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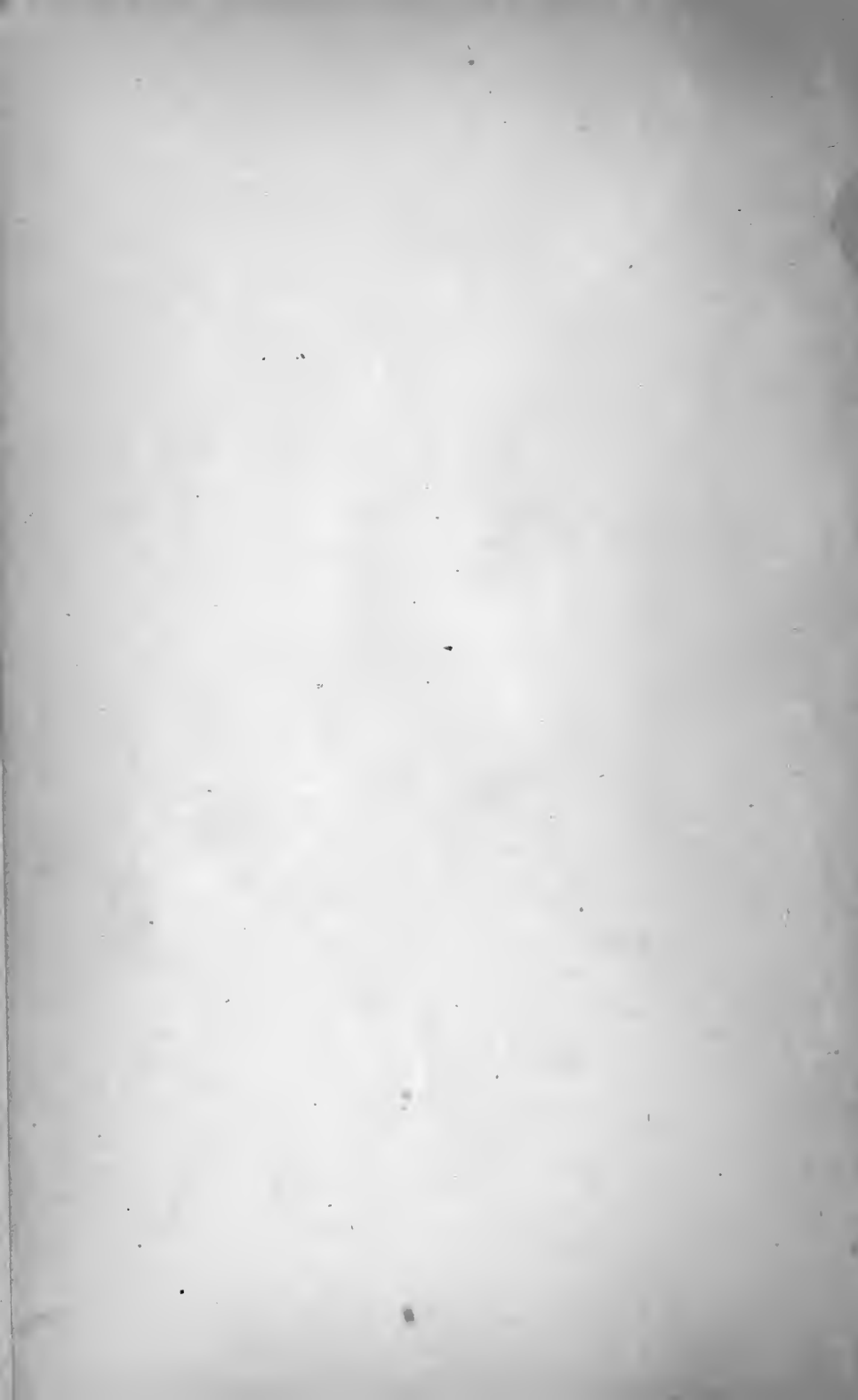
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~~C. C. Madsen~~

Rachel Baker. Reps







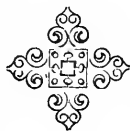




POEMS.

BY

RACHEL BAHN.



YORK, PA.:

H. C. ADAMS & CO.

1869.

PS 1059
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P R E F A C E.

THE little volume here offered to the public by its writer, it will be proper to observe, is published at the earnest request of a number of personal friends.

The poems it contains were written under circumstances of a peculiar character, and are the product of a mind trained in the school of more than ordinary affliction. During a period of eighteen years the writer was confined to a bed of sickness ; her disease being a spinal affection, disabling her from walking or even assuming an erect position on her couch of affliction. What renders her condition still more painful, is the fact that both her parents, whom she ardently loved, and who always faithfully provided for her wants, were, in the providence of God, removed by the hand of death.

Being thus left to herself, with an affectionate sister as her only companion, and secluded from all personal intercourse with society at large, she

devoted herself, as she had previously done, to the reading of useful books—books of devotion and science—and to the composition of prose and poetry in both the English and German languages, with a zeal and pertinacity truly astonishing.

Considering the unfavorable circumstances under which this book was prepared, and the fact that its writer has not enjoyed the advantages of even an ordinary education, a discerning public will readily excuse any imperfection which may attach to her labors.

As the different subjects on which the poems treat, have been a source of rich consolation to the writer in her affliction, the hope is indulged that they will prove equally beneficial to others, in similar circumstances.

May the book find an extensive circulation, and be richly crowned with the blessing of God.

DANIEL ZIEGLER.

YORK, PA., July 15th, 1869.

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Affliction hath Paled my Brow.

AFFLICTION sore hath paled my brow
 In this dark world of tears,
 With darkness all around me now,
 Fills me with grief and fears.

But I'm submissive to God's will,
 I on his mercy call,
 I look above and know that still
 He reigneth over all.

And if in meekness, faith and love,
 My life on earth be pass'd,
 Then a sweet home in Heaven above
 Awaiteth me at last.

I Long for my Eternal Home.

YOUNG and beloved, I long to die
 And be from pain and sickness free,
 I long my soul to soar on high,
 My Saviour and my God to see.

Sickness and grief have checked my mirth
 And dimm'd the brightness of mine eyes,
 There is no joy for me on earth,
 To me all gladness it denies.

To others life may all seem fair,
But 'tis all dark and drear to me ;
'Tis full of sorrow and of care,
No joy nor happiness I see.

But though I'm made to suffer here
Affliction's sore and painful rod,
Yet sweet the chast'ning strokes appear
To those that put their trust in God.

And when my suffering here is done,
May I then reach that healthful shore
Where pain and sickness no more come,
Where grief and sorrow all are o'er.

There joys eternal shall succeed
My earthly grief and toilsome cares,
For there's no joy on earth so sweet
Which with that happiness compares.

Friends sympathize with me in grief,
They who my grief and sorrow know,
And though they cannot give relief,
Still they great kindness to me show.

How gently still they come to me
And give me consolation sweet,
And cheering it is them to see
They still with soothing words me greet.

And when life's weary days are spent,
 I hope to meet them all above,
 Where joys forever us attend,
 In that bright land of peace and love.

Hymn.

FOR ONE THAT IS AFFLICTED AND LONGS TO BE
 AT REST.

LORD, strengthen me in my distress,
 Thou hast afflicted me ;
 Thou dost me in this world oppress,
 But I submit to Thee.

Thou know'st how frail my body is,
 And all the strength it needs ;
 When shall I reach that land of bliss,
 And be from suff'ring freed ?

Fain would I have my soul at rest,
 And be released from pain,
 And dwell then with the Heavenly blest,
 With them forever reign.

I in this world no pleasure see,
 Nothing I feel but pain ;
 But, Lord, I yield myself to Thee,
 I shall no more complain.

Grant me submission to Thy will,
Till Thou from hence me call,
To that sweet bliss where neither ill
Nor sickness me befall.

The Goodness of God.

MY God, I glory in Thy name,
When all Thy wondrous works I see;
It doth with love my heart inflame,
For all Thy goodness shown to me.

And Thee I never can repay
For all the goodness Thou hast done;
Thou art my hope, my shield, and stay:
All good to me from Thee doth come.

And I will glorify Thy name,
For Thy great goodness unto me;
And may that pleasant theme remain
Forever in sweet memory.

And I sing praise to Thee, my God,
And seek Thy face forever more,
And may I find that rest long sought,
Where I Thy goodness shall adore.

And, O my spirit, bless the Lord!
For good, He is the Holy One;
May I forever praise His word—
All goodness by His word doth come.

Summer-Time.

'TIS beautiful in summer-time,
When everything looks bright,
And everything in beauty shines,
Oh! what a sweet delight.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time,
When, in the early morn,
The bright and silvery dew-drops
The flow'rs and plants adorn.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time,
When, at the dawn of day,
The early larks their praises sing,
And God their tribute pay.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time,
When the meand'ring stream,
With music fills the ambient air,
And breathe a joy supreme.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time
To hear the warbling bird;
From early morn till eventide
Its lovely notes are heard.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time
To see the smiling field
With golden grain in ripeness shine,
Which shall great plenty yield.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time
Beholding fruitful trees
Weighed down with soft and mellow fruit,
Which scents each fanning breeze.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time
When, at the cooling brook,
We sit and muse upon God's works,
So wondrous fair and good.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time
To look upon the skies,
And see the boundless blue expanse
In splendid beauty rise.

And in the glorious summer-time,
'Tis pleasant to commune
Of God, and His terrestrial works
Our hearts with praise attune.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time
 When, at declining eve,
 The zephyrs waft their spicy breeze,
 Through ev'ry tiny leaf.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time
 To raise our hearts to Heaven,
 And give our thanks and praise to Him
 Who hath those beauties giv'n.

'Tis beautiful in summer-time,
 When in the bloom of life,
 To clad our hearts with garments fit
 For joys in future life.

'Tis in that endless summer-time,
 Where's naught but joy unfurl'd,
 Where youth and beauty bloom at once
 In a fair sinless world.

There is a Land of Rest.

THERE is a land of sweet delight,
 A land where those shall dwell,
 Who have obtain'd, through grace divine,
 That peace which saves from hell;
 Oh! what a joy supremely sweet,
 Shall they enjoy who're pure indeed.

There all the pure shall be at rest,
In that bright land above,
There all the perfect and the blest
Shall meet in perfect love ;
Oh! what a joy, oh! what a peace,
To those whose sins forever cease.

There all the purified shall see
What here below they sought,
Joys that no mortal eye hath seen,
Its sounds no ear hath caught ;
There they shall see the God of love,
In that delightful land above.

That is a land secure and safe
From all intruding snares,
Free from all guilt, and from all fear,
Perplexity and cares ;
There reigns the great triumphant Head,
He who for sinners died and bled.

'Tis sweet to know that we may have
Assurances most sweet
Of that bright land where troubles cease,
Where we no discords meet ;
Where all shall be ecstatic joy,
Which naught can never more destroy.

May all lift up a cheerful eye
Above to that bright scene,

And view that bliss beyond the sky
 Where all is joy serene ;
 Where peace and righteousness are shown
 To those the Saviour here have known.

I am Tired of this Cumbrous Life.

I AM tired of this cumbrous life,
 Of all its toil and care,
 Of all its tumult and its strife,
 And anguish everywhere ;
 For all its joys are fleeting by,
 And heave a sad departing sigh.

Anguish and turmoil round me are,
 Wherever I will go ;
 Sadness and grief all pleasures mar,
 In this sad life below ;
 For here no lasting bliss is found,—
 No, in this world no joys abound.

Consider mine affliction, Lord,
 For Thou canst set me free ;
 Thou canst, according to Thy word,
 Relief give unto me,
 That I the more Thy name may praise—
 To Thee my falt'ring voice I raise.

Yet, Lord, thy will, not mine be done;
I yield myself to Thee,
Till my appointed time doth come,
That Thou will set me free
Of all this worldly strife below,
Of all its anguish, grief, and woe.

May.

AH! lovely, lovely month of May,
Thou art again with us,
As beautiful, as fair and gay,
As formerly thou wast.

How beautiful thou dost appear,
With flowers all around,
Shedding their fragrance on the air,
In which there's sweetness found.

Sweet songsters greet again the ear
With their melodious praise,
Which cheers the heart and stirs the mind
In thankfulness to raise.

This is the excellence of God,
Our straining eyes behold,
Which teaches to our hearts prepare
For that sweet bliss untold.

Where joy and beauty will exceed
 The loveliness of May ;
 Where sunny skies shall know no clouds
 In that eternal day.

Sabbath School Hymn.

TO Sabbath-School I love to go,
 And say my lesson there ;
 I love to learn my Saviour know,
 Who'll hear my lisping prayer.

I love to learn about Him much,
 Of Him I love to hear ;
 He was a little child as I,
 How good, and how sincere.

I long to be like unto Him,—
 Lord, give me strength thereto,
 To be obedient to Thy will,
 And be in all things true.

Lord, let me live in joy to Thee,
 What's stirr'd in wilfulness,
 All disobedience take from me,
 A little child me bless.

For much to think and to conceive
That here I cannot do,
But I can love my friends most dear,
My Lord and Saviour too.

“This World is not our Home.”

AH! no, this world is not our home,
Here we are wand’ers poor,
Earnestly seeking, as we roam,
That land where joys endure,
Where we shall reach that place with joy,
Which time can’t mar nor yet destroy.

We’re sad and weary pilgrims here,
With eyes still upward turned
Towards that land where no more tears
Are shed nor gladness yearned;
Where we shall find that happy scene
In truth and joyousness still gleam.

The thought of that bright happy home
A Christian’s heart must fill
With joys, that will remain through time,
And, growing brighter still,
Of friendships he there will renew,
Which shall remain forever true.

But they're poor and lonely wand'ers,
Whose souls are never warmed
With burning thoughts of that bright home
Where all to joy is turned,
Beyond the "glittering, starry sky,"
Which earthly bliss can ne'er outvie.

They seek for pearls of priceless worth
In the ocean of sin,—
Thus wand'ring on without that home
In view, where true joys beam ;
If death should call them thus away,
In endless torment they must stay.

The young and gay are most disposed,
Who are in healthful bloom,
With buoyant heart, elastic hope,
To tread to that sad doom ;
They meet here with inviting bliss,
Which to the soul destructive is.

May we all lay these things to heart,
And view them thoroughly,
Which will oppress the buoyant heart,
And will teach us to be
Prepared for that bright home above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

I'm Bound for Home.

I'M bound for home, I'm bound for home,
Bound for that home above,
Where all the pure in joy shall roam,
And dwell in perfect love.

I'm bound for home, for that sweet home
Where weary pilgrims rest
From all their toil and all their care,
And be forever blest.

I'm bound for home, I'm bound for home,
For that sweet home of bliss,
Where joy and gladness, peace and love,
Shall never, never cease.

I'm bound for home, for that sweet home
Where there's no grief nor pain,
Where the redeemed forever shall
In joys supernal reign.

I'm bound for home, I'm bound for home,
Bound for that home on high,
Where all the good are free from grief,
And no more heave a sigh.

I'm bound for home, for that sweet home
 Where I shall meet again
 Those happy friends who left ere I
 This world of grief and pain.

I'm bound for home, for that sweet home
 Where my Redeemer lives,
 Forever to continue there;—
 Eternal rest He gives.

Live for Heaven.

LET us live for Heaven,
 While we're remaining here,
 That we may, when we come to die,
 In its bright courts appear.

How joyful we will be
 When we, in bright array,
 Commingle with its blessed band
 Throughout an endless day.

Let us live for Heaven,
 Our never-ending home,
 Where youth and beauty shall at once
 In bliss eternal bloom.

There we shall ever dwell
With Christ our Saviour-King;
There all our sorrows have an end,—
Eternal praise we'll sing.

Let us live for Heaven,
That bright and glorious home,
Where we shall see Emanuel's face,
And worship at His throne.

There we shall praise the Lord,
And sing forever more;
There all is peace and love Divine,
On that bright fadeless shore.

Evening Thoughts.

THE sun is set, the day hath closed,
And all is still and calm;
And with its close it may have brought
To some a soothing balm
How fair and sweet to gaze upon
The bright and red-tinged horizon!

But this bright eve may seem to some
All murky and all drear.

Perhaps they've followed to the tomb
To-day some loved one dear,
O'er whose departure they now mourn,
Till joys again their hearts adorn.

Though many earthly griefs have fall'n
Around them thick and fast,
One comfort still remains for them
That constantly will last,—
That God hath sent them all in love,
Their confidence and faith to prove.

Methinks I see afflicted ones
This eve, as they recline
Upon their couch of sicknesses,
Viewing with calm resign
The brightness of this pleasant eve,
More lovely scenes soon to perceive.

But may they muse on brighter scenes
Than here their eyes behold,
Where they shall be exempt from pain,
And feel that bliss untold ;
May they their cheerful voices raise
To Heaven above, their God to praise.

Others again this closing day
Have closed with it their life,
And soared away on wings of love
To realms of Paradise,

Where there is no declining day,
Where all shall shine in blest array.

O how consoling are the thoughts
That we shall meet with them
'Gain, if our lives are rightly spent,
Beyond all mortal ken ;
Where we shall meet to part no more,
On Heaven's fair and peaceful shore.

I want to be with Jesus.

I WANT to be at home with Jesus,
With Him I want to be ;
I want to lean upon His breast,
And be from trouble free.

I want to be at home with Jesus,
I want to be with Him,
Who suffered death upon the cross
Me to redeem from sin.

I want to be at home with Jesus,
Where all the good shall meet,
To reign with Him in harmony,
And worship at His feet.

I want to be at home with Jesus,
 To be with Him above,
 Where there no discord ever comes
 To mar our peace and love.

Heaven.

IN Heaven, that delightful home,
 Where gladness ne'er shall cease,
 There all is harmony and love,
 And everlasting peace.

There runs along its glorious path
 The river of delight,
 To gladden the departed saints—
 O what a lovely sight!

There fields of living green are found
 That never pass away;
 There flowers bloom of fadeless hue,
 Throughout an endless day.

There all the sanctified shall be
 Arrayed in raiments white,
 And reign with God the Father—Son,
 In that fair world of light.

In Heaven, that delightful home,
There I desire to be,
Where I shall never, never more
Grief nor affliction see.

The Good shall Meet in Heaven.

IN Heaven all the good shall meet,
Free from all pain, and toil, and care,
And worship at the Saviour's feet,
Forever in His presence there.

There they shall sing forever more
Jesus our Lord's redeeming love,
And walk upon the glorious shore
Of that delightful land above.

No discords there shall ever come
To mar their harmony and rest;
There all in happiness shall bloom,
With which they shall be ever blest.

An entrance may we strive to gain
Into that promised land on high,
Forever more there to remain,
Beneath its bright ethereal sky.

Oh! how rejoicing it will be
 To be released from sin and pain,
 And reign in bliss and ecstasy
 In Heaven's bright and bless'd domain.

No more affliction shall befall
 Those who have reach'd that blissful land,
 Where sin and grief shall ne'er intrall
 Its ever bless'd and happy band.

At last may we all stand secure
 Amid that fair celestial throng,
 And be from sin and sorrow pure,
 And ever sing God's holy song.

We're Trav'ling Home.

WE'RE trav'ling to that home above,
 In brightness there to glow;
 There all shall dwell in peace and love
 Who'll serve God here below.

Transporting bliss we all shall see
 When ent'ring in that land,
 To dwell from sin and sorrow free
 With the seraphic band.

There all shall stand around God's throne,
And praise His hallow'd name;
Adore Him still in that bright home,
And ever with Him reign.

There nothing comes to mar our peace,
Or stir our quiet rest;
There joy and gladness never cease,
There every one is blest.

We're trav'ling to that home above,
We hope to meet you there,
To join and sing God's pard'ning love,
Exempt from grief and care.

The Bible.

THIS is the Book I highly prize,
The Book I love to read;
Much joy and comfort it imparts
To those who are in need.

It teaches me here how to live,
That I in after life
From sin and sorrow may be free,
And know no grief nor strife.

I'm also in this volume taught
 How to obtain that peace,
 Which gives assurance of that home
 Where gladness ne'er shall cease.

It warns me to escape from hell,
 And here for Heav'n to live ;
 It points me to the God of love,
 Who can my sins forgive.

Let it make clean my sinful heart,
 And guide my roving feet
 Into the path that leads to God,
 Where all the good shall meet.

"Come unto Me."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*MATT. 11 : 28.*

"**C**OME, weary soul, come unto me,
 To thee, to thee I will give rest."
 These precious words Christ speaks to me,
 Speaks them to all who are oppress'd.

"Come unto me, to me alone,
 Thy burden I will take from thee ;
 I will receive thee as my own,—
 Come sinner, come, and be made free.

Sweet are these words, yes, sweet they be,
To those who are in deep distress,
And who must wade affliction's sea,
Here in this gloomy wilderness.

Rise, rise, my soul, and go to Him,
For He inviteth thee to come ;
He'll give thee rest and peace within,
To enter His celestial home.

There is no rest for me on earth—
All is around me dark and drear ;
I see no gladness, joy nor mirth,
But "come to me," my soul doth cheer.

Jesus, to me be ever near,
In every conflict, grief, and strife ;
Thy presence banishes all fear,
Here in this sad and dreary life.

Chamber of Sickness.

CHAMBER of sickness! in thee I must
 spend
Many a wearisome day ;
The Lord, I trust, it in mercy hath sent,
His powerful hand to display.

Chamber of sickness! I'm often alone,
My friends are withdrawn from me;
My thoughts are wandering then to that
 home
Where no affliction shall be.

Chamber of sickness! thy sadness and gloom
Doth darken my pathway here,
Yet my soul doth often in brightness bloom,
To think of that home so dear.

Chamber of sickness! in that home above
No pain nor sorrow shall come;
There saints and angels shall dwell in God's
 love—
With them I desire to roam.

Chamber of sickness! though dreary thou be,
Yet rapturous joy I feel,
To know that my God at last I shall see,
Who all my sorrows can heal.

Unto Thee I lift mine Eyes.

“Unto Thee I lift up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens.”—Ps. 123 : 1.

“**T**O Thee I will lift up mine eyes,”
To Thee, to Thee alone ;
Jehovah, hearken to my cries,
Accept me as Thine own ;
For there’s no refuge but in Thee :
O Lord, be merciful to me.

I will lift up mine eyes to Thee,
O God, Thy help impart ;
Grant peace and holiness to me,
Make clean my sinful heart.

“My soul reposes on Thy word ;”
I look to Thee for help, O Lord !

Be Thou my comfort, shield, and stay,
Be Thou my strength and guide ;
Be Thou my refuge, night and day ;
Let me in Thee confide,
Alone in Thee, in Thee alone,
Until I reach the Heavenly throne.

My eyes, my eyes shall ever there
Be lifted up to Thee,
Here naught can with that joy compare
Which there mine e’er shall be.

I shall enjoy a bliss untold,
And e'er the face of God behold.

Save Me.

“Save me, O God, by Thy name, and judge me
by Thy strength.”—Ps. 54:1.

“**S**AVE me, O God!” O God, save me!
Let me not in destruction fall;
From sin and sorrow make me free,
Eternal God, to Thee I call.

“Save me, O God!” by Thy sweet name,
Make known in me Thy saving grace;
With Thy sweet love my heart inflame—
Grant me forever Thee to praise.

“And judge me by Thy strength,” O God!
And take this burden from my soul;
O let salvation be my lot!
O let Thy Spirit me control!

Blot out all my transgressions, Lord,
And make me clean and pure within;
Save me according to Thy word,
And grant me peace and joy serene.

O let me gain an entrance there,
 Where I shall ever be with Thee,
 Where I shall in Thy glories share,
 And where from sin I shall be free!

“Lovest Thou Me?”

JOHN 21 : 16.

HARK! hark! “my soul, it is the Lord;”
 Hark! hark! He calleth thee;
 He speaks to thee, O! hear His word,
 “Poor sinner, lov’st thou Me?”

Hark! hark! my soul, He calleth yet,—
 O turn! O turn to Him!
 In love His precious blood He shed,
 Thee to redeem from sin.

And O my soul! draw near to Him,
 He will thy sins forgive;
 And He will purge and make thee clean,
 That thou with Him cans’t live.

His love is an unchanging one,
 His goodness is the same;
 Beneath His brightness thou shalt bloom,
 If thou His kindness claim.

And when the work of grace is done,
Thou shalt His glory see,
And dwell forever at His throne,
And be from sorrow free.

I love Thee, and I long, O God,
To love Thee more and more.
O! grant me grace, that I fail not
To love Thee and adore.

“Not My Will but Thine be Done.”

LUKE 22:42.

MY Lord and God, it is Thy will
That I shall suffer much while here,
And if Thou art “my portion still,”
Thy chast’ning rod I need not fear.

“It is Thy will” that I shall here
From joy and gladness be bereft;
But this sweet thought my soul doth cheer,
That Thou, my God, to me art left.

“It is Thy will,” and Thou dost know,
Full well, my Lord, what’s best for me;
Here in this darksome vale of woe,
No one from trouble shall be free.

“It is Thy will;” I will resign
Myself to all that Thou wilt send;
Let on my soul Thy blessing shine,
And keep me, keep me to the end.

“My Meditation of Him shall be Sweet.”

PSALM 104 : 54.

SWEET shall my meditation be
“Of Him” who reigns above;
“Of Him” whom I desire to see,
And dwell with Him in love.

’Tis sweet to know and fear His name,
And feel my spirit pure;
He will uphold my feeble frame,
And help me to endure.

Yes, sweet it is to think of Him
Who is eternal God,
Who grants me peace and joy within,
Whose mercy faileth not.

O Lord! continue thus to lead
Me in the path of love,
And make me perfect and complete
For Thy sweet courts above.

The Grave.

WHEN in the lone and silent grave,
Naught shall disturb my quiet rest;
From grief and pain I shall be safe,
When lying on earth's senseless breast.

There all to me shall be alike,
There naught my sightless eyes can see;
No pain shall e'er my body strike,
When in the silent grave I be.

Yes, in the grave I've naught to fear,
No grief nor woe can enter there;
Though it doth sad and lone appear,
Yet I do long its calm to share.

Wrapt in the thin and pallid shroud,
In the lone coffin I shall lay,
And sweet repose shall be throughout,
Until the resurrection day.

Pilgrim's Hymn.

TAKE courage, weary pilgrims, still,
We soon shall reach our journey's end;
Then peace and joy our souls shall fill,
If we do here on God depend.

Yes, we are lonely pilgrims true,
No resting-place we find on earth;
With joy our journey let's pursue,
Till we attain our heavenly birth.

With many trials we shall meet,
While wand'ring in this land below,
And sadness oft our joys succeed,
Yet let us not despairing go.

Let's still take courage and not faint,—
We soon shall reach that bless'd abode,
Where wickedness can never taint
The followers of the Lamb of God.

Then Heavenward let us journey on,
Nor be discouraged on our way;
Soon shall our race on earth be run,
To dwell with Christ in bright array.

When in that blissful Home we are,
We need not wander to and fro;
From Christ we shall not part when there,
And no more anguish we shall know.

"My Soul is Weary of my Life."

JOB.

"MY soul is weary of my life,"
Of its continued ill and strife.
Do not condemn me, Oh! my God,
Oh! take from me Thy heavy rod.

Why dost Thou thus oppress my soul!
Oh God, my spirit still control,
That it may not fall in despair,
In this inconstant world of care.

Uphold me with Thy potent hand,
Thy mercy o'er my soul expand,
That I at last may happy be
In that fair land of ecstasy.

"My soul is weary of my life;"
Oh! would I were free of its strife.
Hark! something whispers in my ear,
Be not discouraged, God is near.

Yes, God is near; He helps endure,
And makes the drooping spirit pure,
For His eternal courts above,
To dwell with Him in perfect love.

"Up, be Doing!"

"UP, be doing!" brethren dear,
Be not weary on your way;
Christ, your Saviour, calls you—hear:
Come to me, go not astray.

"Up, be doing!" and eschew
"Every evil work" and sin;
Never heed earth's "scoffing crew,"
Strive a fadeless crown to win.

"Up, be doing!" never fear,
As you journey here below;
Christ, your Saviour, He is near,
You to comfort as you go.

"Up, be doing!" never faint
On your onward march to God;
Never utter a complaint
While you walk the narrow road.

“Up, be doing!” soon is o'er
All your labor and your care;
Then you'll rest on Canaan's shore
With the saints and angels there.

The Home of the Blest.

IN yonder world is the home of the blest,
The homē of the good, the just, and the
pure;
No others shall e'er inherit that rest,
But those who the peace of the Saviour
procure.

There they will be safe from trouble and
pain,
No conflict or strife shall ever there be;
There the Lord the blest shall for aye sus-
tain,
From anguish and woe they shall e'er be
free.

There nothing but joy and harmony is,
In that bright and ever beautiful land;
There shall be forever rejoicing and bliss,
There all in joy and gladness shall stand.

O! bless'd are they who shall enter that
 home,
 Which lies in the region of Heav'n above;
 There saints and angels forever shall bloom,
 In garments of mercy and infinite love.

Let us then prepare ourselves while we
 may,
 That at last we may join that happy
 throng,
 Where we with them forever shall stay,
 And sing forever Jehovah's sweet song.

The Works of God.

HOW wondrous are the works of God
 To the admiring eye of man;
 All by His potent hand were wrought,
 According to His holy plan.

His works are charming to the eye,
 They are indeed extremely fair;
 No art can with their grandeur vie;
 In them He doth His pow'r declare.

His pow'r declare, that man may know
 That He is Lord and God of all;
 That He created all things so,
 That none without His will can fall.

When man beholds His works on high,
 How wondrous great and fair are they ;
 The gleaming stars that deck the sky,
 What charming beauty they display.

“Let all the earth ” His name proclaim,
 And make His Heav’nly goodness known,
 And view His ever bless’d domain
 With longing hearts to be His own.

Music.

HARK! hark! my spirit, hark! what’s
 that melodious sound
 Which doth thy bosom with transporting
 joys surround?
 ’Tis music, yes, delightful music, which the
 soul
 In all its actions and its sorrows doth con-
 trol.
 Music with its sweet harmonious strain
 doth fill
 The mind with ecstasy and with rejoicing
 still.

Music cheers the sorrowful and the droop-
 ing mind,
 It doth into the heart an easy entrance find ;

No matter how sad and how dejected it
may be,
It will arrest its grief with its sweet melody;
Though short and transient, though fleeting
its delight,
It will comfort the soul and make the spirit
bright.

Music, with its soft and ever fascinating
strain,
Doth pacify, and doth "soften every pain;"
It falls so gently and so sweetly on the ear,
And from the heart expels all anguish and
all fear.
Soft note of music, O how fair and sweet
thou art!
Exalted charmer and kind soother of the
heart!

That World to Come.

THERE is no grief nor sorrow,
There is no toil nor care,
There is no gloomy morrow,
There is no anguish there;
There all is peace and gladness,
There all is joy and love;
There every one is happy,
There in that world above.

There shall no trouble enter,
 To mar its love and peace;
 There is no apprehension
 That e'er its joys shall cease;
 There never shall be weeping,
 None shall be sad or lone,
 There always is rejoicing,
 There in that world to come.

There shall the bless'd forever
 Dwell in eternal joy,
 There naught can never, never,
 Their happiness destroy;
 They ever shall be singing
 Praises to God alone;
 They ever shall adore Him,
 There in that world to come.

We All must Die.

WE all, we all must die,
 But when and where, we do, we do
 not know;
 Our bodies soon must lie
 In the halls of the silent tomb below.

We all, we all must die ;
Death, bitter death will never, never spare.
No one he passeth by ;
He doth to all his mighty pow'r declare.

We all, we all must die ;
Soon, soon our voices shall be still'd in
death.
May our souls then onward fly
Into the land which knows no heaving
breath.

We all, we all must die—
Changes we must be undergoing then.
When in the grave we lie,
The spirit soars beyond all mortal ken.

We all, we all must die,
But when and where, we do, we do not
know.
Our bodies soon must lie
In the halls of the silent tomb below.

Grief is sent for our Good.

GRIEF is sent us for our good,
 Though piercing and bitter its pang
 may be ;
 The Lord will uphold us still,
 With His love our bosoms fill,
 Till He will set our bodies free.

Grief is sent us for our good,—
 Why should we murmur 'gainst God's will?
 Our sorrows will help us endure,
 And will our spirits make pure,
 Our souls with His goodness e'er instil.

Grief is sent us for our good,—
 We need not be afraid, for He is near,
 Our sorrowful hearts to heal ;
 He'll to us His kindness reveal,
 Our drooping spirits onward to cheer.

Grief is sent us for our good,—
 Why should we fret and sorrow and mourn?
 Soon our troubles will be o'er
 Upon this terrestrial shore,
 Then the bliss of Heav'n our souls will adorn.

Jesus is ever Near.

JESUS, Jesus is ever near,
To those who love His name;
To those who every evil fear,
His goodness is the same.

He leaves His bright eternal home
To guard His children here;
They never, never are alone,
For He is ever near.

He cheers them onward, onward still,
Upholds them when they fall;
Their souls He doth with gladness fill,
If they'll obey His call.

And when their end is drawing nigh,
He will bright angels send
Into His happy home on high
Their spirits to attend.

My friends, let us then strive to be
Among His children too,
That we at last His face may see,
His goodness ever view.

Rejoice in the Lord.

“ Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.”—Ps. 97 : 12.

REJOICE in th' Lord, ye righteous,
 Be never in dismay ;
 He is ever near to keep you
 Upon the Heav'nly way.
 His people He will never,
 No never will forsake :
 Rejoice in Him, ye blessed,
 And of His love partake.

Cease never from rejoicing,
 And never more despair ;
 Your trouble cast upon Him,
 Your burden and your care ;
 And in His love and kindness
 Continue to rejoice,
 Until your blessed spirits
 Shall hear His charming voice.

Rejoice in God forever,
 And His commands obey ;
 Depart not from His pathway,
 No never go astray ;
 It leadeth to the mansions,
 In yonder world of bliss ;
 It leadeth to that glory
 Where gladness ne'er shall cease.

Rejoice in th' Lord, ye righteous,
Your bosoms He will fill,
Will fill with joy and pleasure,
Your souls with peace instil;
According to His wishes
Your spirits will control;
He ever will enliven,
And ever will console.

Rejoice till ye shall enter
That home of endless love,
Where your rejoicing never
Shall cease with God above.
There the redeemed and happy
Shall join you in your joy,
And no discord shall ever
Your union there destroy.

Let Us turn unto the Lord.

“Let us search and try our ways, and turn again
unto the Lord.”—LAMENTATIONS 3 : 40.

IN this our strife let's ne'er despair,
Nor faint in this our grief;
Our ways let's search, and ever try
And seek in God relief,

And He will pardon all our faults,
 If Him we ever trust ;
 All our sorrows and toils He will
 In proper time adjust.

Unto the Lord let us return,
 Believing in His name :
 A precious Friend He is to all
 Who may His guidance claim.
 The penitents He'll ne'er forsake,
 Their sins He will forgive,
 That they with Him in Heaven above
 In after life may live.

He is the Lord and God of all
 Who here His need do feel ;
 With His beneficence He will
 The contrite spirit heal :
 Unto Him let us then return,
 Beg pardon for our sins ;
 He will our bosoms with His love
 And tenderness make clean.

And He will never cease to be
 Near to the drooping heart ;
 If we desire to be made free,
 Salvation He'll impart.
 He'll lead us safely through this world
 Of trouble and of strife,
 And He will gladly grant to us
 An ever peaceful life.

Then let us humbly turn to Him,
And let us Him adore,
Till we shall with Jesus walk,
Upon sweet Canaan's shore.
There with the angels we shall meet,
With them forever sing
The Heav'nly praises of our God,
And our Eternal King.

The Spirit's Longing.

TO whom, O Lord! to whom shall I
In sadness and affliction go?
To Thee my spirit longs to fly,
To be exempt from grief and woe.

I'm weary of this sinful life,
I'm longing for a better one,
Where shall be neither grief nor strife,
Where all the blest in joy shall bloom.

There my sad spirit longs to be,
And dwell in love and joy and peace;
To be forever, Lord, with Thee,—
With Thee no gladness e'er shall cease.

O Lord, accept my longing heart,
 In Thy shed blood let me find grace;
 Sweet peace unto my soul impart,
 Until I see Thy shining face.

Then bright and happy I shall be,
 When to the land of God I come,
 Where no more sorrow I shall see,
 Where I in endless bliss shall bloom.

Let me Die in Spring-time.

LET me die in spring-time, when all is
 bright and fair,
 "When rosy buds are blooming" amid the
 balmy air,
 And when they look the sweetest, then let
 me pass away
 Into that land of beauty, where is eternal
 day.

Let me die in spring-time, when all is calm
 and bright,
 When all is crowned with beauty and filled
 with sweet delight,
 And when the birds are singing their soft
 melodious song,
 Let then my spirit enter among the Heav-
 enly throng.

Let me die in spring-time, "when thickets
all are green,"
When in the field the flowers in all their
charms are seen,
And when the sky is beaming with its de-
lightful blue,
Oh! let me go then gently to join the good
and true.

Let me die in spring-time, when beauty
charms the eye;
When every one is cheerful, then let me up-
ward fly,
Until I reach the gateway that leadeth to
that land
Where is no pain or sorrow, where is a joy-
ous band.

There is eternal spring-time in that sweet
land so fair,
There every one is happy, and knows no
grief nor care;
Naught shall disturb the blessed in their
celestial home,
Let me then hasten to them, O let me with
them roam!

My Heavenly Home.

MY Heav'nly Home, my Heav'nly Home,
 For thy bright courts I'm bound;
 There shall no pain nor ever fear
 The disembodied soul surround;
 There shall rejoicing ever be
 Upon its golden shore;
 Those who here the Saviour love,
 Shall Him ever there adore.

My Heav'nly Home, my Heav'nly Home,
 Thereto I long to go;
 I long to be exempt from grief,
 From anguish and from woe.
 The angel band I long to join,
 With them His praises sing,
 Who is the Father, Lord and God,
 And everlasting King.

My Heav'nly Home, my Heav'nly Home,
 May I thy portals enter soon,
 In which the rose of life's fair tree
 In endless bliss shall bloom;
 Its fragrancly forever shall
 The Heav'nly breezes fill,
 And ever shall the happy soul
 With joyfulness instil.

My Heav'nly Home, my Heav'nly Home,
 I long for thy sweet rest,
 I long to be among the good,
 Who 're ever to be blest ;
 Their peace shall never, never cease,
 Their joy shall never end ;
 There with the happy, "loud and sweet,"
 "All hearts together blend."

My Heav'nly Home, my Heav'nly Home,
 May I thy beauties see.
 Thou "God of hosts," Thou King of kings,
 Set my weary spirit free ;
 Let her take her homeward flight,
 And bid farewell to every care ;
 Take her in Thy Kingdom, Lord,
 Let her in Thy glories share.

Accept Us, Lord.

ACCCEPT us as Thy children, Lord,
 Grant unto us eternal peace ;
 Let us ever obey Thy word,
 Let still our happiness increase.

Forsake us not, Eternal King,
 Oh ! guide us through this world of care ;
 Accept our off'rings which we bring,
 And keep us out of sad despair.

Let all our sins forgiven be,
 And "make us humble, mild, and meek;"
 Let's joy and peace and gladness see,
 Salvation let us ever seek.

Let's onward press and never fear,—
 We soon shall reach that blissful shore,
 Where saints and angels we shall hear
 Our Saviour and our God adore.

We then shall join that happy band,
 And shall from sin be ever free ;
 With them we shall in glory stand,
 And no more grief nor anguish see.

Let Us Journey On.

LET us sweetly journey on, journey to
 that land of peace,
 Where the gladness of the blest nor their
 harmony shall cease,
 Where the great Eternal reigns over the
 redeemed and good,
 Where He still doth feed His sheep with
 His everlasting food.

Let us sweetly journey on, journey to that
land of joy,
Where the purest bliss and truth shall e'er
be without alloy,
Where no discontent nor grief shall e'er
taint its youthful bloom,
Where the holy and the true shall e'er in its
glory roam.

Let us sweetly journey on, journey to that
land of love,
Where the wicked no more shall 'round the
just and happy rove,
Where they ever shall be free from tempta-
tion and from woe,
Where they ever shall be glad, and no grief
nor sorrow know.

Let us sweetly journey on, journey to that
land so fair,
Where no strife shall ever be to disturb its
inmates there,
Where rejoicing ever is 'mongst the sweet
seraphic band,
Where they ever shall around God's Eternal
altar stand.

Let us sweetly journey on, journey to that
land of rest,
Till we anchor safely there in the harbor of
the blest,

Till we join the angels sweet in their endless joyfulness,
Till we shall the glorious crown of that lovely land possess.

Come to Jesus.

COME, needy souls, to Jesus come,
O! come to Him without delay ;
He will receive you as His own,
And will instruct you how to pray.

Come, needy souls, to Jesus come,
He bids you come and be made free ;
Alone in Him, in Him alone
You shall forever happy be.

O come to Jesus! never fear,
He will be near you as you go ;
Your pathway He will ever cheer,
And keep you from distress and woe.

O come to Jesus! ne'er despair,
He will that you to Him shall come ;
He'll make you free from sin and care,
And bless you with an endless home.

Oh! come, let us in Him rejoice,
And ever sing His praises sweet,
Till we shall hear His Heav'nly voice
Bid us to come Him there to meet.

Autumn.

“THE melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;”
The autumn winds are wailing heard
Through forests brown and sere.

The leaves are dropping one by one,
No more their charms are seen;
How quickly was their beauty gone,
How short their time had been.

Oh! dying nature, oh! how sad
Doth everything appear;
Thy loveliness, which did make glad,
No more the eye doth cheer.

Hath dreary autumn now, I pray,
Hath it no charm for me?
Hath it no sweetness to display
In nature bright and free?

See, see its gorgeous tints how fair,—
 Is there no charm in them?
 Have they not beauty sweet and rare?
 Such they indeed contain.

God's providence in them we see,—
 They teach us lessons sweet;
 They teach us to prepared to be,
 The God of love to meet.

Homeward Pass Still Singing.

LET us homeward pass still singing,
 Never weary, on our way;
 To our Saviour's love still clinging,
 We shall never go astray.
 Let us ever sing His praises,—
 We shall truly happy be;
 Let us ever raise our voices
 In sweet strains of harmony.

Let us homeward pass still singing,
 And be faithful to our Lord;
 Love and praise to Him still bringing,
 Trusting ever in His word.
 Though we oft shall meet with trials,
 Yet let us still march along,
 And be ever glad and cheerful,
 E'er in faith and love be strong.

Let us homeward pass rejoicing
 That our journey soon shall end;
 Soon we shall in peace and gladness
 Join our everlasting Friend;
 There our joys shall be forever,
 There no grief to us shall come;
 Naught shall there our friendship sever
 From the true and *Holy* One.

Are We Going?

ARE we going, "*truly*" going
 To our Father's house above,
 Where the angel bands are singing
 The eternal song of love?

Are we wishing, "*truly*" wishing
 For His guidance as we go?
 Are we often longing, sighing
 For His endless love to know?

Are we praying, "*truly*" praying
 For the favor of His peace?
 Are we so in faith still growing
 That we Him may ever please?

Are we longing, "*truly*" longing
 That His grace to us He'll give?
 Are we willing, all forsaking,
 That in Him our hearts may live?

We are willing, "*truly*" willing,
 Take us as Thy children, Lord;
 Save us from distress and sinning,
 We'll obey Thy holy word.

A Call to the Sinner.

COME unto the Saviour,
 He bids thee to come,
 Confessing the sins
 That thou ever hast done;
 He'll accept thee and release thee
 From anguish and fear,
 That life may no longer
 Obscurely appear.

Come unto the Saviour,
 He'll give peace to thy soul;
 He'll in love and in mercy
 Thy spirit control;
 Thy contrition and sorrow
 He'll never despise;
 He'll forgive thee and grant thee
 A home in the skies.

Come unto the Saviour,
 No longer delay;
 Implore for His mercy,
 And earnestly pray

That thy sins be forgiv'n,
Though many they be,
Through His blood, which He shed
On the Cross for thee.

Come unto the Saviour,
Though narrow the road
That leadeth to Him
And his lovely abode;
Make haste to accept
His biddings so sweet:
He truly will make
Thy salvation complete.

How wilt thou escape
If thou Jesus refuse,
Who bids thee so kindly
That good portion to choose?
Oh come, needy sinner,
And make Him thy own,
Lest in hell thou wilt yet
Thy condition bemoan.

Regard now that Saviour,
In whom mercy is found;
He will thy pathway with love
And gladness surround;
He will guide and conduct thee
To Heaven's domain,
Where thou wilt be happy
With Jesus to reign.

Life.

HOW sad and mournful is this life!
It is all murky and all drear;
'Tis full of sorrow, care, and strife;
No joy doth in the soul appear.
My God, my God, grant peace to me—
Make me from grief and trouble free.

Direct the angels, O my God!
To keep my spirit from all ill,
And lead me to Thy bright abode,
Where Thee the good are praising still,
And where no earthly grief shall come,
To mar the joys of that sweet home.

This life is all a troubled sea,
And swiftly it is passing by;
Few are its joys, yes, few they be,
While its fierce storms are raging high;
But the good Lord, He will control
The weary and the troubled soul.

Thou kind and blessed Saviour, come,
O come, my wounded spirit heal!
In fear no longer let me roam,
Let me Thy pard'ning mercy feel;
In pain and in each trying hour,
Be Thou my comfort, shield, and tow'r.

There is a World of Bliss.

THERE is a world, a world of bliss,
Which mortal eye hath never seen,
Where endless peace and gladness is,
And where no grief hath ever been.

It is a world much brighter far
Than here we truly can believe,
Much brighter than earth's beauties are,
And fairer than we can conceive.

It is all pleasant and all sweet,
"The land of glory" and of peace;
The good shall there no sorrow meet,
Their joys shall never, never cease.

There is no discontentment there
To mar its ever peaceful bow'rs;
Its inmates shall no evil share,
Like those of this sad world of ours.

There is no winter, cold nor bleak,
There in that fair and sunny clime;
There all the lowly and the meek
Shall ever in its brightness shine.

Let us then seek for that bright world,
 Which doth Heavenward, Heavenward
 lie,
 Where's naught but joy and peace unfurl'd
 Unto the ever longing eye.

Sinners, Repent.

REPENT, poor sinners, O repent!
 No longer live in safety here;
 God's blessings shall you then attend,
 If you will turn and be sincere.

Oh! be prepared, when death doth call
 You from this wicked world of sin,
 To meet the gracious Lord of all,
 In endless joy to reign with Him.

To gain that fair and bless'd abode
 You must repent and turn to God,
 And seek forgiveness through Christ's blood,
 Whose tender mercy faileth not.

You know not how long life may last,
 Then turn, O turn, and watch and pray!
 Ere th' morrow dawns it may be past:
 Repent, repent without delay.

'Twill be your wisdom now to come
To Christ, who died for you and me;
That you in endless bliss may roam,
Throughout a long eternity.

Secure a Home in Heaven.

SECURE a home, a home in Heaven,
Where friendship's tie shall ne'er be
riv'n;
Where we shall see no grief nor pain,
But shall in peace and glory reign.

The weary shall forever rest
There with the happy and the blest;
And they shall sing forever more
Praises to God and Him adore.

There shall no parting ever come
Into that fair celestial home:
Oh! what a joy, a joy 'twill be,
To dwell in endless ecstasy.

Secure that home without delay,
Secure it while 'tis call'd to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
And hell may be your endless fate.

Let us then call upon the Lord,
He will, according to His word,
Give ear unto our mournful cry,
He will our prayers ne'er deny.

He will a home in Heav'n us give,
Where we eternally shall live,
And worship Him for aye and aye,
And never from His presence stray,

But on His bosom shall recline,
And in His beauties ever shine ;
There none shall ever shed a tear,
There all in brightness shall appear.

"On the Other Side of Jordan."

"ON the other side of Jordan,"
In that eternal home of love,
Peace and gladness to the weary
Shall ever sweet and precious prove.

"On the other side of Jordan,"
Along its bright and limpid stream,
There the good are ever praising
The Saviour who did them redeem.

“On the other side of Jordan,”
In that delightsome land of rest,
There’s no pain nor discontentment—
Its inmates are forever blest.

“On the other side of Jordan,”
There in that ever peaceful home,
Where all are free from grief and sorrow,
There’s where my spirit longs to roam.

Longs to roam with God forever,
Upon those healthful shores above,
Where His Son the soul refreshes
With, with His everlasting love.

“Bearing the Cross.”

COME, let us bear the Cross indeed,
And trust in Christ, who us will lead;
He’ll give us strength and patience still,
If we’ll obey His gracious will.

Submissively let’s bear it, then,
His goodness will us still sustain;
He will not leave us in distress,
He e’er is willing us to bless.

Let's bear the Cross and ne'er repine,
His mercy e'er doth 'round us shine;
He'll guide us with His tender love,
If we'll but true and faithful prove.

Let's bear the Cross and Christ obey,
And firmly walk and not go 'stray;
Let's follow Him to Calvary,
Where He will set our spirits free.

Let us not groan nor ever faint,
Bear on the Cross without complaint;
Our weary path shall end in peace,
Then shall our grief and sorrow cease.

We shall then see the bliss of Heav'n,
Which by the blood of Christ is given;
We shall forever 'round His throne
Sing sweet affection's cheering tone.

"Angel Whispers."

SEE that bright angel in the sky!
Hark! hark! it whispers, "Be not sad,
Thou shalt behold thy God on high,
Where ransom'd spirits all are glad."

Dear mourner, weep, O weep no more!
The angel whispers, "Be resigned;
Thou soon shalt reach that blissful shore,
Where thou shalt peace and gladness find."

The angel whispers, "Calm thy fears,
And lean upon thy Saviour's arm;
While passing through this vale of tears,
He will thee safely keep from harm."

The angel whispers comfort still,
To thee, to thee, O weary one!
Come and obey thy Father's will,
Then thou shalt wear a fadeless crown.

Amid affliction look aloft
And see the shining angel there,
Whispering words both clear and soft,
Thy lone and mournful heart to cheer.

Yes, look aloft, and courage take,
Be not dismay'd or terrified;
The Lord He will for Jesus' sake
Forgive thy sins, for which He died.

At last He'll take, He'll take thee home
Into His shining courts above;
Where thou shalt with the ransom'd roam,
And sing the Lord's redeeming love.

"Jesus Only."

JESUS, and "*Jesus only*,"
 Can us assist in time of need ;
 Then let us cast our cares upon Him,
 He will us safely onward lead.

Jesus, and "*Jesus only*,"
 Can make our sinful spirits clean ;
 He can banish all our sorrows,
 If on His mercy we shall lean.

Jesus, in "*Jesus only*,"
 There is a hope for thee and me ;
 And He will accept us truly,
 If we will true and faithful be.

Jesus, in "*Jesus only*,"
 Peace and forgiveness we shall find ;
 He will our sins no more remember,
 If we're in truth to Him inclined.

Jesus, and "*Jesus only*,"
 Can cheer us on our dying bed ;
 He can calm our fears and anguish,
 And can our souls with joy o'erspread.

Jesus, and "*Jesus only*,"
 Let us adore with hearts sincere,
 Till we join Him in His kingdom,
 And sing His love forever there.

Words of Consolation.

THE Lord, "who dries the mourner's tear,"
 Will banish every grief and fear;
 He will the wounded spirit heal,
 His goodness and His love reveal.

He'll not despise who'll humbly come
 All sins and wickedness bemoan;
 The tainted spirit He will free,
 That it in bliss may ever be.

He will the sad and lonely cheer;
 To them He will be ever near,
 With His dear love, to soothe all pain,
 And to enliven them again.

In Him alone is comfort found,
 True peace and love in Him abound,
 And which by grace He'll freely give,
 The mournful spirit to relieve.

Alone on Him let us rely,
 And ever feel that He is nigh,
 Our poor and weary souls to bless,
 Here in this gloomy wilderness.

Our sorrows here shall soon be o'er,
 And we shall on the golden shore
 Of Eden's land forever roam,
 And in eternal glory bloom.

“O that I had Wings like a Dove.”

“O that I had wings like a dove; for then would
 I fly away, and be at rest.”—DAVID.

“O THAT I had wings like a dove!”
 Then would I fly, yes, fly away,
 “And be at rest” with God above,—
 With Him forever would I stay.

And no more grief then would I see,
 Among that bright celestial band,
 Who dwell in peace and ecstasy
 In Canaan's fair and healthful land.

“O that I had wings like a dove!”
 Then would I upward, upward fly,
 Till I would reach the gate of love,
 To that sweet mansion in the sky,

And enter in its joy and peace ;
No more distress then would I know,
My gladness there would never cease,
Like in this sinful world below.

"O that I had wings like a dove!"
How swiftly would I fly away,
Till I in endless bliss would rove,
And no more, no more go astray.

Then would I sing the song of Heav'n
Forever and forever more ;
Then would my pain away be driv'n—
Forever would I God adore.

"O that I had wings like a dove!"
Then would my spirit fly away
"And be at rest" with God above,
Where none shall ever go astray.

"I Love the Lord."

"I LOVE the Lord," I love the Lord,
And Him I love, I love alone ;
My voice and prayers He hath heard,
When my distress I did bemoan.

He hath inclined to me His ear,
And grace and mercy He hath shown;
When I had been in grief and fear
His loving-kindness He made known.

And I shall call upon His name,
And Him I ever shall revere;
His goodness shall my soul inflame,
"His pard'ning voice" I e'er shall hear.

"I love the Lord" and Him adore,
For He is good and ever kind;
His mercy I shall e'er implore,
And help in Him I e'er shall find.

He doth preserve the soul from ill,
And He doth keep it from all harm;
With His dear love He will instil
The hearts that lean upon His arm.

"I love the Lord," I love the Lord,
And Him I love, I love alone;
My voice and prayers He hath heard,
When my distress I did bemoan.

"No Tears in Heaven."

THERE are no tears, "no tears in Heav'n,"
The Saviour wipes them all away;
There everlasting joy is giv'n,
There none shall ever go astray.

There are no tears, "no tears in Heav'n,"
There all is joy and peace and love;
There shall no friendship's tie be riv'n
Like in this world in which we rove.

There are no tears, "no tears in Heav'n,"
No grief shall ever enter there;
All sorrow far away is driv'n,
There all in bliss and gladness share.

There are no tears, "no tears in Heav'n,"
There shall no mourning ever be;
There blessedness shall e'er be giv'n,
There none shall pain or anguish see.

There are no tears, "no tears in Heav'n,"
There not a tear shall ever flow;
For that repose the saints have striv'n,
Who are now free from sin and woe.

There are no tears, "no tears in Heav'n,"
There God shall be our joy and rest ;
The fruit of life shall there be giv'n
To the redeemed and happy blest.

There are no tears, "no tears in Heav'n,"
The Saviour wipes them from the eyes ;
None from His presence shall be driv'n,
No darkness e'er shall shade their skies.

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

"**B**LESS'D are the pure, the pure in
heart,"
For they shall see the God of love ;
To them His peace He will impart,
That they in endless bliss may rove.

"Bless'd are the pure, the pure in heart,"
Jesus shall lead them to that land
Where they shall feel no grief nor smart,
Where they shall with the angels stand.

"Bless'd are the pure, the pure in heart,"
For they shall never grieve nor fear ;
The Lord from them shall ne'er depart,
He will be ever, ever near.

"Bless'd are the pure, the pure in heart,"
They'll onward march without dismay;
No grief shall e'er their march retard,
Nor shall they ever go astray.

"Bless'd are the pure, the pure in heart,"
The Lord they e'er shall glorify;
They ne'er shall from His truth depart,
Nor shall they moan nor ever sigh.

"Bless'd are the pure, the pure in heart,"
"For they shall see the God" of love;
To them His peace He will impart,
That they in endless bliss may rove.

"Time is Short."

1 COR. 7: 29.

"THE time is short," and this we know,
That death will call us soon away;
We soon must leave these scenes below,
And other scenes we shall survey.

"The time is short," let us beware,
To trifle with its shortness still;
God's invitation let us hear,
Let us obey His sovereign will.

“The time is short,” let us arise
And ask our Saviour’s pard’ning grace;
He will us truly ne’er despise,
If we our trust in Him will place.

“The time is short,” let us attend,
O let us, let us warning take!
Let then our pray’rs to God ascend,
He will forgive for Jesus’ sake.

“The time is short,” it swiftly flies,
The hour is fast approaching on,
When we shall “mount the upper skies,”
And ever praise the God and Son.

“The time is short,” let us rejoice,
Let us rejoice God soon will come;
We soon shall hear His charming voice
Call us into His Heav’nly Home.

Mount Calvary.

LET us go to Mount, Mount Calvary,
And view our dying Saviour there,
Who’s nailed to the accursed tree,
Our sins and wickedness to bear.

Let us go to Mount, Mount Calvary,
And bow our hearts in thankfulness,
That thus He suffers on the tree,
Us to redeem and us to bless.

Let us go to Mount, Mount Calvary,
Behold! His bleeding hands and feet;
What an amazing sight 'twill be
Our blessed Saviour thus to meet!

Let us go to Mount, Mount Calvary,—
Hark! hark! the voice of love how sweet!
“Hark! how He groans” upon the tree!
“’Tis done!” the ransom now is paid.

Let us go to Mount, Mount Calvary,
Where our dear Lord was crucified,
Where He atoned for you and me,
And where a painful death He died.

Lord, there was never love like thine,
Which Thou hast shown on Calvary;
Oh! let our hearts to Thee incline,
And set our sinful spirits free.

Come, let us join and praise the Lord,
Let us “from bliss no longer rove:”
He will our praises all record
With His, with His redeeming love.

Meet in Heaven.

I HOPE that we may meet in Heav'n,
 Yes, meet in Heav'n, that happy home,
 Where friendship's tie shall ne'er be riv'n,
 Where we shall e'er together roam.

I hope that we may meet in Heav'n,
 Yes, meet upon its verdant plains,
 Where from the tree of life is giv'n
 The fruit which e'er and e'er sustains.

I hope that we may meet in Heav'n,
 Where sweetest bliss we shall enjoy,
 And where all pains away are driv'n,
 And where no grief shall us annoy.

I hope that we may meet in Heav'n,
 Where shall no strife nor anguish be,
 Where everlasting peace is given,
 And where our Saviour we shall see.

I hope that we may meet in Heav'n,
 Where we "shall lay our armor by,"
 Where we with grief shall ne'er be riv'n,
 Where we the Lord shall glorify.

I hope that we may meet in Heav'n,
And ever walk its golden streets,
Meet where the love of Christ is giv'n
To all for whom He intercedes.

I hope that we may meet in Heav'n,
Yes, meet in Heav'n, that happy home,
Where friendship's tie shall ne'er be riv'n,
And partings never shall be known.

The Saviour's Invitation.

JOHN 7: 37.

“THE Saviour calls”—calls us to-day.
Let's hearken to His Heav'nly voice;
No longer let us then delay,
In His sweet name let us rejoice.

He saith, “All thirsty, come to me,
And drink, and drink and never die;”
Let us to Him for refuge flee,
He ever will our wants supply.

O what an invitation sweet,
The Saviour doth extend to all!
With mercy they shall truly meet,
Who will obey His gracious call.

He calls, He calls, He's calling yet,
 To His sweet voice let us give ear;
 He will our souls with peace o'erspread,
 And no more anguish we shall fear.

O let us not reluctant be,
 For He doth sweetly call us still
 To come to Him and be made free,
 And to obey His sovereign will!

Let us arise and to Him go,
 He doth with love and grace abound;
 He will exempt from sin and woe,
 In Him true happiness is found.

No greater joy can ever be
 Than, than to know our sins forgiv'n;
 My Christian friends, then join with me
 To praise the Lord who reigns in Heav'n.

Wearry of Life.

WEARY, weary of this life,
 Weary of its sin and strife,
 Here we naught but sorrow know,
 In affliction we must go;

We its bitterness must feel
Till the Lord will peace reveal,
And will comfort us again,
And will us in grief sustain.

Sad and lone we often are,
In this world of sin and care,
And no comfort we can find,
Naught to cheer the drooping mind ;
We must sadly journey on
Till our earthly course is run,
And if grace we then have found,
We the "upper skies" shall mount,

And our Saviour there adore,
Ever and forever more ;
And the golden streets there walk,
Of that mercy ever talk
Which the Lord bestowed on us,
To extol, extol Him thus,
In the city of sweet peace,
Where rejoicings never cease.

Though weary let us never sigh,
For we soon shall dwell on high,
And wear the crown of victory,
And be from sin forever free ;
Soon our trials shall be past ;
Let's be faithful to the last,
And we'll reign with Christ above,
In His everlasting love.

Submission.

“The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?”

“SHALL I not drink, not drink the cup,”
That my dear Father gives to me?
He holds it—let me drink it up,
Though sharp and bitter it may be.

To me it very strange may seem,
That I the bitter cup must drink;
Yet soon my heart with joy shall beam,
That from His cup I did not shrink.

Then with submission let me drain,
Yes, drain the cup my Father gives;
Though bitterness it may contain,
The wounded spirit it retrieves.

“I’ll drink it all!” it comes from Thee,
My Father, Saviour, and my King;
With patience Thou wilt favor me,
If to Thy promises I cling.

I will not murmur nor complain,
It is Thy will, let it be done,
The drooping soul Thou wilt sustain,
Still with the blood of Thy dear Son.

Cheerfully I'll submit to Thee,
 Oh! let me ever faithful prove;
 Thy cup shall not discourage me,
 Which Thou hast sent, hast sent in love.

O Father! be Thou "by my side!"
 I'll drink it up, drink all I need,
 Only Thy face from me "don't hide,"
 Me still with Heav'nly manna feed.

The Beatitudes.

MATTHEW 5: 2-12.

"BLESS'D are the poor," the poor in
 soul,
 Theirs shall the Heav'nly Kingdom be;
 The Lord their spirits shall control,
 That they their poverty may see.

"Bless'd" are the men who deeply mourn,
 For them the Lord shall comfort still;
 With bliss their souls He will adorn,
 Their fainting hearts with gladness fill.

Bless'd are the gentle, mild, and meek,
 They shall possess, possess the earth;
 Of God's great mercy they shall speak,
 And likewise of their Heav'nly birth.

Bless'd are the souls that truly thirst,
Hunger for righteousness and peace;
For "living streams" shall quench their
thirst,
And "living bread" their hunger ease.

Bless'd are the men who mercy show,
For they like mercy shall obtain;
The God who all their actions know,
Will favor them with love again.

Bless'd are the pure, the pure in heart,
For they shall see the God of love;
To them His peace He will impart,
That they in endless bliss may rove.

Bless'd are the men, the peaceful men,
Who will still quench the burning strife;
They shall be called the heirs of Him
Who reigns in everlasting life.

Bless'd are the men who suffer here
For Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake;
To them He will be ever near,
And of His joy they shall partake.

Home in Heaven.

IN Heav'n above, that glorious home,
Where the glad angels waiting stand,
And where none e'er shall be alone,
There dwells an ever blessed band.

Yes, dwells in happiness and peace,
Upon its ever healthful shore;
There blessedness shall never cease,
The Lord of Host they e'er adore.

With them my spirit longs to roam,
To roam and ever be at rest;
No tears are found in that sweet home,
Its joys or gladness to molest.

Sweet music falls upon the ear,
There in that bright and blest abode;
Melodious voices I shall hear,
Extolling Christ the Lamb of God.

May I soon reach that happy place,
And be from sin and sorrow free;
May I soon see my Saviour's face,
And sing the song of liberty.

When to that peaceful home I come,
 Those I shall meet "who've gone before;"
 With them I shall in glory bloom,
 Forever and forever more.

"We're Going Home."

"WE'RE going home" to Heav'n above,
 With cheerful hearts we'll travel on
 Till we shall reach those realms of love,
 Where we shall wear the "victor's crown."

"We're going home," where we shall meet
 Our Lord and Saviour and our King,
 Where we shall worship at His feet,
 And where His praises we shall sing.

"We're going home," to endless rest,
 We're drawing nearer to it still;
 We soon shall mingle with the blest,
 If we'll obey our Father's will.

"We're going home," we're almost there,
 Its pearly gates we have in view;
 How bright and lovely, O how fair!
 Will be its "robes of beauteous hue."

“We’re going home!” what holy joy
To witness that celestial scene;
Naught shall our blessedness destroy,
In its sweet fields of living green.

And we shall dwell in bliss divine,
In endless glory we shall roam;
“In glittering robes” we e’er shall shine,
There in that never-ending home.

The Land of Peace and Love.

LET us bravely onward move,
To the land of peace and love,
Where the Lord doth reign,
Let us never, on our way,
Falter, faint, or go astray;
We shall see the glorious day,
In His bless’d domain.

Then in faith let us be strong,
Cheerfully still march along,
And no anguish fear,
Though often trials we shall see,
Be in distress and misery,
Let us not affrighted be,
For the Lord is near.

We'll wait with patience, yes, we'll wait
Till, in a blest and glorious state,
We'll worship Him around His throne,
And ever be with Him at Home.

We'll wait, and never will despair
Till in His glories we shall share,
Till we shall walk the golden shore,
And sing to Him forever more.

There, there we shall united stand,
In bliss and peace, at God's right hand,
And our Redeemer ever praise
For His redeeming love and grace.

We'll wait till Christ the Lord will come,
Will come to lead our spirits home
Into His never-ending rest,
Where naught our gladness shall molest.

Lone and Weary Pilgrim.

FAINT not, lone and weary pilgrim,
While you journey here below,
You shall reach ere long that City,
Where you shall be free from woe.

Though you oft shall meet with trouble,
On your homeward march to God,
Yet the Lord He will not leave you,
And He will forsake you not.

Faint not, lone and weary pilgrim,
Here your sorrows soon shall end,
And those mansions you shall enter,
Where doth reign your God and Friend.

There you shall forever praise Him,
And shall dwell with Him in love;
Who can paint those scenes of glory
Which you shall enjoy above!

Faint not, lone and weary pilgrim,
Bravely fight your passage through;
For "beyond this vale" of anguish,
There's an endless rest for you.

There your earthly cares are ended,
No more mis'ry you shall see;
With the Lord and your Redeemer
You shall e'er united be.

“I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is
Mine.”

MY beloved, I am Thine,
Let me ever faithful be;
My beloved, Thou art mine,
And Thy glory I shall see.

I shall be with Thee in Heav'n,
Where no anguish I shall know;
Thence no more I shall be driv'n
By the storms of sin and woe.

My beloved, I am Thine,
And Thou still upholdest me;
My beloved, Thou art mine,
And my trust I place in Thee.

But in Thee I place my trust;
Thou art ready to forgive,
And to count me with the just,
Who with Thee shall ever live.

My beloved, I am Thine,—
Let me never go astray;
My beloved, Thou art mine,
Thou hast washed my sins away.

Thou hast washed away my sins
 With Thy blood shed on the cross ;
 With Thy love my spirit beams,
 "Sanctifying every loss."

My beloved, I am Thine,
 And in Thee I do rejoice ;
 My beloved, Thou art mine,—
 Soon I'll hear Thy Heav'nly voice,

Bid me to Thy mansions come,
 And forever with Thee reign ;
 Happy stand before Thy throne,
 And ever praise Thy holy name.

"My Home is not Here."

MY home, my home is not on earth,
 No, here is not my home,
 Where pain and death "delights to tread,"
 And where the wicked roam.

Though all may bright and pleasant seem,
 Here on this earthly sphere ;
 Though all in happiness may gleam,
 My home it is not here.

My home is where the angels reign,
And where they praise the Lord
Forever in His bless'd domain,
In love and sweet accord.

No pain can ever, ever come,
No anguish, grief, nor fear,
Into that everlasting home,
Where God is ever near

I'm pressing onward to that land,
Where I shall see His face,
With Him in blessedness shall stand,
Through His redeeming grace.

And I unbounded joy shall see,
In glory I shall bloom ;
And I in endless bliss shall be,
There in my final home.

“We shall Meet in Heaven.”

IF we'll the thorny path pursue,
And e'er be faithful, kind, and true,
“We shall meet in Heaven,” that land
Where we shall e'er united stand.

And our Redeemer shall adore,
Forever and forever more,
Oh ! what a joyance it will be
When we that endless bliss shall see,

And stand around the great white throne,
And be eternally God's own ;
There we shall see no more distress,
Like in this gloomy wilderness.

No, all our sorrows have an end
When we shall dwell with God our Friend ;
"Of Canaan's fruit " we then shall eat,
No other nourishment we need.

Let us then bravely face the storm,
We through its tempest shall be borne
With safety, if in God we trust,
Who is alone the true and just.

Fearlessly let us launch away,
In sin no longer let us stay ;
Though "raging billows" round us roar,
We soon shall land on Canaan's shore.

"I am the Good Shepherd."

"I'M the good shepherd;" come to Me,
I'll lead you to eternal life,
Where you in endless joy shall be,
And know no sorrow, grief, nor strife.

"I'm the good shepherd," follow Me,
Yes, follow Me and do not fear;
With tenderness both large and free,
I will you ever onward cheer.

"I'm the good shepherd," don't despair,
My flock I never will forsake;
They will be ever in My care,—
No wickedness can them betake.

"I'm the good shepherd," why not come,
Not come into My loving fold?
Where you shall praise Me e'er at home,
And shall enjoy a bliss untold.

"I'm the good shepherd," and for thee
My precious life I have laid down;
Without delay then follow Me,
And you shall wear the golden crown.

"I'm the good shepherd," and how blest
Are those who will not Me despise,
For they shall enter My sweet rest,
Far o'er the blue ethereal skies.

"I'm the good shepherd," and I will
There in green pastures feed My sheep;
Will them with loving-kindness still
Safely from harm and danger keep.

"How Far is it to Heaven?"

TELL me how far is 't to Heaven, that
home
Where the lone and weary pilgrim shall
rest,
Where in joy and glory he e'er shall roam,
And shall forever and ever be blest?

O it is not far to that peaceful place!
No, in a moment the spirit is there,
The Saviour to worship and ever to praise,
Exempt from all sin, temptation, and care.

How far is 't to Heaven, that bless'd abode?
Where melodious songs shall greet the ear,

Where the happy soul shall be ever with God,
And shall know no grief, no sorrow, nor
fear.

O it is not far, not far to that land!
Where Jesus the Lord forever doth reign;
If for our guidance on Him we depend,
We shall reach ere long His lovely domain.

Then all our sorrows and troubles are past,
Naught can disquiet our happiness there,
When we're at home in His Kingdom at
last,
We in His glories forever shall share.

And around His throne we ever shall stand,
With tuneful voices His praise we shall
sing,
And be ever a bless'd and happy band,
In the presence of our eternal King.

Jesus is our Friend.

JESUS, He is our Lord and Friend;
He is our buckler, shield, and stay;
His blessed peace shall us attend,
If we'll pursue the narrow way.

He will not leave nor us forsake,
 He will be with His children still;
 No evil shall us e'er betake,
 If we'll observe His sov'reign will.

He'll in our hearts His love display,
 To us His goodness He'll make known;
 Our fainting souls He will array
 With garments we through Him have won.

Keep us, O Lord! who live in Thee,
 O keep us in Thy Heavenly way!
 From all temptation let us flee,
 And let us never go astray.

O let us ever watchful be!
 And ever raise our pray'rs to God,
 And we shall Him with rapture see,
 Up in His bright and blest abode.

There we shall be in endless rest,
 And in His glory we shall share,
 And lean forever on His breast,
 Free from all sorrow, sin, and care.

Stand up for Jesus.

“STAND up for Jesus,” He will be
Your comfort, strength, and shield;
His “golden palace” you shall see,
If to His mercy you will yield.

“Stand up for Jesus,” and obey
With cheerful hearts, His word divine;
No shadow e’er shall dim your way,
If your desires to Him incline.

“Stand up for Jesus,” bravely fight,
Fight bravely for His realms on high,
Where is your joy and your delight,
And where He ever will be nigh.

“Stand up for Jesus,” never fear,
On you the vict’ry He’ll bestow;
His name sincerely still revere,
And e’er His goodness you shall know.

“Stand up for Jesus,” He will guide
You in the path of love and peace;
He on the cross for you hath died,
From sin and care you to release.

“Stand up for Jesus,” and be true,
 Be true to Him forever more;
 You soon shall Him in glory view,
 And Him forever there adore.

Crossing the River Jordan.

WHEN we've crossed the river Jordan,
 We then in endless bliss shall roam,
 And we shall no foe encounter,
 There in that quiet, peaceful home,
 We shall praise the Lord forever,
 And in His glories we shall share,
 Resting ever in His mansions,
 Free from all trouble, grief, and care.

When we've crossed the river Jordan,
 Then all our sorrows shall be o'er;
 From that place we ne'er shall wander,
 We e'er its beauties shall explore;
 And we ever shall be singing
 The song of “Moses and the Lamb;”
 And we never shall be ceasing
 To praise His bless'd and holy name.

When we've crossed the river Jordan,
 Then great our happiness shall be;
 In that charming home in glory,
 We shall eternal gladness see;

No affliction shall assail us
 There in that "holy, happy land;"
 There we ne'er shall meet as strangers,
 But shall e'er united stand.

When we've crossed the river Jordan,
 When safely landed on its shore,
 We shall hear the angels chanting
 Redemption's love forever more;
 We shall join them in their anthems,
 Our voices shall through Heav'n resound
 With the worship of our Saviour,
 Who we've so true and loving found.

To-Day.

COME to the Saviour, come to-day,
 Come seek Him, seek Him while you
 may;
 O do in sin no longer roam,
 Do now secure an endless home.

He will receive you in His fold,
 Where gladness you shall e'er behold;
 Believe on Him, He will impart
 Peace, joy, and comfort to thy heart.

Come to the Saviour, come to-day,
O come to Him without dismay!
He will be merciful to all,
Who for redemption on Him call.

He'll not despair, nor will disdain;
To all His goodness He'll proclaim:
Then come to Him, yes, truly come,
He'll welcome you into His home.

O come while it is call'd to-day!
And for forgiveness to Him pray;
He'll make you holy, happy, blest,
If you'll observe His high behest.

O come and give to Him your heart!
And never from His love depart;
Come, walk the path that leads to Heav'n,
Where you with storms shall ne'er be driv'n.

Where you in joy shall ever be,
His shining face shall ever see;
Where you in endless peace shall reign,
And have no sorrow, grief, nor pain.

The Way to Life.

“Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.”

ALTHOUGH the way may narrow be
That leadeth unto God;
Yet strive to gain an entrance free
Into His blest abode.

The Saviour doth invite you come,
Oh! hearken to His voice,
And He will lead you safely on,
And make you to rejoice.

To those who walk the narrow path,
Who once in sin did stray;
The Saviour will give strength and faith
To win His endless day.

O what a precious boon it is
To have that jewel fair!
Which will adorn our life through this
Dark world of sin and care.

Come then to Christ and doubt no more,
Though strait the gate may be;
Yet wide enough Him to adore
With joy and liberty.

Come, enter in without delay,
 "Make your election sure;"
 In wickedness no longer stay,
 An endless home secure.

The Peace of God.

LET Thy everlasting peace,
 O Lord! upon us shine,
 Let Thy goodness never cease,
 Let all our days be Thine.

Let us serve Thee faithfully,
 Thou ever blessed one;
 Let us, ne'er discouraged be,
 But trust in Thee alone.

Trust in Thee, yes, in Thee trust,
 O Lord, Thou Heav'nly King!
 Let us, with the true and just,
 Thy joyful anthems sing.

Help us in our wand'rings here,
 O let us ne'er despair!
 With Thy Spirit us still cheer
 In sorrow, grief, or care.

Let Thy peace forever be
Our comfort as we go;
Let it be our jubilee
Here in this land of woe.

Let it e'er with us remain,
That we with Thee may roam;
In Thy bright and blessed domain,
And dwell with Thee at home.

Be Faithful unto Death.

BE true and faithful unto death,
A crown of life you shall receive;
Oh! hearken what the Saviour saith,
He saith, "Come unto me, believe."

Though tribulation you shall see,
Yet you an endless crown shall win;
Shall win, and shall exempted be
From sorrow, anguish, grief, and sin.

Continue faithful to the Lord,
A resting-place you shall attain,
And ever praise and sing His word;
With Him in Heaven you shall reign,

And never more shall sin or die,
 But shall forever happy be ;
 There in that peaceful land on high,
 A crown of glory waits for thee.

Yes, waits for thee, all pure and bright,
 "O keep it, keep it e'er in view ;"
 Fight bravely on "for truth and right,"
 And for Christ's glorious Kingdom too.

Be true and faithful unto death,
 A crown of life you shall receive ;
 It shall not wane nor ever fade,
 But it an endless light shall give.

Loneliness.

SAD and lonely I am now,
 Nothing cheers my drooping mind ;
 Sadness shades my throbbing brow,
 Peace nor comfort I can find ;
 Seemingly so dark and drear,
 Life it hath no joys for me ;
 I no loving voices hear,
 I no smiling faces see.

How I long my spirit free
From all loneliness and care;
And be filled with bliss and glee,
And be borne to Heaven fair;
Where no anguish I shall know,
And no sadness thrills my heart,
Where in glory I shall go,
And from Jesus never part.

Sad and lonely I am now,
Tears are starting from my eyes;
None to soothe my aching brow,
None to heave for me a sigh;
Yet my Saviour He is near,
And His charming name I bless;
Now I need no sorrow fear,
I His love and peace possess.

Prayer in Time of War.

LORD, help us in our deep distress,
O hear our humble cry!
With peace again our country bless,
Save, save us from on high.

Preserve us from destruction, Lord,
Our foes let them not win;
Keep us by Thine Almighty word,
And cleanse us from all sin.

O let our flag be lifted up,
 And wave on every field!
 In Thy salvation let us hope,
 Be Thou our guard and shield.

Let e'er our troops successful be,
 Attend them everywhere;
 Crown them with joy and victory,
 And let them ne'er despair.

Encourage them in ev'ry fight
 "The barb'rous hosts" to meet;
 With cheerfulness let them unite
 The en'my to defeat.

Our freedom let us soon enjoy,
 And know no war nor strife;
 With thankfulness our hearts employ
 In this and yonder life.

"The Harp in Heaven."

"THE harp in Heaven!" O how sweet
 Its strains will fall upon the ear
 Of those who will the Saviour meet,
 There in that bright celestial sphere!

"The harp in Heaven!" O it will
Impart an endless bliss and glee!
It will the soul with rapture fill
Throughout a long eternity.

"The harp in Heaven!" it will charm
Forever and forever more,
Those who are safe from sin and harm,
Whose pain and sorrows are all o'er.

"The harp in Heaven!" its sweet tone,
And its grand harmonies of love
Will cheer the inmates of that home,
Where saints in endless joy shall rove.

"The harp in Heaven!" be it mine,
When my terrestrial life is past;
With it in glory may I shine,
Where its rich melodies shall last.

May I the harp-strings sweetly sound,
There in that "land of life and light;"
May peace and gladness me surround,
And fill my spirit with delight.

Communing with God.

I FEEL a sweet forétaste of Heav'n,
 When I am communing with God,
 I feel that my sins are forgiv'n,
 And that He's forsaking me not.

I feel that ere long I shall be
 Exempt from temptation and care;
 That the land of God I shall see,
 And that I its glories shall share.

I feel that my Saviour is near
 To encourage me onward still,
 When despairing my soul to cheer,
 And me e'er with gladness to fill.

A sweet prelibation I feel
 Of the bliss that awaiteth me there;
 Of the joys that Christ shall reveal,
 And the golden crown I shall wear.

God visits me still from above,
 To my soul sweet comfort to speak;
 And to bless my heart with His love,
 To prompt me His presence to seek.

I feel a sweet foretaste of Heav'n,
 When I am communing with God;
 I feel that my sins are forgiv'n,
 And that He's forsaking me not.

From Tribulation Free.

“These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”—REVELATION.

THOSE “happy pilgrims, spotless fair,”
Have reached that blessed home,
Where they in endless joy appear,
Around the “Great white Throne.”

From tribulation they are free,
Their robes they have made white
In Jesus' blood, who on the tree
Hath for poor sinners died.

No sorrow there shall cross their way,
No anguish they shall feel;
There they shall live in endless day,
And wear the pard'ning seal.

Their bless'd Redeemer they shall view
With anxious eyes of love,
And praise Him with that happy crew
That dwell in peace above.

There with that bright seraphic band
They shall united be;
Their happiness shall never end,
No trouble they shall see

No "pain nor death can enter there,"
 Naught e'er shall them alarm ;
 All, all is lovely, sweet, and fair,
 There in that land of charm.

They're now from tribulation free,
 The Heav'nly robe and palm
 They wear in holy ecstasy,
 With Jesus and the Lamb.

The following stanzas were suggested on reading
 of the conversion of Abraham Lincoln, President
 of the United States.

"I do Love Jesus."

"I DO love Jesus," O how kind !
 In Him forgiveness all can find,
 If unto Him they'll humbly come,
 Their wickedness and sins bemoan.

"I do love Jesus," He alone
 Can give a bright and blissful home ;
 And He can give an endless peace,
 "My heart from every sin release."

"I do love Jesus," truest Friend,
 His goodness shall me e'er attend ;

He will conduct me safely through,
Till I the land of God shall view.

"I do love Jesus," dearest name,
Who upon earth from Heaven came,
To suffer death upon the tree,
To set my sin-sick spirit free.

"I do love Jesus," Friend of all,
Who will regard His Father's call;
He will receive them as His own,
To them His kindness will make known.

"I do love Jesus," Him I love,
May I soon soar to Heaven above,
Where I shall meet Him with that band,
Who in His endless glory stand.

"The Better Land."

IN that better land in glory,
There doth reign our Lord and King;
Ever round the golden altar
Saints and angels sweetly sing.

There shall come no war nor conflict
To that land to mar its peace;
Shall be known no pain nor sorrow,
Grief and troubling there shall cease.

There shall pass away no gladness
 From its ever shining shore;
 Its sweet sight cannot be broken,
 It remains forever more.

There shall be eternal summer,
 Its beauties shall forever last;
 There the good shall ever gather,
 When their earthly life is past.

Ever bathe their happy spirits
 In the sea of calm repose;
 Never know no fear nor trembling,
 Bliss eternal smoothly flows.

Ever walk its streets all pearly,
 And the "Prince of Peace" adore;
 Ever pleasures there enjoying,
 Suffer pain and sin no more.

"Seek that Better Land."

SEEK that better land in glory,
 Where "the weary are at rest;"
 Where the loved are never dying,
 But are ever with the blest.

Seek it, though you shall with trials
Meet while roaming here below ;
Often by the wicked tempted
To remain in sin and woe.

But be faithful, never falter,
For life's storms will soon be o'er ;
And a sky all fair and cloudless
Will its calmness on you pour.

Let the hope of Heav'n encourage,
Let it cheer you on your way ;
Let it e'er increase your ardor
More and more to serve and pray.

Then your fears will all be vanquished,
And the Lord will be your Friend ;
He will guide and He'll protect you
Till your earthly sorrows end.

Then He'll take you in His mansions,
Where you shall forever dwell ;
Where you shall be never parted
From the friends you love so well.

Come unto Christ.

COME unto Christ the Lamb of God,
Come let us walk the narrow road,
Till we shall view that blissful land,
Where naught our happiness shall blend.

He's calling us to Him to come,
And to secure for us a home;
There in His shining courts above,
And e'er enjoy His dying love.

Let us no longer careless be;
Let us arise and be made free
From all our sins and ills of life,
From all our anguish, grief, and strife.

To us Jehovah calls aloud,
O come, pursue the happy crowd!
Who've chosen Heaven for their home,
That there with Him we e'er may roam.

There we forever shall rejoice,
And ever hear the Saviour's voice;
Sweet anthems chanting with the blest,
And be fore'er with Him at rest.

The blissful plains we'll range around
In Heaven, where pleasure knows no bound;
"The rose and lily there shall stand
In beauteous rows at God's right hand."

"Meditating on the Cross."

SWEET are the moments which I spend
Before the cross where dies my Friend,
The sinner's Friend, the Friend of all
Who will for mercy on Him call.

Sweet are the moments, sweet they be
When I my dying Saviour see
Shedding for me, His precious blood
To "plead and claim my peace with God."

May I but truly give my heart
To Jesus, from Him ne'er depart,
Freely my sins He will forgive,
That I with Him in Heav'n may live.

May I in all His need still feel,
His wounds my sin-sick soul can heal;
May I still learn to love Him more,
On me His blessings He will pour.

Dearest Jesus, suffering Lamb,
 Who art the great, "the great I Am,"
 Let Thy compassion on me shine,
 Till I behold Thy face divine.

And I with Thee the golden shore
 Of Heav'n shall walk and Thee adore;
 Yes, Thee adore eternally,
 Exempt from sin and misery.

Live for Christ.

O LET me live for Christ alone!
 Let me my sins indeed bemoan,
 And trust in Him, and Him desire,
 Him ever serve and never tire.

O yes! for Him, for Him I'll live,
 He'll my transgressions all forgive,
 That I may gain that sweeter rest
 In Heav'n where dwelleth all the blest.

Christ is a kind, a precious Friend,
 His love shall me through life attend;
 If I will truly faithful be,
 From every weight He'll set me free.

In suffering He will be my all,
From pain my body disinthrall;
Will comfort me with joy and peace,
His blessings they shall never cease.

No, He will ever be with me,
Soon I the joys of Heaven shall see;
There no more tears shall dim my eyes,
There no more gloom shall shade my skies.

There all my trials shall be o'er,
There I shall sing forever more
With those who praise His holy name,
And His protection ever claim.

Onward Move.

COME let us onward, onward move,
Yes, move to that fair land of light;
Its streets are paved with peace and love,
Its gates are of the purest white.

An entrance we may truly win,
If we will follow Jesus here;
Let us in early youth begin
To serve Him and Him e'er revere.

O many dear and loved ones are
 Traversing its delightful plain!
 They ever breathe its balmy air,
 And ever worship Christ, "the slain."

Let us then bravely move along,
 And on our way let us not faint;
 We soon shall mingle with that throng
 Whose gladness none can ever paint.

What a rejoicing there will be,
 When we shall enter in that land,
 Where Christ our Saviour we shall see
 Amid the holy angels stand.

Under His shadow we shall dwell,
 And ever feast upon His love;
 Our joys shall be ineffable,
 When singing with the saints above.

Gladly will be our Meeting.

GLADLY will be our meeting
 In yonder world of rest;
 Each other ever greeting
 With Jesus and the blest;
 There shall be no more parting,
 There friends shall ever dwell,
 And ever praise the Saviour—
 Our gladness none can tell.

There shall be no more sufferers,
 There all shall be in health ;
 None from the fold shall wander,
 All shall enjoy its wealth.
 In hope and expectation,
 We're waiting for the time,
 When Jesus shall us summon
 Into His blissful clime.

What a delightful meeting
 We shall behold when there!
 When friends each other greeting,
 Exempt from sin and care ;
 We shall be ever chanting
 The song of Heav'nly love ;
 We never shall be wanting,
 Our joys shall endless prove.

Going Home to Jesus.

WE'RE going home to Jesus,
 Our dear and precious Friend,
 His blessing shall attend us
 Unto our journey's end ;
 We're anxiously awaiting,
 Awaiting for the time,
 When we shall sing His praises
 In His delightful clime.

We're going home to Jesus,
 O what an endless peace
 Our hearts shall then experience!
 Our joys shall never cease.
 'Tis comforting and cheering,
 'Tis gladd'ning to the soul
 To feel His loving-kindness
 Our spirits still control.

We're going home to Jesus,
 O happy we shall be
 When we shall enter Canaan,
 From sin and sorrow free!
 To be at home with Jesus,
 To lean upon His breast
 Will fill us with rejoicing,
 To be thus ever blest.

"Nearer my God."

NEARER my God, nearer to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee, I long to come;
 I long Thy loving face to see,
 And ever in Thy glory bloom.

My heart is ever turned to Thee,
 Let peace and light within me shine;
 Let me be filled with ecstasy,
 With gladness, joy, and love divine.

Nearer my God, nearer to Thee,
Nearer to Thee I'm drawing still;
Never withhold a good from me,
Yet I shall not arraign Thy will.

All that Thou sendest unto me,
In love and mercy Thou dost send;
However painful it may be,
Therewith I'll try to be content.

My spirit reaches out to Thee,
Thou my great comforter and stay;
Nearer to Thee I want to be,
And never go from Thee astray.

On joyful wings I'll nearer soar,
Yes, nearer soar, my God, to Thee;
Soon I shall walk the golden shore,
Nearer my God, my song shall be.

Watch and Pray.

COME, let us ever watch and pray,
Yes, pray to God, our Lord and King;
Our hearts with peace He will array,
That joyful off'rings we may bring.

O let us never faint nor fear!
 For God will never us forsake;
 He will be ever, ever near,
 We of His goodness shall partake.

O let our faith in Him be strong!
 Upon Him let us ever lean;
 Let Jesus ever be our song,
 And feel His pard'ning love within.

Then let us ever watch and pray,
 Our work will soon be finish'd here;
 We soon shall see the glorious day
 When pain and woe shall disappear.

Our spirits then shall happy be,
 When we shall enter God's sweet rest;
 When His great glory we shall see,
 And live forever with the blest.

"Rock of Ages."

"ROCK of Ages," Heavenly one,
 Set Thou my sin-sick spirit free,
 That I around Thy holy throne
 May ever praise and worship Thee.

O be Thou nigh, yes, ever nigh!
And I shall never want nor faint;
And I shall never heave a sigh,
Nor ever utter a complaint.

Thy unexhausted love divine
Shall cheer my soul when in distress;
Thy endless beam of light shall shine,
To guide me through this wilderness.

Thou "Rock of ages," O how sweet!
How sweet Thy name doth sound to me!
It is my comfort when in need,
It still directs my path to Thee.

O let me ever to Thee cleave!
And I shall not forsaken be;
Into Thy fold Thou wilt receive
All those that are adoring Thee.

I am Going to that Land.

I AM going to that land,
Where are no pains;
Where a bright and blessed band
Forever reigns.

Here no joys can me detain ;
 I'll onward go
 Till I reach its blissful plain,
 Exempt from woe.

There my Saviour I shall see,
 All bright and fair ;
 I shall ever happy be
 When I am there :
 There no anguish, grief, nor woe,
 Shall make me sad ;
 No discomfort I shall know,
 I shall be glad.

I am going to that land,
 Where is sweet rest ;
 Where the saints in glory stand,
 And are e'er blest :
 Where none shall mourn nor ever grieve,
 But shall be calm ;
 Where in Jesus all believe,
 And praise His name.

There my spirit longs to be,
 There in that home,
 Where the good, all pure and free,
 In peace shall roam :
 I'll not weary on my way ;
 I'll march along
 Till I'll sing the Heav'nly lay
 With Jesus' throng.

“The Evergreen Mountains of Life.”

“ON the evergreen mountains of life,”
There my spirit wishes to roam;
Where the saints are exempted from strife,
In that ever beautiful home.

There’s “no need of the sun” in that place,
The Lamb forever is shining there;
Him its inmates forever shall praise,
In His glories they ever shall share.

“On the evergreen mountains of life,”
Oh! what a delectable scene;
There’s no sin, no anguish nor strife,
There all in peace and gladness shall beam.

There crystal streams forever shall flow
Through valleys of jasper and gold,
Greater blessing still to bestow,
Its happier joys to unfold.

Soon I shall reach that lovely abode,
Where I never shall shed a tear;
But shall sing with the angels of God,
Then away with terror and fear.

There I shall forever be glad,
Forever walk its palace of light;
There my heart shall ne’er be sad,
But shall e’er be happy and bright.

"God Shining in the Sky."

GOD, He is shining in the sky,
Behold His grandeur there!
Behold the glittering stars on high,
How beautiful they are!

Eternal wisdom there is seen,
Eternal wonders shown;
Oh! what a sweet and pleasant theme
The Lord on earth is known.

To Him our spirits we resign,
His name we shall revere;
At last around Him we shall shine,
In His celestial sphere.

The pearly gates of that sweet home
With golden rivets fair,
Shall open wide, for us to roam
Into His glories there.

Our bliss shall there no limits know,
Dear friends we there shall meet!
With greater joys than here below,
Each other we shall greet.

Gone.

MANY a dear and loving one
Hath gone to that sweet rest,
In yonder glorious world, where none
Shall ever be distress'd.

In joy they shall forever roam,
No grief shall them dismay;
In gladness they shall ever bloom,
And shine in blest array.

Why do we mourn their absence then?
They are but gone before;
They dwell beyond all mortal ken,
Happy forevermore.

We soon shall join them if we do
The Lord on earth revere;
If we are faithful, good, and true,
We e'er shall praise Him there.

And there, with eyes unwet with tears,
Our friends we e'er shall greet;
No pains, no doubts, nor even fears,
Shall us in glory meet.

There we shall e'er be bright and free,
No wants we e'er shall know;
Our Heav'nly Father we shall see,
In His great beauty glow.

Looking to Jesus.

TO Thee I look, I look to Thee,
To Thee, my Saviour and my Friend;
I'll look by faith still steadfastly,
Till I shall reach my journey's end.

Though trouble, sorrow, grief, and pain,
Shall me surround while on my way,
To Thee I look for guidance then,
Thou art my comfort, shield, and stay.

Let me Thy glorious face behold,
My Saviour and my God divine;
Thy goodness unto me unfold,
And call me, Lord, yes, call me Thine.

Looking to Jesus, what a joy
To find unceasing peace with Him!
Nothing that peace can e'er destroy;
It purifies the heart from sin.

When my last hour on earth shall come,
I'll look to Him with longing eyes,
To be conveyed to that sweet home
Which in the Heav'nly region lies.

Then all my conflicts shall be o'er,
No grief shall ever touch me there;
I'll safely walk its healthful shore,
And ever in its beauties share.

The Silver River.

WHEN along the river, the silver river,
We shall walk and view its loveliness,
Then we shall rejoice and be happy ever,
That there we the joys of Heav'n possess.

When along the river, the silver river,
We shall walk and chant the songs of love,
Then no sorrow, no grief, nor anguish never,
Shall touch our hearts, all gladness shall prove.

We along the river, the silver river,
Shall behold its sparkling drops of peace;
Shining so brightly, to remind us ever,
That there our bliss shall never cease.

We along the river, the silver river,
With the hosts of Heaven ever shall roam,
And gather the gems which never, no never,
Shall fade in that ever beautiful home.

We shall at the river, the silver river,
Find endless rest for the weary soul;
There the smiles of Jesus, ever and ever
Shall guide our footsteps, us ever control.

Joyful Longings for the Heavenly Life.

O WERE I up already,
 My Saviour, were I there,
 Where angels Thee are praising,
 Up in the Heavenly sphere ;

Where we shall see Thy brightness ;
 Where we shall happy be ;
 Where is no grief nor sadness ;
 Where all sing joyously !

There everything is charming,
 There bliss shall never cease ;
 We through the blood of Jesus
 Have gained eternal peace.

There celebrate the righteous,
 Th' unnumbered band sincere,
 With servants of the Highest,
 The great, great jubile year.

I shall with tones most loving
 Praise Thee, my God, when there,
 Exempt from sin and sorrow,
 Exempt from pain and care.

My tears shall there be changed
 Into a joyful stream ;
 O quiet soon my longings !
 Let me in gladness beam.

“The Beautiful City.”

BEAUTIFUL City in Canaan's land,
With golden streets so bright;
With jasper walls and pearly gates,
O what a glorious sight!

No sun, nor moon, nor twinkling star,
Is ever needed there;
Christ our Redeemer is its light,
Most lovely and most fair.

Beautiful City, in thy midst
The throne of God is built,
The throne on which the Lamb doth sit,
Who frees us from all guilt.

Through streets of gold, the springs of life
Shall there sublimely flow;
There we shall drink and quench our thirst,
And no more longings know.

That beautiful city may we reach,
And ever worship Him
Who is the peace and light thereof,
Who died us to redeem.

The Crown of Love.

THE Saviour may I ever praise,
Him may I ever own ;
May I be clothed with righteousness,
And be " the Lord's alone."

Wholly to Him may I belong,
May I be one of His
Who'll mingle with the happy throng
In that fair world of bliss.

When landed on its shores above,
From sin and sorrow free ;
I then shall wear the crown of love
Through all eternity.

The crown of love, with golden gems
Encircled all around,
Shall be in Heav'n my portion then,
And joys shall me surround.

There joys supernal I shall see,
The Lord I shall extol ;
Shall worship Him most gratefully,
For kindness to my soul.

There in the balmy breeze I'll rove,
To recreate my heart,
And wear the regal crown of love,
With it I ne'er shall part.

Silver Drops.

SILVER drops are falling
From the throne of grace;
To banish grief and sorrow,
To give love and peace,
They do strength and beauty,
Bliss and joy impart
To the tried and weary,
To the lonely heart.

Silver drops are charming,
Charming to the sad;
Sweet and e'er refreshing,
Making ever glad,
Ever whisp'ring softly
If from sin you flee;
You shall ne'er be fainting,
Happy you shall be.

Silver drops are falling
 From the hand of God ;
 They do fall so gently
 That we hear them not ;
 They're as pure as crystal,
 Naught can purer be
 Than those silver droppings
 Which we daily see.

Silver drops are soothing,
 Soothing in distress ;
 They're ne'er without mercy,
 They e'er fall to bless ;
 They shall ever cheer us,
 Keep us in the way
 That shall end in glory
 In that brighter day.

The Beautiful Land Above.

I KNOW a beautiful land above,
 Adorned with silver and gold ;
 Adorned with joy and infinite love,
 Its bliss can never be told.

I'm bound for it, its beauties to share,
 Happy my spirit shall be,
 When passing through its palaces there,
 Its grandeur ever to see.

I know a beautiful land above,
Where saints forever shall reign ;
Where they in peace and glory shall rove
O'er its delectable plain.

There streams of crystal brightly shall flow,
Forever to cheer them on ;
Pleasures they shall forever there know,
They never shall be alone.

I know a beautiful land above,
Where friends are never to part,
Where none deceitful ever shall prove,
Where peace possesses the heart.

I'm bound for it, I'll quickly be there,
The robes of angels so bright
I ever shall rejoicingly wear,
And e'er shall dwell in delight.

A Floweret.

I KNOW a flow'ret sweet and fair,
The sweetest of all flow'rs,
Surrounded by those virtues e'er,
Which cheer the lonely hours.

That flow'ret is the word of God,
Which He to us hath giv'n
To lighten us the narrow road
Which leadeth unto Heav'n.

Jesus, the door, the life, and light,
He is the truth and way ;
In love He'll make us pure and bright,
Our souls with peace array.

He says, "Come all ye unto me,
That heavy laden are ;
From all your sins I'll make you free,
Naught shall your gladness mar."

Let us arise and go to Him,
And all our sins confess ;
Soon in His glory we shall beam,
And e'er His joy possess.

The virtues of that flow'ret fair,
We then in truth shall see ;
We shall behold our Maker there,
And dwell in harmony.

Content.

O MAY I truly be content!
The Lord "He doeth all things right;"
He leadeth safely to that land,
Where all is lovely fair and bright.

Sorrow and grief shall there be o'er,
There all in bliss supernal roam;
Yes, roam along that healthful shore,
Where Sharon's rose doth ever bloom.

Then with my lot I am content,
My confidence in Him I place,
Who will conduct me to the end
With mercy and eternal grace.

I will not murmur nor complain,
If I have God I need not fear;
If in my heart His spirit reign,
I shall not sink in deep despair.

I finally with Him shall dwell,
Where is no turmoil and no care;
None can the joys of Heav'n foretell,
Which I in after-life shall share.

There saints and angels I shall see,
 And stand with them around the throne,
 Beholding Jesus lovingly,
 Who hath for us the vict'ry won.

Friends there shall meet to part no more,
 No parting tear shall ever flow;
 United they shall God adore,
 And hand in hand forever go.

I humbly will await the time
 Till I'll be summoned to that rest,
 Where I with them in joy shall shine,
 And ever be among the blest.

To sweep the golden harp of peace,
 And sing the song of wondrous love;
 That blessedness shall never cease
 In that Eternal home above.

I have no Parents Now.

I HAVE no loving parents now,
 They're calmly sleeping side by side
 Beneath the sod and the cool shades
 Of Kreutz Creek Cemetery's height:

Naught shall disturb their quiet rest—
Their souls, I trust, in glory rove ;
Naught shall their happiness molest,
They dwell in everlasting love.

No loving parents I have now—
O it was hard with them to part !
They'll no more soothe my aching brow,
Nor ever cheer my lonely heart.
My life is dismal, drear, and sad ;
Sorrow and grief surround me e'er,
Their presence no more makes me glad,
No more their voices I shall hear.

Oft o'er their absence I do weep,
Yet all in vain, they'll no more come ;
They sleep a sleep, a blessed sleep
Until the resurrection's dawn.
They are now tenants of that place,
Where sickness they shall feel no more ;
Where Jesus they shall ever praise,
Where toil and labor all are o'er.

They are now from my presence gone,
No tears shall ever dim their eyes ;
With them my spirit longs to roam,
In that sweet home which Heav'nward
lies,

I shall not see them here again,
 Discomfort "rests upon my brow;"
 To me their parting did give pain :
 I have no living parents now.

The Tears of Jesus.

THE tears of Jesus, loving tears,
 He at the tomb of Lazarus shed
 To banish anguish and all fears
 From those who mourn him, who were
 dead.

"When us the pangs of trial seize,"
 And "when the waves of sorrow roll ;"
 For Jesus let our love increase,
 Who e'er can soothe the troubled soul.

The tears of Jesus, pitying tears,
 Freely for fallen mankind flow,
 With sympathy He'll help us bear
 Our burdens in this vale of woe.

Why should we falter or despair,
 If we have Jesus for our Friend ?
 He'll kindly for His children care,
 If they will e'er on Him depend.

The tears of Jesus, sorrowing tears,
Are falling from His loving eye,
To solace us in grief and fear,
If we to Him for refuge fly.

From guilty stains He'll make us clean,
Peace in our hearts shall e'er prevail;
Then let us ever trust in Him,
Our faith! O let it never fail!

The tears of Jesus, O what tears!
What tears of mercy and of love!
May we with filial, godly fears
Forever true and faithful prove.

When we have landed on that plain
Where Jesus ever, ever is,
No tears shall flow, nor ever pain
Shall interrupt our joy and bliss.

I Love my Saviour.

I LOVE my Saviour, Him I love;
He suffered on the tree,
That I at last with Him may rove,
Free from iniquity.

I love my Saviour, He loves me,
And ever willing is,
If I to Him for comfort flee,
To fill my heart with bliss.

I love my Saviour, I rely
On Him in my distress;
He looks upon me with an eye
Of love and tenderness.

I love my Saviour, and my voice
To Him I ever raise
With thankfulness, and e'er rejoice
For His kind love and grace.

I love my Saviour, dearest Friend,
His love surrounds my heart;
And He doth ever me defend,
And ever peace impart.

I love my Saviour, Him I bless,
And Him I will adore!
"Due praise to His great name address,"
And ever love Him more.

I love my Saviour, O how kind
He to His children is!
He e'er supports the sinking mind
With strength and peacefulness.

I love my Saviour, and I soon
With Him in joy shall be,
Where I with Him shall ever bloom
In spotless purity.

I'll Cling to Jesus.

I'LL cling to Thee, my precious Saviour,
If Thou art mine, who can appal!
None can prevent Thy loving favor,
My soul from sin to disinthrall.

Thou can'st my frail bark keep from sinking,
For waters deep surround it still;
Though bitter the draught that I'm drink-
ing,
It is Thy own, Thy holy will.

I'll cling to Thee, and never weary,
Thou blessed Jesus, Friend divine,
Though oft my path is dark and dreary,
Yet I myself to Thee resign.

And though my eyes grow dim with weeping,
As I the storms of life must brave,
Yet Thou art ever vigil keeping,
And Thou art near and strong to save.

I'll cling to Thee in all my sorrow,
I'll cling to Thee in all my grief;
Thou can'st disperse all ere the morrow,
And to my soul give sweet relief.

Without a murmur I shall wander
Through this sad world of sin and woe;
And ever on Thy goodness ponder,
And ever praise Thee as I go.

And when my pilgrimage is ended,
And I the spotless garment wear;
By Thee I then shall be attended,
And ever in Thy glories share.

Then I shall cling to Thee forever,
And bask my soul in Thy sweet smiles,
Exempt "from sin and saved from error,"
Yes, saved from Satan's barb'rous wiles.

The following stanzas were suggested on receiving a picture for a present, from my friend, SUE D. S., representing a cross encircled by the beautiful and touching words, "*Simply to Thy cross I cling.*"

"Simply to Thy Cross I Cling."

"SIMPLY to Thy cross I cling,"
S Ever grateful off'rings bring;
There true comfort I can find,
That will cheer the drooping mind.

It will "dry each rising tear;"
It will banish every fear;
It will lead to that sweet home,
Where in bliss the good shall roam.

"Simply to Thy cross I cling,"
It doth sweeten ev'rything;
It gives peace unto the heart,
It kind lessons doth impart.

Teaches of the mystic gate,
Where the poor and desolate
Can an entrance surely win,
If they're purified from sin.

"Simply to Thy cross I cling,"
Ever of Thy goodness sing,
With Thy kindred sympathy,
Having suffered thus for me.

Guiding through this world of pain,
Pointing to the golden plain,
Where the Rose of Sharon blooms,
And no sorrow ever comes.

"Simply to Thy cross I cling,"
Soon my way to Thee I'll wing;
Thou art all and Thou art mine,
Thou art Holy and Divine.

Glorified my soul shall be,
When Thy loving face I'll see,
And a starry crown shall wear
With the saints and angels there.

"Ever to Thy cross I cling,"
Ever Heav'nly anthems sing;
There my weary days are o'er,
I shall rest forever more.

Yes, forever more shall rest
On my loving Saviour's breast,
Ever in His glories share,
Never know no sin nor care.

"We all are Fading as a Leaf."

"**W**E all are fading as a leaf,"
Our life is changeful and is brief,
And in its trouble and its care,
Yes, more or less we all must share.

Though often painful it may be,
Though often sorrow we may see;
Yet let's not murmur at the God
Who us correcteth with His rod.

“We all are fading as a leaf,”
 May it still strengthen our belief,
 That the more we are suff’ring here,
 The brighter shall our crowns be there.

They’re “symbols of our liberty,”
 Then let us not lament that we
 As soldiers of the cross must fight
 For those sweet realms of endless light.

“We all are fading as a leaf;”
 And of our aims let this be chief,
 To be in readiness all times
 To pass into the Heav’nly climes,

Where we shall walk the mystic shore,
 And shall be happy ever more;
 And if we “to the end endure,”
 We then “shall find the promise sure.”

Come.

“And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”—REVELATION 22: 17.

“THE Spirit and the bride say, come,”
 Prepare for that eternal home,
 Which in those blissful regions lie
 Beyond the blue ethereal sky.

There none shall ever danger fear,
There naught but music greets the ear,
There all the Lamb of God shall see,
Forever more shall happy be.

And him that heareth let him come,
And ever worship God the Son;
Though storm and tempest still may blow,
In grace and knowledge let him grow.

Though darkness often may surround
The path that leadeth to that fount,
Where ever flows the crimson stream
That maketh from corruption clean.

And him that is athirst let come,
In sin no longer let him roam;
Life's water let him freely take,
And there his thirst forever slake.

For Jesus let him ever live,
Peace, joy, and comfort He can give;
He is the great triumphant Head,
Who for our sins His blood hath shed.

We must the robe of sadness wear,
While in this world of sin and care;
But in the robe of joy appear,
When landing on the Heav'nly sphere.

There our departed we shall meet,
And worship at the Saviour's feet;
And view the "fields of living green,"
Where everlasting bliss is seen.

Its beauties we shall e'er behold,
And walk its streets of "purest gold,"
And ever wear a diadem,
Adorned with many a sparkling gem.

Lead Me to the Rock.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—
PSALM 61: 2.

LEAD me, O lead me to the Rock
That higher is than I!
Though storms may blow and tempests
shock,
On Thee I shall rely.

If to the Rock Thou leadeth me,
I never shall repine;
My Saviour's face I then shall see,
And in His glory shine.

Though I must pass through tumults wild,
Pass through this world of woe;
Thou wilt not leave Thy "pilgrim child"
In darkness here below.

Lead me, O lead me to the Rock,
Where I shall sheltered be!
Although the world my longings mock,
Yet I shall flee to Thee.

And of Thy Holy joys partake,
And e'er Thy love possess;
Thou wilt uphold, for Jesus' sake,
My heart, when in distress!

Cheerfully I'll the burdens bear
Which Thou seest fit to lay
Upon my feeble frame while here,
Thou canst all sorrow stay.

Lead me, O lead me to the Rock!
Some cleft there may be found
My soul to hide from tempest's shock,
Though billows roll around.

In sin no longer I shall roam,
Thou surely wilt me save;
My spirit soon shall be at home,
My body in the grave.

Seraphic music thrills the air,
And lulls my soul to rest;
On angels' wings be carried there,
And be forever blest.

Musings.

THRO' this world all dark and dreary,
I my lonely course pursue;
Often I am sad and weary,
Often I am happy too.

Naught to me can bring a terror,
If my Saviour's by my side;
He can shield me from all error,
If in Him I will confide.

"Oft I taste divinest pleasure,"
When communing with my Lord;
When reflecting on my treasure
Which I gather in His word.

O how sweet His peace possessing!
O how precious to my heart!
When receiving still His blessing,
Which true comfort doth impart.

Not in vain my soul is thirsting
For that fountain from above,
Cheering me when grief is bursting
With His never-ceasing love.

How my heart with joy is beaming,
 Angels all around me hear
 Heavenly music ever streaming
 To disperse all pain and fear.

Thus I shall continue musing
 As I daily journey on,
 Never peace nor love refusing,
 Which from God doth ever come.

Then I shall not be rejected
 From the presence of my King;
 Shall be one of His selected,
 Ever shall His praises sing.

Sing to Me.

TUNE—"Rest for the Weary."

SING to me I'm sad and lonely,
 Sing to me some loving strain
 That will soothe and ever cheer me,
 And disperse all gloom and pain.

Chorus. There is joy for the lonely,
 There is joy for the lonely,
 There is joy for the lonely,
 There is joy for you.
 In the home of the Eternal,
 Where the blest and the happy
 Are together ever roaming,
 There is joy for you.

Sing to me of my dear Saviour,
Sing to me of His sweet rest
That remaineth in His Kingdom
For the happy, good, and blest.

Chorus. There is joy for the lonely, &c.

Sing to me low, soft and tender,
Sing to me of joy and peace
That my bosom e'er enchanteth,
And my longings e'er increase.

Chorus. There is joy for the lonely, &c.

Sing to me I am tired and weary,
Sing to me O my dear friend,
Of that bright and blessed country,
Where no joy nor gladness end!

Chorus. There is joy for the lonely, &c.

Sing to me with happy voices,
Sing to me of hope and love,
Of that royal land of pleasure,
Where the saints in glory rove.

Chorus. There is joy for the lonely, &c.

Sing to me when I am dying
Of that bliss beyond compare,
Sing as I the portals enter
Of Jerusalem the fair.

Chorus. There is joy for the lonely, &c.

I with angels shall be singing
 Then glad songs of Heav'nly praise;
 Stand around the golden altar,
 And behold my Saviour's face.

Chorus. There is joy for the lonely, &c.

The following stanzas were suggested on receiving a letter from a friend announcing the death of a young lady, who said shortly before she died, "I'm soon going to my Jesus."

I am Going to my Jesus.

"I AM going to my Jesus,"
 O I soon shall be with Him!
 There no pain shall ever touch me,
 There I shall be free from sin.

"I am going to my Jesus,"
 He is waiting for me there;
 Here no longer I shall tarry,
 I a golden crown shall wear.

"I am going to my Jesus,"
 I am going, yes, I go
 To His mansions where forever
 Doth the crystal fountain flow.

“I am going to my Jesus,”
In His brightness I shall shine ;
And I shall be ever singing
Of His love and peace divine.

“I am going to my Jesus,”
I am hast'ning to His home,
Where I shall be ever happy,
Where with angels I shall roam.

“I am going to my Jesus,”
He is sweetly calling me ;
Fare you well, till we in glory
Shall each other ever see.

“I am going to my Jesus,”
Do not weep for me when gone ;
Think that I am in that country,
Where doth reign the “Three in One.”

I am now with my dear Jesus,
I shall ever joyful be,
I shall never faint nor weary,
I shall live eternally.

Why?

WHY am I thus afflicted here?
 Why must I suffer pain severe?
 Why must I bear the stroke so long?
 Why must I be weak? why not be strong?

Father, Thou know'st how often I,
 In my distress, have asked Thee why
 Thy chast'ning hand dost rest on me,
 Beneath its weight must ever be?

Why, O my Father! dost Thou so
 Forsake me in this world of woe?
 That I might learn to cast my care
 On Thee and never more despair!

Might learn upon Thy strength to rest,
 And e'er regard Thy high behest;
 And learn to love Thee more and more,
 Thee ever worship and adore.

As Thou didst lead Thy people through
 The wilderness, Thy light in view,
 To show to them, to show to me
 Thy perfect love, which maketh free.

So Thou art ever guiding me,
 A mountain height I seem to see;
 Adown Thou biddest me to look
 "The path of life," and then Thou spoke.

Have I been faithful? "Lov'st thou Me?"
My only answer now must be
A mute appeal to Thee, my God,
That I deserve Thy chast'ning rod.

Though seemingly alone I stand,
None e'er can pluck me from Thy hand;
To whom, my Father, shall I go?
To Thee, where peace doth ever flow.

Thou lead'st me through a desert way,
To wean me from affection's gay;
And bring me nearer to Thy home,
Where I prefer with Thee to roam.

Soon in Thy light I hope to shine,
Where all is joy and peace divine,
Where I shall Heav'nly manna eat,
And ever worship at Thy feet.

The Cross and Crown.

WE the cross here all must bear,
If we want a crown to wear;
If we want with God to dwell,
We within the foe must quell.

Soon our pilgrimage is o'er,
We shall suffer sin no more;

We shall rest when we get there,
In that land all bright and fair.

We with rapture shall behold
Saints and prophets, martyrs old;
Who have reached, long ere we,
That sweet land of liberty.

With a golden crown in view,
Let's the Saviour still pursue;
Let us never go astray,
Let us walk the narrow way.

Though it often rugged seems,
And no brightness o'er it gleams;
Soon "its barren sands are pass'd,"
If on God our trust we cast.

Then we shall our Cross lay down,
And wear a never fading crown;
And those fields of endless flow'rs
Shall at last, if true, be ours.

And along the stream of life,
Where's no sorrow and no strife;
We shall walk and be made glad,
Naught can ever make us sad.

Jesus we shall ever praise,
Ever see His shining face;
And with Him shall ever live,
He to us true joy can give.

Sunset Thoughts.

BEHOLD the "powerful king' of day,"
How he is passing, passing away!
He is passing down in a field of gold,
In another land his light to unfold.

How grand and brilliant he doth appear,
As he is passing away from here,
Again in the early morn to rise
From his bed in the Oriental skies.

When his magnificence I admire,
It's creating in me a desire
'Gain his beauty and grandeur to see
Ruler of day majestically.

I'm reminded of Jesus that King
Who the great lum'nous made to bring
Unto men peace, joy, comfort, and light,
Making this earth fair, lovely, and bright.

My thoughts 're now wand'ring 'way to
that land
Where Jesus lightens its em'rald strand;
No night shall ever come to impair
Its love, and peace, and harmony there.

There's no need for the ruler of day
 Ever dispensing a genial ray
 On the fields of that evergreen plain,
 Where is shining the Lamb that was slain,

Was slain to ransom fallen mankind,—
 Him loving and gentle we e'er shall find,
 Ready and willing us to receive
 Into His courts if we will believe.

The Four Seasons.

THE budding and the blooming spring
 Doth joy and gladness ever bring;
 How merry everything doth seem
 When nature wears its garment green.
 It is the childhood of the year,
 It is the season which gives cheer;
 How merrily the birds do sing
 In chorus' sweet in early spring.
 The peaches blossom very fair,
 The plums white bodices do wear;
 The elms throw down their dingy shades,
 And tint their spray with verdant blades.
 But soon those beauties pass away,
 Soon they will wither and decay;
 So too our life is fleeting by,
 So too our end is drawing nigh.

The summer doth the spring succeed,
We often feel its greatest heat,
Which doth the cereal ripen fast,
Rewarder for the work at last.
The reapers they are working on,
The harvest they are gath'ring home ;
And then with hearts all light and free
They're softly tripping o'er the lea,
With grateful hearts to Heav'n above,
Their voices raise and sing of love
To the great Giver of all good,
From whence is coming all our food.
Clouds summer into autumn weave,
And often it the heart doth grieve
That youthful pride is passing so,
Must many changes undergo.

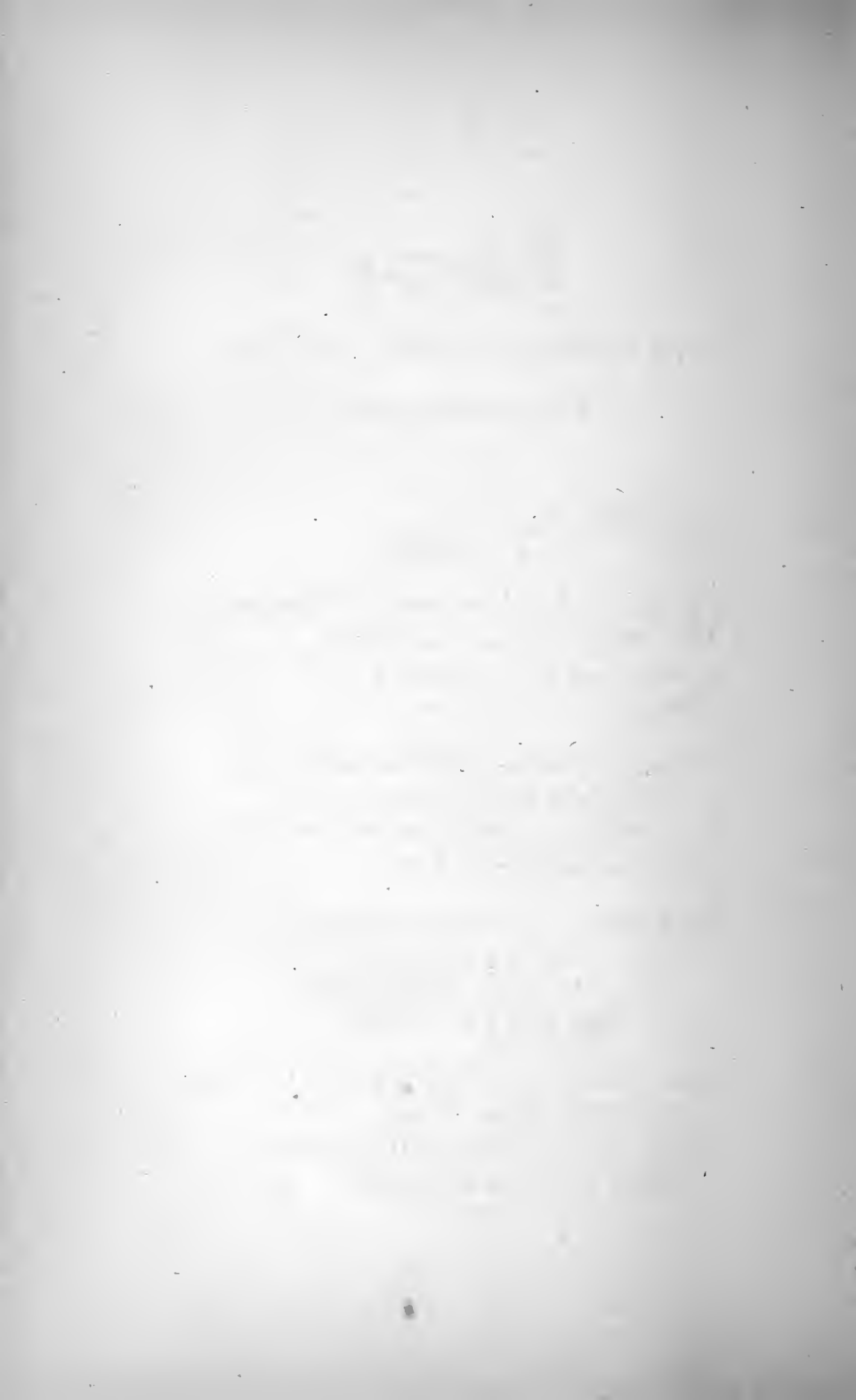
Though autumn's coming many dread,
Oft sadness o'er their faces spread ;
Light grief is stealing o'er their hearts,
When summer's ling'ring ray departs.
It is the manhood of the year ;
Why its approach so greatly fear ?
The ripest of the seasons 'tis,
Its grandeur greets us with a kiss.
Proud flowers blossom everywhere,
And whisper plenty here and there :
From tasked trees the fruit of gold
Hangs heavily in clusters bold.

The foliage green is growing too,
In color crimson to the view ;
Its summer's life is losing then
In tints of blood like mortal men.
Manhood in joy thus passes on,
And nimbly treads still o'er the lawn,
And then is slowly sinking down,
Like autumn into winter's frown.

The snow-flakes fast and thickly fall
Successively like seasons all
Upon the varied life of man,
With chilly blasts, how drear and wan !
Trees with bare arms are standing there,
Which in sweet summer look'd so fair ;
They of their garments are bereft,
And all their beauty them hath left.
So childhood's gone to come no more ;
How quickly were its pleasures o'er !
And youth is gone—bright hopeful youth,
No semblance can deceive the truth.
And manhood's strength and pride is gone,
And his career henceforth is done ;
Old age is here with hoary head,
And soon will lie among the dead.

POEMS

IN PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.



Poems

IN PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

BY RACHEL BAHN.

'S Fruehyohr.

WIE is 's Fruehyohr doch so huebsch,
Mit seinem greene Glaed;
Wie wohl un lustich alles is,
Yah, alles is foll Fraed.

Der bauer geht mit frischer muth
Noch seiner Erewet zu;
Er schafft un schwitzt, un denk mol drah,
Wie feel hot Er zu duh.

Die Voegel singe frueh un spoth,
Sie jumpe hie un her
Un bringe Ihrem Schoepfer dank,
Feel dank, feel Lob un Ehr.

Guckt yusht mol selle Baehm dort draus,
Wie bluehe sie so schoe!
Ihr suesser g'ruch, mei Hertz erquickt,
In fact, ich muss sell g'steh.

Well, any how, wanns Fruehyohr kummt,
 Bin ich gepleased firstrate;
 Die luft 's so fair un agenehm,
 Die rose so lieblich weht.

Nau gehne mei gedanke nuf
 Wu's immer Fruehyohr is,
 Wu's keh feren'ring gewe duth,
 Wu's Herrlich is gewiss.

Der Bahm des Lebes bluchet dort,
 In sellem schoene dahl;
 Wu niemand werd meh mued un matt,
 Wu niemand Leidet Quall

Dort is keh sorges un keh noth,
 Un ah, keh druvel meh;
 Sie singe all doh kenne mier
 In grosse Fraede geh.

Der Summer.

DER summer is 'n schoene zeit,
 Mer is foll Fraed un' Herrlichkeit.
 Die felder gucke frisch un' nice,
 Un' alles holt 'n guter price.

Die Kreutz Creek Valley, O wie schoe!
 In fact mier muesse sell all g'steh,
 Keh schoener dahl zu finne is,
 Uf weit un' braet, sell is gewiss.

Neh schoener kennts yoh wohl net sei;
 Die luft sie kummt so frisch herbei,
 'S macht 'm sei Hertz gewiss recht weit,
 In derer angenehme zeit.

Die Baehm sie stehne all foll Lab,
 'S is 'n schoene wunner Gab,
 Dass Gott das Erdreich zieret so,
 Mit dem dass machet uns so froh.

Die blume bluehe ah recht schoe,
 Wie lieblich duhne sie doh steh;
 Un' wann mer sie betrachte duht
 Dann fille sie des Hertz mit muth.

Die amshel singt so huebsch un' feih,
 Die lerch sie duht ihr lied ah neih;
 Sie Lobe Gott un' sin foll lusht
 Mit dank sie fille unsere brusht.

Die leut sie maehe now des grass,
 Sie maehe bis sie sin gans nass;
 Sie sin yetz drah mit g'sichter roth
 Fun moregets frueh bis owets spoth.

Do gebt 's fubder for das fieh,
Fergnuegt un' froehlich schaffe sie;
Ich sauk der sie recht busy sin,
Bis sie hens in daeh scheurer drin.

Die ehrn sie is ah now bal doh,
Gaehl werd der halme un' wie froh
Geht noh der bauer noch 'm feld,
Zu schneide was for ihn is g'stellt.

Wann er macht fertig un' is mued,
Luss danke ihn for Gottes guet,
Dass Er ihn g'sund erhalte hut,
Net kumme g'lusst in grosse noth.

Denkt awer was'n lusht un' schein,
Werd dort in Christie Garte sein,
Wu's immer summer is un' schoe,
Wu Er werd immer mit uns geh.

O, luss' 's unser glueck doch sei!
Dass mier fun suende werre frei,
Un' trage unsere Palme dort,
In grosse Fraede immerfort.

Der Herbst.

'S IS noch net long doth war die hitz
 So gross mer hut erbaermlich g'sch-
 witzt,
 Die luft is awer net meh schwuel,
 Ich sauk der sis shund ordlich kuehl.

'S fire kann mer any how
 Gewiss recht guht fertrage now,
 'S wetter wechselt uft un' g'schwindt,
 Un' uft mer net zufriede sind.

Die voegel singe ah net meh,
 Sie sin now fort sell muss mer g'steh ;
 Wu sie die climate subte duht,
 Doh singe sie mit frischem muth.

Der herbst mit seinem gaehle glaed,
 Is now bei uns un 'uns ah draeth,
 Dass er eb long uns wisse lust,
 Dass er uns b'suche will mit froscht.

Die leut sie hockes' welshcozn ab,
 'S is 'n rechte guhte crop,
 Un' wann's daer genunk werd sei,
 Noh bashte sies un' fahres eih.

Un' moregets wann 's reifich is,
Doh gebt 's kalte finger g'wiss,
Lust yusht net falle eier muth,
Noh geht 's alles recht un guht.

Sie sommele ah die aepple shun,
Des yohr hut 's gahr net fiel dafun ;
'S werd ah eppes cider g'macht,
Lodwerrick gekocht for fraede g'lacht.

Die Erd is now bedeckt mit lab
Dass fun die Baehm is g'falle ab,
Un' mit dem stoub sich mixe duht
Wu haer 's kummt un 'ah now ruht.

Die blume bluehe ah net meh,
Sie duhne now ferwelkt doh steh,
In fact sie stehne draurig dort,
Dem yohr sei schoener schmuck is fort.

So nemmt 's 'n end mit uns a'mohl,
Un' dann wie herrlich un' wie wohl,
Wann mier bereit sin eih zu geh,
In Gottes Reich, oh ! dann wie schoe.

Dort werre mier dann froelich sei,
Un' Lobe immer Gott dobei,
Yah, Lobe Ihn in sellem ort,
Wu Fraede wachre immerfort.

Der Winter.

DER winter is now werklich doh,
 Was is 's drum 'n kaelt!
 Der wind, horch yusht, wie er drum bloss'd,
 Er bloss'd wie alle welt.

Gar nix for ihm fersichert is,
 Er nemmt sei aegner waek,
 Dorch ennich rissly geht er neih,
 Un geht ah nuf die staek.

Die leit sie gucke orrick kalt,
 Zum offe gehne g'wiss,
 So g'schwindt sie kumme in des house,
 Zu waerme haend un' fuess.

Die Erd dragt now ihr winter glaed,
 Sie guckt so ziemlich weiss;
 'S is 'm doch ebmols ferlaed,
 Weil ivver all is ice.

Die Baehm sie stehne bloss yetzt doh,
 Sie hen abglaegt ihr suht,
 Gar nix so schoe un' herrlich guckt,
 Als wie 's im summer duht.

Ihr leit guckt yusht a' mohl dort nouse!
 Guckt yusht a' mohl wie 's schneed!
 Die flocke falle dick un' storrick,
 Guck, wie der wind sie weht!

Un' now guckt ause for schlitta bahn,
 Die belle rapple shun;
 Do kummt 'n schlitta, un' er stupp'd!
 Yah, feel als stuppe duhn.

Die leit sie b'suche fleisich mich,
 In meinere kranket doh,
 Sie troeste mich, sell is gewiss,
 Was bin als so froh.

Der winter uft mols draurig scheint,
 Uft mols mer fuehlt alleh;
 Wann Jesus awer bei uns is,
 Noh is keh drauer meh.

Sei Herrlichkeit umringet uns
 Un' fillt des Hertz mit Fraed.
 O, luss uns endlech drage doch
 Des schoene Himmel's Glaed!

Un noh keh kaelt mer fuehle meh,
 In sellere schoene welt,
 Der Koerper ruhet im dem Grab,
 Die Sael in Gottes zelt.

Der Alt Weide Bahm For'm House.

GUCKT yusht a'mohl zum fenshter nouse!
Sbeer grad am unere eck fum house,
Dort steht der alte Weide noch,
So gross, so stattlich, un' so hoch.

Er awer aufangs g'faehrlich is,
Im stamm hut er'n grosser riss,
'N storricke kett ihn zsamme halt,
Dass er net uf der bodde falt.

My grand dad hut for fufzich yohr,
Ihn shun geplantzt, un' sell is wohr;
Doh brauch mer gar net wunere dann
Dass er shun hut 'n holer stamm.

'N grosse aelt for'n bahm sell is,
Net feel gebts so, sell is gewiss;
'N manicher storm hut er dorch g'macht,
Uft geshittled dass er hut gekracht.

Ich hoff er mauk noch laste long,
Uft is mers awer orrick bang
Dass net meh long kann halte ouse,
Der gross alt Weide Bahm form house.

Er guckt net alleweil so schoe,
 Fun selwer duht sell sich fersteh,
 For abgeblaecht is now sei glaed,
 Un er eb long gans blos doh steht.

Im summer awer is sei zeit,
 Bewunnert werd er fun die leit,
 Warum er guckt so frisch un greeh,
 Dess kenne sie begreife neeh.

'N schoener shatte macht er doh,
 Beweiss mer dass sell is net so,
 Forn kuehlere stub, sell is gewiss,
 Wie meine net zu finne is.

'N manicher ruhget unner ihm,
 Wann mohl die hitz is gross un' schlimm,
 Bis er sich bissel ab gekuehlt,
 Bis er erfrischt un' staerricker fuehlt.

Un' in seim shatte 's fieh ah uft
 Sich duht fersommele, wass 'n stuft!
 For aehns stost doh uns anner dort
 Dass ich recht froh bin wanns geht fort.

'S hut ah als recht feel voegel druf,
 Bis in der top sie gehne nuf,
 Un' ihrer neshter baue doh,
 Un' laege ihrer oyer noh.

'S is noch so 'n anre glaener drup,
 Mit so mah grosse dicke kup,
 Der doh uf English screech-owl haest,
 Der midde drin hut ah sei nesht.

Die glaene buwa ruppe ab
 Die greene weide mit 'm lab,
 Un' mitte wippe spiele sie,
 Un' dreive uft ah mit die kueh.

Die weide schwaeve hie un haer,
 Mit draurigkeit sin glawde schwaer,
 Uns lehre sie 'n lesson schoe,
 Dass mir uns moege biege meh.

Now noch 'n word fum Weide Bahm,
 Noh will ich schweige wann ich kann,
 Forn bild der demuth steht er doh,
 Dass mir for Gott uns neige so.

'S Glatt Ice.

WAS uhplesseerlich wetter doch,
 So wars sheer gar die letscht gans
 woch,
 'S hut a'mol g'reyerts'naegsht mol g'schneed
 Ach sis 'm ah eb mols ferlaed!

Am Dannersdag nacht 's g'reyert hut,
 'S is alles zsamme g'frore noht,
 Un sidder hen mer glatt-ice doh,
 Ich hab noch nie nix g'sehne so.

Die Bachm was sie so glitzerich sin,
 In fact mer mehnts waer silver drin,
 Wann sell so waer, dann denk ich net
 Dass feel meh ice mer sehne det.

For yeders waer am picke dann,
 Un' net yusht merely for die fun,
 For ihre gaelt seck mache foll,
 Was waere sie doch all so wohl.

Ich hab yusht now an eppes denkt
 'S hut mich ah shun genunk gekrenkt,
 Seht seller Weide Bahm dort drouse,
 Sheer grad am unere eck fum house!

Guckts net erbaermlich um ihn haer,
 Mit glatt-ice er is glawde schwaer,
 Er hut's net kenne stande meh,
 Daehl fun die nesht hen muesse geh.

'S gracht now, un' aener runner is,
 'S gracht widder, 'n anere kummt gewiss,
 'S gracht als, ich ferricht sie gehne all
 Wanns wetter sich net ennert bal.

Er guckt net gans so stattlich meh,
Er guckt net gans so gross un' schoe,
Das wie er hut die anner woch
Wu'r all sei nesht hut katte noch.

Die paershing un' die aepple Baehm,
Sie werklich all feel glitte hen,
Doh brecht 'n nasht 'n annere dort,
So machts shun sidderm Fridag fort.

Doeh guckt 's ah recht huebsch un' nice
Wann all die Baehm sin so foll ice—
'S erinnert 'm ans Himmelreich,
Wu alles is in schoehheit gleich.

Forn bild der reinheit is 's doh,
In fact, mer kenne sehne noh,
Dass unser Hertz' so rein muss seih,
Wann in des Reich mer welle neih.

January 4, 1869.

Der Alt Schockle Stuhl.

DER alt schockle stuhl, er steht als noch
In meiner stub, dort an der deer,
Wann ich drah guck, was duht er doch
So feel zum denke bringe mier!

For an my mommy denk ich noh,
 Wie is in Yorrick gange sie;
 Hut ihn gekouft, bal dreisich yohr,
 Sell duhn ich ah fergesse nie.

In fact ich waes's yusht so guht,
 Das wann 's geshter g'happened waer,
 Wie sie is kumme mit 'm stuhl,
 Grad an der garte-fence dort haer.

Hut uf die borch ihn anne g'stellt,
 Der baese grickt, ihn abgekaert;
 Noh hut sich druf g'huckt, ihn broweert,
 Un' kenns fun uns war sell ferwacht.

Was alles sich ferrene duht!
 Un' was die zeit so g'schwindt fergeht!
 Net meh im schockle stuhl sie huckt,
 Net meh ihr liebreich g'sicht mer seht.

Shun meh als zwansich yohr im Grab
 Ihr Koerper frei fun schmaertze ruht,
 Ihr Sael ich hoffe gluecklich is,
 Un' immer g'niest des ewig guht.

My fodder hut noch ihrem dot,
 Der gross alt stuhl noh immer g'used,
 Wann er als kumme is ins house,
 Hut er als immer ihn gechoosed.

Ich kann ihn sehne sitze druf,
In seine letschte dage noch,
Als mit 'm stock in seiner hand,
Wie alt un' mager guckt er doch.

Sis now sheer gar nine monet shun
Der dotes engel kumme is,
Un' hut ihn g'rufe weck fun uns,
Sell war'n harter straech gewiss!

Naevvich der mommy ruht er now
In sellem Gottes-acker dort,
Shraegs fun der Krentz Creek Kerrich nuf,
Uft denk ich doch an seller ort!

Keh fodder un keh mutter meh,
Der schockle stuhl besitze duht,
Un' kenns fun ihne huckt meh druf,
'Un kenns meh fillt des Hertz mit muth.

Der schockle stuhl recht lodderich war,
'N grosse yacht hut er als g'macht;
Un wann die leit sich hen druf g'huckt
Was hut er doch ebmols gekracht!

Zum schreiner hen mer ihn noh g'schickt
Un g'fixed hut er ihn yusht first-rate,
Er is so guht wie 'n neuer stuhl,
'S brauch 'm net sei mit ihm ferlaed.

Der schockle stuhl er kaert now mei,
 Un' doh is gar keh streites drin;
 Uf unsere fendyu hab 'n g'kouft,
 Mit ihm ich guht zufriede bin.

Ich waes net was die ursach is,
 Un' awer sell is werklich so,
 Dass wann ich an ihn gucke duh
 Awhaemle duht mich eppes noh.

Sis eppes lieblichs um ihn rum,
 Doch kennt ich niemand sage was,
 Ferleicht weil er der eltere war,
 Was now mei awge werre nass!

Uft weine muss ich sell is wohr,
 Mei Hertz was duhts mer doch so weh!
 Wann ich drah denk der stuhl is lehr,
 Mei eltere kann net sehne meh.

Der gross alt stuhl ich ehre will,
 So long ich lewe duh un' kann,
 Mei wuenches is dass noch meim dot,
 Des wu 'n guckt, duhts nemlich dann.

'S Himmlisch Haemweh.

O LUSS mich geh! yah, luss mich geh!
Noch meinere Haemet zu,
Wu leid dort drova, ach wie schoe!
Ich moecht gern in die ruh.

Die welt uft mols is mier ferlaed,
Uft mols ich draurig bin;
For sis nix doh dass gebt mer Fraed,
Ich nix als druvil fin.

O luss mich geh! schwach is mei Hertz,
Yah, luss mich geh dorthie—
Wu ich bin frei fum suende schmaertz,
Wu is keh kummer nieh.

O was 'n gross Herrlichkeit!
O was 'n schoener ort!
O was 'n agenehme zeit
In sellere Haemet dort!

Wu Jesus immer bei uns is,
Wu is keh drauer meh;
Dort alles Froelich is gewiss,
Luss mich dort anna geh.

Yah, luss mich geh, un' geh ich duh,
 Now mit meh frischa muth,
 Der weak noch meinere Haemet zu
 Wu is mei Ewig guht.

For yusht 'n armer Erde-Kloss
 Bin ich in derer welt,
 Un' finne kann keh rechter trost
 Bis dort im Himmelszelt.

O luss mich geh! ich bin bal dort
 Bal dort am Goldne dohr,
 Wu neih geht an den Fraede ort,
 Wu singt der Engel chor.

Horrich! ihr suesser g'sang ich haer,
 Horrich! wie agenehm,
 Ich wut bei ihne ich shun waer,
 Ich wut ich waer da Haem.

For was ich doh ferlora hab,
 Ich dort expect to seh,
 Dort is keh staerwes un' keh Grab
 Un' ah keh abschied meh.

Wann ich dort bin wie Fraede foll
 Waer ich dann immer sei,
 Die Lebes Kron ich drage soll
 Soll ruehme uhne schei.

The following stanzas in Pennsylvania Dutch,
were written by request of a friend.

Haeb am Felsa Dich.

O BRUDER haeb am Felsa dich!
Die g'fohr is noch, wie g'ferrichterlich,
Wann du dei halt setsht lusse geh,
Wie kenntst du noh for Gott besteh.

Der Fels is Jesus, un wie wohr!
Er kann dich halte in der g'fohr,
Er kann dir helfe, un Er will,
Wann du yusht Ihm dutsht halte still.

Wann storm dich shun umringe duht
Geb yusht net uf, fass frischer muth,
Un' wanns dir ah eb mols werd bang,
Haeb fesht 's kann net laste long.

O fesht am Felsa bruder halt!
For Jesus hilf sie kummt now balt,
Sie gar net weit meh ab kann sei,
Fun suende Er kann mache frei.

Un wanns net noch deim wuensch es geht
O luss 's dir net sei ferlaed!
Denk immer 'swerd sich mache so,
Dass endlich ah dei Hertz werd froh.

Haeb fesht am Felsa bruder heit,
 For now is noch die Gnade-zeit,
 Er kann dir helfe, in der noth,
 O ward net bis 's is zu spoth!

For Jesus Er dei zuflucht is,
 Un' Er dich liebt sell is gewiss,
 Un' Er ah helft eb long fergeht,
 O bruder was 'n grosse Fraed!

Vocal Music.

WIE soothing vocal music is!
 Wie herrlich un wie schoe!
 'S macht 'm sei Hertz gewiss recht weit,
 'S mach kummer ah fergeh.

Ich selwer net feel singe kann,
 Un' sell confess ich ah,
 Mei brusht is schwach mei odem kortz,
 Noh bin ich net feel drah.

Die leit sie kumme awer haer
 Die buwe un' die maed,
 Sie singe all so agenehm,
 'S fillt als mei Hertz mit Fraed.

Sie stehne um der dish dort rum,
 Daehl hucke sich ah hie,
 Un' hen die buecher in da haend
 Wie lieblich singe sie!

Ich sauk dir awer eppes now
 Un' des is werklich so,
 Mei fav'rite leeder hab ich ah
 Wu mache mich als froh.

"Angels Welcome" is aehns dafun,
 Laes yusht a' mol sell leed,
 Wie troestlich sin die worte doch!
 Der tune is ah complete.

"Rest for the Weary" kummt noh's neagsht,
 Was is sell doch so schoe!
 For alle mol ich 's haere duh,
 Duhts mich encouraga meh.

Encouraga meh zu liebe Gott,
 For ruh bei Ihm ich fin;
 Eb long forgeht ich hoff zu sei
 Wu die Erlaeste sin.

Sie all so Herrlich singe dort,
 Dort is keh schwachheit's schmaertz,
 Sie preise Gott, yah, immerfort
 Dort is keh draurig Hertz.

Sin noch feel meh ich gleiche duh,
Sie net all nenne kann,
Die mier feel trost als spreche zu,
Wie saelich feel ich dann!

Ihr liebe leit ich dank euch all
Dass ihr mich b'suchet duht,
Un singt so lieblich als for mich,
Sell gebt mier frischer muth.

Wann ended unser Lebespfad,
Mier nemme abschied doh,
O luss uns dann in friede geh!
For gluecklich sin mer noh.

Un' singe immer all zu gleich,
Un' Lowe Gottes Suh,
Dort speere mier keh noth un Quall,
Dort sin mer in der ruh.

Received of the Treasurer of the
County of ... the sum of ...

for ...

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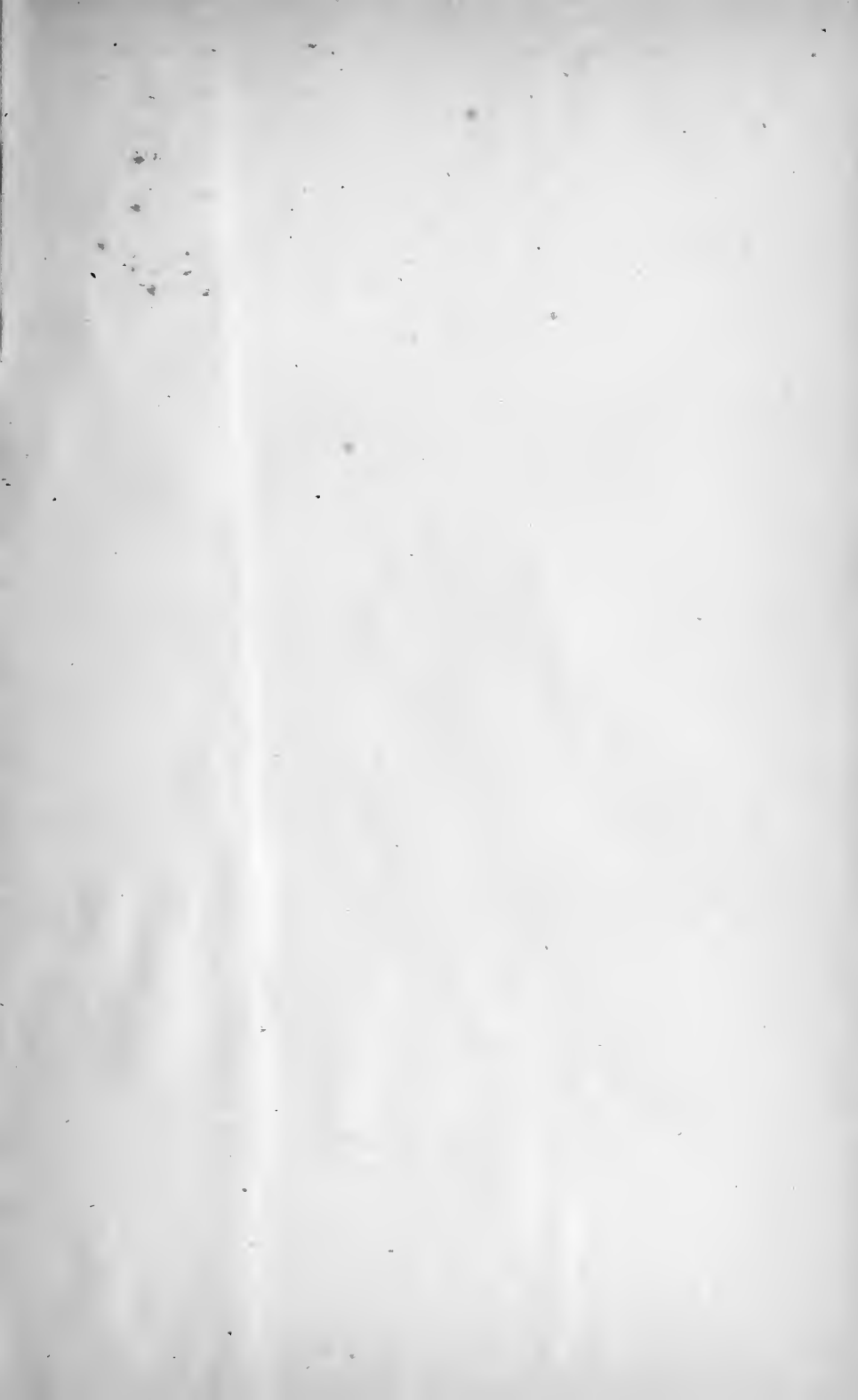
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