiery words that burn,
Its radiant leaves the angels turn.
- 2 In it the soul the Father sees;
In it lie hid heaven's golden keys;
And, to its inner sense, are given
All forms of truth in earth and heaven.
- 3 Thou who would'st seek to know the truth
That gives the heart immortal youth,
Thou who wouldst hear the strains that lie
In the deep heart of harmony.
- 4 In faith's recluse and cloistered cell
Ope the bright scroll from heaven that fell,
With beauty's form that cannot die
It bodies forth Divinity.

52.*Teach us, O Lord!*

- 1 Teach us, O, teach us, Lord! thy way:
So to our life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
Our willing feet its paths shall tread.

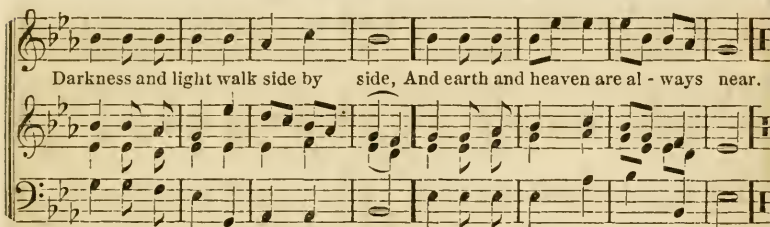
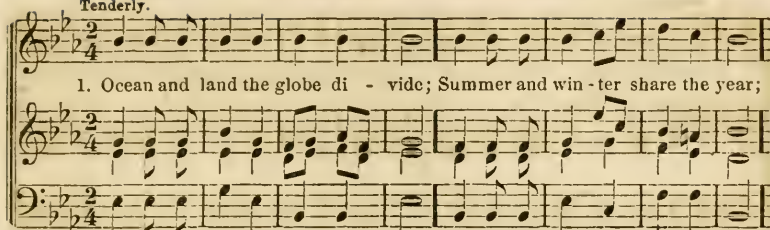
- 2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe
Our hearts shall meditate thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

- 3 Give us to know thy words aright,
Be they our souls' supreme delight;
That, purged from thirst of gold, each mind
In them its better wealth may find.

53.*God of the Seasons.*—HEGINBOTHAM.

- 1 Great God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours;
The hand from which our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.
- 3 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.
- 4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

Tenderly.

**54.***Bridal Union.*—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Ocean and land the globe divide;
Summer and winter share the year;
Darkness and light walk side by side,
And earth and heaven are always near.
- 2 Though each be good and fair alone,
And glorious in its time and place,
In all, when fitly paired, is shown
More of the Maker's power and grace,
- 3 Then may the union of young hearts
So early and so well begun,
Like sea and shore, in all their parts,
Appear as twain, yet be as one.
- 4 Be it like summer—may they find
Bliss, beauty, hope, where'er they roam;
Be it like winter—when confined,
Peace, comfort, happiness at home.

55.*Invocation after Marriage.*

- 1 Your souls, like shadows on the ground,
Which mingle when the golden sun
Burns in mid heaven, by God's own smile
This day are recognized as one.

- 2 Seraph of love, who lookest down
With transport on a scene like this,
Where clasped hands and wedded hearts
Symbol the sum of human bliss.

- 3 Watch o'er them ever; with thy smile
Banish all gloomy shapes of ill:
So may their latest days of life
Find them thy faithful votaries still.

56.*Beneficence.*—WM. TAYLOR.

- 1 God of the universe! whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race:
- 2 How vast the region, where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives!
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.
- 3 Lord! while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below;
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow.

Moderato.

1. Judge not: the work-ings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see.

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, In God's pure light may only be

A scar; bro't from some well-won field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

57.

Judge Not!

- 1 Judge not: the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field.
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
- 2 The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed its deadly fight
With some internal, fiery foe, [grace,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling
And east thee shuddering on thy face.
- 3 The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

- 4 And judge none lost, but wait, and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
The soul to God in after days!

58.

Music of Angels.

- 1 Arrayed in clouds of golden light, [bow,
More bright than heaven's resplendent
The holy angels come by night
To bless the sleeping world below.
How soft the music that they bring,
How sweet the hallowed strains they sing!
- 2 Good-will henceforth to man be given;
The light of glory beams on earth;
While angels tune the harps of heaven,
Their kindred here rejoice with mirth;
And to the skies their voices raise
In one sweet song of gushing praise.

Andante.

1. The kings of old have shrine and tomb In many a min-ster's haughty gloom;
cres. p
 And green a-long the o-cean's side, The mounds a-rise where he-roses died;
cres. dim.
 But show me on thy flowery breast, Earth! where thy name-less mar - tyrs rest!

59.

Nameless Martyrs.—MRS. HEMANS.

- 1 The kings of old have shrine and tomb
 In many a minster's haughty gloom;
 And green along the ocean's side,
 The mounds arise where heroes died;
 But show me on thy flowery breast,
 Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest!
- 2 The thousands that uncheered by praise,
 Have made an offering of their days;
 For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
 Resigned the bitter cup to take;
 And, silently, in fearless faith,
 Have bow'd their noble souls to death.
- 3 What though no stone the record bears
 Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers,
 May not our inmost hearts be stilled
 With knowledge of their presence filled,
 And by their lives be taught to prize
 The meekness of self-sacrifice?

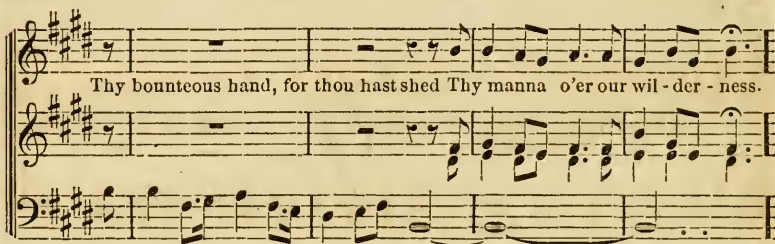
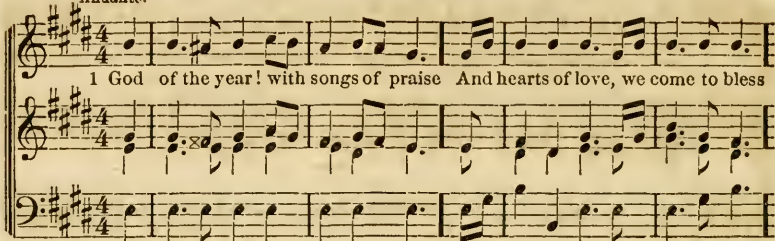
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60.

Endurance.—R. JOSSELYN.

- 1 'Tis bitter to endure the wrong
 Which evil hands and tongues commit,
 The bold encroachments of the strong,
 The shafts of calumny and wit:
 The scornful bearing of the proud—
 The sneers and laughter of the crowd.
- 2 And harder still it is to bear
 The censure of the good and wise,
 Who, ignorant of what we are,
 Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,
 Look coldly on, or pass us by
 In silence, with averted eye.
- 3 Conscious of purity and worth,
 We may with calm assurance wait
 The tardy recompense of earth;
 And e'en should justice come too late
 To soothe the spirit's homeward flight,
 Still heaven, at last, the wrong shall right.

Andante.

**61.***Harvest.*—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 God of the year! with songs of praise
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.
In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.
- 2 And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang on every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches, bending low,
Seem bowed in thankfulness to thee.
The earth, with all its purple isles,
Is answering to thy genial smiles;
And gales of perfume breathe along,
And lift to thee their voiceless song.
- 3 God of the seasons! thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles
To crown the sweet autumnal hours;
Praise—praise to thee! Our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

62.*'Mid Forest Scenes.*—J. S. A.

- 1 Within these woods, beneath these trees,
We meet to-day, a happy band;
All joy is ours—we feel the breeze
Blow gently o'er our native land.

How brightly blooms each forest flower;
What cheerful notes the wild bird sings;
How nature charms our festive hour,
What beauty round our pathway springs.

- 2 How pleasant thus it is to dwell
Within the shadow of this wood,
Where rock and tree and flower do tell,
To all that nature's God is good.
Here nature's temple open stands;
There's none so nobly grand as hers;
The sky its roof—its floor all lands,
While rocks and trees are worshippers.
- 3 There's not a leaf that rustles now,
A bird that chants its simple lays,
A breeze, that passing, fans our brow,
That speaks not to its Maker's praise.
O, then let us, who gather here,
Praise him who gave us this glad day,
And when the twilight shades appear,
Pass with his blessing hence away.

63.*The True Friend.*—CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend,
Of all we ever had the chief!
A friend, who, watching from above,
When'er in error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love;
That friend, that secret friend, is God!

In early spring-time thou didst fling O'er earth its robe of blossoming; And its sweet treasures,
 day by day, Rose quickening in thy blessed ray. Rose quickening in thy bless-ed ray.

64.

The Struggle for Freedom.—J. G. WHITTIER.

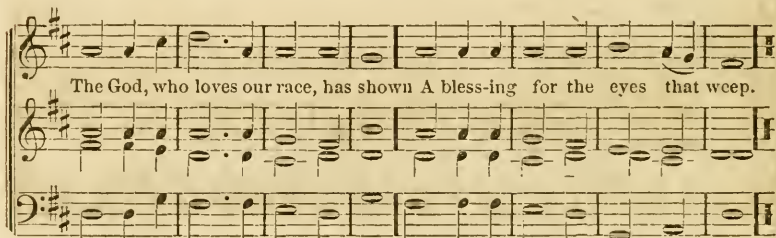
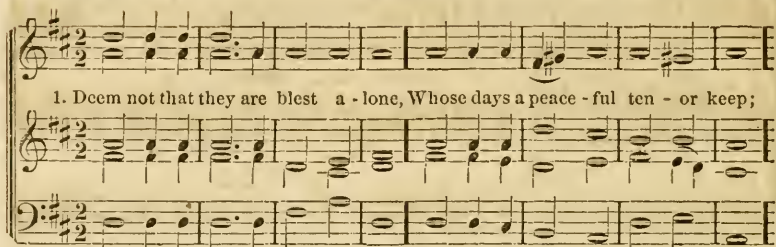
- 1 Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
 The christian's scorn—the heathen's
 mirth—
 Content to live the lingering jest
 And by-word of a mocking earth?
 Shall our own glorious land retain
 That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain
 Which not even Russia's menials wear?
- 2 Up now for Freedom! not in strife
 Like that your sterner fathers saw—
 The awful waste of human life—
 The glory and the guilt of war:
 But break the chain—the yoke remove,
 And smite to earth oppression's rod
 With those mild arms of truth and love,
 Made mighty through the living God!
- 3 Down let the shrine of Moloch sink
 And leave no traces where it stood;
 Nor longer let its idol drink
 His daily cup of human blood:

But rear another altar there,
 To truth and love and mercy given,
 And Freedom's gift and Freedom's prayer
 Shall call an answer down from heaven!

65.

Fraternity.

- 1 What though the crowds who shout the
 word
 Pervert the meaning it should bear,
 And feel their hearts with hatred stirred,
 E'en while their plaudits load the air;
 Yet will not we, thou mighty Thought,
 Despair thy triumph yet to see,
 Nor doubt the good that shall be wrought
 In thy great name, Fraternity.
- 2 The preacher may belie his creed,
 But still the truth preserves its flame;
 The sage may do a foolish deed,
 Yet wisdom shares not in his shame:
 Be scorning hushed, be cavil dumb,
 Whatever evils men may see;
 We'll look for blessings yet to come,
 In thy great name, Fraternity.



66.

'Blessed are They that Mourn.'—BRYANT.

- 1 Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God, who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that now o'erflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnest of serener years.
- 3 O, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

67.

Spiritual Worship.—COWPER.

- 1 O Lord! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

68.

Conformity to Nature.—H. MOORE.

- 1 Assist us, Lord! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree:
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 2 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
And with a fervent zeal embrace,
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 3 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

Allegretto.

1. O thou, at whose dear name we bend, To whom our purest vows we pay, God o-ver all, in
love descend, And bless the labors of this day. And bless the la-bors of this day.

69.*For the Blessing of Schools.*—CHS. SPRAGUE.

- 1 O thou, at whose dear name we bend,
To whom our purest vows we pay,
God over all, in love descend,
And bless the labors of this day.
- 2 Our fathers here, a pilgrim band,
Fixed the proud empire of the free;
Art moved in gladness o'er the land,
And Faith her altars reared to thee.
- 3 Here, too, to guard through every age,
The sacred rights their valor won,
They bade instruction spread her page,
And send down truth from sire to son.
- 4 Here still, through all succeeding time,
Their stores shall truth and learning
And still the anthem-note sublime [bring,
To thee from children's children sing.

70.*Temperance Hymn of Praise.*

- 1 We praise thee, Lord! if but one soul,
While the past year prolong'd its flight,
Turn'd freely from the poisonous bowl
To health, and liberty, and light.
- 2 We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come,
Erect, and in his perfect mind.

[4*]

- 3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
No more a child to turn away,
No more the trembling mind to shock,
No more to give to passion sway.
- 4 Still give us grace, Almighty king!
Unwavering at our posts to stand;
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransom'd land.

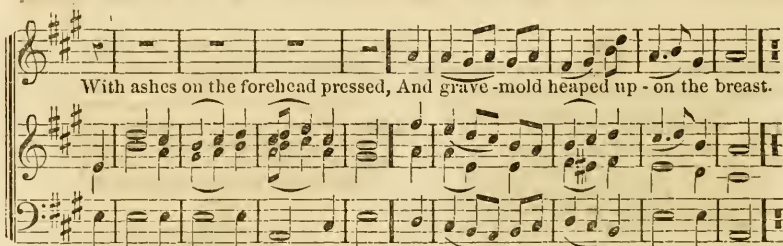
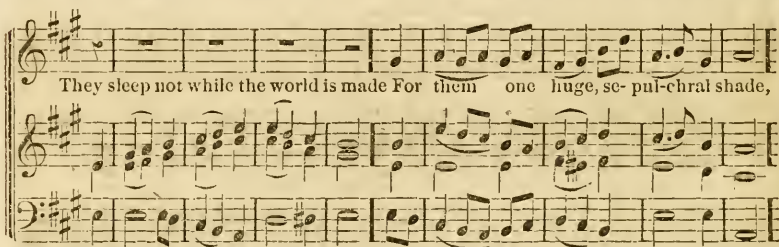
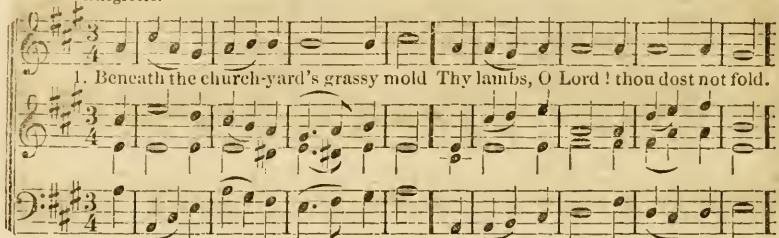
71.*Consecration.*—WATTS.

- 1 My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew,
- 2 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

72.*Praise and Holiness.*

- 1 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love:
Whose mercy firm through ages past,
Has stood and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express?
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Allegretto.



73.

Not Here, but Risen.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 Beneath the churchyard's grassy mold,
Thy lambs, O Lord! thou dost not fold.
They sleep not while the world is made
For them one huge, sepulchral shade,
With ashes on the forehead pressed,
And grave-mold heaped upon the breast.
- 2 They rise! they shine! with ravished ears,
They list the music of the spheres.
For them the stars make roundelay;
The rosy hours attend their way;
The heavenly loves their brows entwine:
Death's cup of tears is turned to wine.
- 3 Up to thy courts, O Lord! they tread,
With beauty clothed, with blessings fed;
Nor, Father, is it wrong for those
Who loved on earth despite its woes,
Long parted there to meet, and blend
In hallowed raptures without end.

74.

Omniscience of God.—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Searcher of hearts, to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off through every maze,
Source, stream and issue,—all my ways.
- 2 How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?
If up to heaven I take my way,
I meet thee in eternal day.
- 3 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
Oh God, to me! how great the sum!
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come
In number and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

1. E-ter-nal Father, God of love! All things are subject to thy will,

And all be-low, and all a-bove, Their missions tru-ly do ful-fil.

75.

God in and over All.—J. S. A.

- 1 Eternal Father, God of Love!
All things are subject to thy will,
And all below and all above
Their missions truly do fulfil.
- 2 Sublime amid the realms of space,
The planets walk upon their way,
Each world in its appointed place,
True to the guidance of thy sway.
- 3 Each atom of the dust that's borne
Upon the gentle summer air,
The twilight shade, the light of morn,
Alike are subjects of thy care.
- 4 Thou art supreme, Eternal One!
In all, thy presence we can see,
Through heaven and earth thy will is done,
For all things live and move in thee.
- 5 In faith like this our souls can rest,
Assured by thy creative might,
That each event is for the best,
And that, 'whatever is, is right.'

76.

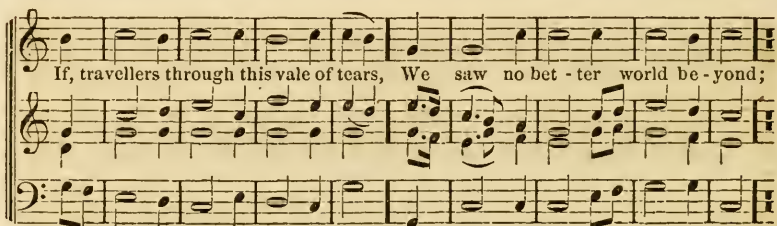
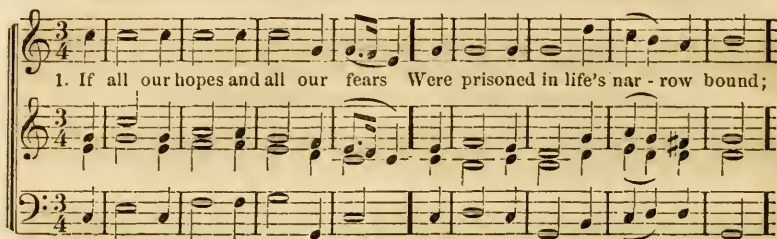
God guard the Poor.—MISS WOODMAN.

- 1 God guard the poor! we may not see
The deepest sorrows of the soul;
These are laid open, Lord, to thee,
And subject to thy wise control.
- 2 Make us thy messengers to shed
Within the home of want and woe,
The blessings of thy bounty, spread
So freely on thy world below.
- 3 Let us go forth with joyful hand
To strengthen, comfort and relieve;
Then in thy presence may we stand,
And hope thy blessing to receive.

77.

Closing Hymn of Praise.

- 1 Once more, O Lord, let grateful praise,
In songs of joy to thee ascend;
Thou art the guardian of our days,
Our first, and best, and changeless friend.
- 2 Hear, now, our parting hymn of praise,
And bind our hearts in love divine;
O, may we walk in wisdom's ways,
And ever feel that we are thine.

**78.***Joy from the Life to Come.*—BOWRING.

- 1 If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;—
- 2 O, who could check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
O, who would venture then to die?
O, who could then endure to live?
- 3 And such were life, without the ray
From truth's eternal altar given;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day;
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.

- 4 Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

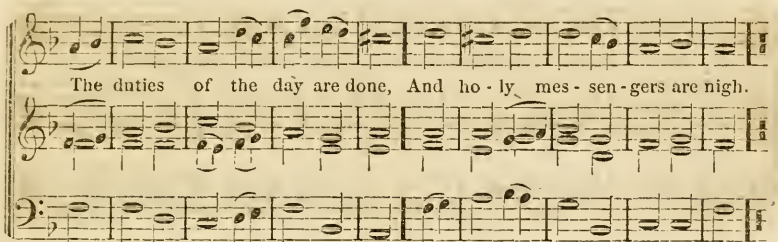
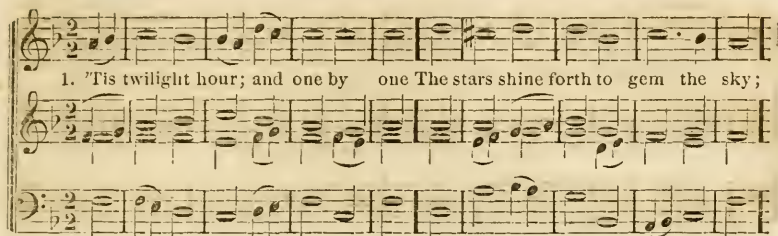
79.*Faith in God.*—J. ROSCOE.

- 1 Thy will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love; [here,
Though clouds and darkness shroud me
I know that all is bright above.

- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed
with tears;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours th' immortal years?
- 3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.
- 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

80.*God only to be Worshipped.*—BROWNE.

- 1 Eternal God, Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within thyself possessed:
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.



81.

Angels at Twilight.—J. S. A.

- 1 'Tis twilight hour; and one by one
The stars shine forth to gem the sky;
The duties of the day are done,
And holy messengers are nigh.
- 2 How on our path the shadows play,
How gently falls the evening shade,
And angel voices whispering say,
'Be still—'tis I; be not afraid.'
- 3 They come—we hear the wave of wings;
They speak—we hear the breath of love;
In gentle cadence Rapture sings
Of friends, of home, of life, above.
- 4 Open, our souls, your portals wide;
Welcome, thrice welcome let them be;
O, God! our thanks!—while at our side
Such blessings come to us from thee.

82.

Music from the Spirit Shore.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 The outward world is dark and drear
When friends we love are seen no more;
But hark! their happy songs we hear
In music from the spirit shore.
- 2 We wake no more by night to mourn.
They are not lost, but gone before;
And still their loving thoughts are borne
In music from the spirit shore.

- 3 With cheerful steps to heaven we move;
Our mortal toils will soon be o'er;
Then all the angels of our love
Will greet us on the spirit shore.

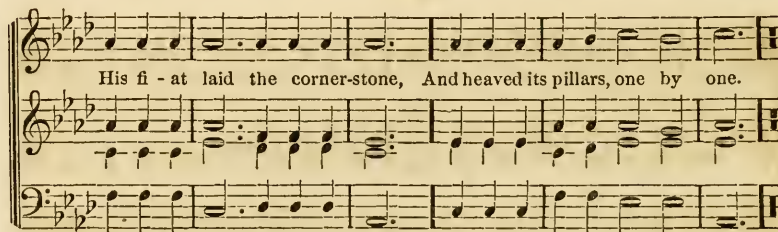
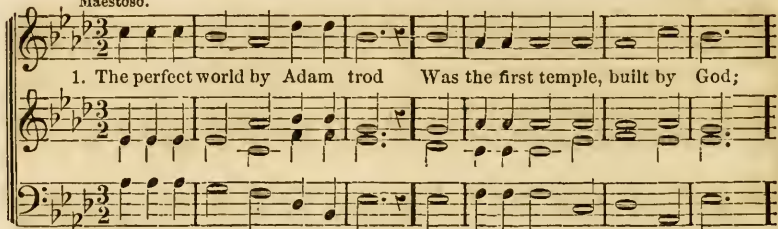
- 4 Our Father God, for this we pray;—
That we may bear thine image more,
And do thy will in love alway,
Like angels on the spirit shore.

83.

Universal Worship.—J. PIERPONT.

- 1 O thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue!
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

Maestoso.



84.

Dedication Hymn.—N. P. WILLIS.

- 1 The perfect world by Adam trod
Was the first temple, built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky—and all was 'good';
And when its first pure praises rang,
The 'morning stars together sang.'
- 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth and sky a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, 'made with hands.'

85.

Divinity in all Things.—STERLING.

- 1 Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain
height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
O, grant that we may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand.
- 2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.

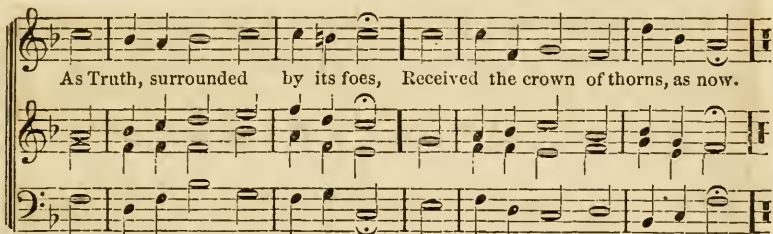
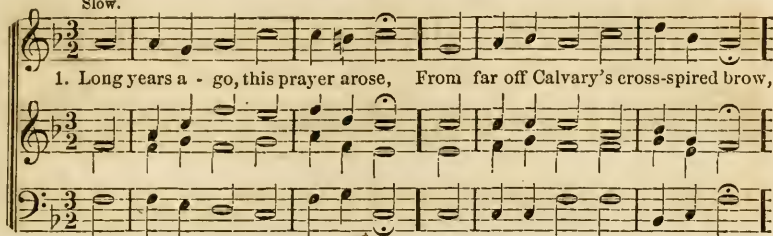
- 3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow
Till life from thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O, Fount of being! save by thee.
- 4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

86.

Strength Equal to Trial.—BAYLEY.

- 1 When sickness unforeseen assails,
And films the light of gladness o'er;
We fear its force,—our courage fails—
And dream that life can bear no more.
- 2 But let some weightier evil smite,
And fling us on the bed of pain;
And we shall find past ills were light—
And meet the worst with manly vein.
- 3 The agonies our life hath borne—
The hot calamities withstood,
And yet thus shattered, tossed and torn,
Withal has clung to 'flesh and blood.'
- 4 But proves how little we do know
The strength that Providence imparts,
Till sore affliction's deepest throes
Runs riot in our own warm hearts,

Slow.



87.

'Forgive Them.'

- 1 Long years ago, this prayer arose,
From far-off Calvary's cross-spired brow,
As Truth, surrounded by its foes,
Received the crown of thorns, as now.
- 2 As then, the traitor's kiss is given,
While some do mock, and some upbraid;
Still meekly doth it promise heaven
E'en to the thief who seeks its aid.
- 3 As then, the taunting shout is raised—
'Come from the cross, and we'll believe!'
'Behold! himself he cannot save!'
'Perish! thou shalt not us deceive.'
- 4 Even as then, o'er death's dark pall
Truth's onward progress shall prevail,
Though it should make the mountain fall,
And rend each ancient temple's rail.
- 5 As then, Truth triumphs o'er the grave,
And bursts the feeble chains of earth;
Yet fondly lingers near to save,
And teach man of an angel-birth.
- 6 Oh! then, may all who love it still,
And seek Truth's purest rays to woo,
Forgive, if they'd its laws fulfil,—
The scoffers 'know not what they do.'

88.

Prayer for Freedom.

- 1 O Lord! whose forming hand one blood
To all the tribes and nations gave,
And giv'st to all their daily food,
Look down in pity on the slave!
- 2 Fetters and chains and stripes remove,
Deliverance to the captives give;
And pour the tide of light and love
Upon their souls and bid them live.
- 3 Oh! kindle in our hearts the flame
Of zeal, thy holy will to do;
And bid each one, who loves thy name,
Love all his bleeding brethren too.
- 4 Through all thy temples let the stain
Of prejudice each bosom flee;
And, hand in hand, let Afric's train,
With Europe's children worship thee.

89.

God our Guard.

- 1 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed;
By his unerring counsel led.
- 2 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

Allegro Moderato.

1. O ye, who seek Je-ho-vah's face, Bow at his throne and feel his grace—
 Who ask in prayer and own in praise The bounteous love which gilds our days,
 Catch from above the hallowed flame; Be worthy of the Christian name.

90.

Aid to the Suffering.—J. TAYLOR..

- 1 O ye, who seek Jehovah's face,
 Bow at his throne and feel his grace,
 Who ask in prayer and own in praise
 The bounteous love which gilds our days,
 Catch from above the hallowed flame;
 Be worthy of the Christian name.
- 2 Where'er distress and pain appear,
 Let pity's ready hand be there;
 With cheering wine and fragrant oil
 Bid languor glow, and anguish smile;
 Though want her lowliest form may wear,
 The image of your God is there.

91.

Saturday Night.—BOWRING.

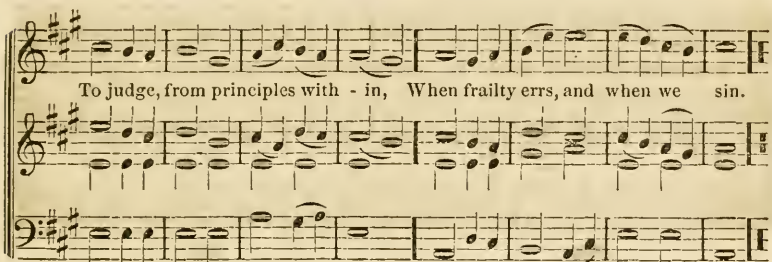
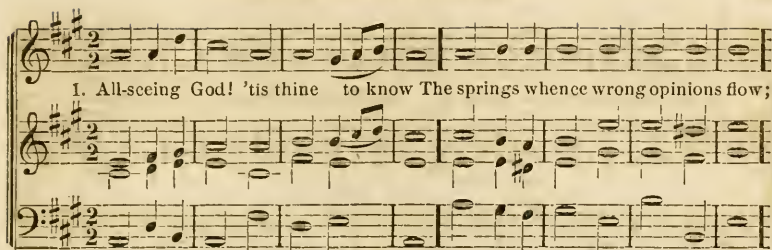
- 1 The week is past; its latest ray
 Is vanished with the closing day;
 And 'tis as far beyond our grasp
 Its now departed hours to clasp,
 As to recall the moment bright
 When first creation sprung to light.

- 2 The week is past! if it has brought
 Some beams of sweet and soothing
 thought,
 If it has left some memory dear
 Of heavenly raptures tasted here,
 It has not winged its flight in vain,
 Although it ne'er return again.

92.

Advent of Hope.—J. S. A.

- 1 Once on a time, from scenes of light,
 An angel wing'd his airy flight;
 Down to this earth in haste he came,
 And wrote, in lines of living flame,
 These words on everything he met,—
 "Cheer up, be not discouraged yet!"
- 2 Then back to heaven with speed he flew,
 Attuned his golden harp anew;
 Whilst the angelic throng came round
 To catch the soul-inspiring sound;
 And heaven was filled with new delight,
 For Hope had been to earth that night

**93.***God the only Judge.*—SCOTT.

- 1 All-seeing God! 't is thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who, among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to a realm of woe?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

94.*Dependence on God.*—BROWNE.

- 1 Great Lord of earth and seas and skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secured from every harm.

[5]

- 2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And every rising want relieves.
- 3 To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
On thee we ever will depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.

95.*Inspiration Sought.*

- 1 Dear Lord, no other prayer I form
But for devotion pure and warm.
May warm devotion fill my soul;
May love for thee each thought control.
- 2 May piety increase; and prayer
Mine every thought, word, action, share;
The gift of love my sole request,
Thou, God of love! wilt grant the rest.
- 3 Weak praise were mine. Do thou inspire
My soul with love and living fire;
O, may this cold and lowly breast
Be warmed by thee, its God, its guest.

1. Let one loud song of praise arise To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies, And life and breath on all bestows.

96.*Praise and Obedience.—ROSCOE.*

- 1 Let one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combined.
Thy just commands, O God! fulfil.

97.*Immutability of God.*

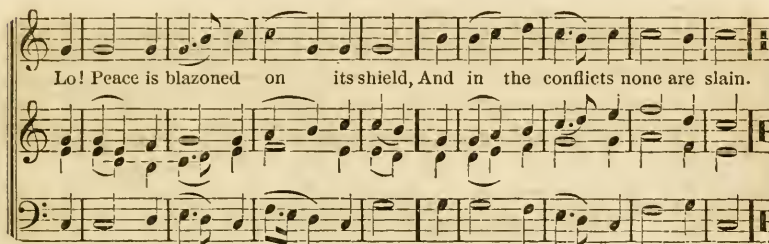
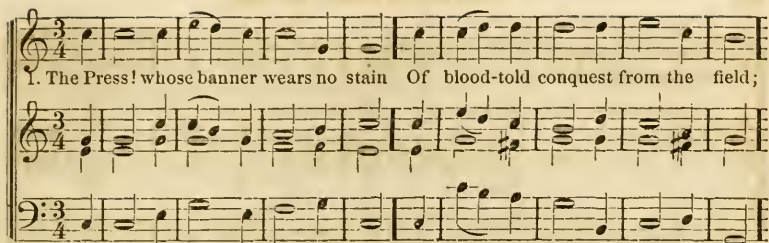
- 1 All-powerful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain!
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

98.*Education.—L. F. DAME.*

- 1 'Tis Education's potent arm,
That shields us from oppression's harm;
That guides our feet in freedom's way,
And fabrics rear that ne'er decay.
- 2 One gem derived from Learning's store,
Serves to create a thirst for more;
And never can rude hands bereave
Mankind of joys they thus receive.
- 3 Then let us all with one accord,
Unite our hearts to shed abroad
The precious gifts of mental light,
That teach us all to think aright.
- 4 Unchain the powers of the mind,
And bid them seek to bless our kind
With knowledge, that shall ever be
A safeguard to our liberty.

99.*Inward Peace.*

- 1 Lord of eternal truth and right!
Ruler of nature's changing scheme!
Who dost bring forth the morning light,
And temper noon's effulgent beam:
- 2 Quench thou in us all flames of strife,
And bid the heat of passion cease;
From perils guard our earthly life,
And keep our souls in perfect peace.



100.

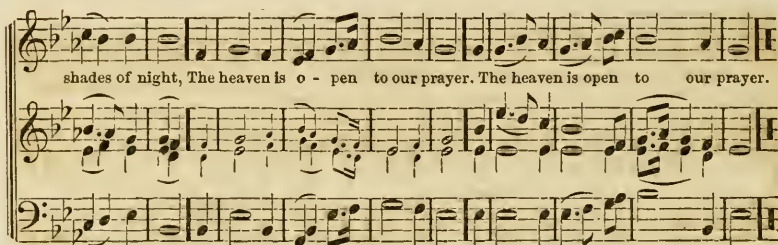
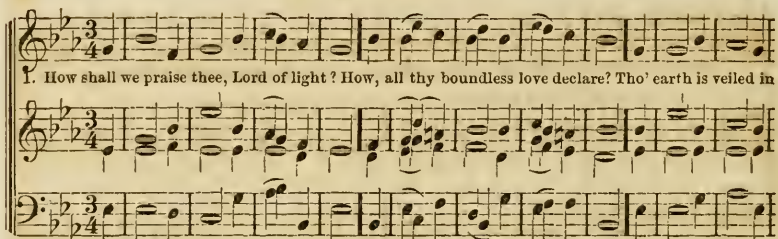
The Press.—ALBERT LAUGHTON.

- 1 The Press! whose banner wears no stain
Of blood-told conquest from the field;
Lo! Peace is blazoned on its shield,
And in the conflicts none are slain.
- 2 Its power can stamp the patriot's worth;
Its mandates seal the coward's doom;
Its bolts divide oppression's gloom,
And shake the proudest throne on earth.
- 3 When justice sleeps, or duty swerves,
Or traitors act their lying part,
A Voice bursts from its mighty heart,
And thrills along its iron nerves:—
- 4 Till distant nations pause to hear;
Till vale and glen and mountain height
Repeat the cry for truth and right,
And guilt and wrong shrink back with fear.
- 5 The Press! whose vantage ground is mind;
Language its sceptre of control;
Its chariot wheels are thoughts that roll,
And leave a track of light behind.
- 6 Long may it live to bless the world,
A priceless heritage to man;
A champion ever in the van,
With Freedom's banner wide unfurled,

101.

The Hour of Freedom.—W. L. GARRISON.

- 1 The hour of freedom! come it must—
O! hasten it in mercy, heaven!
When all who grovel in the dust
Shall stand erect, their fetters riven.
- 2 When glorious freedom shall be won
By every caste, complexion, clime;
When tyranny shall be o'erthrown,
And color cease to be a crime!
- 3 Friend of the poor, long-suffering Lord!
This guilty land from ruin save,
Let justice sheathe her glittering sword,
And mercy rescue from the grave.
- 4 And ye, who are like cattle sold,
Ignobly trodden like the earth,
And bartered constantly for gold—
Your souls debased from their high birth.
- 5 Bear meekly still your cruel woes;
Light follows darkness—comfort, pain;
So time shall give you sweet repose,
And sever every hateful chain.



102.

Evening Worship.—BOWRING.

- 1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light?
How, all thy boundless love declare?
Though earth is veiled in shades of night,
The heaven is open to our prayer.
- 2 That heaven, so bright with stars and suns,
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
There the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.
- 3 We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.
- 4 O, how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity!
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy broad infinity!
- 5 But thou art present with us here;
This is a part of thy domain;
To all our hearts thou'rt ever near
None ever seek thy face in vain.
- 6 Help us to praise thee, Lord of light,
Help us thy boundless love declare,
And while we look to thee to-night
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

103.

Memory of the Past.

- 1 How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.
- 2 So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

104.

Evening of Life.

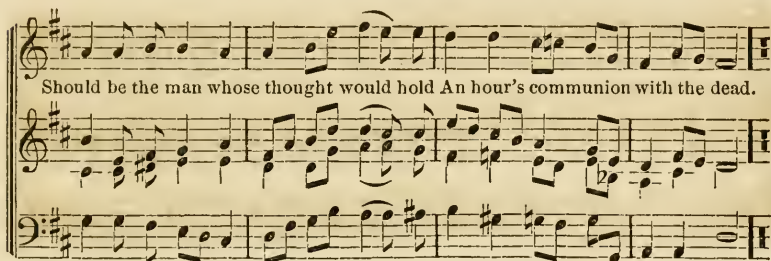
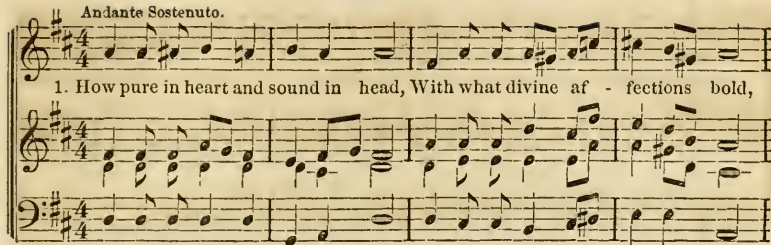
- 1 O thou true life of all that live!
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day.
- 2 Thy light upon our evening pour,—
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
Of an eternal morning be.

105.

Faith in God's Love.—GASKELL.

- O Father! humbly we repose
Our souls on thee who dwell'st above,
And bless thee for the peace which flows
From faith in thine encircling love.

Andante Sostenuto.



106.

The Angel Guest.—TENNYSON.

- 1 How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold, [hold
Should be the man whose thought would
An hour's communion with the dead.
- 2 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.
- 3 They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imagination calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:
- 4 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.

107.

Spirit Presence.—TENNYSON.

- 1 Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?
- 2 Shall he for whose applause we strove,
We had such reverence for his name,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And we be lessened in his love?

[5*]

- 3 We wrong the grave with fears untrue;
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great death;
The dead shall look me through and
through.
- 4 Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

108.

Universal Good.—TENNYSON.

- 1 O, yet we trust that somehow, good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood:
- 2 That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete:
- 3 That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.
- 4 Behold! we know not anything;
We can but trust that good shall fall
At last,—far off,—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

1. When long the soul had slept in chains, And man to man was stern and cold,
When love and worship were but strains That swept the gifted chords of old;

109.

Footsteps of Goodness.—E. H. CHAPIN.

- 1 When long the soul had slept in chains,
And man to man was stern and cold,
When love and worship were but strains,
That swept the gifted chords of old;
- 2 By shady mount and peaceful lake,
A meek and lowly stranger came;
The weary drank the words he spake,
The poor and feeble blest his name.
- 3 He went where frenzy held its rule,
Where sickness breathed its spell of
By famed Bethesda's mystic pool, [pain,
And by the darkened gate of Nain.
- 4 He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,
He raised the contrite sinner's head,
And on the loved ones' lowly rest
The light of better life he shed.
- 5 Father, the spirit Jesus knew
We humbly ask of thee to-night,
That we may be disciples, too,
Of him whose way was love and light.
- 6 Bright be the places where we tread
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,
Till we shall come where tears are shed
And broken sighs are heard no more.

110.

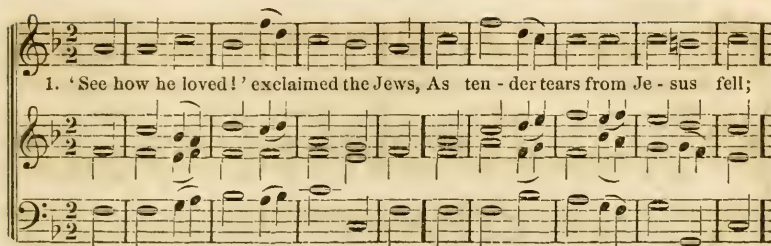
The Source of Life.—LANGE.

- 1 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord!
Essential life's unbounded sea!
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee!
- 2 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets, the wandering
thought,
Escapes, or strikes, the searching eye,
By thee was to existence brought.
- 3 And to thy love and ceaseless care,
Father! this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are, [flow.
From thee, great Source of Life! doth

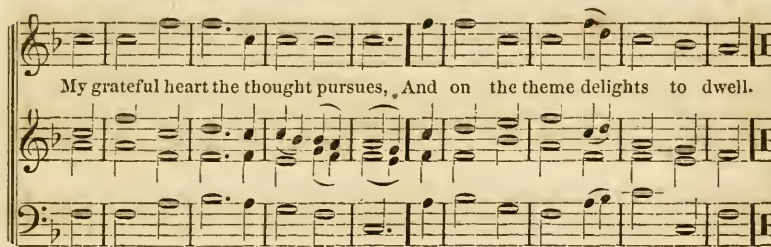
111.

Personal Freedom of Will.—WOTTON.

- 1 How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:
- 2 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.



1. 'See how he loved!' exclaimed the Jews, As ten - der tears from Je - sus fell;



My grateful heart the thought pursues, And on the theme delights to dwell.

112.

The Love of Christ.—BACHE.

- 1 'See how he loved!' exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he loved,—who travelled on,
Teaching a doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain begone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved,—who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 4 Such love can we, unmoved, survey?
O, may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show!

113.

Justice and Faith.—W. J. FOX.

- 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.

114.

Faith in the Future.

- 1 Though life be dark with grief and crime,
Though virtue wait and suffer long;
Yet, ere the end, the lapse of Time
Confirms the right, confounds the wrong.
- 2 Truth must prevail. Meanwhile, endure.
Of worldly peace let worldlings boast;
Amid the storms of life, be sure
The loftiest spirits suffer most.

Con Spirito.

1. My country, shall thy honored name, Be as a by-word through the world?

Rouse! for, as if to blast thy fame, This keen reproach is at thee hurled,

The banner that a - bove thee waves Is floating o'er three million slaves.

115.

Freedom's Banner.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 My country, shall thy honored name,
Be as a by-word through the world?
Rouse! for, as if to blast thy fame,
This keen reproach is at thee hurled,
The banner that above thee waves
Is floating o'er three million slaves.</p> <p>2 That flag, my country, I had thought,
From noble sires was given to thee;
By the best blood of patriots bought,
To wave alone above the free!
Yet now, while to the breeze it waves,
It floats above three million slaves.</p> <p>3 The mighty dead that flag unrolled,
They bathed it in the heaven's own blue;
They sprinkled stars upon each fold,</p> | <p>And gave it as a trust to you;
And now that glorious banner waves
In shame above three million slaves.</p> <p>4 O, by the virtues of our sires,
And by the soil on which they trod,
And by the trust their name inspires,
And by the hope we have in God,
Arouse, my country, and agree
To set thy captive children free!</p> <p>5 Arouse! and let each hill and glen
With prayer to the high heavens ring out,
Till all our land with freeborn men
May join in one triumphant shout,
That freedom's banner does not wave
Its folds above a single slave!</p> |
|---|--|

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dy - ing
in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring,
happy bells, across the snow; The year is go-ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

116.

The Old Year and the New.—TENNYSON.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.</p> <p>2 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.</p> <p>3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.</p> | <p>4 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.</p> <p>5 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.</p> <p>6 Ring in the valiant and the free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.</p> |
|---|--|

1. What precept, Jesus, is like thine, Forgive, as ye would be for-giv-en!
In this we see the power divine, Which shall transform our earth to heaven.

117.*Redeeming Power of Love.—LIVERMORE.*

- 1 What precept, Jesus, is like thine,—
Forgive, as ye would be forgiven!
In this we see the power divine,
Which shall transform our earth to heaven.
- 2 O, not the harsh and scornful word
The victory over wrong can gain,
Not the dark prison, or the sword,
The shackle, or the weary chain.
- 3 But from our spirit there must flow
A love that will the wrong outweigh;
Our lips must only blessings know,
And wrath and sin shall die away.
- 4 'Twas heaven that formed the holy plan
To lead the wanderer home by love;
Thus let us save our brother man,
And imitate our God above.

118.*Praise to God.*

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him, ye angels round his throne,
Praise God, the high and holy One.

119.*Unity of God.*

Immortal praise to God be given
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
The First, the Last, who reigns alone,
And fills an undivided throne.

120.*The Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 Thy name be hallowed evermore;
O God! thy kingdom come with power!
Thy will be done, and day by day,
Give us our daily bread, we pray:
- 2 Lord! evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven;
Water of life on us bestow,
Thou art the Source, the Fountain thou.

121.*Every Kindred and Tongue.*

- 1 From North and South, from East and
Advance the myriads of the blest; [West,
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew;
But, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

122.*Adoration of God.*

Father of angels and of men,
Of nature and of grace the Lord,
Be thou, in one eternal strain,
By all thy various works adored.

123.*God's Glory and Will Supreme.*

Thou art, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So is it on the earth displayed,
And thou art here as there obeyed.

Moderato.

1. Another hand is beckoning us, Another call is giv - en;
And glows once more with angel steps The path that leads to heaven.

124.*Another Hand is Beckoning Us.*—WHITTIER.

- 1 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.
- 3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought has reconciled;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.
- 4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.
- 5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

125.*Union with the Unseen.*—BARTON.

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

- 2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

- 3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;—
- 4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

126.*The Young Spirit's Flight.*—MRS. HEMANS.

- 1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But, Oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

127.*Habitual Devotion.*—H. M. WILLIAMS.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore!
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

128.*Universal Prayer.*—POPE.

- 1 Father of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
The universal Lord!
- 2 Thou great First Cause! least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this,—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;—
- 3 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 4 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

129.*Prayer.*—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
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.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar;

Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, That mer - cy I a - dore!

130.*'Our Father.'*

- 1 Jehovah God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean depths,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend!

131.*Inward Prayer.*

- 1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

[6]

- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

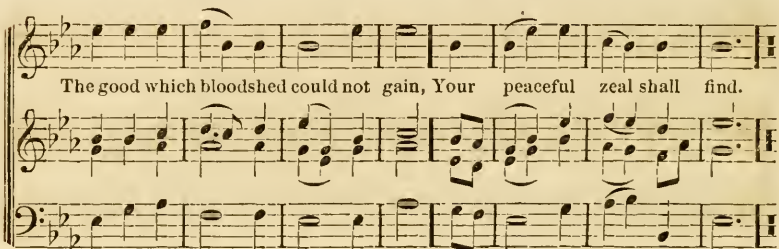
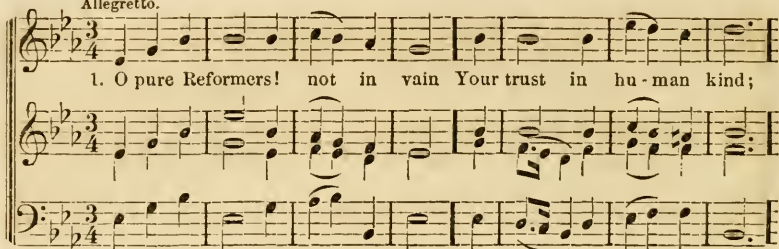
132.*Hymn of Praise.*

- 1 O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everling Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey!
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

133.*True Prayer.*—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

True prayer is not th' imposing sound
That clamorous lips repeat;
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

Allegretto.

**134.***God's Blessing on the Right.*—WHITTIER.

- 1 O pure Reformers! not in vain
Your trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.
- 2 The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.
- 3 The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which heaven hath wrought,
Light, truth, and love; your battle-ground,
The free, broad field of thought.
- 4 O, may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man.
- 5 Press on! and if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right.

135.*'Stand for the Right.'*

- 1 Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true;
And dare to stand alone;
Strive for the right, whate'er ye do,
Though helpers there are none.
- 2 Nay, bend not to the swelling surge
Of public sneer and wrong,
'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge,
With current wild and strong.
- 3 Stand for the right! though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer—
A poisoned arrow can not wound
A conscience pure and clear.
- 4 Stand for the right! and with clean hands,
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers by.
- 5 Men who have seen, and thought, and felt,
Yet could not boldly dare
The battle's brunt, but by thy side,
Will every danger share.
- 6 Stand for the right! proclaim it loud,
Thou'lt find an answering tone,
In honest hearts, and thou'lt no more
Be doomed to stand alone.

Allegro Moderato.

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, Fades from their dying eyes.

136.

All Men are Equal.—MISS MARTINEAU.

- 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.

137.

Love of Country.—JONES VERY.

- 1 Hail, Love of Country! noble flame,
That never can expire;
In every age and clime the same,
Alike in son and sire.

- 2 Light in our souls a holy zeal,
As one united band,
Our growing country's wounds to heal,
And all her foes withstand.
- 3 No more to battle would we go,
To fight against our kind;
Thro' human veins one blood doth flow,
And one the heart and mind.
- 4 But forth we go to break the chain
Of error and of sin,
To free our land from every stain,
And rights for all to win.

138.

A Prayer for the Nation.—WREFORD.

- 1 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our border bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 2 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 3 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Thou art her refuge, thou her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

Moderato.

1. Dear friend, whose presence in the house, Whose gracious word be-nign
 Could once at Cana's wedding feast, Change wa-ter in-to wine.

139.*Cana.*—J. F. CLARKE.

- 1 Dear friend, whose presence in the house,
 Whose gracious word benign
 Could once at Cana's wedding feast,
 Change water into wine.
- 2 Come, visit us, and when dull work
 Grows weary, line on line,
 Revive our souls, and let us see
 Life's water turned to wine.
- 3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
 Earth's hopes grow half divine,
 When angels visit us to make
 Life's water glow as wine.
- 4 The social talk, the evening fire,
 The homely household shrine,
 Grow bright with angel visits, when
 The Lord pours out the wine.
- 5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
 Not knowing mine nor thine,
 The miracle again is wrought,
 And water turned to wine.

140.*Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn,
 How pure the air that breathes,
 And soft the sounds upon it borne,
 And light its vapor wreaths!

- 2 It seems as if the earnest prayer,
 For peace and joy and love,
 Were answered by the very air
 That wafts its strain above.

- 3 Let each unholy passion cease,
 Each evil thought be crushed,
 Each anxious care that mars our peace
 In faith and love be hushed.

141.*Sabbath Evening.*—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 Night prays with rosary of stars;
 Heaven and earth are still,
 And prayer the Eden-world unbars
 To men of loving will.
- 2 We leave the city's shady streets,
 And seek the home of prayer;
 And there the soul its Father meets,
 And angels lead us there.
- 3 Before the evening lamps were lit
 The loving angels came,
 With us to seek the infinite,
 And own the Saviour's name.

- 4 Still, as we worship, they adore;
 In silent grace they stand;
 And still our spirits they implore
 To seek the happy land.

Slow and Soft.

1. We will not ask thee, Lord, to come, For thou art ev - er near;

Or ask thee to give ear to us, For thou dost ev - er hear.

142.*God with Us.—J. S. A.*

- 1 We will not ask thee, Lord, to come,
For thou art ever near;
Or ask thee to give ear to us,
For thou dost ever hear.
- 2 'Twere wrong to think thy loving care
Can from us e'er depart;
Or doubt thy list'ning ear doth heed
Each throbbing of our heart.
- 3 Existence were not without thee;
Thou art the life, the soul
Of atoms that are 'neath our feet,
Of worlds that o'er us roll.
- 4 But we do ask that we may feel
Thy hand upon us rest,
And know that when we trust thee most
We worship thee the best.

143.*Silent Voices.*

- 1 Unheard the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And, silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

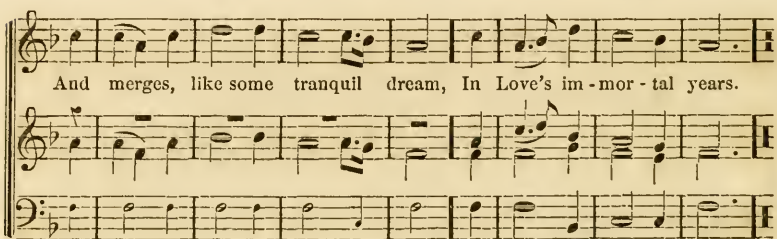
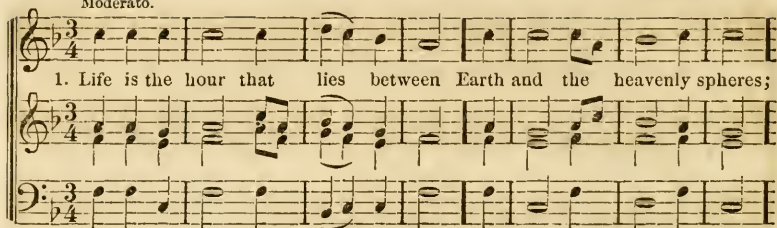
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- 2 Night reigns, in silence, o'er the pole,
And spreads her gems unheard;
Her lessons penetrate the soul,
Yet borrow not a word.
- 3 Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
And pours his golden streams;
And silently the shades retire
Before his rising beams.
- 4 O, grant my soul an ear to hear
Thy deep and silent voice;
To bend in lowly, filial fear,
And in thy love rejoice.

144.*Prophetical.—MRS. F. A. E. HYER.*

- 1 Time with his pencil dipt in light,
In beauty shall record,
That God by every human heart
Is fervently adored.
- 2 That every little flower that springs
In beauty from the earth,
That every soaring bird that sings,
Its worship poureth forth.
- 3 A song of praise—to each is given,
A power with love sublime,
To mingle with the songs of heaven,
Beyond the bounds of time.

Moderato.

**145.***Life.*—T. L. HARRIS.

- 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.

146.*Death.*—T. L. HARRIS.

- 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' unvailing 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 clasp in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.
- 5 Death is the gaining of a crown
Where saints and angels meet;
The laying of our burden down
At the Deliverer's feet.
- 6 Death is a song from seraph lips,
The day-spring from on high;
The ending of the soul's eclipse,—
Its transit to the sky.

Allegretto.

1. The ocean looketh up to heaven, As 'twere a living thing;

The homage of its waves is given In ceaseless worshipping.

147.

Nature's Worship.—J. G. WHITTIER.

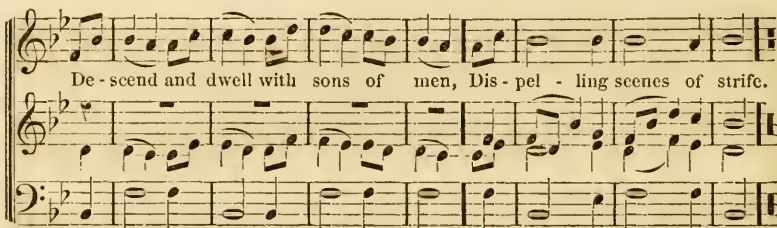
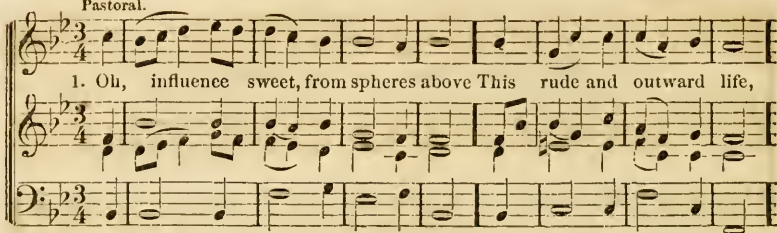
- 1 The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.
- 2 They bend upon the sloping sand
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.
- 3 The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.
- 4 The forest-tops are lowly east
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.
- 5 The sky is as a temple's arch;
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers of prayer.
- 6 The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars, are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
The altar-fires of heaven.

148.

Lessons of Nature.

- 1 Hail, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hills, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the cooling shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great Nature's God, still may these scenes,
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy work's instructive page.
- 6 For thou art God, the central life,
The soul of all we see,
The sun, the germ, the infinite;—
Whom should we serve but thee?

Pastoral.



149.

An Invocation.

- 1 Oh, influence sweet, from spheres above
This rude and outward life,
Descend and dwell with sons of men,
Dispelling scenes of strife.
- 2 Let darkness spread no more its wings
With passion-brooding powers,
Where love and wisdom erst should reign
In this fair world of ours.
- 3 Ye shining hosts by heaven crowned
With coronets of light,
Like cherubim with swords of fire,
Oh, vindicate the right.
- 4 Open the eyes of bigot slave
Who speaks for hire and pelf,
And teaches that there is no truth
Beyond his creed-bound self.
- 5 Oh, influence sweet from spheres above,
Surround the pure and good,
And ever let them feel they have
An angel brotherhood.
- 6 Let not their steps unguarded go
Adown this vale of cares,
But round them cast a shield of light—
The light of higher spheres.

150.

Come, Gentle Spirits.

- 1 Come, gentle spirits, to us now;
Look on with tender eyes;
Touch your soft hands upon each brow,
Sweet spirits from the skies.
- 2 Come from your homes of perfect light,
Come from your silvery streams,
Come from your scenes of joy more bright
Than we e'er know in dreams.
- 3 O speak to us in gentle tones!
Our hearts are seeking now
A beauty like to that which shines
Upon each angel brow.
- 4 Like holy star-beams on a sea,
Filled bright with happy isles,
Whence sullen storms forever flee
Where heaven forever smiles—
- 5 They come, and night is no more night,
Pale sorrow's reign is o'er;
For death is but a gate of light,
And gloomy now no more.

Tenderly.

1. The year has lost its leaves a - gain, The world looks old and grim;
 God folds his robe of glo - ry thus, That we may see but him.

151.

January.—ALICE CAREY.

- 1 The year has lost its leaves again,
The world looks old and grim;
God folds his robe of glory thus,
That we may see but him.
- 2 And all his stormy messengers,
That come with whirlwind breath,
Beat out the chaff of vanity,
And leave the grains of faith.
- 3 We seek no oil in summer time
Our winter lamp to trim,
But strive to bring God down to us,
More than to rise to him.
- 4 We tread through fields of brightest flowers
As if we did not know
Our Father made them beautiful,
Because he loves us so.
- 5 We seek, in prayers and penances,
To do the martyr's part,
Remembering not the promises
Are to the pure in heart.
- 6 Then blow, O wild winds, as ye list,
And let the world look grim—
God folds his robe of glory thus,
That we may see but him.

152.

God's Dealings.—ALICE CAREY.

- 1 When our dear father's nearest, **most**
Our weak complaints we raise,
Lacking the wisdom to perceive
The mystery of his ways.
- 2 For, when drawn closest to himself,
Then least his love we mark;
The very wings that shelter us
From peril, make it dark.
- 3 Sometimes he takes his hands from us,
When storms the loudest blow,
That we may learn how weak alone,
How strong in him, we grow.
- 4 The fashion of his providence
Our way is so above,
We serve him most who take the **most**
Of his exhaustless love.
- 5 He has no need of our poor aid
His purpose to pursue,
'Tis for our pleasure, not for his,
That we his work must do.
- 6 Not ceasing when temptations come—
'Tis right it thus should be—
If we were perfect in ourselves
What were we less than he?

1. Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly
 race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown. And an immortal crown.

153.*The Christian Race.*—DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
 When victors' wreaths and monarch's
 Shall blend in common dust.

154.*Walk in the Light.*—BARTON.

- 1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love,
 His spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.

- 2 Walk in the light!—and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly his,
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light!—and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.

155.*Up, Man of Reason.*

- 1 Up, man of reason, rouse thee up;
 This is no slumbering age,
 Begird thyself, unbare thine arm,
 And for the right engage.
- 2 Stern Duty's voice demands thine help,
 Arouse thee for the strife,
 Be up and doing—for the world
 With mighty change is rife.
- 3 Already much has been achieved,
 There's much more to be done,
 But aid the work with all your strength,
 The good shall yet be won.
- 4 O'erleap the barriers Prejudice
 May set up in your way,
 Hope on—take courage—persevere—
 And yours shall be the day.

1. Oh! tell me not there is no love, No beauty here be - low;
 For God, who made the heavens a - bove, Hath made the world be - low!

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It is in 2/2 time and G major. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines. The music features a mix of single notes, chords, and some melodic lines with grace notes.

156.

All Earth is Beautiful.—LOUISA MUMFORD.

- 1 Oh! tell me not there is no love,
 No beauty here below;
 For God, who made the heavens above,
 Hath made the world below!
- 2 There's beauty in each earthly thing;
 There's mirth and music free;
 There's beauty in the birds that sing
 On every branch and tree!
- 3 There's beauty in each tiny flower
 That blooms along the way,
 Or decks each cool and shady bower
 In rich and bright array.
- 4 There's beauty in the summer day,
 There's beauty in the night,
 That comes to us with gentle lay
 And happy visions bright!
- 5 There's beauty in the summer cloud,
 And in the April shower—
 For these are blessings pure from God,
 To gladden leaf and bower!

- 6 Oh, yes! all earth is beautiful
 With every varied scene;
 For, wheresoe'er the eye may turn
 The hand of God is seen!

157.

Friendship, Love, and Truth.—C. D. STUART.

- 1 Three angel spirits walk the earth,
 Our guides where'er we go;
 And where their gentle footsteps lead,
 There is no human woe:
- 2 They smile upon the cradled child,—
 They bless the heart of youth—
 And age is mellowed by the touch
 Of friendship, love, and truth.
- 3 Three angel spirits; evermore
 They guard our thorny way,
 And those who follow where they lead
 Can never go astray;
- 4 For God has given them alike
 To childhood and to youth,
 And age is mellowed by the touch
 Of friendship, love, and truth.

With spirit.

1. Lord, thou art good! all na - ture shows Its migh - ty Author kind:
Thy bounty through cre - a - tion flows, Full, free, and un - con - fined.

158.

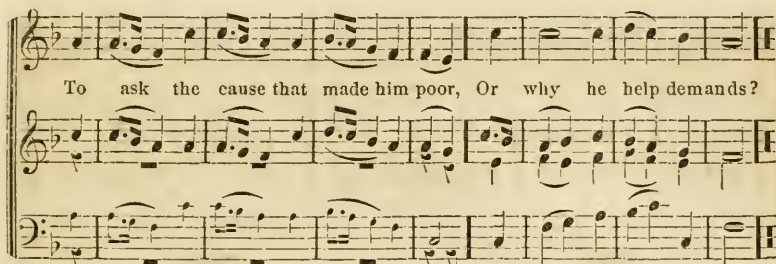
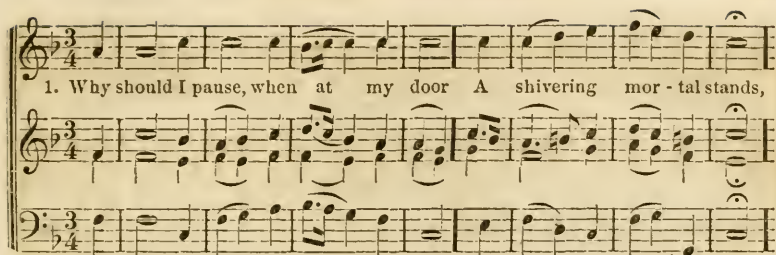
Universal Goodness of God.—BROWNE.

- 1 Lord, thou art good! all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole, in every part, proclaims
Thy infinite good-will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide-extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone,
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
O may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!
- 6 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move!
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love!

159.

All-Embracing Providence of God.
THOMPSON.

- 1 Jehovah, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed,
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love, our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of heaven we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Proceed direct from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend!

**160.***The Voice of Charity.*

- 1 Why should I pause, when at my door,
A shivering mortal stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands?
- 2 Why should I spurn that brother's prayer
For faults he once has known;
Or coldly leave him in despair,
And say that I have none?
- 3 The voice of charity is kind,
She seeketh nothing wrong,
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.
- 4 In penitence she pleadeth faith,
Hope smileth at the door,
Believeth first, then softly saith,
Go, brother, sin no more.

161.*The Deeds of Charity.—PROUD.*

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

[7]

- 2 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.
- 3 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find;
He loves to give relief.
- 4 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
And love as angels do.

162.*The Heart.*

- 1 The heart, the heart! oh, let it be
A true and bounteous thing,
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's nestling wing.
- 2 Oh, keep it not, like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside;
But let its precious stores unfold,
In mercy far and wide.
- 3 The heart, the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

1. Hail, great Cre - a - tor, wise and good! To thee our songs we raise:

Nature, through all her various scenes, In - vites us to thy praise.

163.*Goodness of God in his Works.*

- 1 Hail, great Creator—wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill—the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy work's instructive page!
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see:
Oh, may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee.

164.*Praise of God.*

- 1 There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or marks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.
- 2 There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 There's not a star, whose twinkling light,
Illumes the spreading earth;
There's not a cloud, or dark or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.
- 4 Then let us join, and sing His name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

165.*Universal Praise.—VAUGHAN.*

- 1 O, all ye nations, praise the Lord,
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fullness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.
- 2 His love is great—his mercy sure,
And faithful in his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord!

Andante.

1. It is a faith sublime and sure, That e-ver round our head
Are hov-er-ing on noiseless wing, The spir-its of the dead.

166.

A Faith Sublime and Sure.—J. H. PERKINS.

- 1 It is a faith sublime and sure,
That ever round our head
Are hovering on noiseless wing,
The spirits of the dead.
- 2 It is a beautiful belief
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
To watch o'er others here.
- 3 To bid the mourners cease to mourn,
The trembling be forgiven,
To bear away from ills of clay
The deathless soul to heaven.
- 4 Lo, now the past is bright to us,
And all the Future clear;
For 'tis our faith that after death
We still shall linger here.

167.

We Watched her Breathing.—T. HOOD.

- 1 We watched her breathing through the
Her breathing soft and low, [night;
As on her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

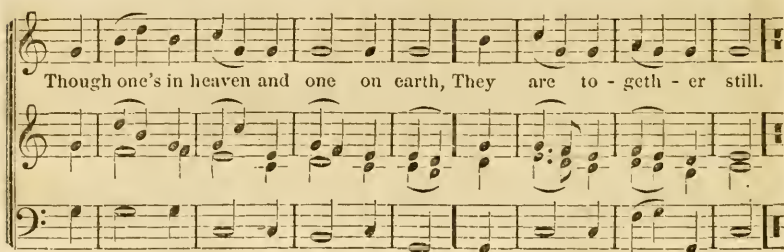
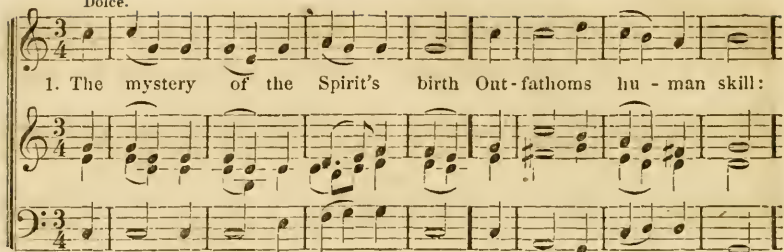
- 2 So silently we seemed to speak;
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers,
To eke her being out.
- 3 Our hopes belied our deepest fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died;—
- 4 For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed;—she had
Another morn than ours.

168.

Heaven.—C. D. STUART.

- 1 As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh;
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.
- 2 And as those lands the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.
- 3 Heaven is not far from those who see,
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts,
Of those who see aright.

Dolce.



169.

Dead, yet Undivided.—CHARLES SWAIN.

- 1 The myst'ry of the Spirit's birth
Out-fathoms human skill;
Though one's in heaven and one on earth,
They are together still.
- 2 There is a feeling that unites
The distant and the dead;
The last sweet bloom that winter blights,
Yet leaves the odor shed!
- 3 And thus affection lives beyond
Death's dark and withering will;
No power hath he to part the fond—
They meet, in spirit, still!
- 4 In quiet thought, in lonely prayer,
That spirit all pervades;
It lends a glory to the air
When every planet fades.
- 5 It circles all with holiness,
It blunts the barb of ill;
And e'en the parted it doth bless,
And bind together still!

170.

They Come.—J. L. HACKSTAFF.

- 1 A light is dawning from on high,
Most wondrous to behold;
Rifting from out a glowing sky,
And tinting earth with gold.
- 2 The mountain-tops first caught the beam,
That shined in the day;
And soon the vales began to stream
With its unfolding ray.
- 3 A million souls had waited long,
To see the 'good time' born,
That they might hail with shout and song,
The dawning of its morn.
- 4 It came—'twas like the ladder, bright,
Which Jacob saw of old:
With angels, on its rounds of light,
God's missions to unfold.
- 5 They come from their resplendant land
With messages of love,
And tell us that—with joy divine
They watch us from above.

Moderato.

1. O not a-lone, when like a bird Of dark and drooping wing,
Or like an autumn's fa-ded flower That's ceased its blos-som-ing;

171.

In Light and Shade.—S. H. LLOYD.

- 1 O not alone, when like a bird
Of dark and drooping wing,
Or like an autumn's faded flower
That's ceased its blossoming;
- 2 Would we, O Father, think of thee,
And all thy works review,—
The wisdom and the love divine
That make thy gifts so new;—
- 3 We'd think of thee, when joy's pure spring
In early life-time starts,
And while our hopes are flowering
And ripen on our hearts.

172.

Our Angel Side.

- 1 There's good in everything we view,
The truth we none can hide,
In ev'ry heart there's goodness too:
'We've all our angel side.'
- 2 Although from sight it may be hid
By worldliness and pride,
'Twill show itself when it is bid,
This same sweet 'angel side.'
- 3 There never yet was found a heart
Where virtue all had died;
'Twas lurking in some unseen part,
'We've all our angel side.'

[7*]

173.

God Dwelling in All.

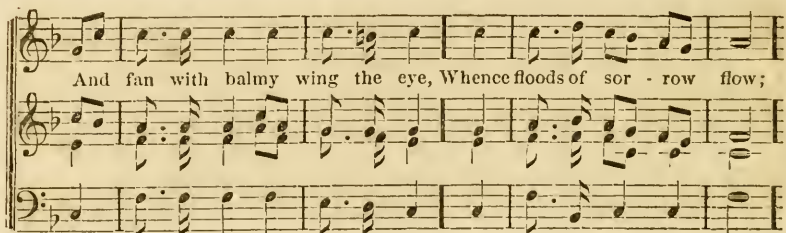
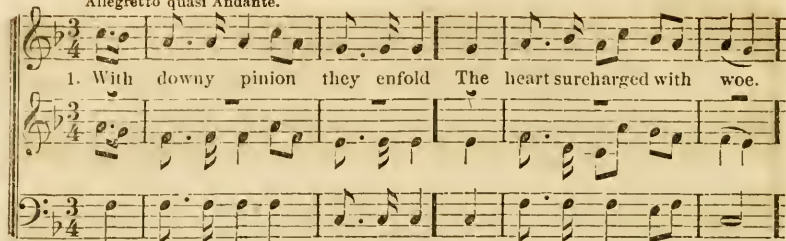
- 1 I may not scorn the lowliest
That on the earth doth fall;
The slave who would not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.
- 2 The vile oppressor who hath made
The widowed mother mourn,
Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,
I cannot, dare not scorn.
- 3 The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share:
The blackest heart hath sighs, to tell
That God still lingers there.

174.

Joy in all Things.—MRS. A. C. DINNIES.

- 1 There is a spell in every flower,
A sweetness in each spray,
And every simple bird hath power
To please me with its lay.
- 2 And there is music on the breeze
That sports along the glade;
The crystal dew-drops on the trees
Are gems by beauty made.
- 3 O, there is joy and happiness
In everything I see,
Which bids my soul rise up and bless
The God who blesses me.

Allegretto quasi Andante.



175.

Angels.—MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

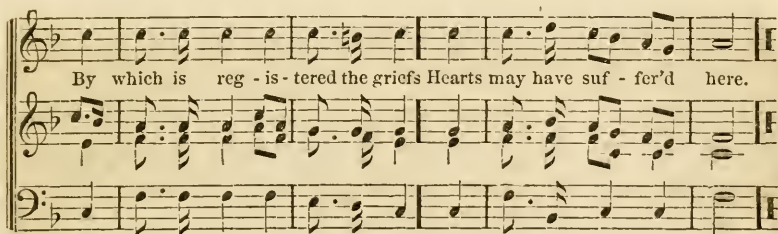
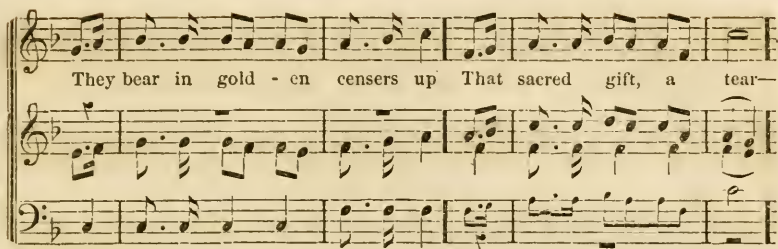
- 1 With downy pinion they enfold
The heart surcharged with woe,
And fan with balmy wing the eye,
Whence floods of sorrow flow;
They bear in golden censers up,
That sacred gift, a tear,
By which is registered the griefs
Hearts may have suffered here.
- 2 No inward pang, no yearning love
Is lost to human hearts;
No anguish that the spirit feels
When bright-winged hope departs;
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail,
That life itself be weariness,
And sympathy may fail;
- 3 Yet all become a discipline
To lure us to the sky;
And angels bear the good it brings
With fostering care on high.
Though others, weary at the watch,
May sink to toil-spent sleep,
And we are left in solitude
And agony to weep.

- 4 Yet they with ministering zeal
The cup of healing bring,
And bear our love and gratitude
Away on heavenly wing.
And thus the inner life is wrought,
The blending earth and heaven,
The love more earnest in its glow,
Where much has been forgiven.

176.

Gentle Words.—*Loving Smiles.*

- 1 The sun may warm the grass to life;
The dew, the drooping flower;
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.
- 2 It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To beautify the heart:
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles.
How beautiful is earth.

**177.***God in the Flowers.*

- 1 By the lone wayside bending low,
By fairy rath and stream,
The fairest jewels of the earth
In pictured beauty gleam,—
A mirror'd rainbow seems to light
The strand on hill and fell,
And gems of radiant loveliness
Glow from each hidden dell.
- 2 What wondrous love each bud reveals,
Each chalice brimm'd with dew;
Oh, solemn flowers! earth's wisest ones
Have need to learn of you;
The winds that sway the fern's light plume
Some weirdlike tale may tell,
And angel-thoughts peal softly from
The hyacinth's pure bell.
- 3 What magic words are written with
The tendrils of the vine,
The leaves o'er which the sun-beams play
Some charmed lore enshrine;
The 'lily of the valley's pearls
That tremble on the spray,
So soft and pure, would well beseech
An angel's rosary!
- 4 Oh! not in vain we lingering pause,
To scan with wondering eyes
The mystic characters engraved
On gems of varied dyes;
No need to seek in pondrous tome,
Nor ask of seer or sage
A key to con the simple truth
On Nature's glorious page.
- 5 Fling wide the factory-doors, and bid
The children cease from toil,
The chains of earth were never forged,
Around young hearts to coil—
Unbar the prison gates, and let
The hapless captive come,
For them, for us, the flowers have brought
A message from our home!
- 6 By the lone wayside bending low,
By fairy rath and stream,
The angel's pictured characters,
Like costly jewels gleam;
Each leaf that trembles in the breeze,
Each flower that gems the sod. [worn,
Will teach the heart, though crushed and
To love and worship God!

1. The world has much of beau - ti - ful, If man would on - ly see;

The musical score is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

A glo - ry in the beam - ing stars, The low - est budding tree;

The musical score continues in 4/4 time, with the melody and accompaniment following the same style as the first system.

178.

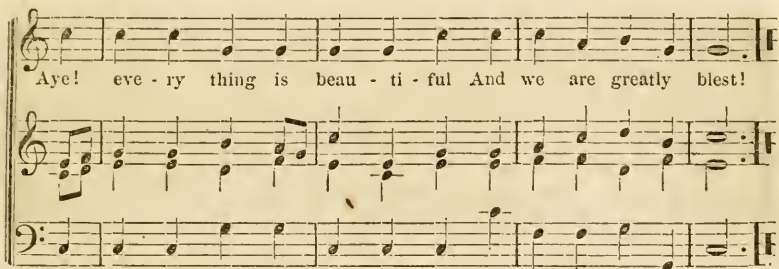
The Beautiful.—C. D. STUART.

- 1 The world has much of beautiful,
If man would only see;
A glory in the beaming stars,
The lowest budding tree;
A splendor from the farthest east
Unto the farthest west;
Aye! everything is beautiful,
And we are greatly blest!
- 2 There is a host of angels, who
With every moment throng,
If we would only list awhile
The cadence of their song;
They speak in every sunny glance
That flashes on the stream,
In every holy thrill of ours,
And every lovely dream.
- 3 The world is good and beautiful,
We all may know it well,
For there are many thousand tongues
That every day can tell
What love has cheered them on their way,
O'er every ill above—
It only needs a goodly heart
To know that all is love!

179.

Look Up and Persevere.

- 1 Should Sorrow's gate be open wide,
And on us pour a flood;
Should hopes we cherish, withered lie,
E'er they begin to bud;
Should clouds upon our pathway rise
And all seem dark and drear,
Our motto in the hour should be,—
Look up and persevere.
- 2 Remember, if the night came not
To make more bright the morn,
We could not hail with untold joy
The advent of the dawn.
And if our life was but one scene
Of pure unceasing bliss;
We might grow weak upon our way,
And live our time amiss.
- 3 Useless indeed repinings are,
They but increase our pain;
The noblest plan is, when we fail,
To rise and try again;
No matter how the storms may rage,
Let Hope a fabric rear—
And as we gaze, our cry should be,—
Look up and persevere.



180.

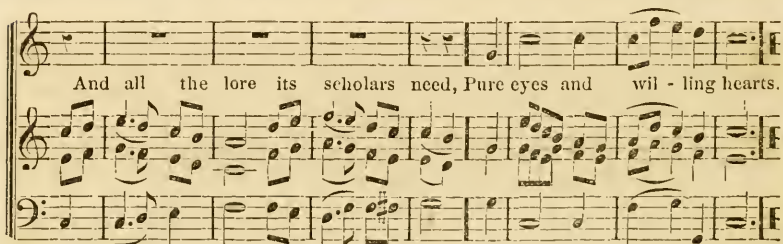
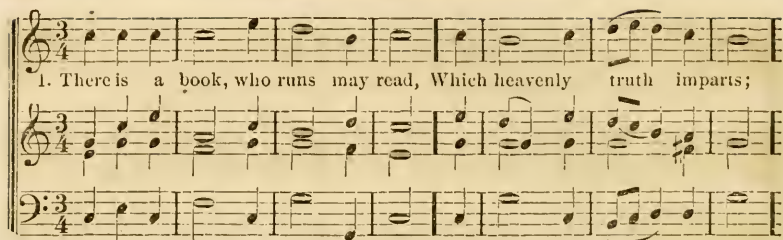
Spirit of Jesus.—GASKELL.

- 1 O not to crush with abject fear
The burdened soul of man,
Did Jesus on the earth appear,
And open heaven's high plan;
He came to bid him find repose,
And God his father know;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.
- 2 O, not in coldness nor in pride
This holy path he trod;
'Twas his delight to turn aside
And win the lost to God;
And unto sorrowing guilt disclose
The fount whence peace should flow;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.
- 3 O, not with cold, unfeeling eye
Did he the suffering view;
Not on the other side pass by,
And deem their tears untrue;
'Twas joy to him to heal their woes,
And heaven's sweet refuge show;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

181.

The Place to Die.

- 1 How little reck's it where men die,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The cofined form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast!
- 2 Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold,
And at its summons each must go,
The timid and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?
- 3 'Twere sweet, indeed, to close our eyes
With those we cherish dear,
And, wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man!

**182.**

The Book of Nature.—KEBLE.

- 1 There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and willing hearts.
- 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Father's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give to us hearts to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

183.

No Effort Fruitless.

- 1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

- 2 A whispered-word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid ill depart,
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it, silently.
- 4 Work, and despair not: bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

184.

The Peace-giving Spirit.

- 1 Spirit of peace, celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.
- 2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.
- 3 So with mild influence from above
Shall promised grace descend;
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

Allegretto Moderato.

1. When, in the bu - sy haunts of men, The meek im - mor - tals tread,
A fragrance from the spi - rit - land Up - on our souls they shed.

185.

Celestial Flowers.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 When, in the busy haunts of men,
The meek immortals tread,
A fragrance from the spirit-land
Upon our souls they shed.
- 2 For, not like flowers of earthly mold,
The flowers of heaven are found
In angel hearts, where holy loves
In deathless bloom abound.
- 3 And when, 'mid earthly toils, they meet
The dear ones of their care,
They pluck a thorn from every breast,
And plant a blossom there.
- 4 Then be it ours, through gentle deeds
Of pure and perfect love,
To sow in human hearts the seeds
Of flowers that bloom above.

186.

Hope Eternal.—S. F. ADAMS.

- 1 The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
Within man's heart remain.

- 2 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
The story of Hope's song.
- 3 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.
- 4 And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears,—to rust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

187.

Triumph of Peace.

- 1 To truth, the joyful nations round,
In converse sweet shall flow;
While to the spheres of heavenly light
Their songs of triumph go.
- 2 The beams that shine from worlds on high
Shall lighten every land;
And they who dwell in heavenly courts,
Shall the whole earth command.
- 3 No war shall rage; no hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years; {swords,
To plough-shares men shall bea' their
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Moderato.

When all thy, &c. 1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love and praise.

188.

Divine Mercies through Life.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

189.

Dependence on God.—J. TAYLOR.

- 1 Father divine! before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No act escape thine eye.

- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew;
Our childhood was thy care;
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.

- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints
Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Power supreme!
Thou wilt our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence shall we live,
And in thy favor die.

190.

Angels from God.—C. WESLEY.

- 1 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er beside,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.
- 2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

Allegretto Risoluto.

1. Joy to the world, the darkness flies, Let earth with gladness sing,

The morn - ing comes, o'er all the skies, She waves her purple wing,..... She waves her purple wing.

waves her purple wing, She waves her purple wing, She waves, She waves her purple wing.

191.

Joy to the World, the Darkness Flies.—R. H. BROWN.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Joy to the world—the darkness flies,
Let earth with gladness sing.
The morning comes, o'er all the skies
She waves her purple wing.</p> <p>2 Joy to the world—for truth abounds,
And 'error withering dies.'
In fragments hurled upon the ground,
Her broken altar lies.</p> <p>3 Joy to the world—for man is free,
His broken fetters fall,</p> | <p>He scorns to bow again his knee
At Superstition's call.</p> <p>4 Joy to the world—high o'er the tomb
The star of hope appears,
An angel voice from out the gloom,
Falls sweetly on our ears.</p> <p>5 Joy to the world—the anthem be—
A song of triumph sing,
'Oh! grave where is thy victory,
Oh! death, where is thy sting?'</p> |
|---|---|

Andante Maestoso.

1. The heavenly spheres to thee, O God, At-tune their eve - ning hymn:

All wise, all ho - ly, thou art praised In song of se - ra - phim!

192.

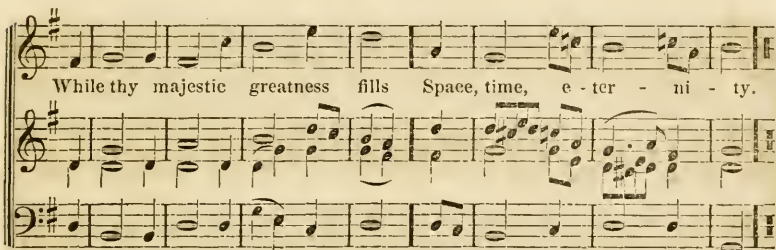
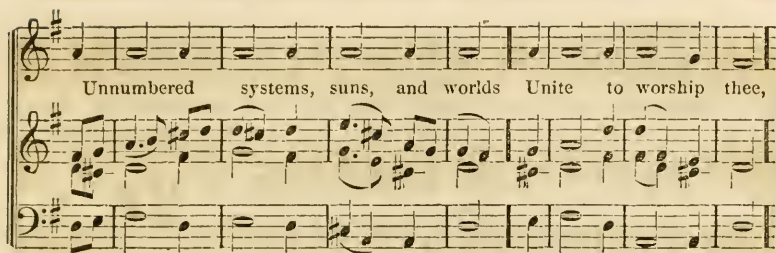
Nature's Evening Hymn.—BOWRING.

- 1 The heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn:
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim!
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.
- 2 Nature.—a temple worthy thee,
That beams with light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord,
Of storm and ocean roar.
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By Spring's awakening hours;
Her Summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her Autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While Winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

193.

Sleep.—MRS. J. T. WORTHINGTON.

- 1 It visiteth the desolate,
Who hath no friend beside,
And bringeth peace to saddened souls,
Whose hope, deferred, had died;
It layeth its caressing hand
Upon the brow of care,
And calleth to the faded lips
The smile they used to wear.
- 2 And lovely is the angel light
Of childhood's soft repose,
The holiest and the sweetest rest
Our human nature knows—
Such rest as cannot close the eyes
Grown old with many tears,
That never soothes the pilgrim path
Of life's dejected years.
- 3 'He giveth his beloved sleep!'
All thanks for such a boon,
And thanks, too, for the deeper sleep
That will be with us soon—
From which our long o'erladen hearts
Shall wake to pain no more,
But find fulfilled the fairest thoughts
They only dreamed before.



194.

Hymn to the Deity.—MRS. E. S. SMITH.

- 1 Thou giver of all earthly good—
Thou wonder-working Power,
Whose spirit smiles in every star,
And breathes in every flower:
How gratefully we speak thy name—
How gladly own thy sway!
How thrillingly thy presence feel,
When mid thy works we stray.
- 2 We may forget thee for a time,
In scenes with tumult rife,
Where worldly cares or pleasures claim
Too large a share of life;
But not in Nature's sweet domain,
Where every thing we see,
From loftiest mount to lowliest flower,
Is eloquent of thee.
- 3 Beneath the city's gilded domes,
In temples decked with care,
Where art and splendor vie to make
Thine earthly mansion fair,
Our forms may lowly bend, our lips
May breathe a formal lay,
The whilst our wayward hearts refuse
These holy rites to pay:

- 4 But in that grander temple reared
By thine almighty hand,
Where glorious beauty bids the mind's
Diviner powers expand,
Our thoughts, like grateful vassals, give
An homage glad and free;
Our souls in adoration bow,
And mutely reverence thee.

195.

Flowers.—MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

- 1 Each tiny leaf unfolds a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left—
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!
- 2 They tremble on the Alpine height;
The fissured rock they press;
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares, too, their blessedness:
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer.

Allegretto.

1. Bland as the morning breath of June The southwest breeze play:
And through its haze the winter noon Seems warm as summer's day.

196.

Light from Darkness—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play:
And through its haze the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
- 2 The snow plumed angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear:
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.
- 3 So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear,
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole
Will sunny days appear.
- 4 Reviving Hope and Faith they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers.
- 5 The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
- 6 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all!

197.

Hope.—MRS. ANNA DINNIES.

- 1 In life's young morn, with buds and flowers
Hope unto us appears,
And sings, to charm our opening hours,
A thousand siren airs.
- 2 And though her fairy buds decay,
And soon her flow'rets pale,
She lures us on from day to day,
With strains that never fail.
- 3 She hovers o'er the darkest cloud
That life's sad pathway shades,
And e'en when tempests rage most loud
Her voice the storm pervades.
- 4 She lights our gloom—she soothes our care,
She bids our fears depart,
Transforms to gems each grief-fraught tear,
And binds the broken heart.
- 5 She glances o'er us from above,
The brightest star that's given,
And guides us still through faith and love
To endless peace in Heaven!

1. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In o - cean deep, or air.

Where skill and wisdom are not found, For God is eve - ry - where.

198.

God Omnipresent.

- 1 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.
- 2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.
- 3 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's wondrous
And built the universe. [frame,
- 4 Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
His power and love declare;
Nor think the mighty theme too vast,
For God is everywhere.

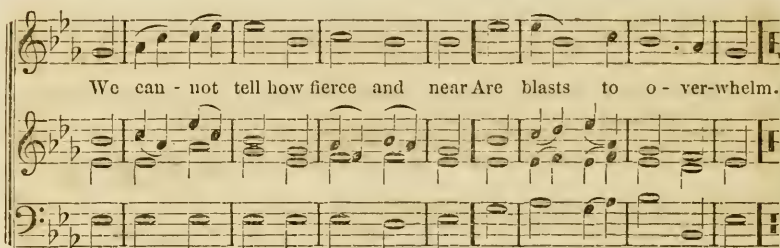
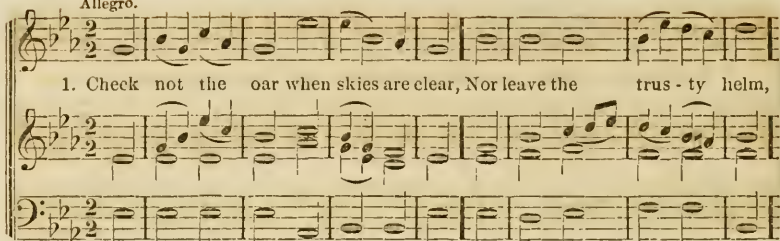
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199.

Enduring Faith.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss,
Of an eternal home.

Allegro.

**200.***God Help us to the Last.*

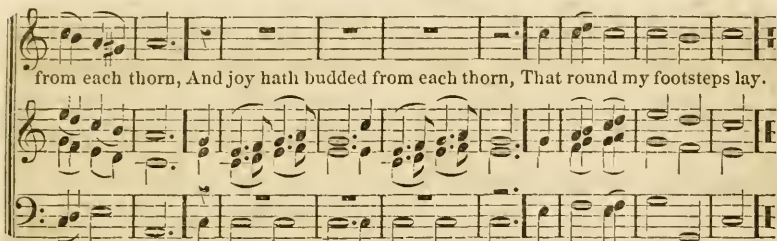
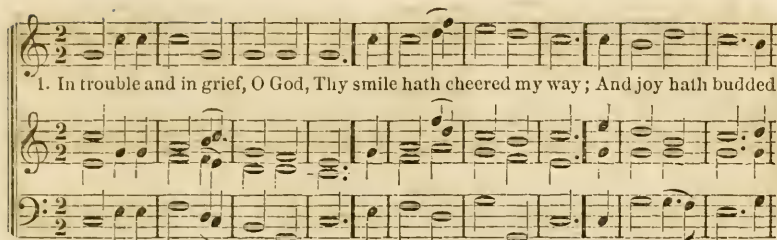
- 1 Check not the oar when skies are clear,
Nor leave the trusty helm;
We cannot tell how fierce and near
Are blasts to overwhelm.
- 2 Though dark the night to watchful eyes,
The stars will never fail;
And clouds when morning lights the skies
Bring tidings of the gale.
- 3 The calm should ne'er be idly spent,
While sleep the threat'ning seas,
Trim up the sails the storm has rent,
And fling them to the breeze.
- 4 The tide is not an even tide,
Though smooth the track behind—
O'er which our venturous shallops glide
Before the sweeping wind.
- 5 With trusty hearts through night and day,
Till rock and shoal are past,
Keep 'wait and watch,' and ever pray,
God help us to the last.

201.*Te Deum.*

- 1 O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.]
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim, and seraphim,
Continually do cry.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

202.*Continued Revelations.—T. H. GILL.*

- 1 Our God! our God! thou shinest here;
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear,—
Here goes thy glorious way.
- 2 We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore;
On us thou streamest strong and bright,—
Thy comings are not o'er.

**203.***Resignation.*

- 1 In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn,
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief,
That brings me near to thee.

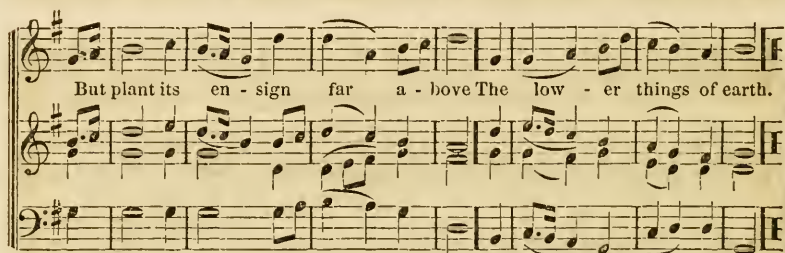
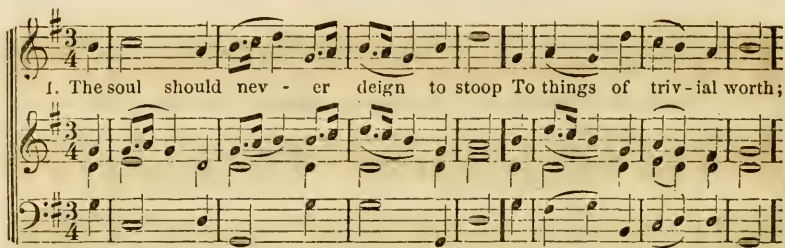
204.*'Thy Will be Done.'*

- 1 Father, we know thy ways are just,
Although to us unknown;
O, grant us grace thy love to trust,
And say, 'Thy will be done.'
- 2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns our
path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
We'll say, 'Thy will be done.'

- 3 Although thy steps we cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right we'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
Will say, 'Thy will be done.'
- 4 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning every thing to cry,
'Our Father's will be done.'

205.*Prayer for Wisdom.—MONTGOMERY.*

- 1 Almighty God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

**206.***Onward and Upward.*

- 1 The soul should never deign to stoop
To things of trivial worth;
But plant its ensign far above
The lower things of earth.
- 2 The eagle loftiest in its flight
Would never sweep the sky,
If not, from lesser things beneath,
He turned to gaze on high.
- 3 We should evoke all latent might
That may have slumbered long,
And arm us for the coming strife
With faith and courage strong.
- 4 Then never yield, but persevere,
The hand that thwarts thy way
Will but secure to victory,
If late, a brighter day.
- 5 Our God is with us, and our hearts
Can on his arm rely;
He leads us, with the bannered host,
Of angels from on high.

207.*The Path we Tread.*

- 1 Thy path, like most by mortals trod,
Will have its thorns and flowers,
Its stony steps, its velvet sod,
Its sunshine and its showers.

- 2 Through smooth and rough, o'er flower
Beneath whatever sky, [and thorn,
Still bear thee as a being born
For immortality!
- 3 And be thy choicest treasure stored
Where Faith may hold the key;
For where our treasure is, our Lord
Hath said, the heart shall be.

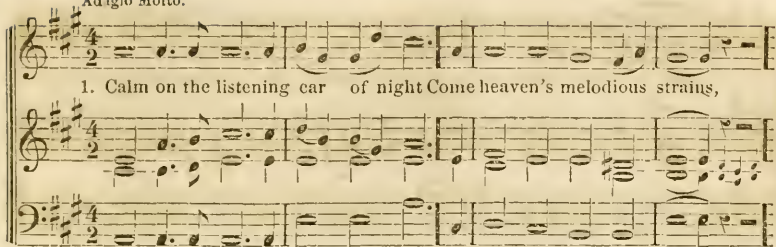
208.*Our Heaven Within.*

- 1 There is a world,—and, O, how blest!
Fairer than prophets told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its peace unfold.
- 2 Look not abroad, with roving mind,
To seek that fair abode;
It comes where'er the lowly find
The perfect peace of God.

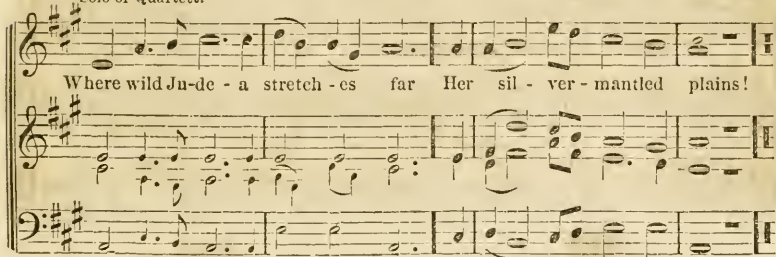
209.*Trust in God.—LAMAR.*

- 1 Nay, tell us not of dangers dire
That lie in duty's path;
A warrior of the Truth can feel
No fear of human wrath.
- 2 And still serene and fixed in faith,
We fear no earthly harm;
We know it is our Father's work,
We rest upon his arm.

Adagio Molto.



Solo or Quartett.

**210.***Christmas Hymn.*—E. H. SEARS.

- 1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

211.*Evening Worship.*—G. D. PRENTICE.

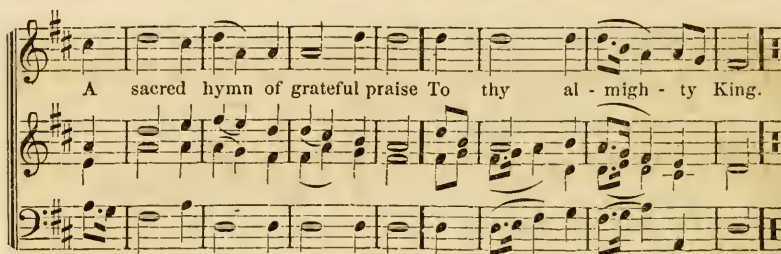
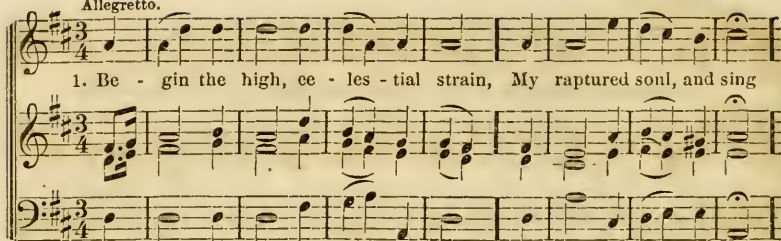
- 1 How calmly sinks the parting sun!
Yet twilight lingers still,
And beautiful as dreams of heaven,
It slumbers on the hill.
- 2 Around the rocks the forest trees
In shadowy groups recline,
Like saints at evening bowed in prayer
Around their holy shrine;

- 3 The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air,
To Feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
A gush of music there!
- 4 Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild,
And Thought is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undefiled!

212.*Be Thus thy Life.*—G. W. DOANE.

- 1 The placid lake, O brother mine,
Be emblem of thy life,
As full of peace and purity,
As free from care and strife.
- 2 No ripple on its tranquil breast,
That dies not with the day,
No pebble in its darkest depths,
But quivers in its ray.
- 3 And see, how every glorious form
And pageant of the skies,
Reflected from its glassy face,
A mirrored image lies;
- 4 So be thy spirit ever pure,
To God and virtue given;
And thought, and word, and action bear
The imagery of heaven.

Allegretto.



213.

Praise from all Nature.—ROWE.

- 1 Begin the high, celestial strain,
My raptured soul, and sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To thy almighty King.
- 2 Ye sparkling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Repeat to all your verdant shores
The subject of the song.
- 3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.
- 4 Take up the burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise,
To deck with gold the opening morn,
Or shade the evening skies.
- 5 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony;—
- 6 While we, with sacred rapture fired,
The blest Creator sing,
And chant our consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

214.

Lord, Remember Me!—HAWES.

- 1 O thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 When, with an aching, burdened heart,
I seek relief of thee,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
O Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
O Lord, remember me.
- 4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame:
O Lord, remember me.
- 5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

Andante Sostenuto.

1. From realms su - per - nal, fair, and bright, They of the second birth,

On ho - ly er - rands wing their flight To every home on earth.

215.*From Realms Supernal.—J. S. A.*

- 1 From realms supernal, fair, and bright,
They of the second birth,
On holy errands wing their flight
To every home on earth.
- 2 To sorrowing souls they bear a joy,
To cheerless souls a love,
To weary hearts they tidings bring
Of holy rest above.
- 3 The darksome hearth they light with
The lonely home they throng. [smiles;
Till the lone pilgrim wakes to bliss
In list'ning to their song.
- 4 They go with champions of the Right,
They nerve the struggling arm;
They watch above their path, and shield
Their every step from harm.
- 5 They lead the way to victory sure,
E'en though upon the sod
The body falls, they guide the soul
In triumph on to God.

216.*She Passed in Beauty.*

- 1 She passed in beauty! like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She passed in beauty! like a pearl
Dropped from a diadem.
- 2 She passed in beauty! like a ray
Along a moonlit lake;
She passed in beauty! like the song
Of birds among the brake.
- 3 She passed in beauty! like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She passed in beauty! like a star
Lost on the brow of day.
- 4 She lives in glory! like the stars,
Bright jewels of the night;
She lives in glory! like the sun
When at meridian height.

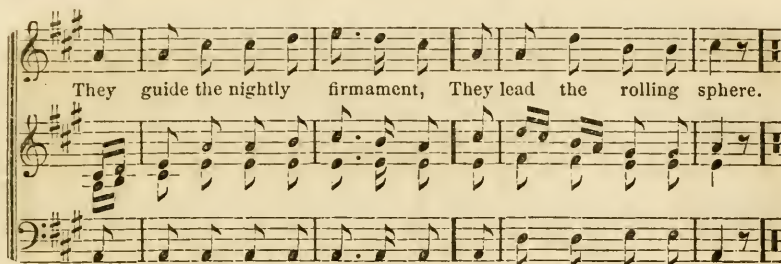
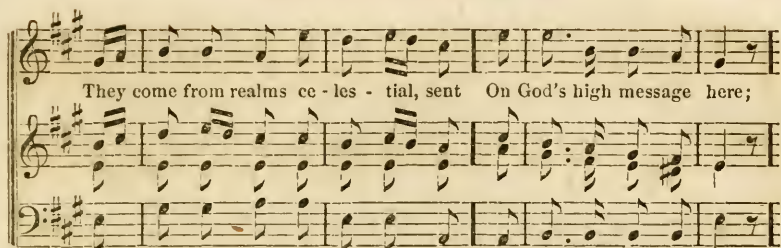
Alegretto.

1. The Host of God! they come to us, On heavenly mission bound;
 They are of those that watch by day, And keep their nightly round.

217.

The Host of God.

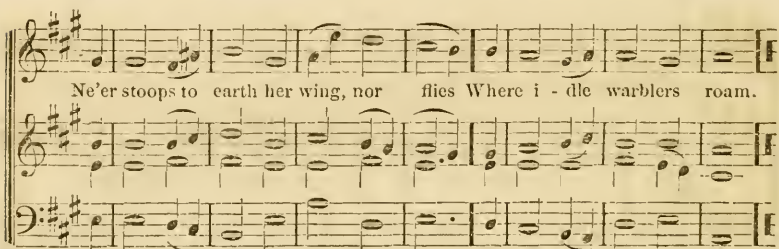
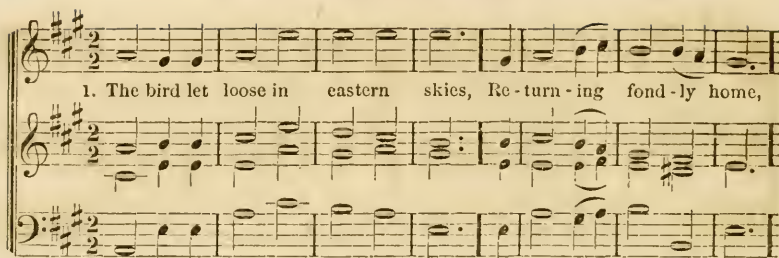
1. The Host of God! they come to us,
 On heavenly mission bound;
 They are of those, that watch by day,
 And keep their nightly round.
 They come from realms celestial, sent
 On God's high message here;
 They guide the nightly firmament;
 They lead the rolling sphere.
- 2 The Host of God! They come to earth
 In robes of light arrayed;
 They march in bright, angelic ranks,
 With glittering crowns displayed;
 They are not clad in mortal garb
 Like children of the earth,
 Their stately step, their joyous tone,
 Betray their glorious birth.
- 3 They wheel their bright, their glad career
 By every rock and tree.
 We can their holy voices hear,
 Their glorious presence see:
 The desert wild, the crowded way,
 By heavenly step is trod;
 Through earth and air—by night, by day—
 Walk now the Host of God!



218.

What Man is Poor.—O. W. WITHINGTON.

- 1 What man is poor? Not he whose brow
Is bathed in heaven's own light,
Whose knee to God alone doth bow,
At morning and at night;
Whose arm is nerved by healthful toil,
Who sits beneath the tree,
Or treads upon the fruitful soil,
With spirit calm and free.
- 2 What man is poor? Not he who loves
Sweet nature's draught alone,
Through toil and want who nobly proves
Her temperance is his own;
With cheerful look and happy heart
He treads life's varied way,
While to his soul her truths impart
Full many a sunny ray.
- 3 What man is poor? Not he whose brow
Is wet with heaven's own dew,
Who breathes to God a heartfelt vow,
Whose pledge is strong and true;—
The morning calls his active feet
To no enchanting dome,
But evening and the twilight sweet
Shall light his pathway home.

**219.***The Upward Flight.*—T. MOORE.

- 1 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of lower passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to thee.
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous
A brother's woes to feel, [warmth,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

221.*The Soul's Course.***220.***Sympathy with the Afflicted.*—BARBAULD.

- 1 Blest is the man whose generous heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—
- 2 Thus shall my soul upon the wings
Of faith unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings
Midst light from Paradise.
- 3 Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines,
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.

Sostenuto.

1. Lord, in this sacred hour Within thy courts we bend,

And bless thy love and own thy power, Our Father and our Friend.

222.

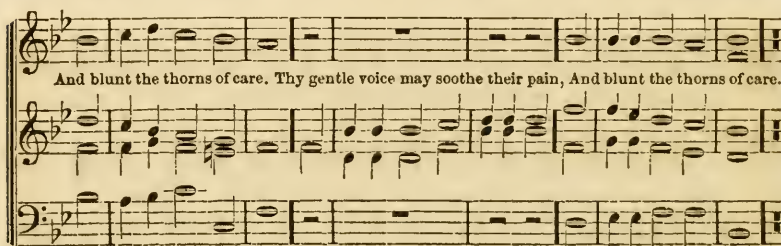
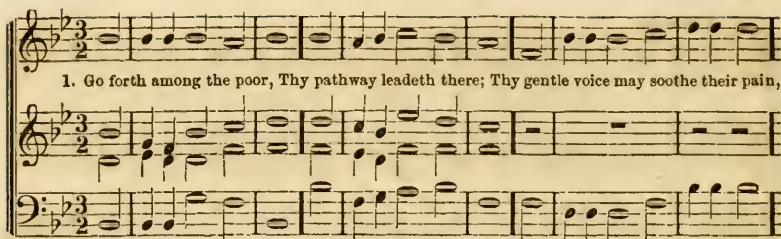
Public Worship.—BULFINCH.

- 1 Lord, in this sacred hour
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.
- 2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.
- 3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.
- 4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

223.

The Word of God Within.

- 1 Say not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee;
That heavenly law within may shine,
And there its brightness be.
- 2 Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth;
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.
- 3 Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.
- 4 Cease, then, my soul, to roam,
Thy wanderings all are vain;
That holy word is found at home;
Within thy heart its reign.

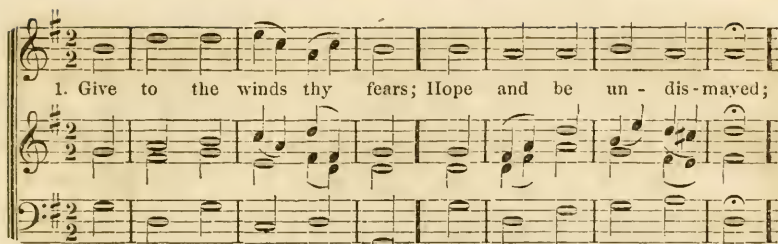
**224.***Freely Give.*

- 1 Go forth among the poor,
Thy pathway leadeth there;
Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain,
And blunt the thorns of care.
- 2 Go forth with earnest zeal,
Nor from the duty start,
Speak to them words of gracious love,—
Blest are the pure in heart.
- 3 Go forth among the sad,
Lest their dark cup o'erflow:
They have on earth a heritage
Of weariness and woe.
- 4 Tears dim their daily toil,
And sighs break out from sleep;
Bring light among the darkness—say
Blessed are they that weep.
- 5 Go forth through all the earth,
There waiteth work for you,
The harvest truly seems most fair,
But laborers are few.

- 6 With tireless, hopeful love
Fulfil your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too—
Blest are the pure in heart.

225.*Thoughts of Heaven.—MRS. HEMANS.*

- 1 Come to me, thoughts of heaven!
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air.
- 2 Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day.
O blessed thoughts of heaven!
- 3 Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts! and yet again
O'er sinful wish and memory, shower
Your soft effacing rain;
- 4 Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven;
Where living founts forever shine;
O blessed thoughts of heaven!



226.

Give to the Winds thy Fears.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, God counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and
He gently clears thy way; [storms,
Wait thou his time; so shall the night,
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 4 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

227.

'Sow Beside all Waters.'—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

[9*]

- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here, nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown;
- 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garner in the sky.

1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things thee to see;
And what I do in an - y - thing, To do it as for thee!

228.

'All to the Glory of God.'—HERBERT.

- 1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The lowliest work divine.

229.

'Blessed are the Meek.'

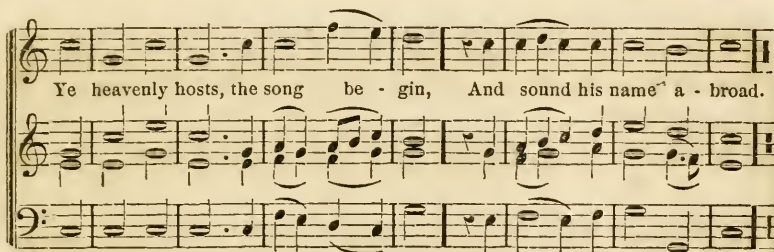
- 1 'Blest are the meek,' he said,
Whose doctrine is divine:
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

- 2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell,
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy,
Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs:
They own his gracious sway;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.
- 4 O gracious Father, grant,
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

230.

Gratitude.—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
His blessings bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.



231.

All Thy Works Praise Thee.—WATTS.

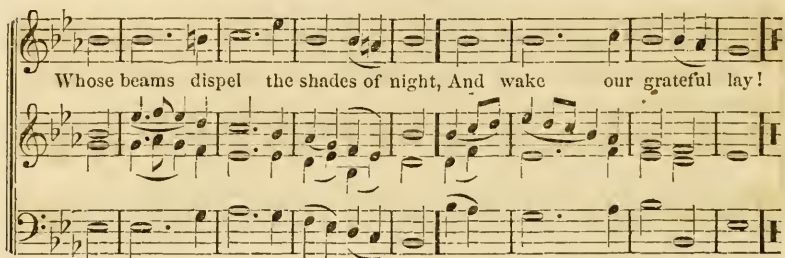
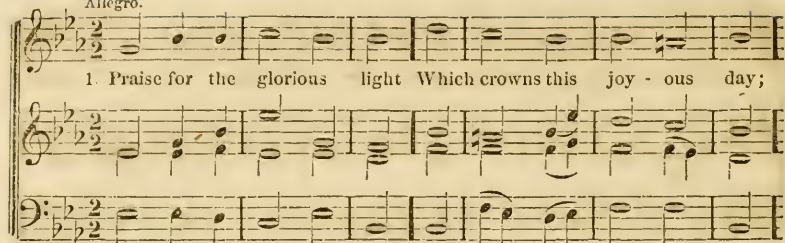
- 1 Let every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers of snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
- 5 By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
While we, enclasp'd within his love,
Fulfil his high behest.

232.

Winter.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 O thou who bidd'st the sun
The glittering landscape light,
While mountains, vales and hillocks shine
In Winter's frost work bright.
- 2 The imploring trees stretch forth
Their trusting arms to thee,
Who shield'st the naked in their hour
Of cold adversity.
- 3 A chain is on the streams,
And on the summer flood,
Yet still their sparkling eyes look up,
And beam with gratitude.
- 4 The bee hath left her toil,
Within her cell to sleep,
The warbling tenants of the cloud
A silent Sabbath keep.
- 5 Thou mak'st the lengthened eve
The friend of wisdom prove,
And bid'st it bind confiding hearts
In closer links of love.
- 6 Oh thou, the God of Hope,
Blest Author of our days,
Forbid that winter chill our heart,
Or check the lay of praise.

Allegro.

**233.***Truth Triumphant.*

- 1 Praise for the glorious light
Which crowns this joyous day;
Whose beams dispel the shades of night,
And wake our grateful lay!
- 2 Ours is no conquest gained
Upon the tented field;
Nor hath the flowing life-blood stained
The victor's helm and shield.
- 3 But the strong might of Love,
And Truth's all-pleading voice,
As angels bending from above,
Have made our hearts rejoice.
- 4 Lord! upward to thy throne
Th' imploring voice we raise;
The might, the strength, are thine alone!
Thine be our loftiest praise.

234.*God with Us on the Deep.—S. GRAHAM.*

- 2 Away, away, we steer,
Upon the ocean's breast;
And dim the distant heights appear,
Like clouds along the west.
- 3 There is a loneliness
Upon the mighty deep;
And hurried thoughts upon us press,
As onward still we sweep.
- 4 But there is hope and joy,
Wherever we may be;
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
Our trust, O God, in thee.
- 5 Then wherefore should we grieve,
Or what have we to fear?
Though home and friends and life we leave,
Our God is ever near.
- 6 Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep;
Ye winds, blow foul or fair;
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is everywhere.

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

Allegro.

1. Dream not, but work! Be bold! be brave! Press on, yield not, and thou shalt have

A rich reward a - bove. Thankful for toil and danger be;

Du - ty's high call will make thee free, And crown thee with God's love.

235.*Dream Not, But Work!*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Dream not, but work! be bold! be brave!
Press on, yield not, and thou shalt have
A rich reward above.
Thankful for toil and danger be;
Duty's high call will make thee free,
And crown thee with God's love.</p> | <p>3 Strive on, strive on, nor even dream
Thy work complete; care not to seem,
But be a Christian true.
Think, speak, and act 'gainst mean device;
Wrestle with those who sacrifice
The many to the few.</p> |
| <p>2 Think not thy share of strife too great;
Speed to thy post, erect, elate;
Strength from above is given
To those who combat sin and wrong,
Nor ask how much, nor count how long
They with the foe have striven!</p> | <p>4 Forget thyself, but bear in mind
The claims of suffering humankind;
So shall the welcome night,
Unseen o'ertake thee, and thy soul
Sinking in slumber at the goal,
Wake in eternal light!</p> |

Allegro Moderato.

1. Begin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay ; Let each enraptured thought o - bey And praise th'Almighty's name. Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, In one melodious concert rise To swell th' inspiring theme.

To swell th' inspiring theme.

To swell th' inspiring theme, To swell th' inspiring

In one melodious concert rise To swell th' inspiring theme.

Lo ! heaven and earth and seas and skies. To swell th' inspiring theme.

In one melodious concert rise,

theme.

236.

Universal Praise.—OGILVIE.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Begin, my soul, th'exalted lay ;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name :
 Lo ! heaven and earth and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise
 To swell the inspiring theme.</p> <p>2 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
 To join the voices of the skies ;
 Praise him who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.</p> | <p>3 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring ;
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with
 And tuned your voice to praise. [gold,</p> <p>4 Let man, by love divinely led,
 The feeling heart, the thinking head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread the Creator's name around
 Till heaven's broad arch ring back the
 The general burst of joy. [sound,</p> |
|--|---|

Andante.

1. O let our mingling voi - ces rise, In grate - ful rapture to the

skies, Where love has had its birth; Let songs of joy this day de -

clare That Spir - its come their joys to share With all the sons of earth.

237.*Celestial Aids.*

- 1 O let our mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture to the skies
Where love has had its birth;
Let songs of joy this day declare,
That Spirits come their joys to share
With all the sons of earth.
- 2 They come to bid the weary rest,
To heal the mourner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound,
Their heavenly gifts impart.

238.*Content and Resignation.—COTTON.*

- 1 If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies;
Nor need we roam abroad:
The world has little to bestow;
From well-formed hearts our joys must
Hearts that delight in God. [flow,
- 2 Then let us, with a grateful mind,
Take what our Father, ever kind,
Doth graciously bestow;
The blessings which he sends, enjoy,
And in his praise find sweet employ,
From whom our comforts flow.

Allegro.

1. My God, thy boundless love I praise; How bright on high its glories blaze!

How sweetly bloom below! It streams from thine e - ter - nal throne;

Through heaven its joys for - ev - er run, And all the earth o'er - flow.

239.

Love of God.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 My God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And all the earth o'erflow.</p> | <p>3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.</p> |
| <p>3 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.</p> | <p>4 Thus in thy works I see it shine
With grace and glories all divine,—
To earthly mortals given;
While Faith, bright chernub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.</p> |

1. Lo, in the golden sky, We an-gel-forms de-scry;

Ce-les-tial hosts descend to-day: The friends of early years,

From their ex-alt-ed spheres, Walk with us on our earthly way.

240.

The Angel Era.—J. S. A.

1 Lo, in the golden sky,
We angel-forms descry;
Celestial hosts descend to-day;
The friends of early years,
From their exalted spheres,
Walk with us on our earthly way.

2 No more we sigh and mourn
O'er loved and loving gone;
They throng around the path we go;
They bless us in our home,
Are with us when we roam,
Our conflicts and our triumphs know.

3 The grave hath lost its dread,
To us there are no dead,
But all do live and love as one;
Our doubts and fears depart,
In each and every heart
The holy will of God is done.

4 Thanks, grateful thanks, we raise
To him who crowns our days
With blessings numberless and free;
In one united band,
As brothers, hand in hand,
Henceforth mankind in joy shall be.

Allegro.

1. Ye realms below the skies, Your Maker's praises sing; Let boundless honors

rise To heaven's e - ter - nal King; O -
O bless his name whose
King; To heavens e - ter - nal King; O bless his name whose love extends Sal-

bless his name whose love extends, Sal - va - tion to the world's far ends.
love extends Sal - va - tion to the world's far ends. Sal - va - tion to the world's far ends.
va - tion to the world's far ends, Sal - va - tion to the world's far ends.

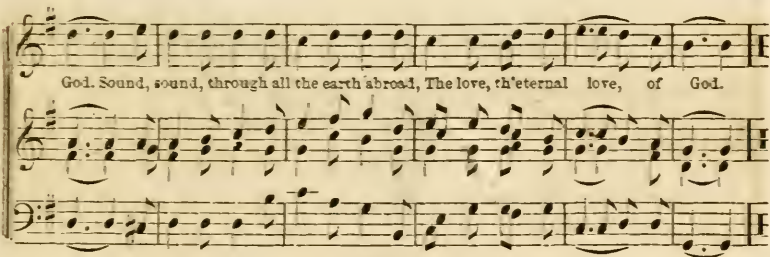
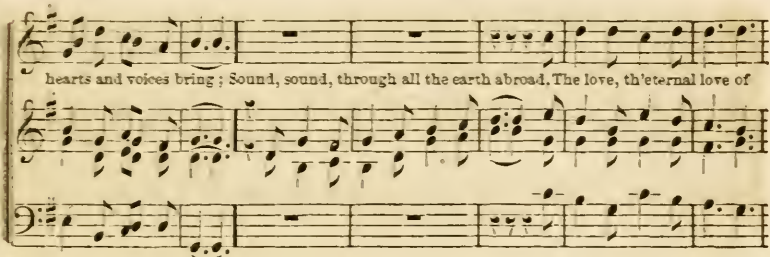
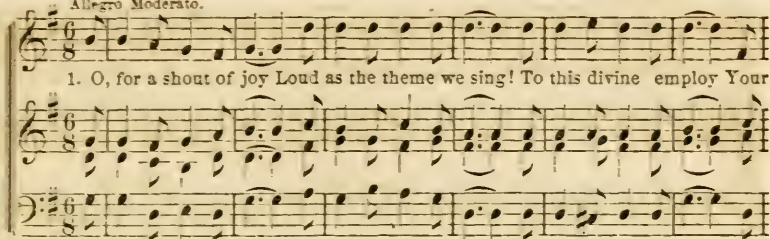
241.

Exaltation.—H. BALLOU.

- 1 Ye realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Let boundless honors rise
To heaven's eternal King;
O bless his name whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.
- 2 'Tis he the mountains crowns
With forests waving wide;
'Tis he old ocean bounds,
And heaves her roaring tide;
He swells the tempests on the main,
Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.

- 3 Still let the waters roar
As round the earth they roll:
His praise for evermore
They sound from pole to pole.
'Tis Nature's wild, unconscious song
O'er thousand waves that floats along.
- 4 His praise, ye worlds on high,
Display with all your spheres,
Amid the darksome sky,
When silent night appears.
Behold, his works declare his name
Through all the universal frame.

Allegro Moderato.



242.

God's Wondrous Love. —J. YOUNG.

- 1 O, for a shout of joy
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring:
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th'eternal love, of God.
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand.
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

243.

Sing Praise to God.

- 1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise, And seraphim,
Ye cherubim To sing his praise.
- 2 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends, His glorious sway
His power obey: The sky transcends.

Allegretto.

1. Faith is the steadfast arm Whereon our sorrows lean; It is the
substance of our hope, Our proof of things unseen; It is the an - chor
of the soul When tem - pests rage and bil - lows roll.

244.*Excellence of Faith.*

1 Faith is the steadfast arm
Whereon our sorrows lean;
It is the substance of our hope,
Our proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of the soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star
That guides us on our way,
Directs our wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er we roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste to the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

1. Welcome, an - gels, pure and bright, Children of the liv - ing light;

Welcome to our home on earth, Children of the glorious birth.

245.

Welcome to Angels.—E. C. HENCK.

- 1 Welcome, angels, pure and bright,
Children of the living light,
Welcome to our home on earth,
Children of the glorious birth.
- 2 Welcome, messengers of God,
Teaching not of anger's rod;
Love for all earth's weary throngs,
Is the burthen of your songs.
- 3 Come ye from the realms of light,
Where the day knows not the night,
Where the gems of love alone
Are around your spirits thrown.
- 4 Oh we joy to feel you near,
Spirits of the loved and dear;
Chains of love around us twine,
Gems of beauty all divine.
- 5 Joyously we greet you here,
Children of a brighter sphere;
Guide our feet to realms of love,
To the courts of joy above.

246.

God's Presence Everywhere.

- 1 They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

[10*]

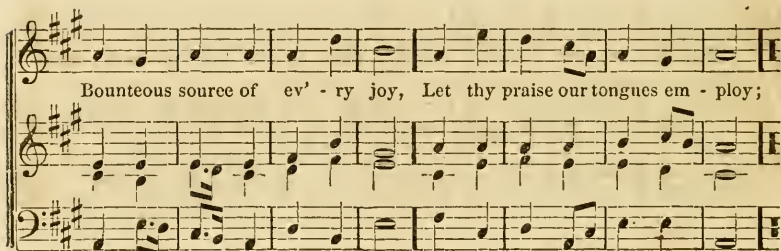
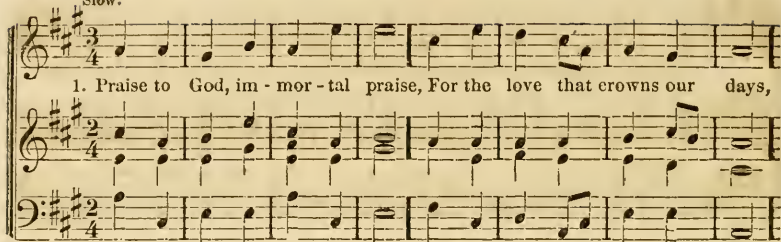
- 2 In our sickness, in our health;
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father, come and wait;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present everywhere.

247.

God in Nature.

- 1 In each breeze that wanders free,
And each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see,
Freshly uttered words from God.
- 2 God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine,
Every form that meets the eye.
- 3 Let us then with searching mind,
Seek a good where'er it springs,
We shall then true wisdom find,
Hidden in familiar things.

Slow.

**248.***Thanksgiving.*

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days,
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;
- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams;
- 5 All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

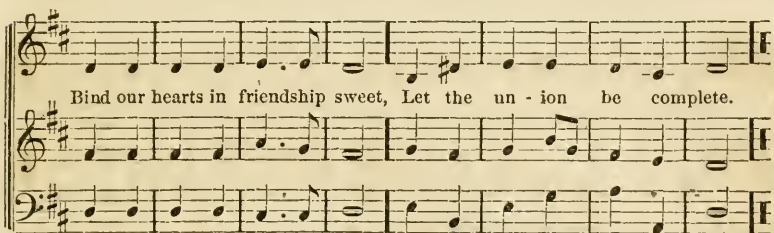
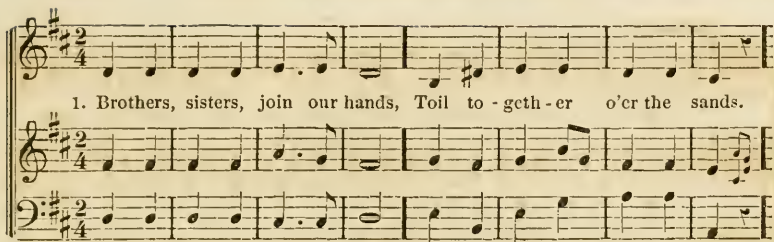
249.*Sovereign Ruler.*—SANDYS.

- 1 Thou who dwell'st enthroned above!
Thou in whom we live and move!
Thou who art most great, most high!
God from all eternity!

- 2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler! mighty Lord!
- 3 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.
- 4 Sovereign ruler! mighty Lord!
We thy praises will record:
Giver of these blessings! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

250.*Praise the Name Divine.*—MERRICK.

- 1 Praise, O praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the name divine.



251.

Love One-Another.—MARSH.

- 1 Brothers, sisters, join our hands,
Toil together o'er the sands,
Bind our hearts in friendship sweet,
Let the union be complete.
- 2 Is there one with weary heart,
Longing from our side to part?
Weeping, sighing all the day,
Planting thorns along the way?
- 3 Cheer him, brothers, let there be
Tender ties 'twixt him and thee;
Hope and peace his rest will find,
If like God we all are kind.
- 4 Is there one who has to bear
Poverty and all its care,
With a brow bent low with ill?
Love and aid that brother still.
- 5 Then will come the answered prayer,
And the angels' faithful care;
Smiles around us, bliss before,
And a Heaven watching o'er.

252.

Truth and Right.

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

- 2 Mighty spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realm of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!
- 4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

253.

Nature.—R. C. WATERSTON.

- 1 Nature with eternal youth,
Ever bursts upon thy sight,
All her works are types of truth!
Mirrors of celestial light!
- 2 Unto those who, pure in heart,
For the truth their powers employ,
She will constant good impart,
And diffuse perpetual joy.
- 3 If the mind would nature see,
Let her cherish virtue more;
Goodness hears the golden key
That unlocks her palace door!

Moderato.

1. Father of the human race, Wise, be - nef - i - cent, and kind,
 Spread o'er nature's am - ple face Flows thy goodness un - con - fined:

254.

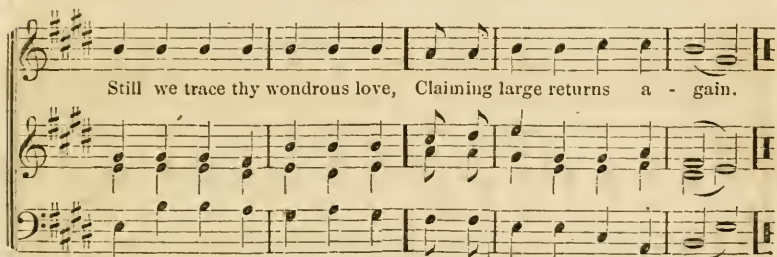
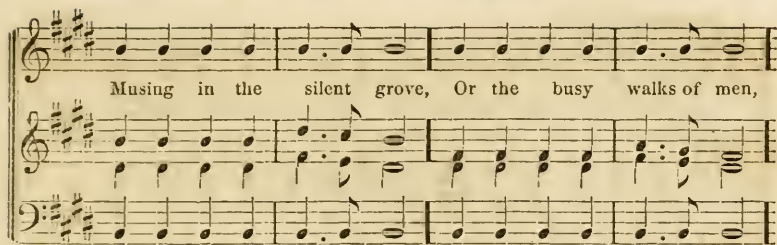
The Acceptable Worship.—J. TAYLOR.

- 1 Father of the human race,
 Wise, beneficent, and kind,
 Spread o'er nature's ample face
 Flows thy goodness unconfined:
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
 Love, embracing all our kind;
 Charity, with liberal store:
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus th'accepted offering bring,—
 Love to thee and all mankind.

255.

All from God.—BOWRING.

- 1 Father! thy paternal care
 Has my guardian been, my guide!
 Every hallowed wish and prayer
 Has thy hand of love supplied;
 Thine is every thought of bliss,
 Left by hours and days gone by;
 Every hope thy offspring is,
 Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray;
 Every moon that shines serene;
 Every morn that welcomes day;
 Every evening's twilight scene;
 Every hour which wisdom brings;
 Every incense at thy shrine;
 These,—and all life's holiest things,
 And its fairest,—God, are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
 Daily to thy gracious throne:
 Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn unwearied, righteous One!
 Through life's strange vicissitude
 Thine reposing all my care,
 Trusting still through ill and good,
 Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.



256.

Duties of Freemen.—J. R. LOWELL.

- 1 Men! whose boast it is, that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?
- 2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.
- 3 They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

257.

Hope that Breathes of Spring.—C. E. HOWE.

- 1 Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry,
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain
And the summer's sun and dew.
- 2 So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in their bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent germ apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart.
- 3 Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to sun and dew.
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's silent clime.

Andante Sostenuto. Fine.

1. Angels, come ye in the light, Make our earthly pathway bright, }
 Scatter flowers around our feet, Fill the earth with perfume sweet, }
 Guide us in the proper course, By your sweet, harmonious voice.

Blessed is your mission clear, Coming from an - oth - er sphere;

D. C.

258.

Gifts of Angels—E. C. HENCK.

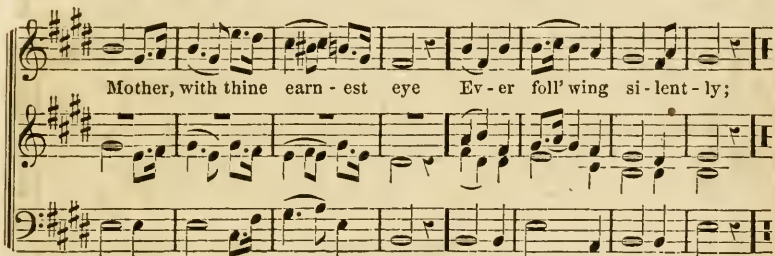
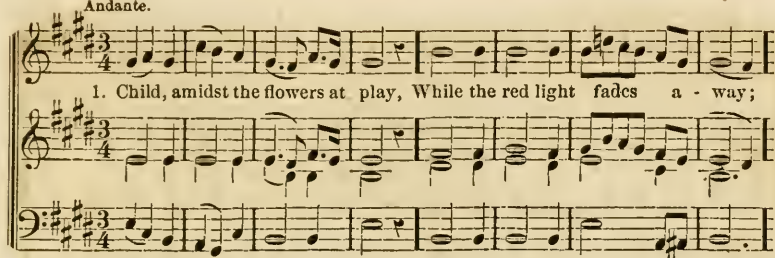
- 1 Angels, come ye in the light,
 Make our earthly pathway bright,
 Scatter flowers around our feet,
 Fill the air with perfume sweet.
 Blessed is your mission clear,
 Coming from another sphere;
 Guide us in the proper course,
 By your sweet, harmonious voice.
- 2 Oh, rejoice ye sons of earth,
 Future heirs of heavenly birth,
 For you, streams of knowledge flow,
 For you, radiant sunbeams glow:
 Truth, her genial faith distills,
 And the fount of knowledge fills,
 Love, her glowing orb inspires,
 And reflect's heaven's golden fires.
- 3 Angels, welcome! draw ye near,
 To us lend the listening ear,
 Give us strength our foes to greet,
 Lovingly as brothers meet,
 Crush all bitter, warring strife,
 By your principles of life;
 For the Truth increase our love,
 Make us one with God above.

259.

Thoughts that Come from Long Ago.—J. S. A.

- 1 There are moments in our life,
 When are hushed its scenes of strife;
 When from busy toil set free,
 Mind goes back the past to see:
 Memory, with its mighty powers,
 Brings to view our childhood hours;
 And with never-ceasing flow
 Come the hours of long ago.
- 2 Oft when troubled and perplexed,
 Worn in heart and sorely vexed,
 Almost sinking 'neath our load,
 Famishing on life's high road,—
 How hath sweet remembrance caught
 From the past some happy thought,
 And, refreshed we on would go,
 Cheered with hopes from long ago.
- 3 What a store-house filled with gems
 Of more worth than diadems,
 Each hath 'neath his own control
 From which to refresh the soul!
 Let us then each action weigh;
 Some good deed perform each day,
 For with never-ceasing flow,
 Thoughts will come from long ago.

Andante.

**260.***Prayer.*—MRS. HEMANS.

- 1 Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away :
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently :
- 2 Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave ;
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be, —
Lift the heart and bend the knee !
- 3 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone :
- 4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

261.*Peace on Earth.*

- 1 Peace! the welcome sound proclaim,
Dwell with rapture on the theme :
Loud, still louder, swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.
- 2 Breezes, whispering soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Breathe the sweet celestial strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

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

- 4 Christians, who these blessings feel
And in adoration kneel,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

262.*Divine Direction.*—RYLAND.

- 1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise ;
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 Thou didst form me by thy power,
Thou wilt guide me, hour by hour ;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief.

1. Watchman ! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that

glo-ry-beaming star. Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Traveller! yes, it brings the

Chorus.

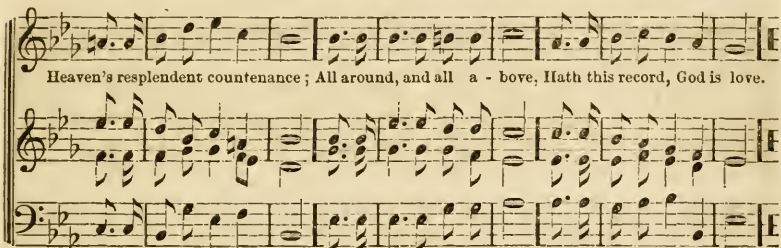
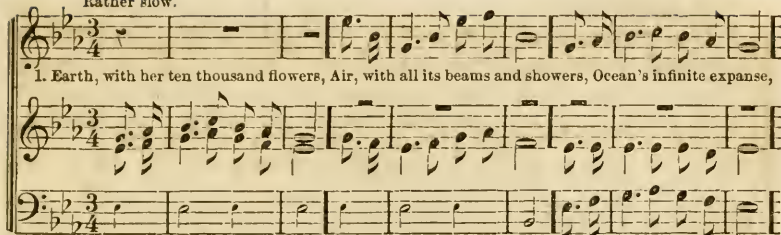
day, Promised day of Is-ra-el. Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.

263.

Watchman ! Tell Us of the Night.—BOWRING.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain height,
See that glory-beaming star.</p> <p>2 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.</p> <p>3 Watchman ! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.</p> | <p>4 Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.</p> <p>5 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.</p> <p>6 Watchman ! joy o'er every land
Bids us God, our God, adore;
Traveller! join we heart and hand,
Worship, praise him, evermore!</p> |
|--|--|

Rather slow.



264.

God is Love.

1 Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record,—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stir'd:
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden,—God is love.

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering,—God is love.

[111]

265.

We shall All be Happy Soon.—J. S. A.

1 Dry our tears and wipe our eyes!
Angel friends beyond the skies
Open wide heaven's shining portal,
Welcome us to joys immortal.
Fear not, weep not, ours the boon;
We shall all be happy soon!

2 Hark! a voice is whispering near;
'Tis an angel voice to cheer;
It entreats us not to weep,
Fresh and green our souls to keep;
And it sings in cheerful tune,
We shall all be happy soon.

3 Thus through life, though grief and care
May be given us to bear,
Though all dense and dark the cloud
That our weary forms enshroud.—
Night will pass, and come the noon,
We shall all be happy soon.

Andante e Legato.

1. Lo! the lil - ies of the field! How their leaves in - struc - tion yield
Hark to nature's les - son given By the blessed birds of heaven!

266.*God Provideth for the Morrow.*—HEBER.

- 1 Lo! the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
- 2 Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety:
Children, banish doubt and sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.
- 3 One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his children lest they fall:
- 4 Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting him, through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

267.*Dews and Tears.*—S. F. ADAMS.

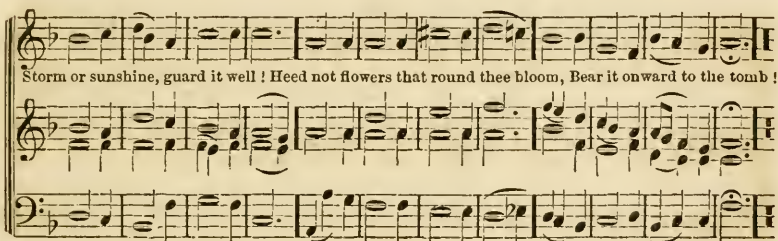
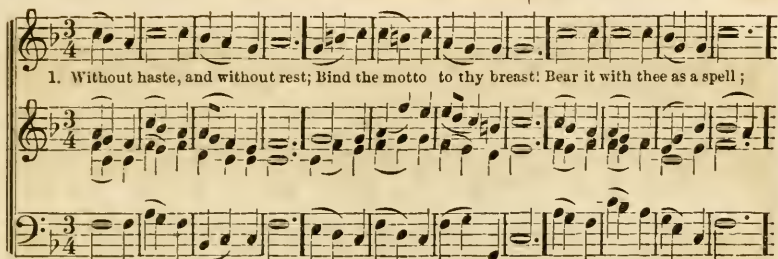
- 1 Gently fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers;
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours.
- 2 Blessed tears and dews that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven!
Let us still his praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

268.*Evening Hymn.*—MRS. FOLLEN.

- 1 Thon from whom we never part,
Thou whose love is everywhere,
Thou who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.
- 2 Father! fill our souls with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love no injuries can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.
- 3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful at the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

269.*Aid Implored.*—W. C. BRYANT.

- 1 Mighty One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet!
- 2 Source of Truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind!
God of Love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind!
- 3 Shed on those who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.



270.

Haste Not—Rest Not.—GOETHE.

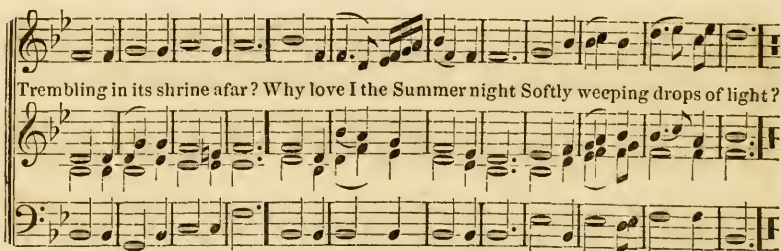
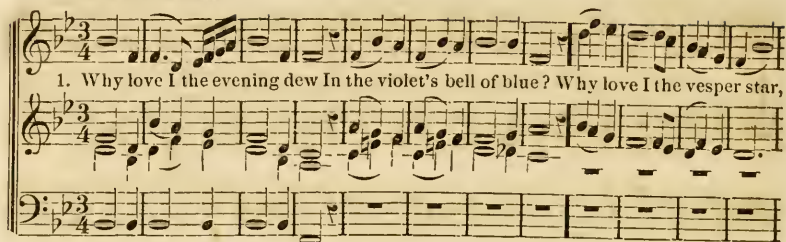
- 1 Without haste, and, without rest;
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!
- 2 Haste not!—let no thoughtless deed
Mar fore'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
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;
Do and dare before you die:
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away!
- 4 Haste not!—rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storm of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Love shall linger at thy side.
Haste not!—rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

271.

Work is Prayer.—DUGANNE.

- 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 mold 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 brethren be thy care—
Labor! labor!—work is prayer.

Andante Affetuoso.



272.

Types of Heaven.—MRS. S. E. MAYO.

- 1 Why love I the evening dew
In the violet's bell of blue?
Why love I the vesper star,
Trembling in its shrine afar?
Why love I the summer night
Softly weeping drops of light?
- 2 Why do rainbows, seen at even,
Seem the glorious paths to heaven?
Why are gushing streamlets fraught
With the notes from angels caught?
Can ye tell me why the wind
Bringeth seraphs to my mind?
- 3 Is it not that faith hath bound
Beauties of all form and sound
To the dreams that have been given
Of the holy things of heaven?
Are they not bright links that bind
Ours unto th'eternal mind?
- 4 From the lowly violet sod,
Links are lengthened unto God.
All of holy—stainless—sweet—
That on earth we hear or meet,
Are but types of that pure love
Brightly realized above.

273.

Give.

- 1 Give as God hath given thee,
With a bounty full and free:
If he hath with liberal hand,
Given wealth to thy command,
For the fulness of thy store,
Give thy needy brother more.
- 2 If the lot his love doth give
Is by earnest toil to live,
If with nerve and sinew strong
Thou dost labor hard and long;
Then, e'en from thy slender store
Give, and God shall give thee more.
- 3 Hearts there are with grief oppressed;
Forms in tattered raiment dressed;
Homes where want and woe abide;
Dens where vice and misery hide;
With a bounty large and free,
Give, as God hath given thee.
- 4 Wealth is thine to aid and bless,
Strength to succor and redress:
Bear thy weaker brother's part,
Strong of hand and strong of heart;
Be thy portion large or small,
Give, for God doth give thee all.

Allegro.

1. There's a strife we all must wage, From life's entrance to its close;

Blest the bold who dare en - gage! Woe for him who seeks re - pose.

274.

The Battle of Life.—BULFINCH.

- 1 There's a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close;
Blest the bold who dare engage!
Woe for him who seeks repose!
- 2 Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.
- 3 What our foes? Each thought impure;
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;
- 4 Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every error of our age.
- 5 On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

[11*]

275.

Grove Hymn.—HENRY MASON.

- 1 Lord! how gracious thou hast been
Thus to clothe the earth with green;
Thus beneath our feet to strew
Emerald carpets for us, too!
- 2 Clap, again, your hands, O, trees!
Bow, ye nodding pines, the knees!
Skip, ye hills!—break forth in song,
Ye starry hosts, the heavens among!
- 3 Let the earth—both sea and sod—
Joy in the Creator, God!
'Neath the shadows of the pine,
We would praise the hand divine.
- 4 Not by fancy's feigned decrees
Do we meet with tongues in trees.
Under these umbrageous limbs
Worlds of insects tune their hymns.
- 5 Fathers! let your praise ascend!
Mothers! let your voices blend!
Brothers! still the strain prolong!—
Sisters! waft the praise along.
- 6 While from leafy covert near
Minstrel birds sing sweet and clear,
How much more, ye groves of pine,
Should we praise the Love divine.

Andante.

1. Floating on the breath of evening, Breathing in the morning prayer,

Hear we oft the tender voi - ces That once made our world so fair;

276.*Angel Friends.*

- 1 Floating on the breath of evening,
Breathing in the morning prayer,
Hear we oft the tender voices
That once made our world so fair.
- 2 We forget, while listening to them,
All the sorrow we have known,
And upon the troubles present,
Faith's pure shining light is thrown.
- 3 Soothing, with their magic whispers,
Calming all our wildest fears,
Thus they bring us sweet submission,
Peace for sorrow, smiles for tears.
- 4 Bless you, angel friends, oh never
Leave us lonely on the way;
For your gentle teachings ever
Meekly may we watch and pray.

277.*Gone to Dwell with Angels.*

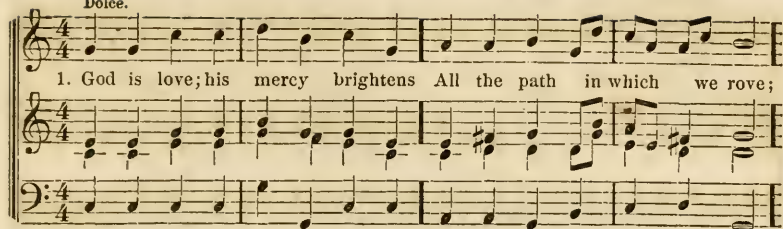
- 1 One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet infant voice has fled,
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear schoolmate upward led.
- 2 But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.

- 3 She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit land.
- 4 May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.
- 5 Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free—
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we each shall be.

278.*The Consolation.*

- 1 Cease ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those you love,
Pain and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely through night's deep'ning shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
'Round the immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

Dolce.

**279.***God is Wisdom—God is Love.*—BOWRING.

- 1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly care entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

280.*Soul-Light.*—R. P. AMBLER.

- 1 Gently o'er the senses stealing,
Lute-like comes an unseen throng,
Spirits, waking each a feeling
With a birth-baptismal song.
- 2 Chalice held by fairy fingers,
Seems the soul—all brimming o'er—
'Neath a fountain, still it lingers
Where the living waters pour.

- 3 Now, a mirror's disk it seemeth,
Far beneath a crystal flow,
Where the inner sun-light gleameth
As the bubbles upward go.

- 4 Beaming eye-light truly telleth,
In a language all its own,
That behind these glances dwelleth
Love, illuming pleasure's throne.

281.*Echoing Voices.*

- 1 Echo him, ye gentle breezes,
Whisper all his praises forth;
Tell of him ye tiny dew-drops,
Ye may speak his glorious worth.
- 2 Sing of him, ye gushing waters,
Chant to him, thou little brook:
All the earth, and all earth's creatures
Read him in th'eternal book.
- 3 Speak of him ye little leaflet,
Smile on him, bright, beauteous flowers,
E'en in tiny grains that sparkle,
See their God, thy God, and ours.
- 4 Echo him, fond hearts of duty,
To his praise sing loud and clear;
For thy soul cull every beauty,
Lo, thy heaven and God are near.

1. Far a - way, the spirit yearneth For the joyous land a - far,

Where the wea - ry eye oft turneth, To the nev - er - fad - ing star.

282.

Far Away.—MARY F. TYLER.

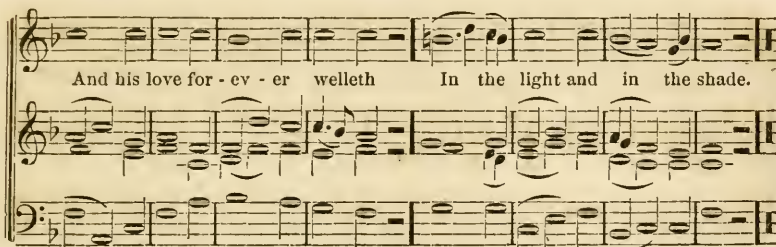
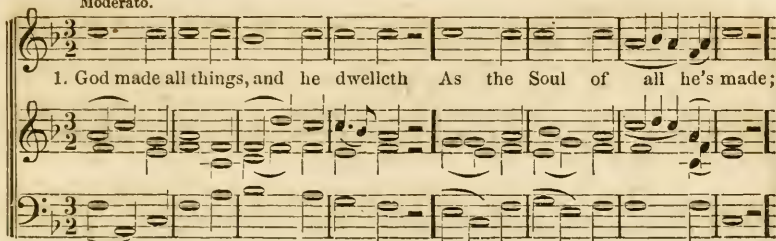
- 1 Far away—the spirit yearneth
For the joyous land afar,
Where the weary eye oft turneth,
To the never-fading star.
- 2 Gazing through the dimness—lighted
By hope's soft translucent ray;
Mourning for the fond hopes blighted,
Looking to the land away.
- 3 Far away—the mind is pouring
Forth its inexhaustless store;
And its holiest thoughts are soaring,
To the far-off shining shore.
- 4 Basking in the fadeless lustre
Faith is shedding on the way;
Cares may gather, ills may cluster,
There's a happy land away.
- 5 Far away—a voice hath called us,
When the spirit sank in fear;
And when error's chain enthralled us,
Then an arm of strength was near.
- 6 Far away—forever—ever
Beams the fast approaching day;
Hopes may fade and ties may sever,
There's a better land away,

283.

Communion of Saints.—MRS. MACKEY.

- 1 Saints above hold sweet communion
With the loved ones yet below,
Blending in unfettered union
Thoughts that none but angels know.
- 2 Oft when weary hearts are aching,
Star-light glimpses of their peace
Angels bring us, sad ones making
Sharers of their blessedness.
- 3 When o'er all soft slumber reigning
Chases sordid cares away,
Then the soul from earth unchaining
Seeks the light of upper day.
- 4 Guardian angels vigils keeping,
Sing in gentle strains the while,
And the burdened heart and weeping
Often of its griefs beguile.
- 5 Guide us, angels, oh, instruct us,
Gently chiding if we roam;
When our change arrives, conduct us
To the blissful spirit-home.

Moderato.



284.

Love and Goodness Supreme.—J. S. A.

- 1 God made all things, and he dwelleth
As the Soul of all he's made;
And his love forever welletth
In the light and in the shade.
- 2 Therefore, if each form of being
Its existence hath of God,
All its thinking, acting, seeing,
In the sky or on the sod:
- 3 Move in him whose good and glorious;
If he liveth in each thing,
Then will he all these victorious
To a joy eternal bring.
- 4 Blessed thought,—that God can never
Aught of his creation leave;
But in us will dwell forever,
We to him forever cleave.
- 5 He is peace, and love, and gladness;
Living in us, we in him,
Who shall cloud our sky with sadness,
Who our sun's effulgence dim?

285.

Aspirations.

- 1 Father! hear the prayer we offer;
For sweet peace we do not cry,
But for grace that we may ever,
Live our lives courageously.
- 2 Not within the fresh, green pastures,
Will we ask that we may lie;
But the steep and rugged pathway,
That we tread rejoicingly.
- 3 Not beside the clear, still waters,
Do we pray thou wilt us guide,
But we'd smite the flinty boulder,
Whence the living spring may glide.
- 4 If we go where flowers of summer,
Still the rugged path adorn,
Let us weave them into garlands,
Though each one should bear a thorn.
- 5 Be our strength in every weakness,
In our doubt, be thou our guide;
Through each peril, through each danger,
Draw us nearer to thy side.

Andante con moto.

1. On, still on, the worlds are speeding Through the heavens with step sublime;

On, still on, the nations leading, March we through the deeps of time!

286.*On, Still On!*

- 1 On, still on, the worlds are speeding
Through the heavens with step sublime;
On, still on, the nations leading,
March we through the deeps of time!
- 2 Through the shadows of the ages,
Onward, upward, lies our way—
Till we reach the morning-edges,
Climbing to the climbing day!
- 3 Press we on, with hearts undaunted—
Leaving all that time hath won—
Through the dusky phantom-haunted
Passes of Oblivion.
- 4 Night is o'er us, heights before us,
Human footsteps never trod:
Still ascending, we are wending
On beneath the stars and God.

287.*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.
- 2 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.

- 3 One by one (bright gifts from heaven,) Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
- 4 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an arméd band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.
- 7 Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
- 8 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.

1. When the hours of day are numbered, And the voices of the night,

Wake the better soul that slumbered To a holy, calm delight.

288.

Footsteps of Angels.—LONGFELLOW.

- 1 When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night,
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight.
- 2 Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;
- 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.

289.

'We are Wiser.'—CHARLES MACKAY.

- 1 Thou, who in the noon-time brightness
Seest a shadow undefined;
Hearst a voice that indistinctly
Whispers caution to thy mind:
- 2 Thou, who hast a vague forboding
That a peril may be near,
E'en when Nature smiles around thee,
And thy Conscience holds thee clear—
- 3 Trust the warning—look before thee—
Angels may the mirror show,
Dimly still, but sent to guide thee,—
We are wiser than we know.
- 4 Countless chords of heavenly music
Struck ere earthly time began,
Vibrate in immortal concord
To the answering soul of man.
- 5 Countless rays of heavenly glory
Shine through spirit pent in clay,
On the wise men at their labors,
On the children at their play.
- 6 Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,
Seen the glory, heard the music,—
We are wiser than we know.

1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand e-vent-ful time,
In an age on ag-es telling; To be living is sub-lime.

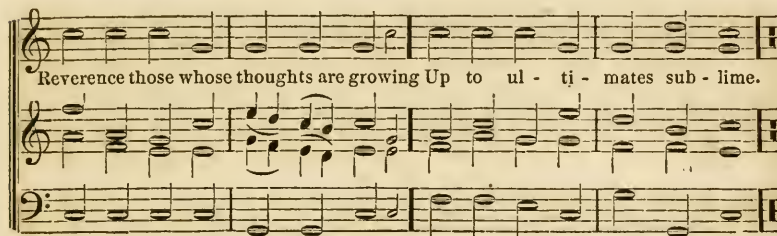
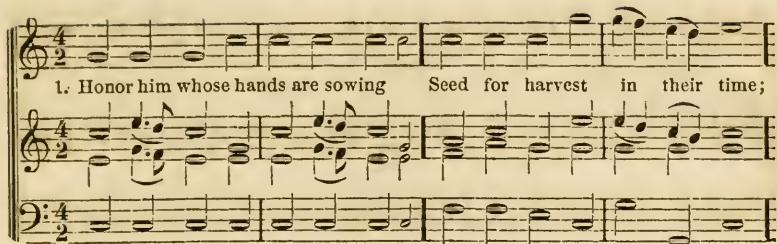
290.*A Call to Action.*—A. C. COXE.

- 1 We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand eventful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.
- 2 Hark! the waking up of nations,
Truth and Error to the fray.
Hark! what soundeth? 'tis creation
Groaning for its latter day?
- 3 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
- 4 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O, up, thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.
- 5 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.

- 6 On! let all the soul within you
For the Truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

291.*The Advance of Truth.*

- 1 Truth is dawning! see the Morning
Kindled over sea and land!
And the gilded hills are warning,
That the day-spring may not stand!
- 2 Far adown it flows and widens,
Souls are lighted by the blaze;
And the distant mountain-summits
Stand transfigured with its rays.
- 3 Listen to the acclamation
Borne along from steep to steep;
Nation calling unto nation
Like the surges of the deep.
- 4 Brothers, onward! lo, our standard
Soaring in immortal youth;
We're the vanguard of the nations,
Girded with the might of Truth!

**292.**

Honor to whom Honor is Due.—A. CAREY.

- 1 Honor him whose hands are sowing
Seed for harvest in their time— [ing]
Reverence those whose thoughts are grow-
Up to ultimates sublime.
- 2 All the progress of the ages
May be traced back to their hands—
All the illuminated pages
Of the books, into their plans.
- 3 Lo, the humble flower that's lying
In your pathway, may contain
Some elixir, which the dying
Generation sought in vain.
- 4 In the stone that waits the turning
Of some curious hand, from sight.
Fiery atoms may be burning,
That would fill the world with light.
- 5 Let us then, in reverence bowing,
Honor most of all mankind.
Such as keep their great thoughts plowing
Deepest in the field of mind.
- 2 Oh, illumine our souls when sorrow
Gathers clouds around our hearts,
Show to us the joyous morrow,
Which but life and joy imparts.
- 3 Oh we greet thy beams with gladness,
Promise of a brighter day,
Which shall chase away all sadness,
While bright glories round us play.
- 4 Shine thou on, thou starry token,
Of the joys that are to come,
When by love's bright chain unbroken,
We shall all be gathered home.

294.

The Kindred Few.

293.

Star of Progress.

- 1 Star of Progress, guide us onward
By thy ever glorious light,
May our motto e'er be—'Onward,'
Swerve not to the left nor right.
- 2 If misfortune should o'ertake us,
May we find a home with those
Who may chide but not forsake us,
Who will soothe our wants and woes.
- 2 Cast our lots with those who love us,
Whose hearts tested, still prove true;
Oh like angel forms above us,
Heaven will guard the kindred few.

1. Earth is waking, day is breaking; Darkness from the hills has flown;

Pale with terror, trembling Error Flies for-ev-er from her throne!

295.*Day is Breaking.*

- 1 Earth is waking, day is breaking!
Darkness from the hills has flown;
Pale with terror, trembling Error
Flies forever from her throne!
- 2 Up, to labor, friend and neighbor;
Hope and work with all thy might
Heaven is near thee, God will see thee,
He doth ever bless the right.
- 3 Earth is waking, day is breaking!
Fellow toiler bend thine ear;
Hear ye not the angels speaking
Words of love and words of cheer?
- 4 Then to labor, friend and neighbor,
With thy soul's resistless might;
Never fear thee, God is near thee,
He doth ever bless the right.

296.*Midnight Guests.*

- 1 In the lone and silent midnight,
When the stars from darkness creep
One by one, like blessed beacons,
Sentinel our holy sleep;
- 2 Then I feel within my spirit
Breathings of a purer life—
Voices of an inward music
Calming all my outward strife.

- 3 Light breaks in upon my slumber—
Light of more than earthly bliss;
Low and sweet come many whispers
Soft with heavenly joyousness.
- 4 And around me, pure and saint-like
Forms in love and wisdom bright,
Move through air with shadowy footsteps
Smiling love with eyes of light.

297.*Nobility.*

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

298.*Evening Parting Hymn.*

- 1 Lo! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
Yet the sun that ever shineth
Fills our souls with heavenly light.
- 2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, with thine evening blessing
Rest we safe beneath thy wing.

Moderato.

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

299.

A Psalm of Life.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

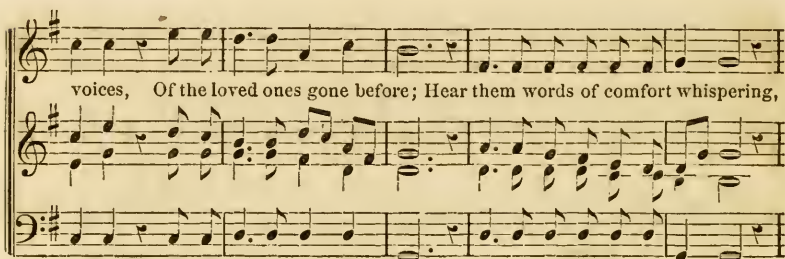
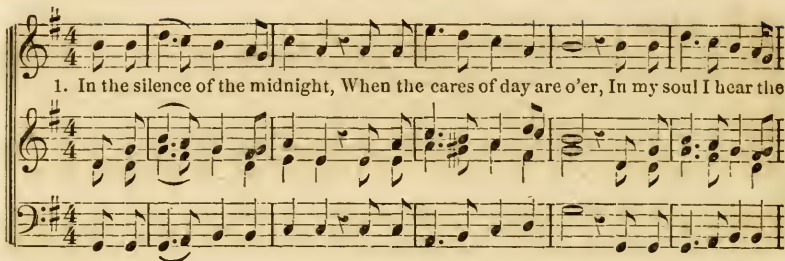
- 1 Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
- 2 Life is real—life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art—to dust returnest—
Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.
- 4 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!
- 5 Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act in the glorious present,
Heart within, and God o'er head.
- 6 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footsteps on the sands of time:

- 7 Footsteps, that, perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
- 8 Let us then be up and doing;
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

300.

Progress.—ALICE CAREY.

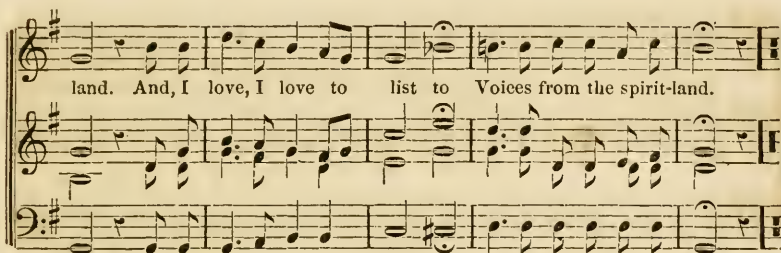
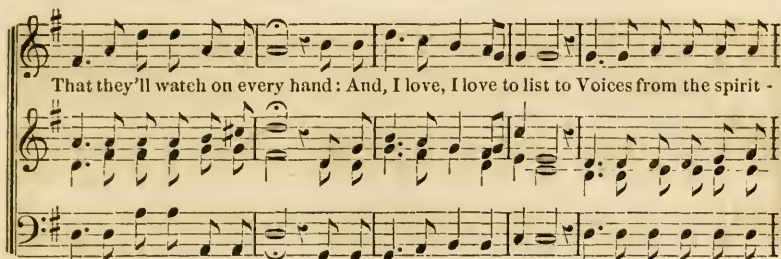
- 1 Toiling in the earthly vineyard
Many bands have found a place!
Some are nearing to the summit—
Some are at the mountain's base.
- 2 Progress is the stirring watchword,
Cheers them upward to the height;
Canst thou pause and play the laggard,
With its glories full in sight?
- 3 Who shall tell what bound or barrier
To improvement heaven designed?
Who shall dare to fix the limits
To the onward march of mind?
- 4 Only he, who into being
Called th'unfathom'd human soul,
He for whom the hymn of Progress
Through eternity shall roll!

**301.***Voices from the Spirit Land.*—J. S. A.

- 1 In the silence of the midnight,
When the cares of day are o'er,
In my soul I hear the voices
Of the loved ones gone before;
Hear them words of comfort whisp'ring,
That they'll watch on every hand;
And I love, I love to list to
Voices from the spirit-land.
- 2 In my wanderings oft there cometh
Sudden stillness to my soul,
When around, above, within it,
Rapturous joys unnumbered roll;
Though around me all is tumult,
Noise and strife on every hand,
Yet within my soul, I list to
Voices from the spirit-land.
- 3 Loved ones that have gone before me,
Whisper words of peace and joy;
Those that long since have departed,
Tell me their divine employ
Is to watch and guard my footsteps;
Oh, it is an angel band!
And my soul is cheered in hearing
Voices from the spirit-land.

302.*Rejoice Evermore.*—E. W. S. CANNING.

- 1 When the glorious morning breaketh
O'er the hills with cheering glow,
And on every spray awaketh
All the songs of earth below;
Catch the notes of dawning beauty
As like incense they arise,
And on wings of love and duty
Let our joy salute the skies.
- 2 While the glorious daylight burneth,
From the tides of lofty noon,
Till earth's golden axle turneth
Toward the chamber of the moon;
When the quiet velvet even
Noiseless trips along the lea,
Let our souls to musing given,
Of a joyous tenor be.
- 3 If in gratitude abounding,
Shall our hearts find sweet employ,
Every tuneful chord resounding,
With the notes of constant joy,
E'en the tear of human sorrow
Still through skies of mercy fall;
And fresh tints of glory borrow,
And to fresh rejoicing call.

**303.***Doubt Not! Joy shall Come at Last.*

- 1 When the day of life is dreary,
And when gloom thy course enshrouds,
When thy steps are faint and weary,
And thy spirit dark with clouds.—
Steadfast still in thy well-doing,
Let thy soul forget the past;
Steadfast still the right pursuing,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.
- 2 Striving still and onward pressing
Seek no future years to know,
But deserve the wished-for blessing;
It shall come though it be slow;
Never tiring—upward gazing—
Let thy fears aside be cast,
And thy trials tempting, braving,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.
- 3 His fond eye is watching o'er thee—
His strong arm shall be thy guard—
Duty's path is strait before thee;
It shall lead to thy reward,
By thine ills thy faith made stronger,
Mould the future by the past—
Hope on then a little longer!
Doubt not! joy will come at last.

[12*]

304.*Spiritual Worship.—T. L. HARRIS.*

- 1 Holy Lord! in pure devotion
All the angels praise thy name,
In the loving heart's emotion
All thy glorious deeds proclaim.
Changed from glory unto glory
They delight to sing thy love,
Till the sweet and sacred story
Fills the highest spheres above.
- 2 Father! while that song of praises
Fills the temple of the skies,
Here its hymn devotion raises,
Here the songs of faith arise.
Breathe, O Lord! thy spirit blessing,
Unconfined by time or space.
Let us all, thy peace possessing,
Rest within thy love's embrace.
- 3 While the midnight turns to morning,
While the world forsakes its tomb,
Clothe us with divine adorning,
Crown us with immortal bloom.
While thy angels move beside us,
Clasping still the feeble hand,
Safely, Lord! O safely guide us,
Till we reach the happy land.

Allegretto Moderato.

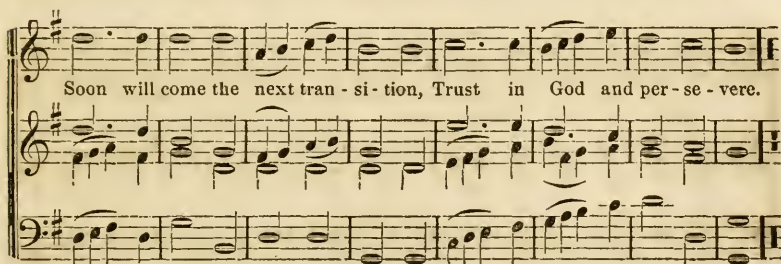
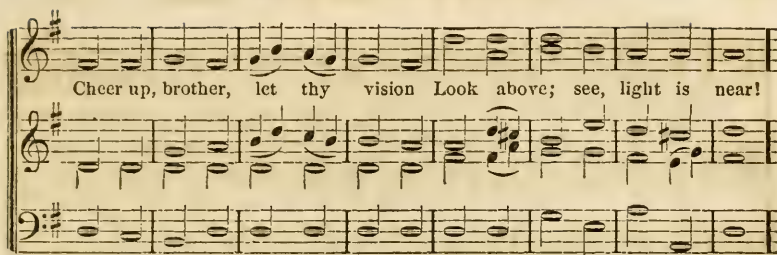
1. Brother, is life's morning clouded, Has the sunlight ceased to shine?
Is the earth in darkness shrouded, Would'st thou at thy lot re - pine?

305.*Trust in God and Persevere.*

- 1 Brother, is life's morning clouded,
Has the sunlight ceased to shine?
Is the earth in darkness shrouded,
Would'st thou at thy lot repine?
Cheer up, brother, let thy vision
Look above; see, light is near!
Soon will come the next transition,
'Trust in God, and persevere.'
- 2 Brother, all things round are calling
With united voice, 'be strong!'
Though the wrongs of earth be galling,
They must lose their strength ere long.
Yes, my brother, though life's trouble
Drive thee near to dark despair,
Soon 'twill vanish like a bubble,
'Trust in God, and persevere.'
- 3 He, from his high throne in heaven,
Watches every step you take,
He will see each fetter riven,
Which your foes in anger make;
Cheer up, brother, he has power
To dry up the bitter tear;
And though darkest tempests lower
'Trust in God, and persevere.'

306.*The Present.*

- 1 Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled;
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
Crown'd 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!
- 2 See the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne;
And each day the ranks are strengthene
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.
- 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 harvests in her hands.



307.

Stand Firm.—F. D. GAGE.

- 1 There are moments when life's shadows,
Fall all darkly on the soul,
Hiding stars of hope behind them
In a black, impervious scroll;
When we walk with trembling footsteps,
Scarcely knowing how or where
The dim paths we tread are leading,
In our midnight of despair!
- 2 Stand we firm in that dread moment—
Stand we firm, nor shrink away;
Looking boldly through the darkness,
Wait the coming of the day;
Gathering strength while we are waiting
For the conflict yet to come;
Fear not, fail not, light will lead us
Yet in safety to our home.
- 3 Firmly stand—though sirens lure us;
Firmly stand—though falsehood rail,
Holding justice, truth and mercy,
Die we may—but cannot fail:
Fail!—it is the word of cowards;
Fail!—the language of the slave;
Firmly stand, till duty beckons;
Onward then, e'en to the grave.

308.

Onward.—H. W. PAYSON.

- 1 Onward—onward! slow and steady;
Be each footprint firm and deep,
Bear your form erect and noble,
While the narrow path you keep.
Do the work which God has given you,
Be your calling what it may;
Bury not, nor hoard your talents:
Labor with them on your way.
- 2 Onward! onward! look not round you,
At the laborers by your side;
If you pause in idle dreamings,
From the path your foot will slide.
Yet help on your feeble brother,
If he faint in doubt or fear,
Let your love his spirit strengthen,
Let your faith his spirit cheer.
- 3 Onward! onward!—look beyond you,
Keep the beacon-light in view;
Let no idle words entice you,
Lure you from the safe and true.
Onward, with your heart ennobling,
Soul refining more and more,
Till it at the gate of heaven
Drop the burden that it bore.

Gently. Fine.

1. Peace be thine, the angels greet thee. Kindred spirit! welcome here. }
 In their blissful calm they meet thee, Shed abroad their loving sphere, }
 For the beanti-ful Im-mor-tals Worship in our midst to-day.

D. C.

Enter then the sacred portals, Here thy heart's pure homage pay;
 For the beautiful Immortals Worship in our midst to-day.

309.

Celestial Greetings.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 Peace be thine, the angels greet thee.
 Kindred spirit! welcome here.
 In their blissful calm they meet thee—
 Shed abroad their loving sphere.
 Enter then the sacred portals,
 Here thy heart's pure homage pay;
 For the beautiful Immortals
 Worship in our midst to-day.
- 2 With us all the meek-voiced angels,
 Reverent and adoring stand;
 While we hear divine evangels
 From the Soul's great Father-land.
 Oh! though Sorrow's chain hath bound us,
 All our grief shall pass away;
 For the father's hand hath crowned us
 In his glorious courts to-day.

310.

The Sower and his Sheaves.—HASTINGS.

- 1 He who goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing still the precious seed,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Soon shall see his toil succeed;
 Showers of rain will fall from heaven,
 Then the cheering sun will shine,
 So shall plenteous fruit be given,
 Through an influence all divine.

- 2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let not fear thy mind employ;
 Though the prospect be most dreary,
 Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy:
 Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
 See the rising grain appear;
 Look again! the fields are whit'ning,
 Harvest time is surely near.

311.

Life and Labor.

- 1 Labor fearless, labor faithful,
 Labor while the day shall last;
 For the shadows of the evening
 Soon the sky shall overcast;
 Ere shall end thy day of labor,
 Ere shall rest thy manhood's sun,
 Strive with every power within thee,
 That th' appointed task be done.
- 2 Life is not the traceless shadow,
 Nor the wave upon the beach,
 Though our days are brief, yet lasting
 Is the stamp we give to each:
 Life is real, life is earnest,
 Full of labor, full of thought;
 Every hour and every moment
 Is with living vigor fraught.

Allegro.

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

Journeying pain-ful - ly and slowly On the dark and desert way?

Pause not, tho' the proud ones frown; Shrink not, fear not; live them down!

312.

Live Them Down.

- 1 Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, drudging, day by day,
Journeying painfully and slowly
On the dark and desert way?
Pause not, tho' the proud ones frown;
Shrink not, fear not; live them down!
- 2 Though to vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to virtue thou shalt kneel;
Yet thou shalt escape not slander—
Jibe and jeer thy soul must feel.
Jest of witting, curse of clown,
Heed not either; live them down!

- 3 Hate may wield her scourges horrid,
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead,
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through Cross shall come the Crown!
Fear not foemen; live them down!

313.

Waking every Morn to Duty!

- Waking every morn to duty,
Ere its hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love or mercy
Crown the labors of the day.
Brighter prospects ope before;
Upward, onward, evermore!

Andantino.

1. Come they, when the shades of evening Gather soft-ly o'er the earth;

When tired nature sweetly sleeping, Waits to wake at morning's birth,

314.*Angel Whispers.*

1 Come they, when the shades of evening,
Gather softly o'er the earth;
When tired nature sweetly sleeping,
Waits to wake at morning's birth,
Breathing in the burdened bosom
Thoughts with such sweet counsel rife,
That we gather strength from heaven,
For the daily cares of life.

2 Come they, when the veil of sorrow
Thickly mantles every heart,
When the weary, anguished spirit,
Sinks beneath affliction's dart;—
Bright-winged messengers of mercy
To each lonely stricken one,
Bearing up their silent pleadings
To a gracious Father's throne.

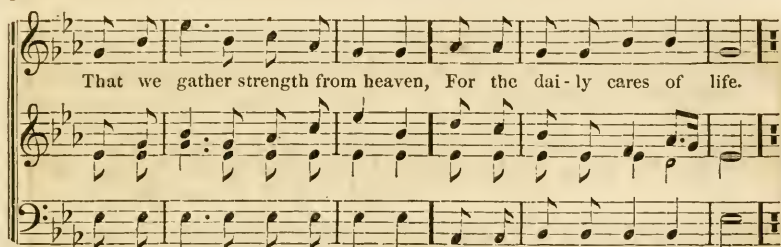
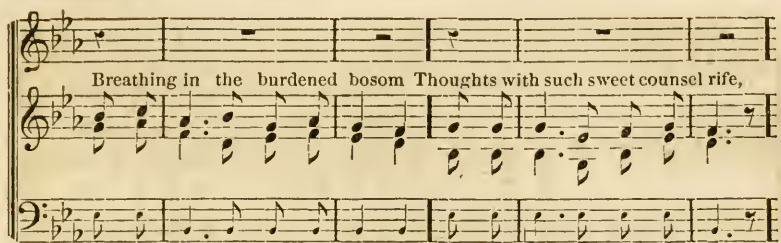
3 Come they, every woe to soften,
Every dream of love to bless,
Every hope of heaven to strengthen,
Every evil thought repress.
Silently, yet heavy laden
With the joys no bright hath stained,
Filling every thirsty fountain
That the ills of life have drained.

4 Yes, they come; those angel whispers,
Sweetest balm for every smart;
Come to raise hope's drooping pinions,
Come to lighten every heart,
Come to teach us all the lesson,
Meekly to adore our God—
Know his judgments, trust his mercy,
Bow beneath his chastening rod.

315.*Spiritual Union.*

1 Here all worldly cares forgetting,
Every stormy passion stilled,
Angels bless us with their presence,
And our souls with peace are filled.
Vainly break life's bitter surges
'Gainst the walls that gird us in;
Only in the faintest murmurs,
Comes to us their angry din.

2 Guardian spirits bending o'er us,
Light and joy around us shed,
And each feels, in benediction,
Loving hands upon his head;
Then while heart to heart replieth,
Through the pulse's rhythmic beat,
Soul with soul, not less accordant,
Blendeth in communion sweet.

**316.***Angel Friends.*

- 1 Floating on the breath of evening,
Breathing in the morning prayer,
Hear I oft the tender voices
That once made my world so fair;
I forget, while listening to them,
All the sorrow I have known,
And upon the troubles present,
Faith's pure shining light is thrown;
- 2 Soothing with their magic whispers,
Calming all my wildest fears,
Thus they bring me sweet submission,
Peace for sorrow, smiles for tears.
Bless you, angel friends, for never
Am I lonely on the way;
Since your gentle teachings ever
Guide and guard me night and day.

317.*Rural Gathering.*

- 1 Here we meet with joy together,
'Neath the shade of leafy trees,
While the branches make sweet music
Rustling in the summer breeze.
Filled with love each heart rejoices,
Breathing forth the secret prayer;
While young children's sweet-toned voices
Float upon the balmy air.

2 Hour of gladness, scene of beauty!

Radiant all around, above;
Speaking to the soul of duty,
Hope and faith and heavenly love.
Day of happiness and pleasure,
Ne'er wilt thou forgotten be!
But 'mid memory's choicest treasure,
We will guard and cherish thee.

318.*Love Divine.*

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Graciously come down, for never,
Canst thou thy dear children leave.

1. Meek and lowly, pure and holy, Chief among the blessed three, Turning sadness into gladness, Heaven-born art thou, Charity! Pity dwelleth in thy bosom, Kindness reigneth o'er thy

319.*Charity.*

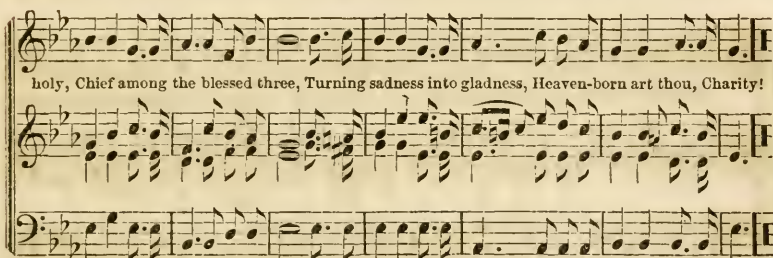
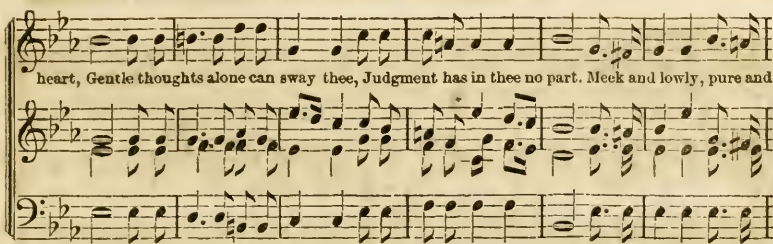
- 1 Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment hath in thee no part.
- 2 Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy heavenly Father's will;
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.

320.*Kindred Spirits.*

- 1 Gently as the weeping willow,
Sighs responsive to the breeze,
Or the morning zephyrs whisper
To the half unfolded leaves.

Bends the cords of kindred Spirits
Wakeful to each other's strains,
Each the other's impulse sharing,
Know its joys and feels its pains.

- 2 Sweetly as the wind-harp trembles
Swept by fairy hands unseen,
When the genii haunt the bowers
In the summer woodlands green,
Speaks the silvery voice confiding,
Breathing through its tranquil tone
Thoughts whose depth of latent being
Stirs the fountain of our own.
- 3 Fondly as the waking flower,
From the drowsy air of night
Smiles to greet the pleasant morning
With its cheerfulness and light;
Turns the lonely heart from sadness,
Yielding to the mystic tie
Which transmits the sweet assurance
That a kindred soul is nigh.
- 4 Pure the source, oh! kindred feeling,
Whence thy sweet impulses flow,
Sending hope and joy and gladness,
Man, without thee ne'er might know;
Thou dost preach of love immortal—
Love beyond the sphere of time;
Thou hadst, sure, thy birth in heaven—
Earth is not thy native clime.



321.

Passing On of Children.—GALLAGHER.

- 1 They are passing, upward passing,
Dearest beings of our love,
And their spirit-forms are glassing
In the beautiful above:
There we see them—there we hear them,
Through our dreams they ever move:
And we long to be anear them,
In the beautiful above.
- 2 They are going, gently going,
In their angel-robcs to stand,
Where the stream of life is flowing
In the far-off silent land.
We shall mourn them—we shall miss them
From our broken little band;
But our souls shall still caress them,
In the far-off silent land.
- 3 They are singing, sweetly singing,
Far beyond the vale of night,
Where the angel-harps are ringing,
And the day is ever bright.
We can love them—we can greet them—
From this land of dimmer light,
Till God takes us hence to meet them
Where the day is ever bright.

[13]

322.

Speak Not Harshly.—F. J. CROSBY.

- 1 Speak not harshly when reproving
Those from duty's path who stray:
If we would reclaim the erring,
Kindness must each action sway.
Speak not harshly to the wayward;—
Win their confidence—their love;
They will feel how pure the motive
That hath led us to reprove.
- 2 Speak not harshly to the stranger,
Though he come in humble guise;
Think how slight a thing would kindle
Gladness in a stranger's eyes.
Speak not harshly to the felon,
Though like adamant his heart,
Touch one chord of fond affection,
And the scalding tear may start.
- 3 Speak not harshly to the orphan,
He hath borne of grief his share.
Add not to his heavy burden
Add not to corroding care.
Speak not harshly, was the precept
Which to man the Saviour taught;
May that precept ever guide us—
Gentle words will cost us nought.

Andante.

1. Part in peace! is day be - fore us? Praise his name for life and light;

Are the shadows length'ning o'er us? Bless his care who guards the night.

323.*Part in Peace.*—SARAH F. ADAMS.

- 1 Part in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light;
Are the shadows length'ning o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil mem'ry to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

324.*Hymn of the Hopeful.*—PHOEBE CAREY.

- 1 Bringing pleasant hopes and visions,
Comes to us another year;
And our hearts with happy promise,
Are too full for any fear.
- 2 We will strive with each day's closing,
With each morning's glad return,
Better still to learn our duty,
And to practice what we learn.
- 3 We will view mankind as brothers,
Fellow pilgrims on the road
To the great eternal city,
And our common father, God.

- 4 We will shrink not from the sinful,
Fearing that their touch may taint;
We will bear each other's burdens,
If at noontide any faint.
- 5 And we will, by each example,
By the past which we recall,
And by all we would accomplish,
Live hereafter each for all.
- 6 So we may, when he shall call us
To the Father, good and just,
Answer: 'As our brother's keeper,
We are faithful to our trust.'

325.*Evening Incense.*

- 1 On the dewy breath of even
Thousand odors mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,—
Nature's evening sacrifice.
- 2 With her favorite offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgiving be,
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,
Incense of our hearts to thee.
- 3 Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

Dolce.

1. Heaven is here; its hymns of gladness Cheer the true be-liev-er's way,

In this world where clouds of sadness Of-ten change to night our day.

326.

Heaven is Here.—J. G. ADAMS.

- 1 Heaven is here; its hymns of gladness
Cheer the true believer's way,
In this world where clouds of sadness
Often change to night our day.
- 2 Heaven is here; where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen;
Where the face of sorrow brightened
By the deed of love has been;
- 3 Where the bound, the poor, despairing
Are set free, supplied and blest;
Where in other's anguish sharing,
We can find our surest rest.
- 4 Where we heed the voice of duty
Rather than man's praise, or rod;
This is heaven—its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the smile of God.

327.

Vespers.

- 1 Now the shade of evening falleth,
Mingled music fills the air:
'Tis the hour when nature calleth,
'Ev'ry spirit bend in prayer.'
- 2 From earth's million pores exhaling,
Streams of sound like incense rise,
On the breath of ev'ning sailing,
Slowly wafted to the skies.

- 3 'Tis the solemn hymn of nature:—
Peopled village, wood, and sea,
Silent shape, and living creature,
Swell the flood of harmony.

328.

Opening Hymn.

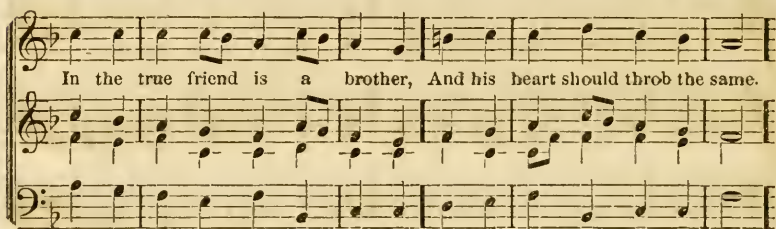
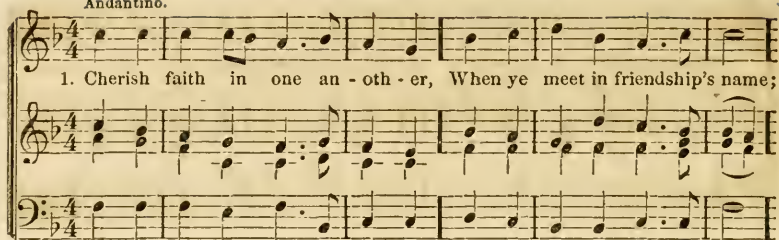
- 1 Holy Father, gently bless us,
Lead our every thought above.
Let no earthly care oppress us,
May we all be filled with love.
- 2 Loving spirits hover o'er us.
Angels bright in truth's array,
Ope the path of life before us,
Lead us on to cloudless day.
- 3 Let no jarring thought divide us,
Sweetest harmony be ours:
Wisdom's richest feast provide us,
As we pass these happy hours.

329.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 May the grace of guardian angels,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the loving spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Andantino.

**330.***Have Faith in One Another.*

- 1 Cherish faith in one another,
When you meet in friendship's name;
In the true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same.
Though your path in life may differ,
Since the hour when first ye met,
Still have faith in one another—
You may need that friendship yet.
- 2 O have faith in one another,
When ye speak a brother's vow;
It may not be always summer,
Not be always bright as now;
And when wintry clouds hang o'er ye,
If some kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another,
O, ye never shall despair!
- 3 Then have faith in one another,
And let honor be your guide;
Let the Truth alone be spoken,
Whatsoever may betide.
The false may reign a little season,
Doubt ye not, it sometimes will;
Yet have faith in one another,
And the Truth shall triumph still.

331.*Praise for Light and Darkness.*

- 1 Joy and pain to all are given;—
In the cup of human life,
E'en as in the April-heaven
Smiles and tears are still in strife.
Happiness is all around thee,
If thou seek for it aright,
Darkness doth not so confound thee,
That thou canst not find the light.
- 2 Sadly when thy spirit sigheth,
'Neath its weight of anguish bowed,
And upon thy heart there lieth
The dark shadow of a cloud,
Look thou up in faith to heaven,
God will give thee strength to bear,
All that unto thee is given
Of distress, and grief, and care.
- 3 When thy cup o'erflows with gladness,
Lift thy thankful heart above;
If oppressed with fear and sadness,
Trust thy heavenly Father's love.
Thou shalt know each hidden reason,
When thine earthly work is done,
Praise him, then, in every season,
For the shadow and the sun!

Though your path in life may dif - fer, Since the hour when first ye met,

Still have faith in one an - oth - er You may need that friendship yet.

332.

Ministering Spirits.—MRS. OLIVER.

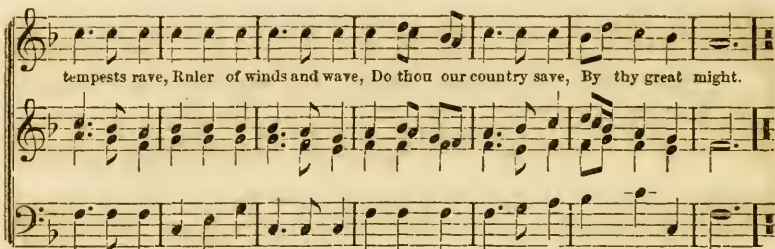
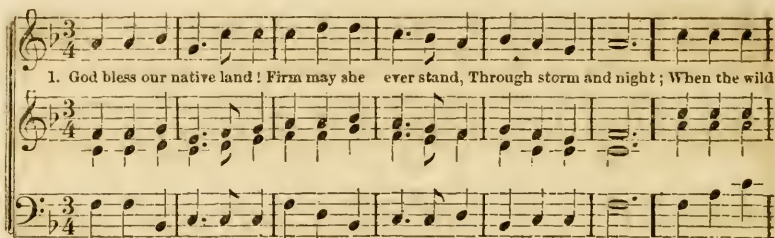
- 1 They are winging, they are winging
Through the thin blue air their way;
Unseen harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.
Could we pierce the shadows o'er us,
And behold that seraph band,
Long-lost friends would bright before us
In angelic beauty stand,
- 2 Lo! the dim, blue mist is sweeping
Slowly from our longing eyes,
And our hearts are upward leaping
With a deep and glad surprise.
We behold them—close beside us,
Dwellers of the spirit-land;
Mists and shades alone divide us
From that glorious seraph band.
- 2 And we know they hover round us
In the morning's rosy light,
And their unseen forms surround us
All the deep and silent night.
Yes, they're winging—they are winging
Through the thin blue air their way!
Spirit-harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.

[13*]

333.

Spring is Coming.

- 1 Spring is coming—spring is coming,
Winter's reign has passed away—
Snow and ice—they have departed—
Ope'd the way for blushing May.
Birds are singing—Birds are singing,
In the meadow—on the lawn—
And their sweet and joyous music
Welcomes each returning dawn.
- 2 Flowers are budding—Flowers are budding,
All their beauty to display,
And enrich us with their fragrance,
Making sweet the breath of day.
Spring is coming—Spring is coming,
Changing death to joy and life;
Lift your hearts to him who ruleth,
Making earth with blessings rife.
- 3 Look above—a Spring is coming
Rich with flowers of heavenly dyes;
Choral music fills its arches,
And its lights are mercy's eyes.
Welcome, welcome—Spring supernal,
Welcome all thy joys divine—
Welcome with thy fadeless glories—
In thy bowers our hearts enshrine.

**334.***God Bless our Native Land.*

- 1 God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do thou our country save,
 By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God above the skies;
 On him we wait;
 Thou who hast heard each sigh,
 Watching each weeping eye,
 Be thou forever nigh;—
 God save the State!

335.*God of the Harvest Praise.*

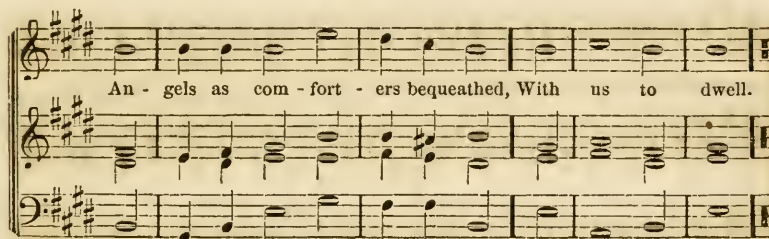
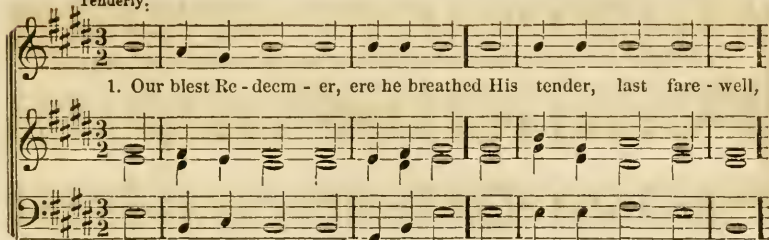
- 1 God of the harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart and voice;
 The valleys smile and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice!

- 2 God of the harvest praise;
 Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
 With sweet accord;
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in your harvest-song
 Praise ye the Lord.

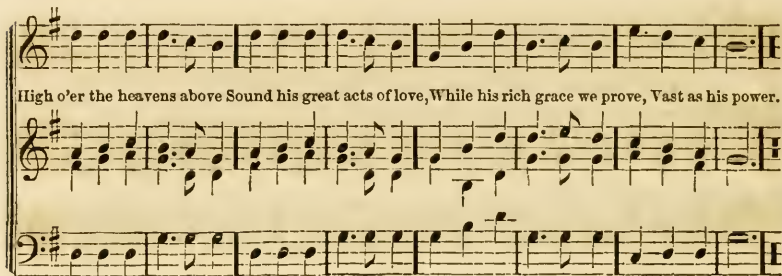
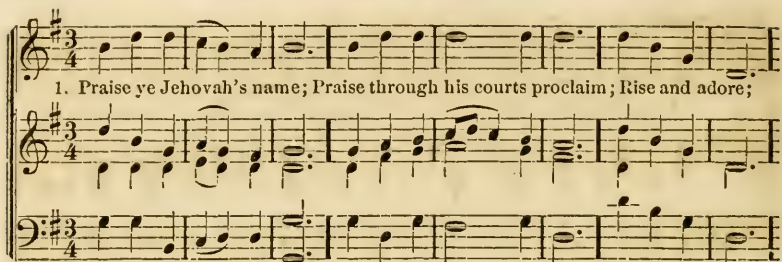
336.*Freedom—DUNCAN.*

- 1 Trump of glad jubilee,
 Echo o'er land and sea,
 Freedom for all:
 Let the glad tidings fly,
 And every tribe reply,
 Glory to God on high,
 At slavery's fall.
- 2 Free, too, the captive mind
 By darkness long confined
 In slavery's night.
 Truth's glorious reign extend,
 Virtue with freedom blend,
 And full salvation send
 With freedom's light.

Tenderly.

**337.***The Holy Spirits.*

- 1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
Angels as comforters bequeathed,
With us to dwell.
- 2 They came, in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind they came,
As viewless too.
- 3 They come, sweet influence to impart,—
Each as a willing guest,—
While they can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 Theirs is the gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Is God's alone.
- 6 Spirits of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O, make our hearts God's dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!



338.

Praise Ye Jehovah's Name.

- 1 Praise ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;—
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.
- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organ, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.
- 3 While his high praise ye sing
Strike every sounding string:
Sweet the accord!—
He vital breath bestows:
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose—
Praise ye the Lord.

339.

On, in God's Great Name.—E. DAVIS.

- 1 The laws of Christian light,
These are our weapons bright,
Our mighty shield;
Christ is our leader high,
And the broad plains which lie
Beneath the blessed sky,
Our battle-field.
- 2 On, then, in God's great name!
Let each pure spirit's flame
Burn bright and clear:
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, 'Doubt not!'
Be every fear forgot,
Christ leads us here.
- 3 So shall earth's distant lands
In happy, holy bands,
One brotherhood,
Together rise and sing,
And joyful offerings bring,
And heaven's eternal King
Pronounce it good.

1. Mor - tal, the an - gels say, Peace to thy heart!
Hope - lift - ed, doubt - de - pressed, See - ing in part,

We, too, O mor - tal, have Been as thou art,
Tried, troub - led, and tempt - ed, Sustained, as thou art.

340.

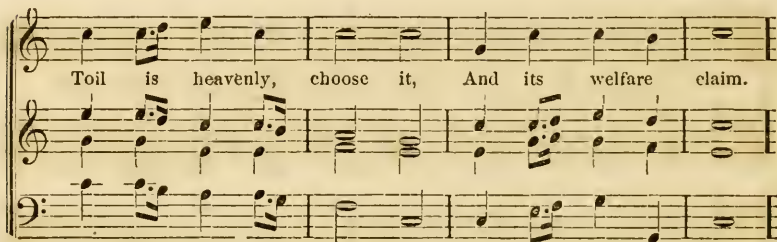
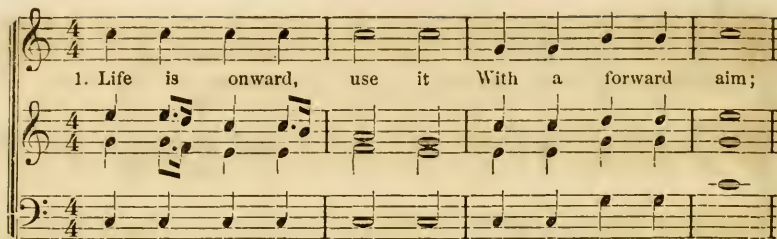
Mortal, the Angels Speak.

- 1 Mortal, the Angels say,
Peace to thy heart!
We, too, O mortal, have
Been as thou art,—
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
Seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, and tempted,
Sustained, as thou art.
- 2 Ye, too, they gently say,
Angel shall be:
Ye, too, O mortal,
From earth shall be free:
Yet in earth's loved ones
Still shall have part,
Bearing God's strength and love
To the torn heart.
- 3 Mortal, they sweetly say,
Be our thoughts one;
Bend thou with us and pray,
'Thy will be done!'
Our God is thy God;
Willeth the best;
Trust him as we trusted,—
Rest as we rest!

341.

Here at thy Grave.—J. S. A.

- 1 Here at thy grave we stand,
But not with tears;
Light from the spirit-land
Banishes fears.
Thou art beside us now,
Whispering peace,
Telling how happy thou
Found thy release.
- 2 Thou art not buried here:
Why should we mourn?
All that we cherished dear
Heavenward hath gone.
Oft from that world above
Come ye to this,
Breathing in strains of love
Unto us bliss.
- 3 We do not weep and mourn,
We do not sigh:
Thou art not distant gone,
Thou art yet nigh;
Nearer to us thou art,
Angel, above,
Closer unto each heart
Clasp we thy love.

**342.***Life is Onward.*

- 1 Life is onward,—use it
 With a forward aim;
 Toil is heavenly, choose it,
 And its welfare claim.
 Look not to another
 To perform your will,
 Let not your own brother
 Keep your warm hand still.

- 2 Life is onward,—try it,
 Ere the day is lost;
 It hath virtue,—buy it
 At whatever cost.
 If the world should offer
 Every precious gem,
 Look not at the seoffer,
 Change it not for them.

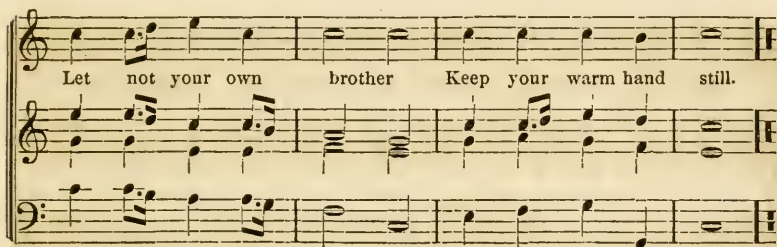
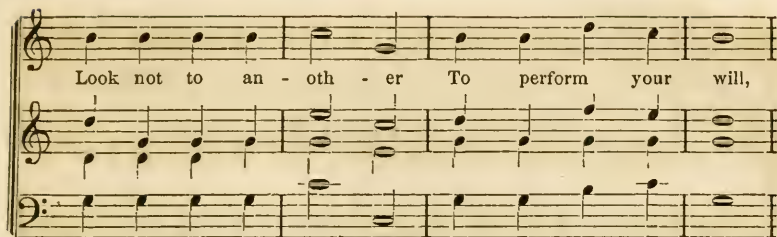
- 3 Life is onward,—heed it
 In each varied dress,
 Your own act can speed it
 On to happiness.
 His bright pinion o'er you
 Time waves not in vain,
 If hope chants before you
 Her prophetic strain.

- 4 Life is onward,—prize it
 In sunshine and in storm;
 O, do not despise it
 In its humblest form.
 Hope and joy together,
 Standing at the goal,
 Through life's darkest weather,
 Beekon on the soul.

343.*There's no Dearth of Kindness.—MASSEY.*

- 1 There's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours;
 Only in our blindness
 Take we thorns for flowers;
 Onward, we are spurning—
 Trampling one another,
 Yet 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,
 When they might be mingling
 In one kindred whole!



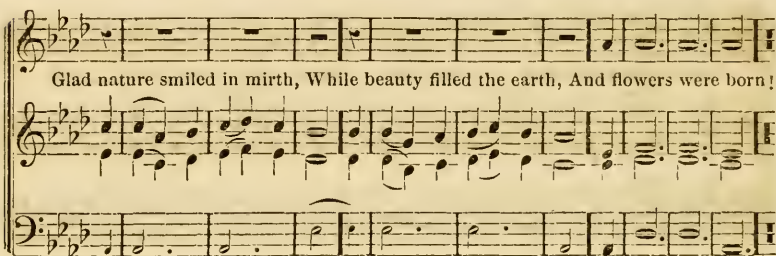
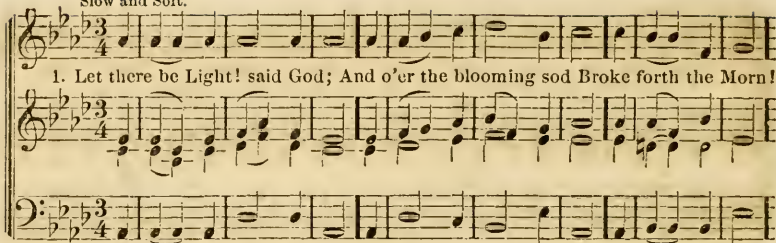
- 3 As the wild rose bloweth,
Runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart forever;
But we so much hanker
For the golden dust,
Kindliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.
- 4 There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
Take we thorns for flowers!
Cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above!
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for Love.

344.

Hand in Hand with Angels.—LUCY LARCOM.

- 1 Hand 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 clasp,
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 throne.
- 4 Hand in hand with angels,
Ever let us go;
Clinging to the strong ones,
Drawing up the slow.
One electric love-stone,
Thrilling all with fire,
Soar we through vast ages,
Higher—ever higher.

Slow and Soft.

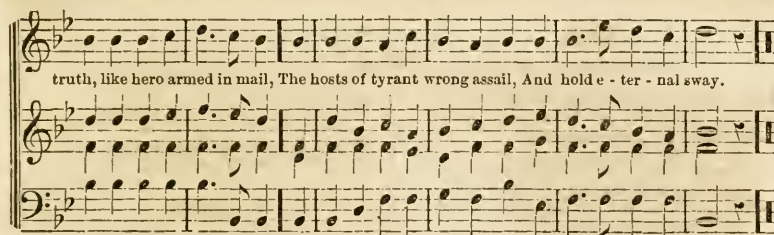
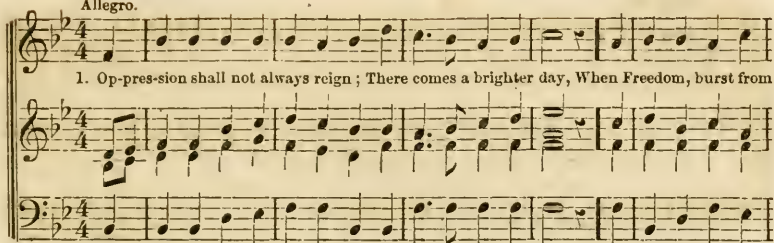


345.

Let There be Light.—J. H. BUTLER.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Let there be Light! said God;
And o'er the blooming sod
Broke forth the Morn!
Glad nature smiled in mirth,
While beauty filled the earth,
And flowers were born!</p> <p>2 Let there be Light within!
Then darkness, woe and sin,
Your night is riven!
Then in pale sorrow's eye,
The starting tear shall dry;
O speed it, Heaven!</p> <p>3 It comes—the glorious time,
When Freedom's flag sublime
Shall be unfurled;
Far over land and sea,
The voice of liberty
Shall wake the world!</p> | <p>4 Hark! from each distant pole,
The shout of triumph roll;
The noble Mind
Hath burst its prison door
Crouching in dust no more,
But, unconfined</p> <p>5 The nations start from sleep,
And, chainless as the deep,
Are girt with might;
With lightning force and glance,
They break Oppression's lance;
The cry is,—‘Light!’</p> <p>6 Its mighty flood rolls on,
Dark Tyranny is gone—
No chain can bind;
No despot lifts his rod
O'er that best gift of God—
The immortal Mind!</p> |
|--|---|

Allegro.



346.

The Progress of Freedom.—H. WARE.

- 1 Oppression shall not always reign ;
 There comes a brighter day,
 When Freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant way.
 Then right shall over might prevail,
 And truth, like hero armed in mail,
 The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
 And hold eternal sway.
- 2 What voice shall bid the progress stay
 Of truth's victorious car?
 What arm arrest the growing day,
 Or quench the solar star?

[14]

- What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
 Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
 Oppression's guilty night prolong,
 And Freedom's morning bar?
- 3 The hour of triumph comes apace,
 The fated, promised hour,
 When earth upon a ransomed race
 Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
 Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!
 Bid high thy sacred banner swell!
 Let trump on trump the triumph tell
 Of Heaven's redeeming power.

Allegretto.

1. Go when the morning shineth, Go when the noon is bright, Go when the eve declineth, Go in the hush of night ;

Go with pure mind and feeling, Cast earthly thoughts away, And, in thy closet kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.

347.*Pray without Ceasing.*

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Creator's name.
- 3 Think not that it is needful
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

- 4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer :
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall ;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

348.*Strength from Struggle.*

- 1 Grows dark thy path before thee ?
Press on still undismayed ;
Heaven shines resplendent o'er thee,
Though earth be wrapped in shade.
And God, thy trust, hath given,
With word from swerving free,
The angels of high heaven
A charge concerning thee.
- 2 Then though thy feet may falter
E'en at the early morn,
And from hope's burning altar
The light may be withdrawn.—
Yet from thy self-prostration
Thou shalt awake in power ;
From tears and lamentation,
To conquest every hour.

Allegro Moderato.

1. When fortune beams a - round you, When hearts with pleasure leap;
And hopes and joys sur - round you, For - get not those who weep.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/2 time. The tempo is marked 'Allegro Moderato'. The first system contains the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system contains the next two lines. The lyrics are written below the notes.

349.*When Fortune Beams.*

- 1 When fortune beams around you,
When hearts with pleasure leap;
And hopes and joys surround you,
Forget not those who weep!
- 2 When friendship's smile invites you,
To bless and to be blest;
When every charm delights you—
O, think of the distrest!
- 3 When golden gales betide you,
As if by Heaven decreed,
And plenty stands beside you,
Forget not those who need!
- 4 When pleasure's cup seems endless,
O, prove it without end;
By being to the friendless
In every hour a friend!

350.*Light in Darkness.—J. S. A.*

- 1 Sometimes the heart complaineth
And moans in bitter sighs;
And dreams no hope remaineth,—
No more its sun will rise:

- 2 But yet we know God liveth,
And will do all things well;
And that to us he giveth
More good than tongue can tell;
- 3 And though above us linger
Full many a sorrow-shroud,
We see Faith's upraised finger
Point far beyond the cloud.

351.*Closing Ascriptions.*

- 1 To thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blestest all that live.
- 2 Whose goodness, never failing,
Through countless ages gone,
Forever and forever,
Shall still keep shining on.
- 3 Now, as we part our praises
Ascend to God in love,
And holy peace is given
Unto us from above.

Allegro.

1. Angels, bright angels are ev - er a - round us, Coming from
spheres of true wisdom a - bove, With their bright glo - ry they
ev - er surround us, Filling our hearts with a heav - en - ly love.

352.

Love for the Father.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Angels, bright angels are ever around us,
Coming from spheres of true wisdom
above, [us,
With their bright glory they ever surround
Filling our hearts with a heavenly love;</p> <p>2 Love for the Father who guideth us ever,
Through the temptations and trials of
earth,
Him, who hath left nor forsaken us never,
Leading us on to the heavenly birth:</p> <p>3 God, in his goodness, sends angels to bless
us,
Angels, that move in his wisdom above;
They hover around us, and gently caress us,
In their repletion of heavenly love.</p> | <p>4 Shall we not love and revere him forever,
Throughout eternity's unending year?
Naught on the earth nor in heaven can sever
Him, from his love for his children so dear.</p> <p>5 Love we the Father who ruleth creation,
Giveth us blessings from birth to the
grave,
Then in the fulness of love's renovation,
Raiseth the spirit in glory to lave;</p> <p>6 Wisdom he giveth to all who receive it,
Light sheddeth over the land and the sea;
Man, in advancement, shall know and per-
ceive it,
Knowledge shall make us immortal and
free.</p> |
|--|--|

Slow.

1. We will not fear the beauteous angel, Death, Who waits us
at the portals of the skies, Read - y to kiss a - way the
struggling breath: Read - y with gentle hand to close our eyes.

353.

We Will Not Fear Thee, Death.

- [dear,
1 We will not fear the beauteous angel, Death, And children from their young companions
Who waits us at the portals of the skies, Have smiling pass'd away into his arms.
Ready to kiss away the struggling breath: 4 Death will give back what neither time,
Ready with gentle hand to close our eyes. nor might,
Nor earnest prayer, nor longing hope
restore,—
2 How many a tranquil soul has pass'd away. Dear as to long blind eyes received sight,—
Fled gladly from fierce pain and pleasures He will give back those who are gone be-
To the eternal splendor of the day; [dim. fore.
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,
[14*]

5 O, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their 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.

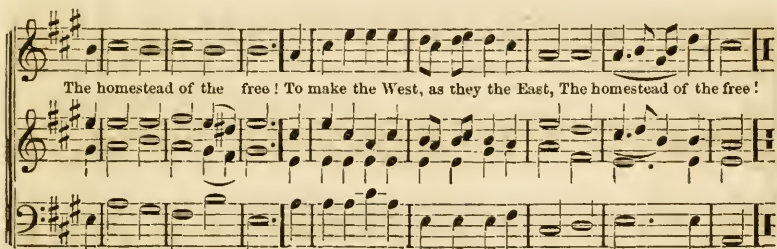
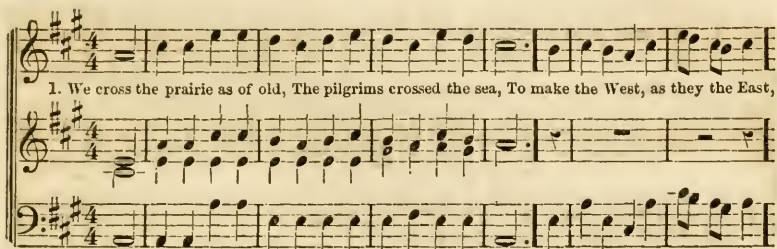
Andante.

1. This world is not a fleeting show, For man's illusion given ; This world is not a fleeting show, For
 man's illusion given ; He that hath soothed a widow's woe, Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know, There's
 something here of heaven. There's something here of heaven. There's something here of heaven.

354.

This World is Not a Fleeting Show.

- 1 This world is not a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 He that hath soothed a widows's woe,
 Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know,
 There's something here of heaven.
- 2 And he who walks life's thorny way,
 With feelings calm and even,
 Whose path is lit, from day to day,
 By virtue's bright and steady ray,
 Feels something here of heaven.
- 3 He who the Christian course hath run,
 And all his foes forgiven,
 Has measured out this life's short span,
 In love to God and love to man,
 On earth has tasted heaven.

**355.***The Western Emigrants.*—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 We cross the prairie as of old,
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!
- 2 We go to rear a wall of men
On freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree
The rugged northern pine!
- 3 We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.
- 4 We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells.
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.
- 5 Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.
- 6 We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

356.*The Mariners.*

- 1 How cheery are the mariners,
Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
As bounding and as free.
- 2 God keep these cheery mariners!
And temper all the gales,
That sweep against the rocky coast,
To their storm-shattered sails.
- 3 And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
To brave the mighty sea!

357.*My Father and my All.*

- 1 O wondrous depth of love divine,
My soul would fain adore:
Dear Father, I do call thee mine,
And I can ask no more.
- 2 By thee in all things richly blest,
Low at thy feet I fall;
Thou art my hope, my life, my rest,
My Father, and my all!

1. Look up, oh tear-dimmed eye, Look up and weep no more;

Ev - er yon sun - lit sky Bend - eth this glad earth o'er.

358.*Words of Cheer.*

- 1 Look up, oh tear-dimmed eye,
Look up and weep no more;
Ever yon sun-lit sky
Bendeth this glad earth o'er.
- 2 Though storm clouds intervene,
And shadows darkly fall,
Beyond still shines serene
The light that shines for all.
- 3 Smile, sorrow-breathing lip,
Smile off the frown of care;
Come, sad one, forth, and sip
Heaven's joy-inspiring air.—
- 4 Sweet as the breath of love,
It floats o'er hill and plain;
Come, let its sweetness prove
A balm to soothe thy pain.
- 5 Hope, oh repining heart,
Hope on through good and ill;
Nature acts well her part,
And cheers her children still;

- 6 Her sacred, starry love,
Writ in yon page above,
Reveals an endless store
Of goodness and of love.
- 7 The frailest plant of earth
Is nursed by sun and shower;
The man of lowliest birth
Claims still a princely dower.
- 8 For him the star-beams shine,
For him the sweet dew falls—
Then, mourner why repine,
Since heaven is kind to all?

359.*God who reigns Alone.*

- 1 The God who reigns alone,
O'er earth and sea and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.
- 2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
Th'exhaustless source of love,
The great Creator know.

1. How cheering the thought, that the angels of God, Do bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
Do leave the sweet joys of the mansions above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

360.

- 1 How cheering the thought, that the angels of God
Do bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
Do leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.
- 2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to guide some poor wanderer home;
Some brother to lead from a darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.
- 3 They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given:
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

361.

Be Firm and Be Faithful.

- 1 Be firm and be faithful; desert not the right;
The brave become bolder the darker the night!
Then up and be doing, though cowards may fail;
Thy duty pursuing, dare all, and prevail!
- 2 If scorn be thy portion, if hatred and loss,
If stripes or a prison, remember the cross!
God watches above thee, and he will requite:
Stand firm and be faithful, desert not the right!

1. Oh! lone is the spirit on life's troubled ocean, With tempests around it and torrents below, Till calm o'er the breast the pure thoughts of devotion, Like airs from the gardens of Paradise blow. 'Tis sweet, as we glide o'er the cold waves of sorrow, To think of the loved who have vanished before; We know they are blest; we shall meet them to-morrow; We pass o'er the deep and they call from the shore

362.

Music on the Waters.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 Oh! lone is the spirit on life's troubled ocean,
 With tempests around it and torrents below,
 Till calm o'er the breast the pure thoughts of devotion,
 Like airs from the gardens of Paradise blow.
 'Tis sweet, as we glide o'er the cold waves of sorrow,
 To think of the loved who have vanished before;
 We know they are blest; we shall meet them to-morrow;
 We pass o'er the deep and they call from the shore.
- 2 They haste in their joy o'er the waters to meet us,
 The love-lighted waves of the ocean of rest;
 And sweet are their songs as they tenderly greet us,—
 They bring us kind words from the land of the blest.
 They still the wild billows of trouble around us,
 The Eden of Love they unvail to the sight;
 And peace with its garland of lilies hath crowned us,
 And mercy hath robed us with vestures of light.

Slow and Soft.

1. Courage, faint heart! Why all these fears And questions for the mor row?

Wipe, wipe away these bitter tears, Mute signs of useless sor - row.

363.*Courage, Faint Heart.*

- 1 Courage, faint heart! why all these fears
And questions for the morrow?
Wipe, wipe away these bitter tears,
Mute signs of useless sorrow.
- 2 God's planets shine behind the mist;
So beam thy faith unclouded—
Like mountain tops by daylight kissed,
Though all her base be shrouded.
- 3 One hand holds up the stars that roll,
And girdles in the ocean;
His love is shed on every soul
To which he gives emotion.
- 4 O, not one slightest woe befalls
But he gives strength to bear it;
Can he be deaf to sorrow's calls,
When his own children share it?

364.*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.

365.*Consolation.*—O. G. WARREN.

- 1 Whatever clouds may dim the day
They have a silver lining;
Tho' on the earth be not a ray,
The sun above is shining.
- 2 There is no suffering falls on man
But in it he can borrow
Some partial refuge from its ban,
Some solace for his sorrow.
- 3 It should console when friends depart,
That they have passed death's portal,
And, free from every pang at heart,
Begin their life immortal.
- 4 When sickness racks man's feeble frame,
And a hard lot be given,
His soul refined in trying flame
Grows pure and fit for heaven.

Allegro.

1. The breaking waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the

woods against a stormy sky Their giant branches tossed, And the heavy night hung dark,

The hills and waters o'er, When a band of exiles moored their bark On the wild New England shore.

366.

The Pilgrim Fathers.—MRS. HEMANS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.</p> <p>2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.</p> | <p>3 Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea! [rang
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was their welcome home!</p> <p>4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod! [found:
They have left unstained, what here they
Freedom to worship God.</p> |
|--|---|

1. Action! action! all is action, In this restless world of ours;
He who would gain health or glory, Must not doze in idle bowers.

367.

Action.—N. S. NEZAH.

- 1 Action! action! all is action,
In this restless world of ours;
He who would gain health or glory,
Must not doze in idle bowers.
- 2 Motion! motion! all is motion—
Worlds and atoms run their course;
Suns and systems wheel their circles,
Guided by an unseen force.
- 3 Action! action! without action,
Wisdom droops, and virtue dies;
Would'st thou wreath thy name with laurel,
Mark each moment as it flies.
- 4 Action! action! bold and manly,
Is the watchword of the free;
'Tis the argus that protects us,
On the land and on the sea.
- 5 Action! action! it alone can
Break the fetters of the slave;
'Tis the only road to freedom—
Action, fearless, prompt and brave.
- 6 Act thy part in life's great drama,
Pass beneath the chast'ning rod,
Do thy duty, nothing fearing,—
Leave the rest, in faith, to God.

368.

Echoes of Life.

- 1 Hark! through Nature's vast cathedral,
Blended echoes ever rise,
Swelling in a mighty anthem
To its over-arching skies.
- 2 Every music-dropping fountain,
Every softly murmuring rill,
Every dark and foaming torrent,
Every water-guided mill;
- 3 Every rain drop on the house top,
Every beetle's noisy drone,
Every foot-fall on the pavement,
Wakes an echo of its own.
- 4 Sobs of woe and songs of gladness,
Each responsive echoes find;
Words of love and words of anger,
Leave their echoes far behind.
- 5 Every great and noble action
Is re-echoed o'er and o'er;
Life itself is but an echo—
Of the lives that were before.

Plaintive.

1. Father divine! O may my prayer Be wafted on the morn - ing air, Bright as the bird that soars on high, Light as the breeze which fans the sky, Swift as the light'ning through the air;— Let all invoke the morning prayer.

369.

The Prayer of Soul.—MRS. H. A. ADAMS.

- 1 Father divine! O may my prayer
Be wafted on the morning air,
Bright as the bird that soars on high,
Light as the breeze which fans the sky,
Swift as the light'ning through the air;—
Let all invoke the morning prayer.
- 2 All nature flows in rapturous lay,
Life beams in one eternal ray;
One anthem swells the choir on high,
No cadence of the peal shall die:
But floating on the breeze of love,
The silent offering soars above.
- 3 The prayer of soul—the soul of prayer
Flows unrestrained upon the air.
As perfume from the beauteous flower
Is breathed in sweetness more than power,
So let our incense fill the air
With deep humility and prayer.

370.

The Peace of God.

- 1 O Father! lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in thy dear love;
And still that peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to thy throne.

- 2 May we our daily duties meet,
Tread sin each day beneath our feet,
And win that strength which doth thy will
And seeth thee, and so is still;
And, fixed on thy sustaining arm,
Find daily food and know no harm.
- 3 Help us with man in peace to live,
What we deem wrong in love forgive,
And day and night the tempter flee [thee]!
Through strength which comes alone from
Thus will our spirits find their rest,
In thy deep peace forever blest.

371.

Love Never Sleeps.

- 1 Love never sleeps! the mother's eye
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;
And as she marks the moments fly, [tread,
While death creeps on with noiseless
Faint and distress'd, she sits and weeps,
With beating heart! Love never sleeps!
- 2 Around—above—the angel bands
Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes, and eager hands
They raise the soul to hope again;
Free as the air, their pity sweeps
The storms of time! Love never sleeps!

Light as the breeze which fans the sky, Swift as the

light'ning through the air; Let all in - voke the morn - ing prayer.

372.*Thanksgiving Hymn.*

- 1 Father of mercies! God of peace!
Being whose bounties never cease!
While to the heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise!
- 2 Our hamlets, sheltered by thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage by thy blessing yields
An hundred fold from ripened fields:
And flowing grain, and burdened vine,
Are tokens of thy love divine.
- 3 Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve thee, teach to love;
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all good in thee;
And be thy word our daily food,
Thy service, Lord, our greatest good.

373.*Be Strong, Fear Not!*

- 1 Prisoners of hope! be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
The day which prophets have foretold,
And saints have longed for, draweth near:
Our God shall in his kingdom come;
Prepare your hearts to make Him room!

- 2 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!

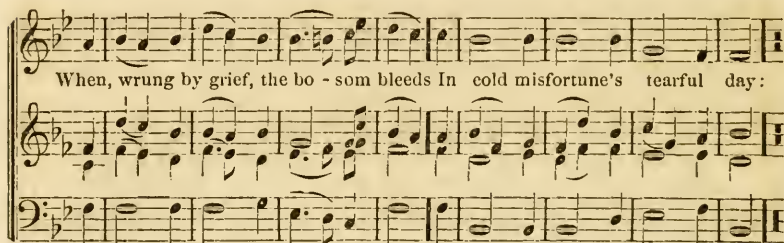
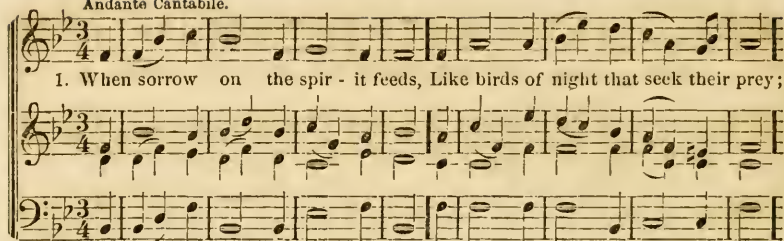
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up;
Doubt not, nor cry 'O God, how long?'
Hope to the end, in patience hope!
O never from your faith remove;
Ye cannot fail, for God is love!

- 3 Lord, we have faith; we wait the honr
Which to the earth thy kingdom brings;
When thou, in love, and joy, and power,
Shalt come and make us priests and kings:
When man shall be indeed thy son,
For thy pure will on earth is done.

374.*The Anthem of the Sea.*—MRS. S. E. DAWES.

- 1 It e'er hath pealed in strains sublime,
Since first began the march of time;
When morning stars together sang,
And newborn earth with music rang;
Then over all more bold and free,
Was heard the anthem of the sea.
- 2 The deep-toned bass in Nature's song,—
It pours its mighty voice along;
And wide is heard the sounding roar,
As forth it rolls from shore to shore;
A worthy praise, O God, to thee,
This glorious anthem of the sea!

Andante Cantabile.

**375.***Consolation of Angels.*—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 When sorrow on the spirit feeds,
Like birds of night that seek their prey;
When, wrung by grief, the bosom bleeds
In cold misfortune's tearful day:—
- 2 When sinks the soul, by care opprest,
And woes abound and friends are few;
And gladness, like a parting guest,
Reluctant says, 'adieu,' 'adieu;—
- 3 'Tis sweet to hear an angel sing
In music to the listening ear,
'Hope on, sad heart! eternal spring
Is almost here, is almost here.'
- 4 Then angels burst the bars of doom;
Then vernal flowers adorn the waste;
Then sunshine gilds our mortal gloom,
And heavenly friends, with welcomes,
haste.
- 5 For every tear there comes a smile;
A joy for every pang is given;
And angel guides appear the while,
And gently lead us on to heaven.

376.*The Use of Tears.*—MORPETH.

- 1 How little of ourselves we know,
Before a grief the heart has felt;
The lessons that we learn of woe
Make strong the soul, as well as melt.
- 2 The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Though blight and blast their course fulfil
- 3 And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
The laden spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

377.*Strength of the Erring.*—T. W. HIGGINSON.

- 1 Yes! prayer is strong, and God is good;
Man is not made for endless ill;
The offending soul, in darkest mood,
Hath yet a hope, a refuge still.
- 2 Thou, God, wilt hear; these pangs are
To heal the spirit, not destroy; [meant
And even remorse, for chastening sent,
When thou commandest, works for joy.

Moderato.

1. 'Twas not in vain that Jesus prayed For those he came to save,
When darkly o'er his path was laid The shadow of the grave.

378.*'That they may be One.'*—BULFINCH.

- 1 'Twas not in vain that Jesus prayed
For those he came to save,
When darkly o'er his path was laid
The shadow of the grave.
- 2 He did not love and pray in vain;
O doubting heart, be still!
Yet holds the Lord his glorious reign,
Despite of wrong and ill.
- 3 Though nations with their battle-cries
Profane the Almighty's name,
Though bigots to the offended skies
Their own wild wrath proclaim,—
- 4 Thousands, in every Christian land,
Have never bowed the knee
In worship to the idol band
Of strife and perfidy.
- 5 And these are one; though some may bend
Before the virgin's shrine,
While others' prayers and thanks ascend,
Father! alone at thine,—
- 6 Yet they are one; if through their hearts
The soul of love be poured,
As swells some strain of various parts,
Yet all in sweet accord.

[15*]

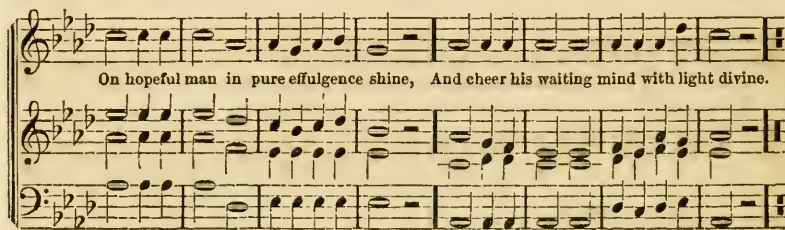
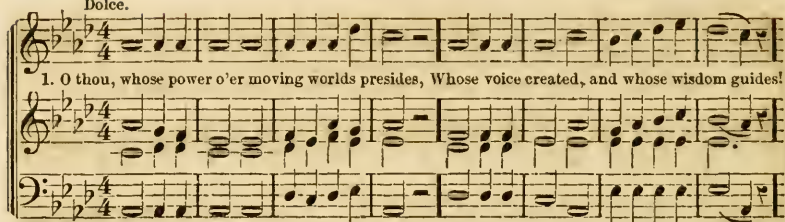
379.*The Seed of the Word.*

- 1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from
Is planted in our breast; [heaven
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope, in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

380.*Holy Visions.*—WILSON.

- 1 O, not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs:
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.
- 2 At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room;
And spirits loved, with noiseless feet,
Come brightening through the gloom.
- 3 We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came;
We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Father's name!

Dolce.

**381.*** *O Thou whose Power.*—JOHNSON.

- 1 O thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On hopeful man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer his waiting mind with light divine.
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the troubled breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God! we spring; to thee we tend;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

382.*The Strength of the Lonely.*

- 1 Though lonely be thy path, fear not, for he
Who marks the sparrow fall is guarding thee;
And not a star shines o'er thy head by night,
But he has known that it will reach thy sight.
- 2 And not a grief can darken or surprise,
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

383.*God not Afar Off.*—JONES VERY.

- 1 Father! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
- 2 Open our eyes that we that world may see!
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear!
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits above,
Angelic choristers sing as I come, Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home;

Soon with my pilgrimage ended below, Home to the land of bright spirits I go,

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

384.

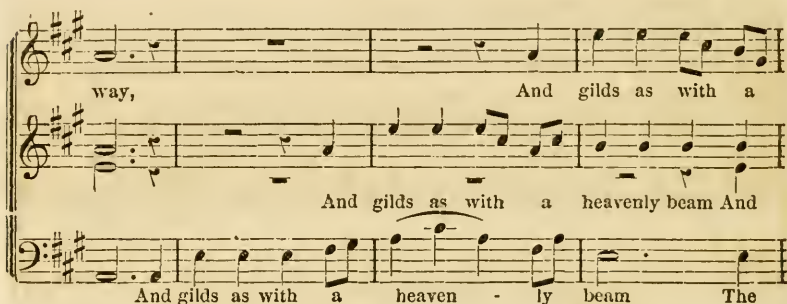
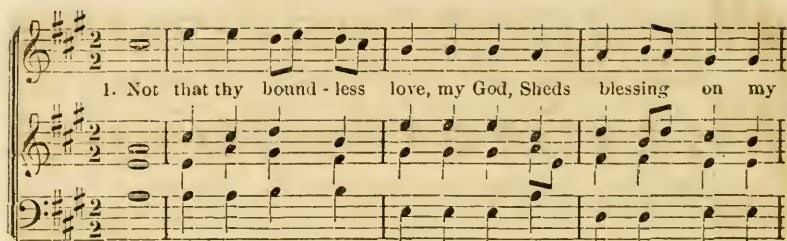
Joyfully, Onward I Move.

1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above,
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home;
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go,
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherish'd have passed on
before,
Waiting they watch me approaching the
shore;
Singing to cheer me, as thither I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high
dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

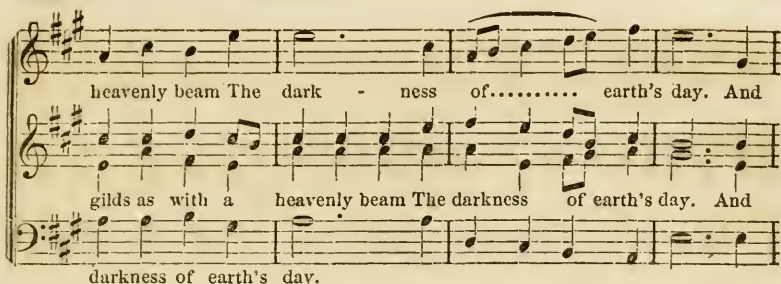
3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow,
Spirits have broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home!
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his seat's
gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

**385.***Faith Triumphant over Sorrow.*

- 1 Not that thy boundless love, my God,
Sheds blessing on my way,
And gilds as with a heavenly beam
The darkness of earth's day,—
- 2 Not now for breath of summer flowers,
For smiles of sunny skies,
The still, small voice of gratitude
Shall to thine ear arise;
- 3 I bless thee for the ministry
Of sorrow's lonely hour,
When darkly o'er my stricken head
I see the storm-clouds lower;
- 4 Thy love can still the billows' roar,
And whisper, 'Peace; be still!'
While faith doth on thy promise rest,
And bless the Father's will.
- 5 The shadow and the storm must come;
O, grant that faith divine
Which triumphs o'er the might of grief,
And molds man's will to thine!
- 6 In 'ours of deepest gloom, mine eye
One blessed ray can see;
A sunlit side that cloud must have,
Which hides thy face from me.

386.*Forefather's Hymn.*—F. B. SANBORN.

- 1 We twine the wreath and sing the praise
Of men of other years,—
Their glory grows with added days,
And age their name endears;
- 2 But better far than idle breath
Are deeds that rival theirs,—
Shall we be famous in our death,
And live in children's prayers?
- 3 Our Sires in Freedom's cause withstood
The hated foreign foe,—
Yon meadow's green and winding flood
Full well the story know.
- 4 Are there no fields for us to fight?
Is Freedom's battle won?
The valiant father's glory bright
Rebukes each slothful son.
- 5 For all that conquered, all that died,
To-day our roses bloom,—
The marble gleams with love and pride
Above each sacred tomb;
- 6 But we who live ourselves must now
Their best memorial be,
They freed our land—and here we vow
To keep it ever free.



heavenly beam The dark - ness of..... earth's day. And
gilds as with a heavenly beam The darkness of earth's day. And
darkness of earth's day.



gilds as with a heavenly beam The dark - ness of earth's day.

387.*Words and Deeds.*

- 1 Beneath the thick but struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life:
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife.
- 2 Traditions, forms, and selfish aims,
Have dimmed the inner light;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world,
And angels from our sight.
- 3 Strong souls and willing hands we need
Our temple to repair;
Remove the gathering dust of years,
And show the model fair.
- 4 We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest;
Wouldst thou see truth? to action wake,
Do the divine behest.

388.*The Hymn of Summer.*—J. RICHARDSON.

- 1 How glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreaths the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in their bowers!
- 2 The morn sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing;
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing.

- 3 Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins? no, let us sing,
And while our voices rise,
- 4 O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody;
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to thee!

389.*The Spirit of Christ.*

- 1 Father, the spirit Jesus knew
We humbly ask of thee to-night,
That we may be disciples too
Of him whose way was love and light.
- 2 Bright be the places where we tread
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,
Until that day when tears are shed,
And broken sighs are heard no more.

390.*Closing Hymn.*

- 1 Author of good, we rest on thee;
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply;
- 2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
Thy power is ever our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide!

Slow.

1. God, in the high and holy place, Looks down up - on the spheres;
Yet in his prov - i - dence and grace To eve - ry eye ap - pears.

391.*The Earth Full of God.*

- 1 God in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace
To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand
A highway for our God:
He walks amidst the desert-land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.
- 3 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.
- 4 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,—
The breath of life and health.
- 5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

392.*The Omniscient and Omnipotent.*

- 1 There is an eye that all surveys,
A hand that all directs;
There is a power for all purveys,
An arm that all protects.

- 2 There is a hope can ne'er deceive,
A trust can ne'er betray;
There is a love when mortals grieve
Can wipe the tear away.

- 3 There is a guide, there is a guard,
Who watches while we sleep;
And trust is sure in watch or ward,
The desert or the deep.

- 4 Sweeter than morning's incense rise
To him, whom mercies move,
The humble, unaffected sighs
Of gratitude and love!

393.*The Shield of Goodness.—M. CUTTER.*

- 1 In all the changes we have seen,
In all the storms we've past,
Our father's gentle arm hath been
Around our spirits cast.
- 2 O'er every dangerous path he shone
And marked himself the way;
The darkest cloud was oft his throne,
And brought the brightest day.

1. Angels bright are drawing near Laden with love; List, you shall their voices hear, Voices above

See! their forms you can behold Floating apace; Wait, they will us all enfold In their embrace.

394.

The Coming of Angels.—J. S. A.

1 Angels bright are drawing near,
Laden with love:
List, you shall their voices hear,—
Voices above.
See! their forms you can behold
Floating apace;
Wait, they will us all enfold
In their embrace.

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

3 Thanks to God with souls elate,
He gives us all;
Joyous in his presence wait,
List to his call.
'Tis his voice that bids us meet
Friends outward gone,
And with gladsome spirits greet
Earth's rising morn.

4 Angels bright are coming near
Bearing their love
Unto us, who, waiting here,
Trust God above.
See! their forms you can behold
Floating apace;
Wait! they will us all enfold
In one embrace.

Allegro Moderato.

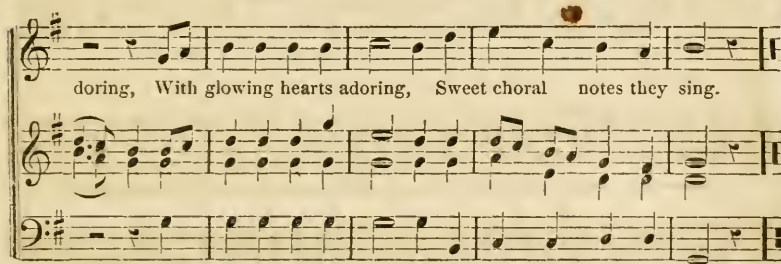
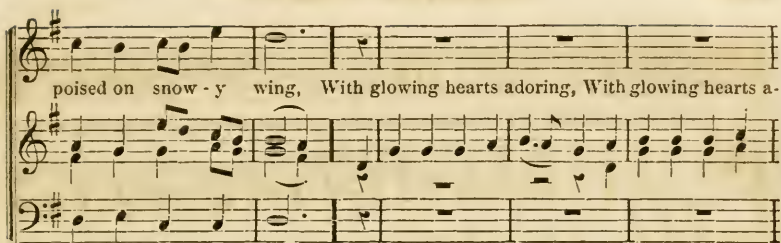
1. The seraphs bright are hovering Around the throne above, Their harps are ever tuning To thrill - ing tones of love. Or through the azure soaring. Or

395.*Voice of Praise.*

- 1 The seraphs bright are hovering
Around the throne above,
Their harps are ever tuning
To thrilling tones of love.
Or through the azure soaring,
Or poised on snowy wing,
With glowing hearts adoring,
Sweet choral notes they sing.
- 2 From earth is daily rising
A rich, harmonious song;
From sunny perfumed flowers,
By breezes borne along,—
From hills in sunlight glittering,
From smooth, deep emerald seas,
A cloud of praise is rising,
Like incense on the breeze.
- 3 So nature's voice is chanting
A full, harmonious song,
When morning light is breaking,
Or evening sweeps along.
Then let our hearts their offering,
Their voice of love now raise;
And let the inward whispering
Gush forth in earnest praise.

396.*Forward.*

- 1 Forward! the day is breaking;
Earth shall be dark no more;
Millions of men are waking
On every sea and shore;
With trumpets and with banners,
The world is marching on;
The air rings with hosannas,
The field is fought and won.
- 2 Forward! the world before us
Listens to hear our tread,
And the calm heavens o'er us
Smile blessings on our head;
Hope, like an eagle, hovers
Above the way we go;
The shield of patience covers
Our hearts from every foe.
- 3 Forward! as near and nearer
Draw we unto our rest—
Joyous, the light shines clearer
In every faithful breast.
The past has ceased to bind us,
Its chains are hurl'd away,
The deepest gloom behind us,
Melts in the dawn of day.



397.

The Trumpet shall Sound.

- 1 Soon shall the trump of freedom
Resound from shore to shore;
Soon, taught by heav'nly 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 Then tyrant's crowns and sceptres,
And victor's wreaths and cars,
And galling chains and fetters,
With all the pomp of wars,
Shall in the dust be trodden,
And rule the earth no more;
And peace and joy from heaven
The Lord on earth shall pour.

398.

The Morn of Peace.—MRS. COLBURN.

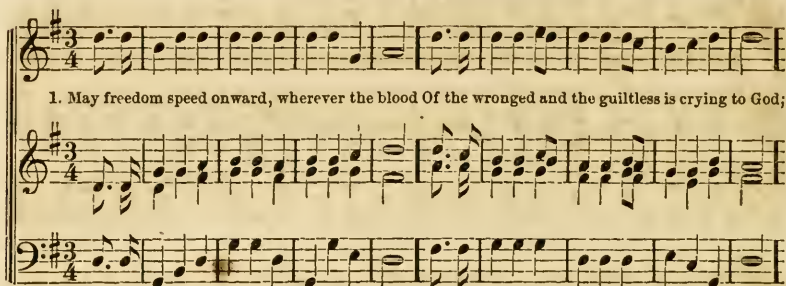
- 1 The morn of peace is beaming—
Its glory will appear;
Behold its early gleaming,
The day is drawing near;
The spear shall then be broken,
And sheathed the glittering sword—
The olive be the token,
And peace the greeting word.

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

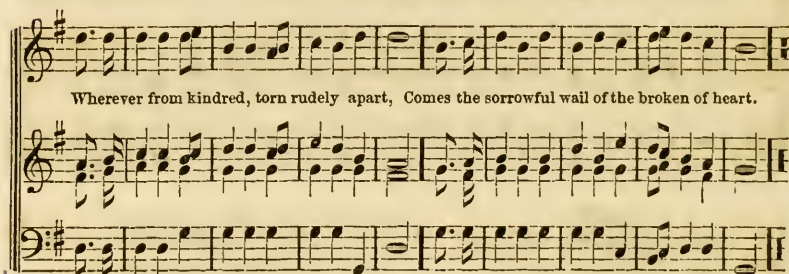
399.

The Hosts Above.

- 1 In the broad fields of heaven,—
In the immortal bowers
By life's clear river dwelling,
Amid undying flowers,—
There hosts of beauteous spirits,
Fair children of the earth,
Linked in bright bands celestial,
Sing of their human birth.
- 2 They sing of earth and heaven;
Divinest voices rise
To God, their gracious Father,
Who called them to the skies:
They all are there,—in heaven,—
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest;
No passing cloud shall shadow
Their bright and holy rest.



1. May freedom speed onward, wherever the blood Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God;



Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart, Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart.

400.

May Freedom Speed Onward.—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 May freedom speed onward, wherever the blood
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God;
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart.
- 2 Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind
In silence and darkness the God-given mind,
There, Lord, speed it onward! the truth shall be felt,
The bonds shall be loosened, the iron will melt.
- 3 Help us turn from the cavil of creeds, to unite
Once again for the poor, in defence of the right,
Unappalled by the danger, the shame, or the pain,
And counting each trial for truth as our gain.

1. Friends of freedom! ye who stand With no weapon in your hand, Save a purpose stern and grand,

All men to set free; Welcome! freedom stands in need Of true men in thought and deed;

Men who have this on - ly creed, That they will not flee!

401.

Friends of Freedom.—J. R. LOWELL.

- 1 Friends of Freedom! ye who stand
With no weapon in your hand,
Save a purpose stern and grand,
All men to set free,
Welcome! freedom stands in need
Of true men in thought and deed—
Men who have this only creed,
That they will not flee!
- 2 Though we were but two or three,
Sure of triumph we should be;
We our promised land shall see,
Though the way seem long:—

Every fearless word we speak
Makes sin's stronghold bend and creak—
Tyranny is always weak,
Truth is young and strong!

- 3 All the hero-spirits vast,
Who have sanctified the past,
Bearing witness to the last,
Fight upon our part;
We can never be forlorn;
He, who, in a manger born,
Bore the Priest's and Levite's scorn,
Gives us hope and heart.

With much feeling.
402.*Funeral Hymn.—J. S. A.*

1 To the world of spirit-gladness
 Now another friend has gone;
 Now another soul has passèd
 Through the golden gate of morn;
 And the veil that separateth
 Life to come from life that is,
 Hath been raised until our vision
 Glimpses caught of paradise.

2 Round the dust that once enshrined
 What is now a spirit free,
 We have met, but not in sorrow
 O'er its bright eternity;
 For the soul hath but ascended
 To a higher range of life,
 Where each thought, and word, and feeling,
 Is with joy eternal rife.

3 It hath heard the angel-welcome,
 Met the friends who've pass'd before,
 Robed itself in light and beauty
 On the radiant spirit-shore;

There it lives to watch and guide us:
 On our path to shed a light,
 Walk an angel-form beside us,
 Through the shadows of the night.

4 Blessed then are we who linger
 At this vacant spirit-shrine;
 For we feel that spirit's presence,
 And with it a peace divine.
 Tears may fall, but they are mortal
 And they pass like dew away;
 But these inward joys supernal
 Live beyond this present day.

5 God, we thank thee and acknowledge
 That thy ways are always just;
 Trusting thee, our steps move lightly
 To consign this dust to dust.
 For the grave is not man's prison,
 And we look above to see
 Our dear one who has arisen
 To a blest eternity.

morn; And the veil that sep - a - ra - teth Life to come from life that

is, Hath been raised un - til our vision Glimpses caught of par - a - dise.

103.

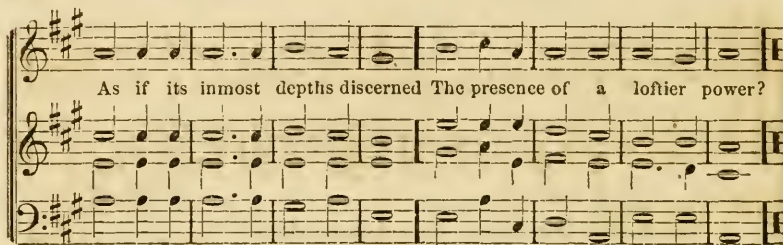
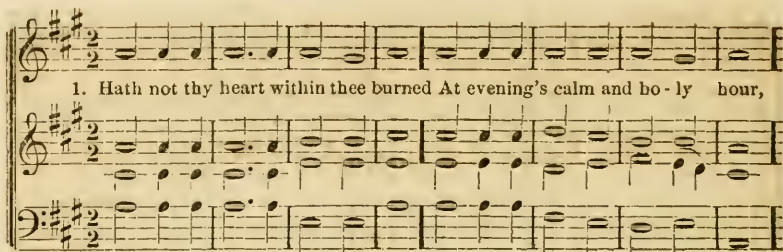
Friends Above Us.—J. S. A.

1 In the sky that is above us,
 Borne upon the wings of light,
 Countless beings live who love us,
 And with blessings glad our sight.
 In the night of darkest sorrow
 When our hearts are prone to mourn,
 They speak to us of the morrow,—
 Of the day that is to dawn.

2 We are entering but the portal
 Of the life that is to be;
 They are walking the immortal
 Pathway of eternity.

We are following their footsteps,
 Ever walking on with God,
 In the cloud and in the sunlight,
 'Neath the crown, and 'neath the rod.

3 Whatsoe'er events before us,
 Press we on all undismayed;
 God and seraphs bright are o'er us,
 With us in the light and shade.
 Clasp God's hand in hours of sorrow,
 Trust his love in day and night;
 Faith shall see the coming morrow,
 Hope shall make the future bright.

**404.***Voice of God in the Soul.*

- 1 Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?
- 2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?
- 3 And as, upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?
- 4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.
- 5 Voice of our God, O, yet be near!
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here.
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease!

405.*Sabbath Evening.*—T. L. HARRIS.

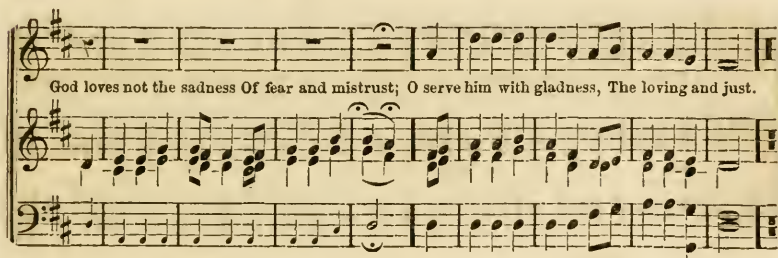
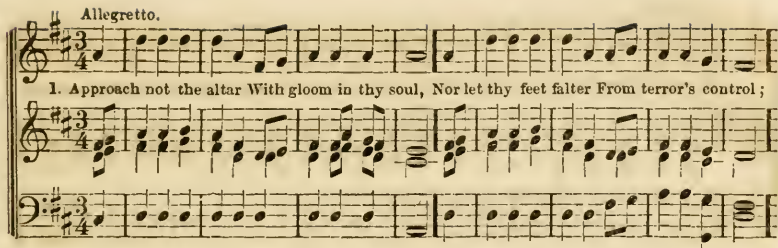
- 1 The stars have lit their golden lights
Upon the heavenly mountain heights;
From East to West their flames arise;
An arch of glory spans the skies.

- 2 Beneath that bright, triumphal arch
Our souls, O Lord! exulting march;
And, cheered by visions wise and grand,
They seek in faith the better land.
- 3 Fling wide, O Lord! thy temple-doors;
The stars may break on glory's shores;
Their drops may seek the spirit sea;
But we would find our life in thee.
- 4 Eternal life! to own thy name,
While new-born suns and stars outflame
Eternal life! in thee to rise,
Though every star forget the skies.

406*The Great Temple.*

- 1 Though wandering in a stranger-land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort! thou art not alone,
While faith has marked thee for her own.
- 2 Wouldst thou a temple? look above,—
The heavens stretch over all in love;
A book? for thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man.
- 3 And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

Allegretto.



407.

Glad Worship.—MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

- 1 Approach not the altar,
With gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter
From terror's control;
God loves not the sadness
Of fear and mistrust;
O, serve him with gladness,
The loving and just.
- 2 His bounty is tender,
His being is love;
His smile fills with splendor
The blue arch above;
Confiding, believing,
O, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving,
His portals with praise!
- 3 Come not to his temple
With pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple,
In courage serene;

Bring meekly before him
The faith of a child,
Bow down and adore him
With heart undefiled!

408.

Waiting and Watching.

- 1 Be waiting and watching,
The signs of the times,
And daily keep warring
With prevalent crimes.
The evils will lessen
With every stout blow;
The brighter the weapon,
The weaker the foe.
- 2 The Right! it must prosper,
Whatever oppose;
However malignant
Or stout be its foes.
Like the steps of the morning,
Majestic and free,
'Twill onward and triumph,
Most gloriously!

Moderato.

1. We gladly come to-day And willing vows we pay In learning's fane; For here we
all may meet, And joyful songs repeat, While accents soft and sweet Unite the strain.

409.

School Dedication.—W. O. BOURNE.

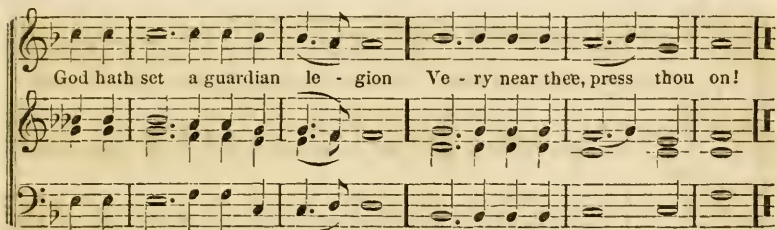
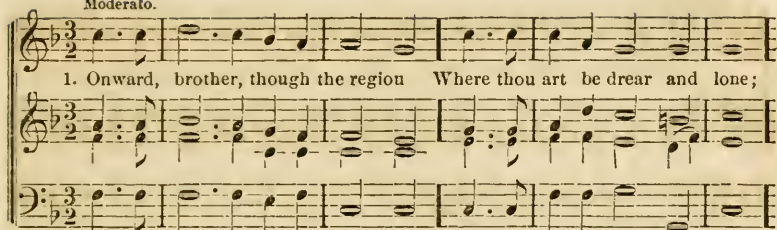
- 1 We gladly come to-day,
And willing vows we pay
In learning's fane;
For here we all may meet,
And joyful songs repeat,
While accents soft and sweet,
Unite the strain.
- 2 There is a fountain pure,
Whose flowing shall be sure
With waters bright;
May they our spirits fill
While toiling up the hill,
With earnest heart and will,
To realms of light.
- 3 We dedicate these halls,
Where duty gently calls,
To love and truth;
The hours shall joyful flee,
We here will happy be,
And happy teachers see,
To guide our youth.
- 4 Long may these halls remain,
That thousands here may gain
The radiant boon;
So science shall unite
With truth's effulgent light,
And every soul invite
To endless noon.

410.

Children's Hymn.

- 1 Let the still air rejoice,
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one;
While we renew our strain
To him, with joy, again,
Who sends the evening rain
And morning sun.
- 2 His hand in beauty gives
Each flow'r and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill:
Springs! which our footsteps meet,
Fountains! our lips to greet,
Waters! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.
- 3 Each summer bird that sings,
Drinks from dear nature's springs
Her early dew;
And the refreshing show'r
Falls on each herb and flow'r
Giving it life and pow'r
Fragrant and new.
- 4 So let each faithful child
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth:
Then shall the song we raise
Be heard in future days,
Ours be the pleasant ways
Of peace and truth.

Moderato.



411.

The Conflict of Life.—S. JOHNSON.

- 1 Onward, brother, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!
- 2 Listen, brother, their hosannah
Rolleth o'er thee,—‘God is love,’
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
‘Upward ever,—heaven’s above.’
- 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!
- 4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
O, for their sake, press thou on!
- 5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;
- 6 Pray thou, brother, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus,—‘Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!’

412.

Be Thou Ready.

- 1 Be thou ready, fellow-mortal,
In thy pilgrimage of life,
Ever ready to uphold thee
In the toil and in the strife.
- 2 Be thou ready when thy brother
Bows in dark affliction’s shade:
Be thou ready when thy sister
Needs thy kindness and thy aid;
- 3 Let thine arm sustain and cheer them,—
They have claims upon us all,—
And thy deeds like morning sunlight
On their weary hearts shall fall.
- 4 Be thou ready, in thy meekness,
To do good to friend and foe,
As thy Father sheddeth freely
Light on all that dwell below.

413.

Call to Action.

- 1 Up, my soul! with clear sedateness
Read heaven’s law, writ bright and broad,
Up! a sacrifice to greatness,
Truth, and goodness,—up to God!
- 2 Up to labor! from thee shaking
Off the bonds of sloth, be brave!
Give thyself to prayer and waking;
Toil some fainting heart to save!

Maestoso.

1. Clay to clay, and dust to dust! Let them mingle, for they must!

Give to earth the earthly clod, For the spirit's fled to God.

414.*The Arisen.*

- 1 Clay to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle, for they must,
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God.
- 2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noonday's glance,
Search this mortal countenance.
- 3 Look aloft! the spirit's risen:
Death cannot the soul imprison:
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious though invisible.
- 4 Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there, and comfort too;
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing life's eternal round.

415.*Earth to Earth and Soul to Heaven.*

- 1 To the Father's love we trust
That which was enshrined in dust;
While we give the earth to earth,
Finds the soul its heavenly birth.

- 2 Said not oft those pleading eyes,
That they longed for purer skies?
Did not oft the falling tear
Speak of roughening billows here?
- 3 Give the spirit then, to God,
And its vesture, to the sod;
Life, henceforth, shall have a ray
Kindled ne'er to pass away.

416.*Faith in God:*

- 1 We would leave, O God, to thee,
Every anxious care and fear:
Thou the troubled thought canst see,
Thou canst dry the bitter tear.
- 2 Thou dost care for us, we know,—
Care with all a Father's love;
Thou canst make each earthly woe
Work to higher bliss above.
- 3 On this faith we fain would rest;
Strengthen thou its blessed power!
Steadfast keep it in our breast,
Through each dark and trying hour.

417.*Praise to God.*

Praise to God! immortal praise,
From the heavens, the earth, the seas;
All in one vast chorus join,
To extol the name divine!

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, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

418.

Nearer to Thee.—S. F. ADAMS.

- 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 the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest 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!

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish: Come at the shrine of God, fervently kneel,

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

419.

Come ye Disconsolate.—T. MOORE.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come, at the shrine of God, fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the comforter, in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow, that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, living and pure;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

1. Now to heaven our prayers ascending, God speed the right; In a noble cause contending, God speed the right.

Be their zeal in heaven recorded, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right. God speed the right.

420.

God Speed the Right.

- 1 Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right.
- 2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right.
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, thy fail with glory,
God speed the right.
- 3 Patient, firm, and, persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right.

- 4 Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right.

421.

Closing Hymn.

As we part our prayer ascendeth,
God speed the right.
To success each effort tendeth,
God speed the right.
Be our hopes in heaven recorded,
With its joys our toils rewarded;
God speed the right.

1. God comes, with succor speedy, To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy, And bid the weak be strong;

To help the poor and needy, And bid the weak be strong;

422.

Lo! He Cometh.—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 God comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
He comes to break oppression,
And set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down, as showers
Upon the thirsty earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His great, best name of Love.

423

The New Era.—R. H. BROWN.

- 1 Hark! hark! from grove and fountain
Our joyful songs resound,
And every rock and mountain
Re-echoes them around.
The darkness earth forsaking,
Before the day flies fast,
And man, redeemed, is breaking
From Error's chain at last.
- 2 The light from God above us
Is beaming in our eyes,
And angel-friends who love us
Are whispering from the skies;
They speak in accents tender,
And bid us weep no more;
For, clad in robes of splendor,
They tread the heavenly shore.
- 3 They tell us of the beauty
That shines in their bright sphere;
They teach us of our duty
To love each other here.
Oh, Father! guard and guide us;
When death shall close our eyes,
Thy angels standing near us,
Shall lead us to the skies.

He comes to break oppression, And set the captive free,
To take away transgression, And rule in e - qui - ty.

421.

The Millenial Dawn.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 The morning light is breaking,
The shadows disappear;
The sons of earth are waking,
From darkness, doubt and fear.
The human mind enshrouded
In superstition's night,
In mysteries beclouded,
Beholds the dawning light.</p> <p>2 The dreary night of sorrow
That wrapt the world in gloom,
Shall waken on the morrow,
With light beyond the tomb.
That light, to man benighted,
Directs the upward sight,
And, to the soul invited,
Reveals a glorious light.</p> <p>3 A still, small voice addressing,
Awakes the sleeping mind,
Forevermore progressing,
It seeks for joys refined.
That voice from spheres supernal,
Comes down the world to bless,
And tells of life eternal,
And bids it onward press.</p> | <p>4 The light of truth now spreading
O'er error's darkened way,
Tells to the sad, the dreading,
There is a better day.
To those who, long in sadness,
Have looked for joys to come,
That light proclaims with gladness
A brighter, better home.</p> <p>5 Old superstition's fetters
Have long enchained the mind;
And errors, its abettors,
Have ever strove to bind;
But soon the light, now breaking,
Where superstition reigns,
Shall, every soul awaking,
Free from its galling chains.</p> <p>6 Bright angels hover o'er us,
The welcome news to bring,
Of better scenes before us,
In rapturous joy they sing.
Earth's millions, from their sadness,
Awake with joy and love;
And, filled with peace and gladness,
Look to their home above.</p> |
|---|---|

Moderato.

1. Hark! through the waking earth, Hark! through the echoing sky,
Herald of Freedom's birth, There comes a glorious cry.

425.*Behold, He Cometh.*

- 1 Hark! through the waking earth,
Hark! through the echoing sky,
Herald of Freedom's birth,
There comes a glorious cry.
- 2 The triple chains that bind
Fall from the weary limb,
And from the down-crushed mind,
As soundeth that high hymn.
- 3 Unto man's waiting heart
It saith,—' Arise, be strong!
Bear thou an earnest part
Against all forms of wrong.
- 4 ' Wouldst live in earth as lives
The glorious One above?
He for thy model gives
Himself, and he is love.
- 5 ' Love in each brother man
The God who loveth him;
Revere the stamp of heaven,
However marred and dim.
- 6 ' Bid fear give place to love;
Bid doubt and passion cease;
Be every word of hate
Forever hushed in peace.'

- 7 Sound, sound through all the earth!
Sound through the echoing sky!
Proclaim the world's new birth;
Proclaim the Lord is nigh!

426.*There's Rest for Thee in Heaven.*

- 1 Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now
Die in their early spring;
- 2 Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth—
There's rest for thee in heaven!
- 3 When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak
Tell of a time to die—
- 4 Sweet hope shall whisper then
' Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond thy ken,
There's rest for thee in heaven.'

Tenderly.

1. Be strong, O Soul of mine, be strong to bear What - ev - er-

fate o'ertakes thee; strong, and know Within thy deepest conscious-

ness that he Who hath all power doth love and watch o'er thee.

427.

Be Strong, my Soul.—J. S. A.

1 Be strong, O Soul of mine, be strong to bear
 Whatever fate o'ertakes thee; strong, and know
 Within thy deepest consciousness that he
 Who hath all power doth love and watch o'er thee.

2 When the night ruleth, when the moon and stars
 On other paths do shine but not on thine,
 Trust thou in him who made them as they are,
 That he will send thee sunlight from afar.

3 Be strong, be calm, be trusting, and be firm!
 O, Soul that I have nourished; learn to live
 In him who made thee, for thou art a part
 Of his great self—lie near his beating heart.

[17*]

1. There is a state unknown, unseen, Where parted souls must be;
And but a step doth lie between That world of souls and me.

428.*The Unseen World.*—JANE TAYLOR.

- 1 There is a state, unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.
- 2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.
- 3 The things unseen, O God, reveal;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall see, and know and feel,
That those I love are near.
- 4 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

429.*Dedication Hymn.*—P. H. SWEETSER.

- 1 Let monumental pillars rise,
In majestic subline—
Their lofty columns shall decay,
Before the touch of time!

- 2 But mind, enlightened and refined,
Shall soar beyond the sky,
And heavenly sciences explore,
Though time itself should die!
- 3 This temple now we dedicate
To Truth's supreme control—
To virtue and progressive thought,
The riches of the soul!
- 4 A nobler monument we raise,
Than costly marble pile—
A beacon light to lead the way
From ignorance and guile.

430.*Neither do I Condemn Thee.*

- 1 O, if thy brow, serene and calm,
From earthly stain is free,
View not with scorn the erring one,—
He once was pure like thee.
- 2 O, if the smiles of love are thine,
Its joyous ecstasy,
Shun not the poor forsaken one,—
He once was loved like thee!
- 3 Then, with the love of him who said
'Go thou and sin no more,'
Save, save, thy brother from despair,
And peace and hope restore.

1. O, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken! The holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken, And feeds the widow and the fa-ther-less.

431.

True Worship and Undeiled.—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 O, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!
The holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.
- 2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
- 3 Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good:
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
- 4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

1. For the wealth of pathless forests, Where - on no axe may
fall; For the winds that haunt the branches, The birdling's timid call;

432.

A Thanksgiving.

- 1 For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches—
The birdling's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod—
For the waving of the forests,
We thank thee, oh, our God!
- 2 For the buds that throng to gladden
The toiler's plodding way;
For the bursting of fresh roses
With every new-born day;
For the bare twigs, that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers
We thank thee, oh, our God!
- 3 For the sound of waters, gushing
In bubbling beads of light:
For the flocks of snow-white lilies—
Firm anchors out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies —
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers
We thank thee, oh our God!

For the red leaves dropped like rubies Up - on the dark green
sod, For the waving of the forests, We thank thee, oh our God!

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in a key of three flats (E-flat major or C minor) and 4/4 time. The first system contains the first line of the lyrics, and the second system contains the second line. The music features a mix of single notes, chords, and rests, with a final double bar line at the end of the second system.

4 For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges
Whence giant cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains
We thank thee, oh, our God!

5 For an eye of inward seeing—
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
Which our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod,
For the amaranth saved from Eden
We thank thee, oh, our God!

6 For the hidden scroll o'er written
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human—
The spirit in the word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of being
We thank thee, oh, our God!

1. Forth went the heralds of the cross, No dangers made them pause;
They counted all the world but loss, For their great master's cause.

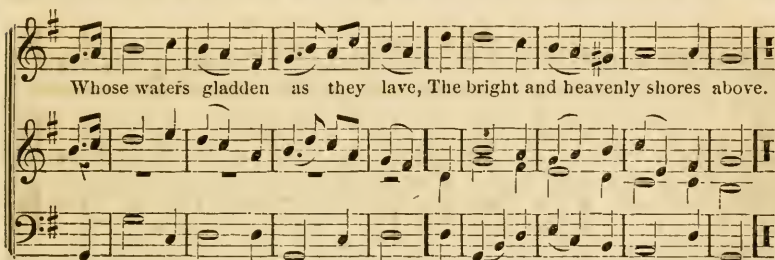
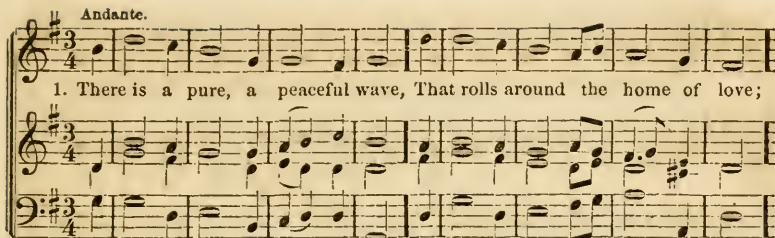
433.*The Heralds of the Cross.*

- 1 Forth went the heralds of the cross,
No dangers made them pause;
They counted all the world but loss,
For their great Master's cause.
- 2 Through looks of fire, and words of scorn,
Serene their path they trod;
And to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God.
- 3 Friends dropped the hand they clasped
Love changed to cruel hate; [before,
And home to them was home no more;
Yet mourn'd they not their fate.
- 4 In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose up in their sight:
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.
- 5 They knew to whom their trust was given,
They could not doubt his word;
Before them beamed the light of heaven,
The presence of their Lord.
- 6 O, may a faith as true be ours,
And shed as pure a light
Of peace across the darkest hours,
And make the last one bright!

434.*Prayer for Wisdom.*—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Almighty God! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below;
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom;—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
Thou watchest o'er their days:
The old are guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

Andante.

**435.***The Waters of Life.*

- 1 There is a pure, a peaceful wave,
That rolls around the home of love;
Whose waters gladden as they lave,
The bright and heavenly shores above.
- 2 The pilgrim faint and near to sink,
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refreshed upon its verdant brink,
Rejoices in its gentle flow.
- 3 There, O my soul do thou repose,
Fast by that ever-hallowed spring;
Drink from its crystal wave which flows
To heal thy wounded, weary wing.

436.*Lo, God is Here.*

- 1 Lo, God is here! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

437.*The Divine Spirit.*—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 One God there is, who reigns alone,
Through love received, in wisdom known;
By space or nature unconfined,
Yet in the universe enshrined.
- 2 Fixed are his reason's firm decrees,
Boundless his being's harmonies;
Unchangeable by erring man,
His attributes the worlds o'er-span.
- 3 Suns blossom from his will divine;
He bids the planets' dust refine;
Gives every world an angel race;
Clasps every soul in one embrace.

438.*Deeds of Goodness.*

- 1 Be ours the olive branch to strow,
And quell the tares of want and woe.
Affliction's brow with palm to twine,
And round the cottage coil the vine.
- 2 Our feet shall smooth the slope of age,
Our hands the pangs of pain assuage;
And e'en this life shall bloom with hours
Of blessed fruits and balmy flow'rs.
- 3 So angel sisters from above,
Shall hail us to their home of love,
When death our fading hand untwines,
And heaven's eternal Sabbath shines.

Dolce.

1. The voice of an angel Falls sweet on our ears, It whispers of

goodness, That conquers our fears; It speaks of a father, Who

governs in love, Who draws all his children, To bright homes above.

439.

The Voice of an Angel.

- 1 The voice of an angel
Falls sweet on our ears,
It whispers of goodness,
That conquers our fears;
It speaks of a father,
Who governs in love,
Who draws all his children,
To bright homes above.
- 2 It makes our souls hopeful,
Makes joyful our life,
Gives strength to our feelings,
To overcome strife;

- We know that contention,
That pride, hate, and scorn,
Will turn to sweet concord,
In truth's beauteous morn.
- 3 We know that truth's brightness
Shall dawn upon earth,
Sweet flowers spring around us,
Of heavenly birth.
Though eager to witness,
All things ruled by love,
We wait with calm patience,
These gifts from above.

1. Wilt thou not visit me? The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;

Each blade of grass I see, From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

440.

God's Presence.—JONES VERY—

1 Wilt thou not visit me?
 The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;
 Each blade of grass I see,
 From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

2 Wilt thou not visit me?
 Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
 And every hill and tree
 Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

3 Come! for I need thy love,
 More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
 Come, like thy holy dove,
 And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes! thou wilt visit me;
 Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
 As when, from sin set free,
 Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

Espressivo.

1. O thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be,

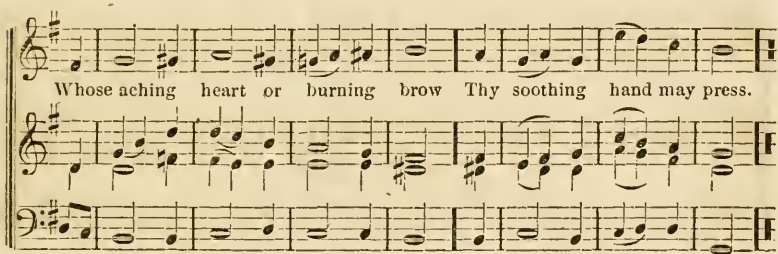
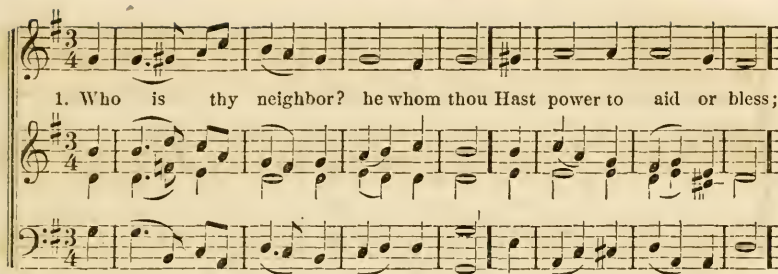
If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee!

441.*Consolation.*—T. MOORE.

- 1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;
- 4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above;
- 5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

442.*Heavenly Communion.*—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 Sweet are the ties that bind in one
The family above,
For through their hearts the raptures run
Of God's eternal love.
- 2 There everlasting Spring unfolds
The flowers of every clime,
And every form the mind beholds
Is beauteous and sublime.
- 3 God's love is glory in the sky
And music in the air,
And every breath is melody,
And every thought a prayer.
- 4 These are the angel friends who come
When night is calm and still;
With visions of their blessed home
Our quickened hearts to thrill.
- 5 Upon the suffering martyr's way
Hope's brilliant light they shed.
To every child of woe they say,
'Dear heart, be comforted'
- 6 Give us, our Father! so to live
That we may feel and see
Those fairest angels who receive
Their life's sweet love from thee.



443.

Who is thy Neighbor.—PEARODY.

- 1 Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou, and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

444.

Speak Gently.

- 1 Speak gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
' Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones,—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!
- 5 Speak gently,—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

1. High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime Go down the heavens of Freedom, And true hearts perish
in the

time We bit - ter - li - est need them ! But never sit we down, and say There's nothing left but

445.

To-Day and To-Morrow.—GERALD MASSEY.

- 1 High hopes that burn'd 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 !
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming !
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may stand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.
- 3 Through all the long, dark nights of years,
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears;
But our meek sufferance endeth !
The few shall not forever sway,
The many moil in sorrow;
The powers of Earth are strong to-day,
But Heaven shall rule to-morrow.

The musical score is written for three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) in a key of D major (two sharps). The melody is primarily in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "sorrow; We walk the wilderness to-day, The promised land to-morrow. We walk the wilderness to-day, The promised land to-morrow. The promised land to-morrow." The music concludes with a final cadence on the third line.

- 4 Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
 With smiling futures glisten!
 For, lo! our day bursts up the skies:
 Lean out your Souls, and listen!
 The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
 And ripens with her sorrow;
 Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day,
 Shall wear the crown to-morrow.
- 5 Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
 With energies immortal!
 To many a heaven of desire,
 Our 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,—
 And harvest comes to-morrow.
- 6 Build up heroic lives, and all
 Be like a sheathen sabre,
 Ready to flash out at God's call,
 O chivalry of labor!
 Triumph and toil are twins; and aye,
 Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
 And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
 Brings victory to-morrow.

1 Oft in the quiet night, When slumber's chain has bound us, Kind spirits bring the light Of

Fine.

other spheres around us. They whisper soft of joy and peace, Our dreams of heaven in-

D. C.

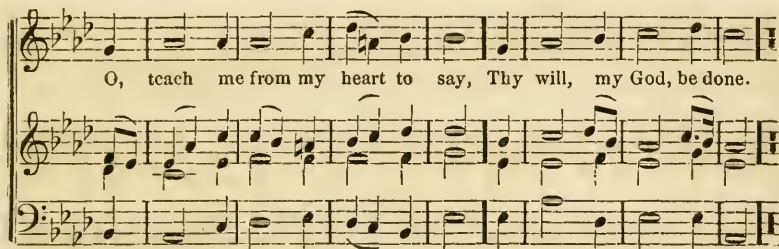
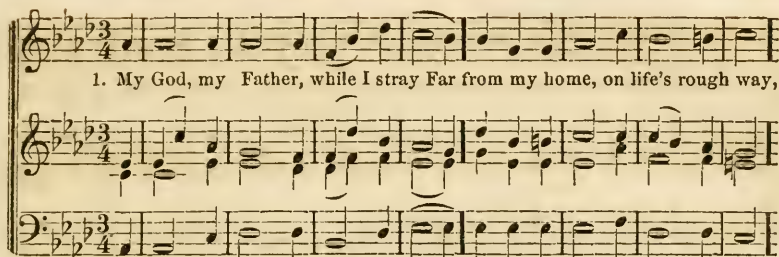
spiring; Their vigils o'er us never cease, They're constant and un - tir - ing.

446.

Unseen Watchers.

1 Oft in the quiet night
 When slumber's chain has bound us,
 Kind spirits bring the light
 Of other spheres around us.
 They whisper soft of joy and peace,
 Our dreams of heaven inspiring;
 Their vigils o'er us never cease,
 They're constant and untiring.
 Thus in the quiet night,
 When slumber's chain has bound us,
 Kind spirits, pure as light,
 Are hov'ring gently round us.

2 And when the noisy scenes
 Of busy life allure us,
 From ills, to us unseen,
 They're watchful to secure us;
 Unconsciously we feel their power,
 Their warnings, timely given;
 Unseen, they guide, at every hour,
 Our onward way to heaven.
 Thus in the quiet night,
 When slumber's chain has bound us,
 Kind spirits, pure as light,
 Are hov'ring gently round us.



447.

'Thy Will, my God, be Done.'

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will, my God, be done.'
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will, my God, be done.'
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will, my God, be done.'
- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what is thine;
'Thy will, my God, be done.'
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
'Thy will, my God, be done.'
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will, my God, be done.'

448.

Dirge of a Child.

- 1 No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed one!
- 2 Thou wert so like a form of light,
That heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight,
O'er thy sweet innocence.
- 3 Oh! hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty, fair as brief!
Perchance thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief!
- 4 Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with nature's brightest wreath;
Each glowing season shall combine,
Its incense there to breathe;
- 5 And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet one! thou'lt visit our repose,
And bear from thine own world of rest,
A balm for human woes!

1. In eve - ry hu - man mind we see, A tem - ple made for

De - i ty, And righteous thoughts and acts declare His ho - ly

spirit's presence there. His ho - ly spirit's presence there.

449.

The Temple of Deity.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 In every human mind we see
A temple made for Deity,
And righteous thoughts and acts declare
His holy spirit's presence there,
- 2 The living God whom Moses saw,
Whose mind revealed the ancient law,
Within the reason and the will
Makes known his truth and goodness still.
- 3 All that the Hebrew prophets knew
Through moral insight shone to view;
Then nature dropped her vail to stand,
And teach, like Christ, at God's right hand.
- 4 O'er all the past the mellow light,
Of Revelation gilds the night;
All creeds, like meteors, rise and fall;
Faith, hope, and love, survive them all.

Solo. **Quartette.**

1. Hark, the vesper-hymn is stealing, O'er the waters soft and clear; Nearer yet and

nearer pealing, Now it bursts upon the ear. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te,

la - te, A - men, A - men.

Ju-bi-la-te, A - men. Farther now, now farther stealing, Soft it fades upon the ear.

450.

Vesper Hymn.

- 1 Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing,
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.
- 2 Now, like moonlight waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Hush again, like waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along.

451. QUARTETT. "Oh! that I had wings." From 'Modern Harp,' By permission.

Not too fast.*

Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings.....

Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, had

Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, had

Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings,..... had

CRES. How swiftly, then, I'd fly,.....

wings like a dove! CRES. How swiftly, then, I'd fly, How swiftly, then, I'd

wings like a dove! How swiftly, then, I'd fly How swiftly, then, I'd fly.....

wings like a dove! CRES. How swiftly, then, I'd fly.....

To my palace in the sky. Far away, far away!

fly To my palace in the sky. Far away, far away! to the

To my palace in the sky. Far away, far away!

To my palace in the sky. Far away, far away!

* May be performed without the Tencer.

Far away! far away! Oh! oh! that I had
regions of the blest, To the regions of the blest; Oh! oh! that I had
Far away! far away! Oh! oh! that I had
Oh! oh! that I had

wings, Oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, To
wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, To
wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, To
wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, To

be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.
be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.
be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.
be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.

Dolce.

1. Fa - ding, still fa - ding, the last beam is shin - ing, Father

2. Fa - ther in heaven, thou hearest our call, Thou lovest, and

in heaven, the day is declining, Safety and innocence leave not with

guid - est and car - est for all. Fee - ble and fainting we trust in thy

light, We trust thee in day, so we trust thee in night, From the

might, In doubting and darkness thy love is our light. We will

fall of the shade till the morning bells' chime, In thy love rest - ing a -

sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns, Wake in thy arms when the

wait we thy time. Thou art all goodness, thou art all goodness,
 morn - ing re - turns. Thou art all goodness, thou art all goodness,
 Thou art all goodness, Turn ever we to thee, A - men.
 Thou art all goodness, Turn ev - er we to thee, A - men.

453. SENTENCE. "Holy, Lord God of Hosts." W. JACKSON.

Moderato.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts. Heav'n and earth are
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts. Heav'n and earth are
 full of the Ma-jes - ty of thy glo - ry. Glo-ry be to thee, O Lord most high.
 full of the Ma-jes-ty of thy glo-ry, Glory be to thee, O Lord most high.

454. ANTHEM. "God of the Universe."

VON WEBER.

Slow.

1. When Faith leads the heart sincere to breathe with emotion, Telling how

1, When Faith leads the heart sincere to breathe with emotion, Telling how

trustingly it looks to God alway, Then it doth offer up its

trustingly it looks to God al-way, Then it doth offer up its

prayer of de - vo - tion, God of the Universe, guide us, guard us to - day.

prayer of de - vo - tion, God of the Universe, guide us, guard us to-day.

2. Then doth the soul receive a gladness un - end - ing, Then shall ap -

2. Then doth the soul receive a gladness un - end - ing Then shall ap -

ANTHEM. Concluded.

219

pear to it the earth ev-er-more bright, While to unfading realms our

prayer is as-cend-ing God of the Universe, thou dost prosper the Right.

455. SENTENCE. "Glory to God in the highest." A. BLÜHER.

Not too fast.

Glo-ry to God in the highest, And on earth peace, good-will to men, And on earth peace, good-will to

men, good-will to men, and on earth peace, good-will to men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

456. ANTHEM. "Sacred Peace."

STORACE

Smooth and Flowing.

p *f* *dim.*

Sa-cred peace, ce-les - tial treasure! Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain;

p *f* *dim.*

Sa-cred peace, ce-les - tial treas - ure! Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain;

m *f*

Care and grief have made us weary, Come, O come, and soothe our

Come, O come, and soothe our

m *f*

Care and grief have made us weary, Come, O come, and soothe our

m *dim.* *cres.*

pain, Come, O come and soothe our pain, and soothe our pain, Come, O come and soothe our

pain and soothe our pain,

m *cres.*

pain, Come, O come and soothe our pain, and soothe our pain, Come, O come and soothe our

ANTHEM. Concluded.

f pain, and soothe our pain. *p* *cres.* Sacred peace, ce-les - tial treasure,

f pain, and soothe our pain. *p* *cres.* Sacred peace, ce-les - tial treasure,

f *dim.* Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain, *f* *dim.* Heavenly treasure, Now be -

f *dim.* Here be - stow thy smiles again, *m* *f* *dim.* Heavenly treasure, heavenly treasure, Now be -

f *pp* stow thy smiles again, Heavenly treasure, heavenly treasure, Now bestow thy smiles again.

f *pp* stow thy smiles again, Heavenly treasure, heavenly treasure, Now bestow thy smiles again.

457. SENTENCE. "And ye shall seek me."

Allegretto.

And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with

And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style.

all your heart, ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your

all your heart, ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your

This system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature.

heart, Ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your

heart, Ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature.

heart, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, Saith the Lord.

heart, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, Saith the Lord.

This system concludes the piece. It also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature, ending with a double bar line.

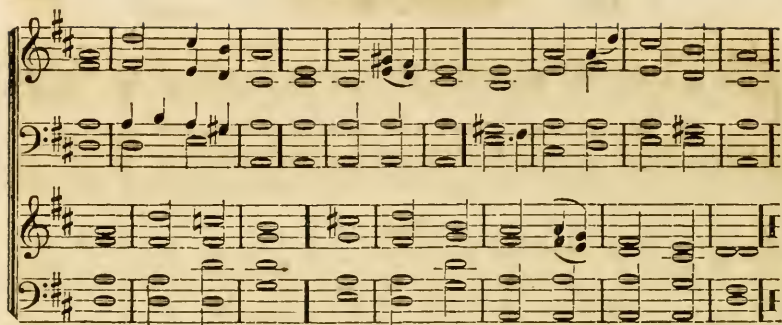
Gravemente.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and earth are
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and earth are

full of the majesty of thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to thee, O
 Glo - ry be to thee, O
 full of the majesty of thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to thee, O
 Glo - ry be to thee, O

RESPONSE.

Lord most high. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord.
 Lord most high. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord.
 Lord most high. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord.
 Lord most high. Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord.



459.

Invocation.—C. D. STUART.

- 1 Spirit Divine, eternal and immortal,
By whom all things cre- | ated live and | move;
Who holdst the keys that open every portal
Of this vast universe of | light and | love;
Who hast vouchsafed all things that we inherit,
So not to chance is | left a | shade or | tissued
To shape our destiny, mind, body, spirit,
From being's smallest need to its im- | mortal | issue,
Thee we invoke! O let thy love divine
Speed on the | Truth, since | all of | Truth is | thine.
- 2 O Spirit Infinite! do thou guide, guard us,
By thy dear messengers of | love and | grace;
Thou art our God! forever turn toward us
The light and glory of thy | Father- | face;
Speak, by thy spirits, to our souls and through us,
As thou hast spoken | to the | saints of | old;
In truth and all things beautiful renew us;
Purge us from dross and make us | as fine | gold;
Unto our spirits be thy spirit given,
To lead on- | earth and | bear us | up to | heaven!

460.

Hope On, Hope Ever.—GERALD MASSEY.

- 1 Hope on, hope ever! though to- | day be | dark,
The bright sunburst may smile on | thee to- | morrow;
Tho' thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and | guerdon | all thy | sorrow!
Tho' 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 a- | bove thee.
- 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,
Age crowns old winter | with her | rich a- | dorning,
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 an- | other.



461.

The Angel of Patience.—MRS. L. C. TAYLOR.

1 Beside the | toilsome | way
Lowly and sad, by fruits and | flowers un- | blest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly, day by day,
Longing in | vain for | rest.

2 An angel | softly | walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast | meekly | down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks,
She weaves my | fitting | crown.

3 A sweet and | patient | grace,
A look of firm endurance, | true and | tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face,
So pure, so | glori- | fied.

4 And when my | fainting | heart
Desponds and murmurs at its | adverse | fate,
Then quietly the angel's light lips part,
Murmuring | softly, | 'Wait!'

5 'Patience!' she | sweetly | saith,
'The Father's mercies never | come too | late;
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith,
And firm en- | durance, | Wait!'

6 Angel! be- | hold I | wait,
Wearing the thorny crown through | all life's | hours;
Wait till thy hand shall ope the eternal gate,
And change the | thorns to | flowers.

462.

Look Up, my Soul.

1 Look up, my | weary | soul,
A brighter day for thee is | drawing | nigh;
For morning beams are flashing in the sky:
Look up with | faith, my | soul!

2 Not always | night shall | keep
Its heavy shadows round thine | onward | path;
For morning comes, though long, to him who hath
A soul that | will not | sleep.

3 In all life's | lessons | learn
That true men through their trials | perse- | vere;
Winter but comes, with all its storms severe
To hasten | spring's re- | turn.

4 Joy fills the | golden | cup!
'Tis thine once more to quaff the | nectar | sweet,
And new-born songs in grateful strains repeat:
Look up, my | soul! look | up!



463.

The Spirit's Morning.—ANNETTE BISHOP.

- 1 The Morning cometh, oh my soul, the Morning
Which thou hast pined for weary | hours to | see !
Look through thy tears! behold the first faint warning
Of all the wealth of | light that | soon shall | be.
- 2 Oft hast thou fainted in thy vigils lonely,
And cried, ' The day will | never, . . never | come,
But now above thee, veiled in radiance only,
The sun rolls upward | in the | heaven's blue | dome.
- 3 The hidden lark up from his lowly meadows
Soars, singing, when the clouds of | night are | riven;
So shalt thou rise from out the misty shadows,
And stretch thy pinions | for the | gates of | Heaven.
- 4 And, weary soul, the dews of night that chilled thee,
Shall float like incense round thee | from the | flowers,
And wilds whose savage gloom with horror thrilled thee,
Shall open to thy | feet E- | lysian | bowers.
- 5 Hast thou no words wherewith to sing thy gladness?
Or waitest thou for noontide | to ex- | hale
The dewy tears, that, in thy night of sadness,
Fell, unillumed by | star or | moonlight | pale?
- 6 Hast thou not heard the wondrous, old-world story,
How from his ashes doth the | Phœnix | rise,
With newer life and a diviner glory,
Bathing his plumes, and | burning | in his | eyes?
- 7 So from the grave of martyred aspirations,
And hopes that perished ere the | night was | done,
Thou'lt seek the skies' serenest elevations,
And bask with rapturo | in the | spirit's | sun.



464.

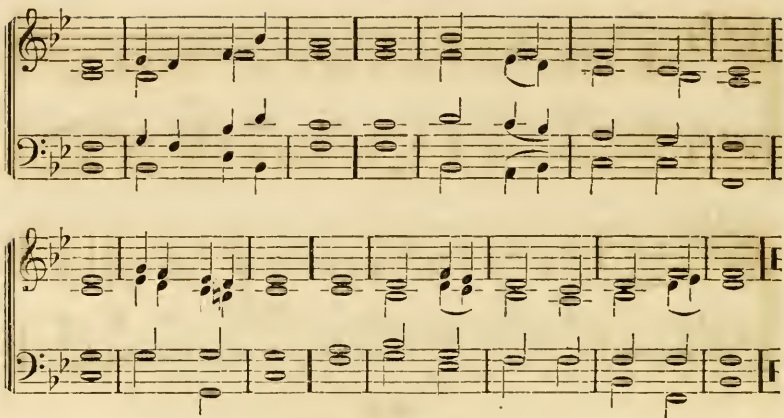
If I were a Voice.

- 1 If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the | wide world | through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them | to be | true.
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human | heart might | be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the | right—in | blame..of the | wrong.
- 2 If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the | wings..of the | air:
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them | from de- | spair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy | sunlight | down,
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And | teach them..to look | up a- | gain.
- 3 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the | earth a- | round:
And wherever man unto error bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The Truth's most | joyful | sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my | world-wide | way.
Bidding the saddened ones rejoice—
If I were a | voice—an im- | mortal | voice.

465.

Confidence in God.

- 1 He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful | to the | flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent,
To give the | soul fit | nourishment.
As comes to me or | cloud or | sun,
Father! thy | will, not | mine, be | done.



466.

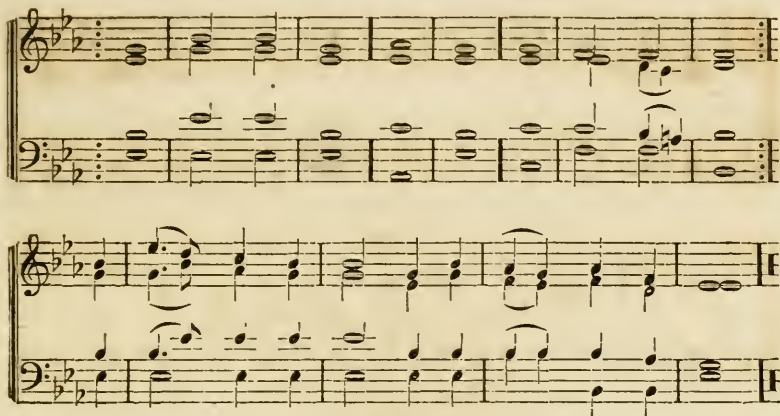
The Angel of Freedom.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 I saw a spirit, Godlike, vast and glorious
 Upon the summit | of the ages | stand;
 His countenance of light, his brow victorious
 Shone with a love no | mortal | might with- | stand.
 His voice went forth, in vast reverberations
 Over each isle and | continent and | sea,
 Waking, enrapturing, earth's down-trodden nations
 With God, the | Father's | great com- | mand, 'Be | Free.'
- 2 And there was silence for a space in heaven,
 And the mute sera- | phim gazed far a- | broad,
 And saw Earth's ancient darkling stillness riven,
 And the wide nations | hear the | voice of | God.
 And as the mandate of that mighty angel
 Fell, sunlike, on the | hearts and souls of | men;
 The Seraphs echoed Freedom's great evangel,
 And the vast | concave | sounded | back 'A | men !'

467.

The Deity.

O thou, who art the fountain and the term
 Of that which men have | called the..Uni- | verse;
 Whose breath, from chaos like a living germ,
 Confusion, void, and | darkness | did dis- | perse;
 Thou who uprolled'st the sun, and spread the stars,
 Life-sentinels in heaven—and broke the bars
 Of that mysterious and unfathom'd Night
 Which hung upon creation, till thy Light
 Proclaimed the dawn! and woke along the sky,
 The stars and angels | in one..sympho- | ny!
 Thou art the true and holy, thou, alone,
 Movest the sun in fix'd, unaltered course,
 And moon, and stars, and with almighty force
 Upholdest all, from | thine own | glorious throne! A | men.



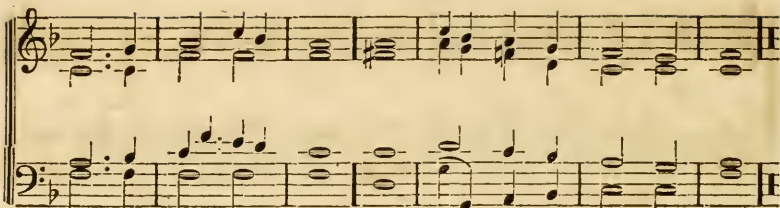
468.

Onward and Sunward.—GERALD MASSEY.

- 1 Tell me the song of the beautiful stars
 As grandly they glide on their blue | way a- | bove us,
 Looking, despite of our spirit's sin | scars, |
 Down on us tenderly, | yearning..to | love us: |
 This is the song in their work-worship sung,
 Down through the world-jeweled | universe | rung;
 'Onward for | ever, | for- | ever..more | 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 wing'd child of God's love she re- | joices, |
 Swinging her censer of | glory..in | heaven.
 And lo, it is writ by the | finger of | God,
 In sunbeams and flowers on 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 be- | fore us: |
 They're with us, still with us, our | battle..fight | on,
 Looking down, victor-browed, from the glory-crown'd hill
 They beckon, and beacon us | on,..onward | still;
 And the true heart's as- | pirings | are | onward,..still | onward;
 It turns to the future, as earth turneth Sunward.



469.

Morning

1 Through thy protecting care,
Kept till the dawning;
Come we with praise and prayer,
God of the morning!
Ever more | praising | thee,
With hearts in unity,
Gladly our souls would be
| God..of the | morn- | ing.

2 God of our sleeping hours,
God of our waking,
All our aspiring powers
In thine hands taking;
We now thy | work ful- | fill,
Thou with thy children still,
While we obey thy will,
| Never..for- | sak- | ing.

470.

Truth.

1 Truth only needs to be for once spoke out,
And there's such music in her, such strange rhythm,
As makes men's memories her | joyous | slaves,
And eling around the soul, as the sky clings
Round the mute earth, for- | ever | beauti- | ful.

2 Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born, that drops in- | to its | place,
And which once circling in its placid round,
Not all the | tumult..of the | earth can | shake.

471.

The Light of God.—J. G. WHITTIER.

1 Upon our pathway, wild and rugged,
Our heavenly Father | scatters | flowers;
Cool fountains gush in sun and shadow,
And | music fills the | wayside | bowers.

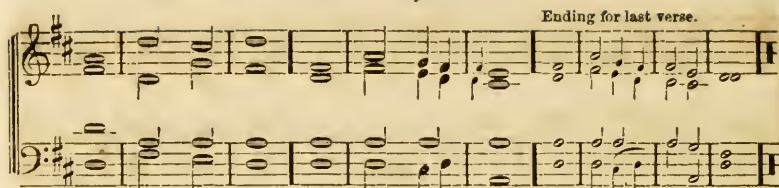
2 For he who loveth all, hath given,
Strength equal to our | weary | days:
And, when the path we tread is darkest,
Sends | to our feet his | guiding | rays.



472.

The Watcher on the Tower.—CHAS. MACKAY.

- 1 *Traveller.* What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking! comes the | wish'd-for | hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning | dawns up- | on the | land.
- 2 *Watcher.* The stars are clear above me; scarcely one
Has dim'd its rays in reverence | to the | sun;
But yet I see, on the horizon's verge
Some fair, faint streaks, as | if the | light would | surge.
- 3 *Traveller.* And is that all? Oh, watcher on the tower!
Look forth again; it must be | near the | hour;
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods be- | neath them | on the | slopes?
- 4 *Watcher.* A mist envelops them; I can not trace
Their outline, but the day comes | on a- | pace;
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow | dim. The | morning | breaks!
- 5 *Traveller.* Again, again, oh watcher on the tower!
We thirst for daylight, and we | hide the | hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious | daylight | for the | free?
- 6 *Watcher.* I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song
Vivid as day itself, and | clear and | strong
As of a lark, young prophet of the noon,
Pouring in sunlight | his se- | raphic | tune.
- 7 *Traveller.* What does he say? oh watcher on | the tower!
Is he a prophet? Doth the | dawning | hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime
With the full glories | of the | coming | time?
- 8 *Watcher.* He prophesies, his heart is full, his lay
Tells of the brightness of a | peaceful | day!
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the | most, and | clear and | warm.
- 9 *Traveller.* We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he | of an | hour
When error shall decay, and truth grow strong?
When right shall rule su- | preme and | vanquish | wrong?
- 10 *Watcher.* He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace;
Of days when jealousies and | hate shall | cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered | as its | God de- | signed.
- 11 *Traveller.* Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the | happy | hour?
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again
If the broad daylight | breaks up- | on the | plain.
- 12 *Watcher.* It breaks, it comes, the misty shadows fly,
A rosy radiance gleams up- | on the | the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in | shade, but | day is | near!

**473.**

Silence as their Benediction.—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 With silence only as their benediction,
 God's | angels | come
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
 The | soul sits | dumb.
- 2 Yet would we say, what 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 funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
 The | good die | not!
- 4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What | he has | given;
 They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly,
 As | in his | heaven.

474.

Hallowed Ground.—T. CAMPBELL.

- 1 What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured pile you heap!
 In dews that heaven far distant weep
 Their | turf may | bloom:
 Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their | coral | tomb.
- 2 But strew his ashes to the wind
 Whose hand or voice has helped mankind,
 And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts | thine on | high?
 To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is | not to | die.
- 3 What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
 Peace! Independence! Truth! Go forth
 Earth's | compass | round;
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All | hallowed | ground.



475.

Watching Angels.

- 1 Wrapped in the silence of the brooding night,
The mortal, on his pillow | calmly | sleeping,
Sees not the band of angels, clad in light,
Around his couch their | tireless | vigil | keeping,
Perchance his thought flies wildly high and far,
A thousand shadowy forms his | sense de- | ceiving;
But in the woof of all his fancy there,
A golden thread that | angel- | band are | weaving.
- 2 Perchance the slumberer feels intrusive care,
Deep in his heart some longing | wish is | waking:
Perchance his soul is drooping in despair,
His o'ertasked heart be- | neath its | burden | breaking.
But there the angels shed the light of love,
The dark cloud now no more is | mantled | o'er him;
He sees the ladder reach him from above,
And sees the angels | who to | heaven re- | store him.
- 3 Haply the slumberer in a fever dream
Suffers unconscious, ever | restless | turning,
While through his veins the life supporting stream
Courses in liquid | fire, its | channels | burning.
Then are the viewless hands laid on his brow,
The pure life-essence in his | frame dis- | tilling,
Coursing its every favored part, and now
The temple of the | soul with | pleasure | filling.
- 4 But most the watching angels guide the thought,
If in the mortal's heart be | wrong or | error,
Soon by the pure and viewless influence taught,
He sees his wrong as | in a magic | mirror.
He sees the end where leads his tortuous path,
Its darkness and its danger, | and, a- | waking,
He finds within his soul a holier faith,
And turns with willing | heart, his | sin for- | saking.
- 5 Thus does God guard his children, whether laid
In all unconscious sleep | upon the | pillow,
Or wandering wildly far from mortal aid,
Upon the waste, the | mountain, | or the | billow.
No one is left unguarded on his way,
Though oft by passion's gale all | wildly | driven;
Aye at the helm is he, whom waves obey,
Who guides life's bark and | moors it | in the | heaven.



476.

The Departed.—R. C. WATERSTON.

1 Genius for us has wrought;
Martyrs have bravely died midst | flood | and | fire,
And patriots gladly sought
Within our souls fresh | valor | to in- | spire!

2 Their voice is on the air;
They speak in every breeze where- | 'er we | roam;
They bid us guard with care
The virtues of our | country | and our | home!

3 Their influence fills the past
With noble thoughts, and generous | deeds sub- | lime!
Rich legacies! to last
From sire to son, through | all .. | coming | time.

4 The present hour is theirs;
Of half our good are they the | primal | cause;
Their struggles, hopes, and prayers,
Have given to us both | liber- | ty and | laws!

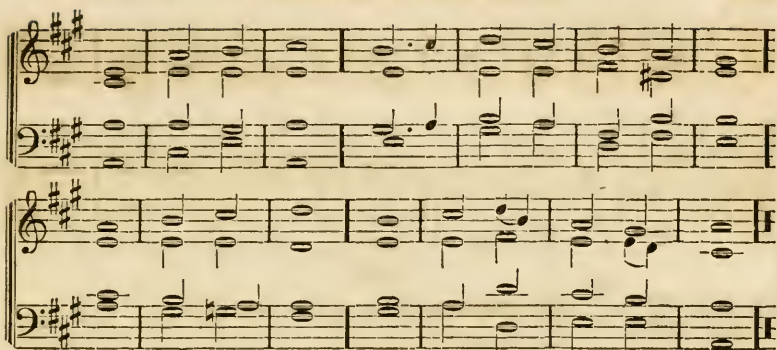
5 The nations have their dead:
Brave souls that like the stars of | light do | shine;
Great spirits who have led
Benighted millions | on to | life di- | vine.

6 And saintly forms above,
Gentle and fair do hover | o'er the | earth,
And bend in holy love,
O'er each sad heart that | mourns de- | parted | worth.

7 O, night some heavenly hand
Draw back the shadowy curtains | of the | sky,
That once the glorious band
Of bright angelic | souls could | meet the | eye.

8 But they are with us still
In thought and deed: Yes, they are | with us | here,
To elevate the will,
To soothe each grief, and | calm each | idle | fear.

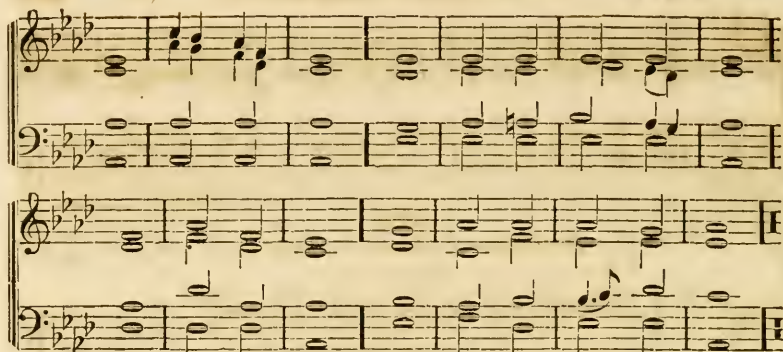
9 At the soft sunset hour,
When evening splendors melt | a- | long the | sky,
We feel their hallowed power
To kindle faith and | raise the | heart on | high.



477

Evermore.

- 1 I beheld a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it stream'd 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 a- | dore;
And I heard a chorus swelling; grand beyond a mortal's telling,
And the burden of that chorus was | Hope's glad word | Ever- | more!
- 2 And as I gazed and listened, came a slave all worn and weary,
His fetter-links blood-crusted, his dark brow | cold and | damp,
His sunken eyes gleam'd wildly, telling tales of horror dreary,
Of toilsome strugglings through the night amid the fever swamp;
Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the | mind had | time for | thinking,
A bright angel raised the sinking wretch and off his | fetters | tore;
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling.
"Pass brother, through our portal, thou'rt a | freeman | ever- | more!"
- 3 And as I gazed and listen'd, came a mother wildly weeping,
'I have lost my hopes forever, one by one they | went a- | way;
My children and their father the cold grave hath in keeping,
Life is one long lamentation, I | know nor | night nor | day!'
Then the angel softly speaking, 'Stay, sister, 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,
'Thy children and their father | shall be with thee | ever- | more!'
- 4 And as I gazed and listened, came a cold, blue-footed maiden,
With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes fill'd with | lurid | light;
Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden;
Her home had been the roofless street, her | day had | been the | night.
First wept the angel sadly, then smiled the angel gladly,
And caught the maiden madly rushing from the | golden | door.
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
'Enter, sister, thou art pure, and | thou art | sinless..ever- | more!'
- 5 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 a 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 a- | dore,
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
While the vision faded from me, | with the..glad word | 'Ever- | more!'



478.

Omniscience and Immutability of God.

1 'Mid life's tumultuous din,
When friends are few, and early | loved ones | flown,
The all-pervading voice of God within,
Tells us that we on | earth are | not a- | lone.

The rover of the sea,
Far, far from home, and all pa- | rental | care,
With blest assurance, Lord, may come to thee,
And find a | friend, for | thou art | everywhere.

2 Thou art unclouded light!
Though human nature oft self- | willed hath | seemed,
And groped its way through dark chaotic night,
Yet all have hailed the e- | ternal | God su- | preme.

Yes; "Hallowed is thy name!"
At Mecca's shrine, where the lone | pilgrim | strays,
The Moslem, prostrate with pure worship's flame,
Bows to the one great | God: | Ancient..of | Days.

3 Revered Jerusalem!
Though priest and prophet walk thy | streets no | more,
Jehovah's might directs thy fate, as when
The bright-faced angels | talked with | men of | yore:

Thou'rt where the tuneful reeds
Blend with the music of the | sounding | shoro:
Thou'rt where the hermit counts his sacred beads,
And rears the cross on | Alpine | summits | hoar.

4 The unlettered Indian sees
Thy beauty in each tinted | flower that | blows,
In each green leaf that rustles to the breeze,
And in the glassy | streamlet | as it | flows.

Thou'rt where the giddy throng,
Where the lone mourner sits in | weeds of | care,
'Mid festal bowers, lit up by jest and song,
And where the good man's | voice is | heard in | prayer.

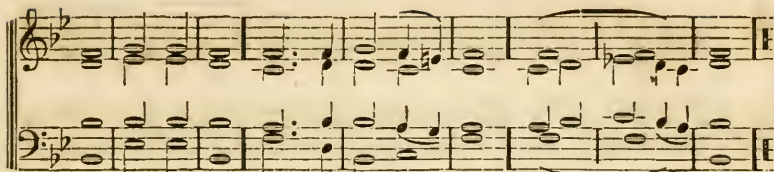
5 When sorrows gathering near,
Rise like the tempest to o'er- | whelm the | soul,
The still small voice comes to our listening ear,
Saying, 'Peace, be still,' | thou'rt under | God's con- | trol.

E'er since creation's birth,
The same unaltered being | thou hast been;
The starry heavens above, the boundless earth,
Is one great | audience room..Where | Thou art | seen.

FOURTEENTH CHANT.

L. MASON.
From 'Book of Chants,' by perm.

237



A.....men.

479.

From the Recesses.—BOWRING.

- 1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O | Father ! | hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of love and meekness;
For- | give 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
For- | gives our | blindness.
- 3 O how long-suffering, Lord ! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; | thou in- | vitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man | from his | errors.
- 4 None can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To ev'ry gen'rous 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 e- | ternal.
- 6 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and | seraphs are the | wardens;
Where every flower that's pass'd thro' life's bright portal,
Be- | comes im- | mortal.

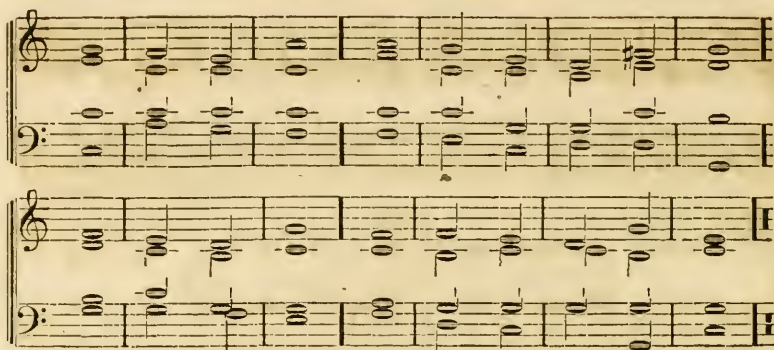
FIFTEENTH CHANT. GREGORIAN.



480.

Evening Aspiration.—HEBER.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
| Dark-ness and | light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
| For— | rest the | night !
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumbers sweet thy | mercy | send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
| This— | livelong | night !



481.

What I Live For.

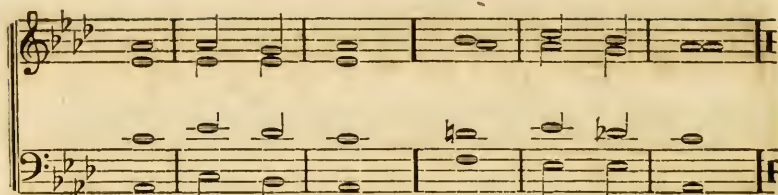
- 1 I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are | kind and | true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And a- | waits my | spirit | too;
 For all human ties that bind me;
 For the task that God assigned me;
 For the bright hopes | left be- | hind me,
 And the | good that | I can | do.
- 2 I live to learn their story,
 Who've suffered | for my | sake;
 To emulate their glory,
 And | follow | in their | wake;
 Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
 The noble of all ages,
 Whose deeds crowd | History's | pages,
 And | Time's great | volume | make.
- 3 I live to hold communion
 With all that | is di- | vine;
 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 con- | viction,
 And ful- | fil each | grand de- | sign.
- 4 I live to hail that season
 By gifted | minds fore- | told,
 When men shall live by reason,
 And | not a- | lone by | gold:
 When man to man united,
 And every wrong thing righted,
 The whole world | shall be | lighted,
 As | Eden | was of | old.
- 5 I live for those who love me,
 For those who | know me | true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And a- | waits my | spirit | too;
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future | in the | distance,
 And the | good that | I can | do.



482.

O, Thou Eternal One.—DERZHANIR.

- 1 O, thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy! all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no | God be- | side.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence | with thy | self a- | lone;
Embracing all—supporting— | ruling | o'er:
Being whom we call | God—and | know no | more!
- 2 Thou art! directing, guiding all! Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my | wandering | heart;
Though but an atom in immensity,
Still I am something | fashioned | by thy | hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where Angels | have their | birth,
Just on the boundary | of the | spirit- | land!
- 3 Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Cre- | ated | me! Thon source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my | spirit, | and my | Lord!
Thy light, thy love. in their bright plenitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this | little | sphere,
Even in its source, to | thee, its | Author, | thee.
- 4 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 the | Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus | seek thy | presence; Being wise and good!
Midst thy vast works, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall | speak in | tears of | gratitude.



483.

‘Let there be Light.’—MRS. F. H. COOKE.

- 1 God said, ‘Let there be Light!’ The glorious word
Thrilled to the bosom of primeval Night,
And hovering choirs of listening angels heard,
And echoed back the mandate | with de- | light;
They hailed the boon those simple words conferred,
‘Let | there be | Light!’
- 2 Still, though uncounted years have rolled away
Since earth first revelled in a gift so bright,
Some lingering clouds obstruct the rising day;
The powers of darkness are not | vanquished | quite.
Humanity hath often missed the way:
‘Let | there be | Light!’
- 3 Light for the sons of bondage; for the slave,
Whose fate degrades him from his manhood’s height:
Light for the master, too, to bless and save
From the dark curse that palsies | half’ his | might.
For him, the tempted, heaven’s best boon we crave:
‘Let | there be | Light!’
- 4 Light for the doomed one in his lonely cell,
Waiting conviction’s last, most fearful rite:
Light for the brother-bands that pealed his knell,
Claiming an Avenger’s office | to re- | quite.
Law-makers! Jurors! Judges! where ye dwell
‘Let | there be | Light!’
- 5 Light for the poor down-trodden, as they toil
Long hours, with weary limbs and aching sight:
Light for the revellers in the costly spoil
Torn | from their | brethren. | On their foreheads write,
‘The Oak shuts not the Daisy from the soil.’
‘Let | there | be Light!’
- 6 Light for the injured, wheresoe’er they dwell,
And the sweet ties that suffering hearts unite
Light for the injurers, too, for none may tell
How much their hearts have struggled | for the | Right.
Guilt is mistake. Then bid the chorus swell,
‘Let | there be | Light!’



484.

‘Be Still.’

- 1 Be still! how fearfully soever blended
Our day with dark, like | twilight’s..fleckered | bars;
For God will make our deepest midnight splendid,
With all his sapphire wealth of | quench..less | stars.
- 2 Yet ask in faith. Against the ill we’re dreading
Comes white-robed Peace, sweet | angel..of God’s | will,
Folding her wing beside us; what we’re pleading,
Whisp’ring as God’s own word to | us, be- | still!
- 3 Be still! the wild wave’s mightiest undulation,
Stirs not at heart the | deep un..fathomed | sea,
’Tis but thine outer self can tribulation
Harrass and chafe, so God’s life | dwell.. in | thee.
- 4 Peace! heart: this boiling strife of will and duty,
Discharges quick the | sedi..ment of | ill;
Past that, like crystal lake, in placid beauty,
We shall reflect his image: | Peace, be | still.

485.

She is Not Dead.—H. W. LONGFELLOW

- 1 There is no death! what seems so is transition,
This life of | mortal | breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal | we call | Death.
- 2 She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone un- | to that | school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ him- | self doth | rule.
- 3 In that great cloister’s stillness and seclusion,
By guardian | angels | led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin’s pollution,
She lives, whom | we call | dead.
- 4 Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright | realms of | air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her | grown more | fair.
- 5 Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which | nature | gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her | where she | lives.



486.

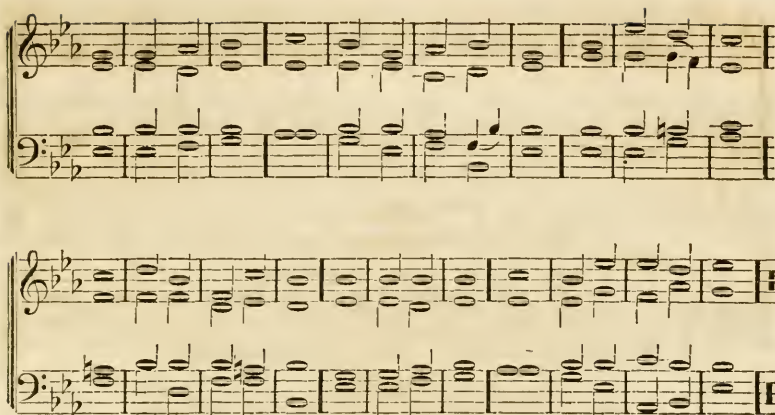
Hope is Prophecy.—JOHN G. SAXE.

- 1 There is a dogma of the | ancient | sages;
No noble human thought,
However buried in the dust of ages,
Can | ever | come to | nought.
- 2 With kindred faith that knows no base dejection,
Beyond the | sages' | scope
I see afar, the final resurrection
Of | every | glorious | hope!
- 3 I see, as parcel of a new creation,
The bea- | tific | hour
When every bud of lofty aspiration
Shall | blossom | into | flower!
- 4 We are not mocked: it was not in derision
God made our | spirits | free;
Our brightest hopes are but the dim pre-vision,
Of | blessings | that shall | be!
- 5 When they, who lovingly have hoped and trusted,
Despite some | transient | fears,
Shall see Life's jarring elements adjusted,
And | rounded | into | spheres!

487.

The Departing Spirit.—MRS. C. W. HART.

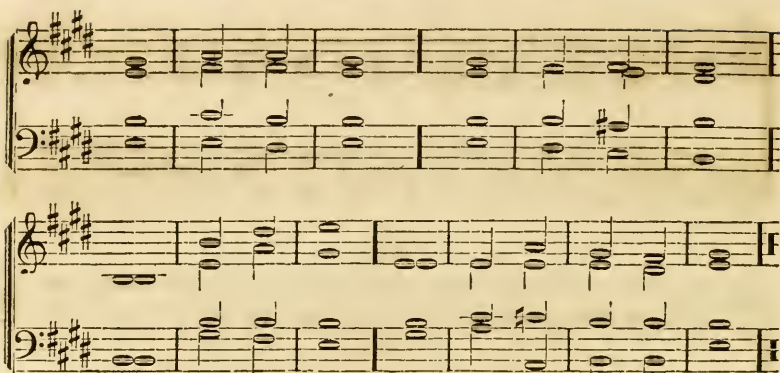
- 1 Weep not for her, weep not that she is passing,
Through death's dark vale to her bright | home a- | bove;
Send back thy tears, beneath the sunbeams basking,
Soon will her spirit | bathe it- | self in | love.
- 2 But think not though for her the veil is lifted,
The lovelier things of that fair | life to | learn,
Each hour to grow more spiritually gifted,
That she will leave thee, | never | to re- | turn.
- 3 No; often in thy silent hours and lonely,
Some blessed influence o'er thy | soul shall | steal,
Some shadowy presence, which thy spirit only,
With its deep inner | sense, shall | know and | feel.
- 4 Some bright immortal link which ne'er shall sever,
And still communion growing | still more | deep,
And holy hopes, and dreams which live forever,
Within its urn shall | in sweet | silence | keep.
- 5 Then weep no more, tears ill befit the hour
Which heraldeth for her a | fairer | morn;
Night's shadows lessen, and with kindling power
Day smiles upon the | spirit | newly | born.



488.

Thanksgiving Chant.

- 1 House of our God, with cheerful | anthems | ring,
While all our lips and | hearts his | mercies | sing;
The fruitful year his bounties | shall pro- | claim;
And all its days be | vocal | with his | name.
The Lord is good, his mercy | never- | ending,
His blessings in per- | petual | showers de- | scending.
- 2 The earth, enlightened by his | rays di- | vine,
Brought forth the grass, the | corn, and | oil, and | wine;
Crowned with his goodness, let the | people | meet,
And lay their thankful | offerings | at his | feet;
With grateful love that hand di- | vine con- | fessing,
Which on each heart be- | stoweth | every | blessing.
- 3 His mercy never ends; the | dawn, the | shade,
Still see new beauties | through new | scenes dis- | played;
Succeeding ages bless this | sure a- | bode,
And children lean up- | on their | father | God:
The soul of man, through its im- | mense du- | ration,
Drinks from this source im- | mortal | conso- | lation.
- 4 Burst into praise, my soul! all | nature, | join!
Angels and men, in | harmo | ny com- | bine!
While human years are measured | by the | sun,
And while eternity | its — | course shall | run,
His goodness, in perpetual | showers de- | scending!
Exalt in songs and | raptures | never- | ending!



489.

‘Man, thou shalt never Die.’—R. H. DANA.

- 1 A voice within us speaks the startling word,
 ‘Man, thou shalt | never | die!’ Celestial voices
 Hymn it a- | round our | souls; according harps,
 By angel-fingers touched when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great Immor- | tali- | ty!
 Thick, clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in this solemn, | uni- | versal | song.
- 2 O, listen ye, our spirits ! drink it in
 From | all the | air! ’Tis in gentle moonlight;
 ’Tis floating in day’s setting glories; night,
 Wrapp’d in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed and breathes it | in our | ears:
 Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast, mystic instrument are touched
 By an unseen, living hand, and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy in the | great jubi- | lee:
 The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
 To mingle in this | heavenly | harmo- | ny.

490.

Sustain the Right.

We may not all, with powerful blow,
 Be champions | for the | Right;
 But all with firm, undaunted brow,
 May stand unshaken ’mid the flow
 Of wrong sus- | tained by | might:
 One word may turn the wav’ring scale,
 One willing, | honest | hand,
 Uphold the cause that else might fail,
 Al- | though by | genius | planned.



491.

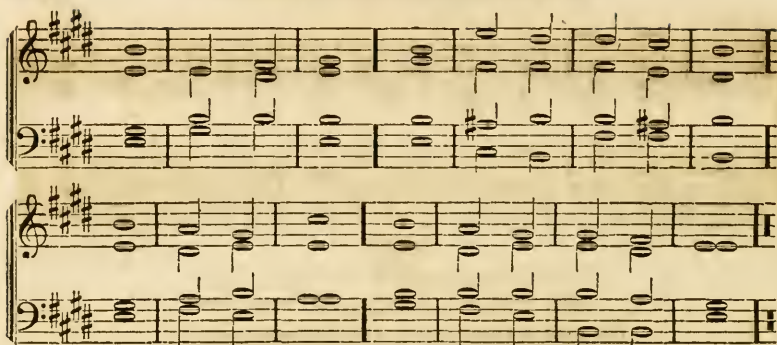
We will not Weep.—W. HURLBUT.

- 1 We will not weep, for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the | blessed | sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have | promise.. of se- | renest | light.
- 2 We will not faint, if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our | souls can | bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver | for the | past de- | spair.
- 3 O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
Sin, with its fears, shall leave us | at the | last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us | still when- | death is | past.
- 4 Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint with- | out their | friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our | weakness..till the | joyful | end.

492.

Charity.—O. G. WARREN.

- 1 Is there a gloom of sorrow on thy spirit?
Do clouds o'erhang thee and shut | out the | day?
Go, seek thy neighbor's darkened heart and cheer it,
And soon his smile shall | fright the | clouds a- | way.
- 2 Art thou crushed down, shut in thy body earthen,
O'erladen with thy troubles | sad and | lone?
Aid then thy neighbor with his heavy burden,
And it shall cause thee | to for- | get thine | own.
- 3 Is there a grief upon thy soul for sinning?
Wouldst thou thy purpose fix and | fault a- | tone?
Seek thy repentant neighbor, and by winning
His soul to peace give | rest un- | to thine | own.
- 4 Of what thou hast, impart un- | to thy | neighbor,
To others do what they should | do to | thee.
If thou needst aid, then give thy hearty labor
To make on Want's cold | hearth a | jubi- | lee.
- 5 Like Christ deny thyself, like him, endeavor
To lift the lowly, though thy- | self crushed | down;
So in his glory shalt thou dwell forever;
So shalt thou wear an | ever- | lasting | crown.



493.

The Mission of Reformers.

- 1 Ye that for progress would be aught achieving,
 Worthy your sacred mission | on this | sphere,
 And in life's woof the golden threads be weaving,
 To fill with an im- | mortal | beauty | here;
 Rouse for the contest: 'tis no time to falter,
 Wage endless war 'gainst folly, | vice and | crime;
 And send the whip, the bottle and the halter
 To slumber with the | creeds of | ancient | time.
- 2 Long have man's wrongs been waiting to be righted;
 But now the promised hour ap- | proaches | fast;
 The beacon fires on many a hill are lighted,
 And the stern war-cry | rises | on the | blast,
 That shout has raised your enemies from slumber,
 And as one man against you | they u- | nite;
 Yet earnest hearts, however few in number,
 When once in arms, must | triumph | in the | fight.
- 3 Your cause is holy; 'tis to guide the erring,
 To lead the blind and make the | deaf | to | hear;
 To win to virtue those who, vice preferring,
 Plunge in the slough of crime with- | out a | fear;
 To snatch from jaws of death the infant sinner,
 To tear from sensual vice the | yielding | prey,
 To aid with hope the resolute beginner,
 Turn his face heavenward, | and— | speed on the | way.
- 4 It is to grapple with the fell destroyer,
 The Lethe draught that | brutifies .the | soul,
 To banish from your homes the peace annoyer,
 And on your hearth-stones | dash the | fatal | bowl.
 From bondage then to free the sons of labor,
 Till every man be sovereign | in his | right;
 Till rich and poor be neighbor unto neighbor,
 And in the cause with | heart and | hand u- | nite.
- 5 But ere the heart be thus regenerated,
 Many a daring heart and | hand it | needs;
 For those who act, thus far the cause has waited;
 The age of progress | asks not | words, but | deeds!
 Go, then, ye workers in the great Progression,
 Lift up your erring brothers | from the | dust,
 And let no soul that bears our God's impression,
 In crime or idleness | cor— | rupt or | rust.



494.

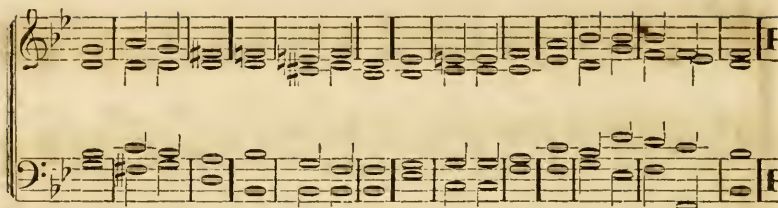
Spirit-Longing.—B. P. SHILLABER.

- 1 Forever wakefully the ear is turning
To catch some token from the | shadowy | sphere;
Forever is the full heart | strangely | 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 com- | munion | 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 bourn whose sombre portal
Closeth eternal o'er the | bright and | fair,
But through its gate, to | blessedness..im- | mortal,
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 in- | crease.

495.

The Beautiful.

- 1 Walk with the beautiful and with the grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy | feet de- | ter;
Sorrow may lead thee 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?'
O, thou art | darkly | ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,
For thou can'st make it smile be- | side 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.

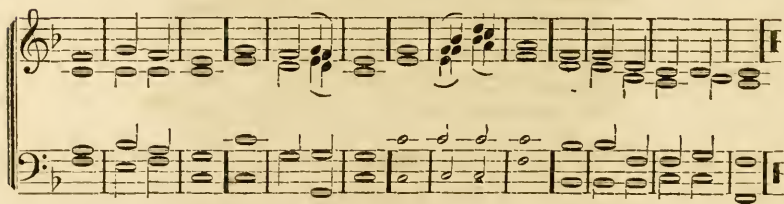


496.

The Echoing Prayer.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 The Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amid the clouds of even:
'Our Father,' breathed a voice below,
'Father, who art in heaven.'
Beyond the earth, beyond the cloud,
Those infant words were given,
'Our Father,' angels sang aloud,
'Fa- ther who art in heaven.'</p> <p>2 'Thy kingdom come,' still from the ground,
That childlike voice did pray:
Thy kingdom come,' God's hosts resound,
Far on their starry way.</p> | <p>'Thy will be done,' with loving tongue,
That lisping heart im- plores:
'Thy will be done,' the angelic throng
Sing from se- raphic shores.</p> <p>3 'Forever,' still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
'Forever,' floats in music sweet,
High midst the angels there.
Thine be the glory evermore,
From thee man cannot sever;
But every soul of life adore;
Je- hovah, God for- ever.</p> |
|--|---|

TWENTY-SEVENTH CHANT.



497.

Teach my Spirit to Adore Thee.

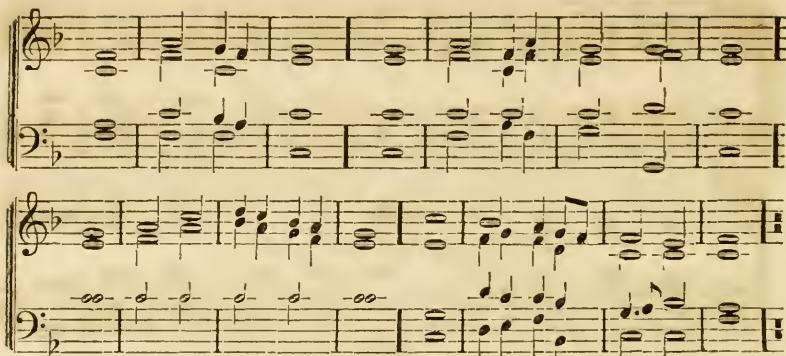
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Lord of universal Nature,
God of every living creature,
Light of morning— shade of even,
King of ocean, earth and heaven;
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,
Teach my spirit to a- dore thee!</p> <p>2 Soul of love, and source of pleasure,
Mine of every richer treasure,
King of tempest, storm, and shower,
Ruler of each secret power;
Whilst for favor I implore thee,
Teach my spirit to a- dore thee!</p> | <p>3 Spring of river, lake, and fountain,
Pier of the rock and mountain,
Breath of animal creation,
Life of varied vege- tation;
Whilst I prostrate bow be- fore thee,
Teach my spirit to a- dore thee!</p> <p>4 First and last; eternal Being!
All pervading, and all seeing,
Centre of di- vine per- fection,
Whence the planets learn sub- jection;
Whilst for favor I implore thee,
Teach my spirit to a- dore thee!</p> |
|---|--|



498.

Trust to the Future.

- 1 Trust to the Future; tho' 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 un- | moved and un- | pliant!
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 present can blight thee,
He who stands | boldly each | blast shall a- | bide.
Never a storm but the tainted air needs it,
Never a storm but the | sunshine..suc- | ceeds 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 ea- | reer,
Why should the past or 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 | conquerer's | song;
- 5 Trust to the future, then; Cease from your weeping;
Faith and a firm heart are | all..that you | need,
God and his angels have yet in their keeping
Harvests of | joy..if we'll | sow..but the | seed!
Trust to the future, all life will be glorious;
Trust, for in trusting the | soul is vic- | torious;
Trust, and in trusting be strong and laborious;
Up and be | doing, and | give..God the | meed!



499.

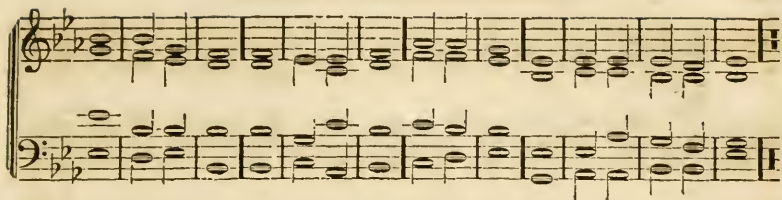
Wouldst thou from Sorrow.

- 1 Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with | woes un- | told?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee | like a | shower of | gold:
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold,
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting | there
Its | life and | beauty: | not when all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfume through- | out the | ambient | air.
- 2 Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happi- | ness shalt | know:
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching | stream, and | wider | grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with | ama- | ranthine | flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in | heaven's im- | mortal | bowers.

500.

Life Immortal.—T. L. HARRIS.

- 1 Life is a wakening into spheres elysian;
A spirit sunrise full of | light and | love;
The mind's enthronement and the heart's fruition,
The victory-march through | angel | heavens a- | bove.
Life is the inward spirit's resurrection
From the se- | pulchral | tenement of | fear;
The joy, the peace, the beautiful perfection
Of souls in whom God's | attri | butes ap- | pear.
- 2 Life is an anthem of accordant voices
Chanted throughout e- | ternity's do- | main;
The psalm wherein the universe rejoices,
While sun to sun re- | peats the | long re- | frain.
Life is the calm, sweet rapture of a spi-rit
Whose form and | faelties in | God be | gan;
Who doth the universal heaven inherit,
In perfect | harmony with | God and | man.



501.

Love is Endless.—T. L. HARRIS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 As I mused, in fancy friendless,
While the shades of evening fell,
From the land where angels dwell
Came the whisper, 'Love is endless,
 Endless, endless!'
From the land where angels dwell.</p> <p>2 From my thought the veil was taken;
In my heart I knew that love,
From its holy home above,
Gently came my soul to waken,
 Waken, waken,
From its blessed home a- bove.</p> <p>3 Then from all its load of sorrow,
Lifted up, my mind was free;
Full of gladness, dawned on me,
Love-inspired, a better morrow,
 Morrow, morrow,
Full of gladness, dawned on me.</p> | <p>4 Heavenly dew of peace descended,
And my Lord, from his di- vine,
Comforted this heart of mine;
All my grief in love was ended,
 Ended, ended,
Comforted this heart of mine.</p> <p>5 Jesus speaks the heart's evangel,
'Love is endless!' his behest
Fills with life the happy breast.
Nearer he than man or angel,
 Angel, angel;
Love is endless in my breast.</p> <p>6 Nearer draws the blest elysian;
Perfect glows the holy spell;
Love is endless; all is well.
Brighter grows the heavenly vision,
 Vision, vision,
Love is endless; all is well.</p> |
|---|--|

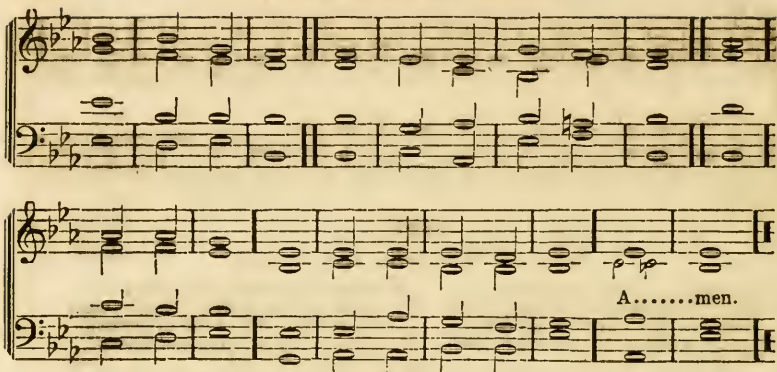
THIRTY-FIRST CHANT.



502.

God's Blessing on Them.—GERALD MASSEY.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 God bless the brave ones, in our dearth,
Their lives shall leave a trailing glory;
And round the poor man's homely hearth
We'll proudly tell their suffering's story.</p> <p>2 All saviour-souls have sacrificed,
With naught but noble faith for guerdon,
And ere the world hath crown'd the Christ,
The man to death hath borne the
 burden!</p> <p>3 The savage broke the glass that brought
The heavens nearer, saith the legend;
Even so the bigots welcome aught
That makes our vision starrier region'd!</p> | <p>4 They lay their corner-stones in dark
Deep waters, who up- build in beauty
On earth's old heart, their triumph-arc
That crowns with glory lives of duty.</p> <p>5 And meekly still the martyrs go
To keep with pain their solemn bridal!
And still they walk the fire who bow
Not down to worship Custom's idol.</p> <p>6 Take heart! the rude dust dark to-day,
Soars a new-lighted sphere to- morrow!
And wings of splendor burst the clay
That clasps us in death's fruitful
 furrow.</p> |
|---|---|



503.

Harvest Hymn.

- 1 God of the rolling year! to thee
 Our song shall rise, whose | bounty | pours,
 In many a goodly gift, with free
 And liberal | hand, our | autumn | stores:
 No firstlings of our flock we slay,
 No soaring clouds of | incense | rise,
 But on thy hallowed shrine we lay
 Our grateful | hearts in | sacri- | fice.
- 2 Borne on thy breath, the lap of spring
 Was heaped with many a bloom- | ing flow- | er;
 And smiling summer joyed to bring
 The sunshine and the gen- | tle show- | er;
 And autumn's rich luxuriance now,
 The ripening seed, the | bursting | shell,
 The golden sheaf and laden bough,
 The fulness | of thy | bounty | tell.
- 3 No menial throng, in princely dome,
 Here wait a titled | lord's be- | hest,
 But many a fair and peaceful home
 Hath won thy | peaceful | dove a | guest:
 No groves or palm our fields adorn,
 No myrtle shades or | o-range | bowers,
 But rustling meads of golden corn,
 And fields of | waving | grain are | ours.
- 4 Safe in thy care the landscape o'er,
 Our flocks and herds se- | curely | stray;
 No tyrant master claims our store;
 No ruthless | robber | rends a- | way;
 No fierce volcano's withering shower,
 No fell simoon, with | poisonous | breath,
 Nor burning suns, with baleful power,
 Awake the | fiery | plagues of | death.
- 5 And here shall rise our song to thee,
 Where lengthened vale and | pastures | lie,
 And streams go singing wild and free,
 Beneath a | blue and | smiling | sky;
 Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
 Where crowned oppressors | never | trod,
 Here, at the throne of heaven alone,
 Shall man in | reverence | bow to | God.



504.

The People's Advent.—GERALD MASSEY.

- 1 'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is | growing | brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes | make the | heart throb | lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the | world in | wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its | voice of | living | thunder.
- 2 'Tis coming now, the glorious time,
Foretold by seers, and | sung in | story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to | heaven from | scaffolds | gory!
They passed yet see the work they wrought,
And the crown'd hopes of | centuries | blossom!
While the live lightning of their thought
'And daring | deeds doth | pulse earth's | bosom.
- 3 The gnarliest heart hath tender chords
To waken at the | name of | ' Brother,'
And time comes when brain-scorpion words
We shall not | speak to | sting each | other.
There's a divinity within
That makes men great when | e'er they | will it;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time | cometh | to reveal | it.

505.

Do what is Right.

- 1 Do what is right, for the day dawn is breaking,
Hailing a future of | freedom..and | light;
Angels above you are silent notes taking
Of every action; | then do | what is | right.
- 2 Do what is right; be thou faithful and fearless;
Onward! press onward; the | goal is in | sight,
Eyes that are wet very soon will be tearless,
Blessings await you in | doing | the | right.
- 3 Do what is right! Let the consequence follow;
Battle for freedom in | spirit and | might;
And with stout hearts look ye forth to the morrow;
God will pro- | tect you..in | doing the | right.



506.

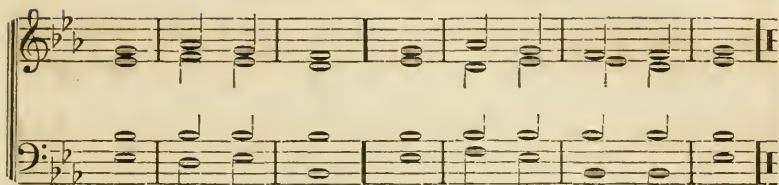
Never Look Down.—O. G. WARREN.

- 1 Never look down on the grave, broken-hearted,
 Seeking in that lonely | shrine..the de- | parted!
 Never with sighing and weeping and mourning,
 Speak of the | friends..who have | gone..unre- | turning;
 Never look down for the | beings..who | love us—
 Deeming them lost to us— | they— | are a- |bove us.
- 2 Never look down on the grave and with sighing
 Dwell on the last solemn | scene..of the | dying;
 Look not upon it believing the spirit
 Is buried beneath the | green- | sward, or | near it;
 'Tis not the place for the | beings..that | love us—
 From the decaying | form they | soar a- |bove us.
- 3 Look on the cold grave, but when thou art lonely,
 Turn to the pillow and | think of..them | only.
 Think that with all of their love they are near us—
 Come to be with us, to | soothe— | us, to | cheer us;
 When not beside us to | pray for,..and | love us,
 Look to the skies for | them, they | are a- |bove us.
- 4 Never look down for the star, or the levin,
 Nor in the grave for the blest | heirs of | heaven;
 To the dark chancel or earth-clo'd, they go not,
 Gloom and corruption, they | see— | not and | know not;
 Never look down for the | spirits that | love us—
 They are beside us, a- | round | us, a- |bove us.

507.

The Peace of God.

Peace of God, which knows no measure,
 Heavenly sunlight | of the | soul,
 Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
 Come, and | all our | hearts con- | trol!
 Naught shall make us | then a- | fraid;
 We will trust in thee forever,
 Thou on | whom our | hope is | stayed!



508.

Music of the Universe.—MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

- 1 The Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty | music- | tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos | slowly | swept a- | side.
- 2 The Father spake! A dream, that had been lying
Hushed from eternity in | silence | there,
Heard the pure melody and low replying,
Grew to that music | in the | wondering | air:
- 3 Grew to that music, slowly, grandly waking,
Till bathed in beauty, it be- | came a | world!
Led by his voice, its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their | wings a- | round it | furled.
- 4 Nor yet has ceased that sound, his love revealing,
Though, in response, a | universe..moves | by!
Throughout eternity, its echo pealing,
World after world a- | wakes in | glad re- | ply!
- 5 And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes, in wave, or | bird, or | soul,
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation,
Of that great tune to | which the | planets | roll!

509.

Is it not Sweet to Think, Hereafter.—T. MOORE.

- 1 Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the spirit | leaves this | sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she | long hath | mourn'd for | here?
- 2 Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes this world, can | ne'er re- | store
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us | and be | lost | no more.
- 3 When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heaven, | where are | they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and | thinking | bliss would | stay.
- 4 Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to th'e- | ternal | home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking | back for | us to | come.



510.

Three Words of Strength.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen;
In tracings of e- ternal light,
Up- on the hearts of men.</p> <p>2 Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hide her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.</p> <p>3 Have Faith. Where'er the bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,</p> | <p>Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven,
The habi- tants of earth.</p> <p>4 Have Love. Not love alone for one;
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy chari- ties on all.</p> <p>5 Thus 'grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, Faith, and Love; and thou shalt
 find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, when thou else wert blind.</p> |
|---|---|

THIRTY-SEVENTH CHANT.



511.

The Moral Pioneer.—J. G. WHITTIER.

- 1 Happy he whose inward ear
Angel-comfortings can hear,
O'er the | rabble's | laughter;
And, while hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
| Of the | good here- | after.
- 2 Knowing this, that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the | world's wide | fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead,
| Reap the | harvest | yellow.
- 3 Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the | future | borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain,
| Paint the | golden | morrow!



514.

The Apostolate of Man.—DUGANNE.

- 1 Hearts of love and souls of daring, in the world's high field of action,
Ye who cherish God's commandments, bending not to | rank or | faction:
Ye whose life in slothful pleasure never sinks nor idly stagnates,
Ye who wield the scales of justice, weighing | peasant- | men with | magnates,
Lo! the voice of benediction falls up- | on you..from on | high:
Ye are chosen, ye are missioned, ye are | watched by | heaven's | eye!
- 2 Ye have voices, thought, and feelings, they were given by God to bless you:
Pour them forth, till tyrants hear you, till they fear you, | and re- | dress you;
Ye have friends in all God's servants, friends in heaven with power supernal,
Friends in all who worship justice, all who | fear the | great e- | ternal:
Raise your voices from the Forum, challenge wrong up- | on its | throne,
Let your avalancheine warnings sweep the | earth from | zone to zone!
- 3 Raise your anthems 'mid your sufferings, raise your songs with tongues unquavering,
Like the dauntless three of Israel, in the furnace | still un- | wavering;
Preach ye now like him of Tarsus, when the hill of Mars he trod,
Words of virtues long-forgotten, tidings | of the | 'unknown | God!'
Speak ye boldly! pause not, fear not! flash the | sunlight..of your | thought,
Like the blaze of God's first mandate, that re- | vealed what | he had | wrought.
- 4 Speak to kings, like Paul to Festus, till they own the truths ye teach them;
Speak to men like Christ to Lazarus, till the breath of | life shall | reach them;
Though ye lie like Paul, in fetters, angel hands shall ope your prison:
Though ye die, as died the Prophets, trust ye | still, your | prayers have | risen!
Pause not! fear not, bold reformers! grapple | still each..human | ban!
Ye are prophets of the future, the A- | posto- | late of | Man!

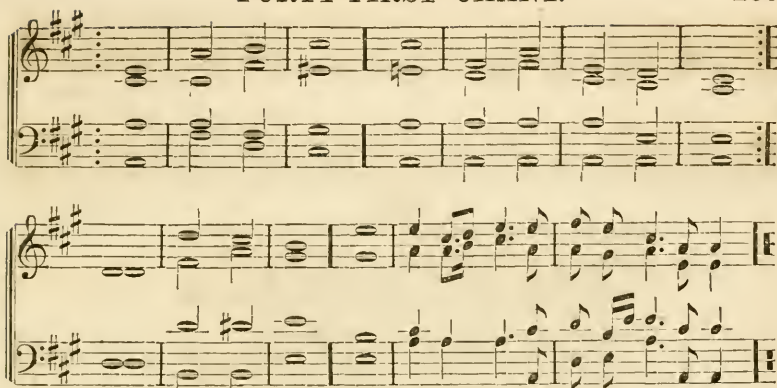
515.

Truth Enduring.—R. C. WATERSTON.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Theories, which thousands cherish,
Pass like clouds that sweep the sky:
Creeds and dogmas all may perish;
Truth her- self can never die. 2 From the glorious heaven above her,
She has shed her beams a- broad,
That the souls who truly love her,
May be- come the sons of God. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Worldlings blindly may refuse her,
Close their eyes and call it night:
Learned scoffers may abuse her,
But they cannot quench her light! 4 Thrones may totter, empires crumble,
All their glories cease to be;
While she, Christ-like, crowns the humble,
And from bondage sets them free. |
|---|---|

FORTY-FIRST CHANT.

259



516.

‘He is a Freeman, whom the Truth makes Free.’—COWPER.

He is a freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are | slaves be- | side. | There’s not a chain,
That vengeful foes, confed’rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as | Samson, | his green | withes
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery | all his | own;
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And | the re-splendent | rivers. | His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpre- | sumptuous | eye,
And | smiling | say, ‘My | Father made | them all.’

FORTY-SECOND CHANT.



517.

Immanuel.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 From God’s eternal infinite of Thought
Came forth a glorious Truth,
Whose human form in deathless hues was
Of Beauty, .. Love and Youth. wrought</p> <p>2 His path, like lightning thrilled the fields of
Beneath his rapid feet, [air;
Celestial rainbows wreathed their span,
for there
Earth seemed with heaven to meet.</p> | <p>3 The light of rising sun was in his eyes;
He smiled and earth grew bright,
As the void chaos changed to starry skies
When God un- folded light.</p> <p>4 Where’er he came dust blossomed into
And sunshine followed storm; flowers,
And Nations rose against the ancient
 powers
Of custom, .. creed, and form.</p> |
|--|--|

FORTY-THIRD CHANT.



518.

Angels Ever Present.—EDWIN PLUMMER.

- 1 Where'er a heart with sorrow's weight is bowing,
Or where a spirit wrestles | with its | trial:
Where'er clean hands the seeds of truth are sowing,
Or lift the burden | of a | great de- | nial:
- 2 Where human faith erects its steadfast altar,
Where human love embraces | earth and | heaven,
Where goodness leads the weakly ones, who falter,
Back to the source whence | nobler | strength is | given,
- 3 There come the angels. Patient, meek, and tender,
With speechless loving and with | long for- | bearing,
About us each walks an unseen defender,
Our earnest thought and | aspi- | ration | sharing.
- 4 For what the paths our wayward feet are wending,
In all our moments, howso- | e'er un- | blest,
Some angel form above us still is bending,
To make life rich with | a di- | vine be- | quest.

FORTY-FOURTH CHANT.

J. E. GOULD.



519.

The Beatitudes.

- 1 { Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.
- 2 Blessed are they that mourn: for | they— | shall be | comforted.
- 3 Blessed are the meek: for they shall in- | herit the | earth.
- 4 { Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for
they— | shall be | filled.
- 5 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall | obtain— | mercy.
- 6 Blessed are the pure in heart: for | they shall | see— | God.
- 7 { Blessed are the peace-makers:
For they shall be called the | children of | God.
- 8 { Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For | theirs.. is the | kingdom of | heaven.
- 9 { Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall
say all manner of evil against you | falsely for | my sake.
- 10 { Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heav'n;
For so persecuted they the | prophets which | were be- | fore you.



520.

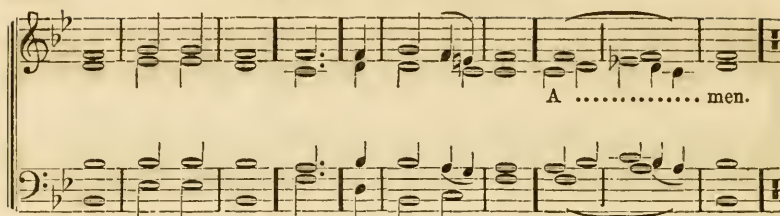
‘It is not always Night!’

- 1 It is not always night! Though darkness reign
In gloomy silence o’er the | slumbering | earth,
The hastening dawn will bring the light again,
And call the glories | of the | day to | birth;
The sun withdraws awhile his | blessed | light,
To shine again, It | is not | always | night!
- 2 The night of nature and the night of storm
Are emblems both of shadows | on the | heart,
Which fall and chill its currents quick and warm,
And bid the light of | peace and | joy de- | part;
A thousand shapes hath sorrow | to af- | fright
The soul of man, and | shroud his | hopes in | night.
- 3 Yet, when the darkest, saddest hour is come,
And grim despair would seize his | shinking | heart,
The dawn of hope breaks on the heavy gloom,
And one by one the | shadows | will de- | part;
And storm and darkness yield to | calm and | light,
So with the heart, It | is not | always | night!

521.

Visions of Another Life.

- 1 O, oft in the hour of our holy thought,
To the thirsting | soul is | given,
A power to pierce through the mist and sense
To the | beauteous | scenes of | heaven.
And very near are its pearly gates,
Sweet and low its | harpings | fall;
While the soul is restless to soar away,
And it | longs..for the | angel | call.
- 2 The eye that is closed in a-dying hour,
Doth open the | next in | bliss;
The welcome is heard in another world
Ere the | fare..well is | hushed in | this.
For we pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
To the arms of the | loved and | lost,
And the faces of those will greet us then
Whom on | earth we | valued | most.



522.

Closing Chant.—J. S. A.

- 1 To thee, our God, all-wise, supreme, eternal!
Who reignest 'mid earth's scenes, and | realms su- | pernal,
Clothed with the majesty of matchless splendor,
Our | thanks we | render.
- 2 We join our souls with souls of all the living,
To offer thee our holi- | est thanks- | giving;
And while thy love our every thought baptiseth,
Our | love a- | riseth.
- 3 For all thy blessings, wide-spread as creation,
Our hearts bring to thee now their | pure ob- | lation;
While holy faith at thy great altar raises
Its | songs, its | praises.
- 4 Lo, all our hymns, our anthems of devotion,
All that betrays our spirit's | deep e- | motion,
Whate'er their purpose, while our souls are gazing,
Burst | forth in | praising!
- 5 We part in peace; thy angels hover o'er us,
Thy love encircles, thy light | goes be- | fore us;
Trusting in thee our hearts know not complaining,
For | thou art | reigning.
- 6 Hark! loving voices from heaven's golden portal,
From realms of bliss, from beings | made im- | mortal,
Bear us, while we are now our God addressing,
His | parting | blessing.





