

SONGS

OF

THE FREE,

AND

HYMNS

OF

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM:

Suited to such as visit at the shrine of serious Liberty.—*Percival.*

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BOSTON :

ISAAC KNAPP, WASHINGTON STREET.

MDCCCXXXVI.

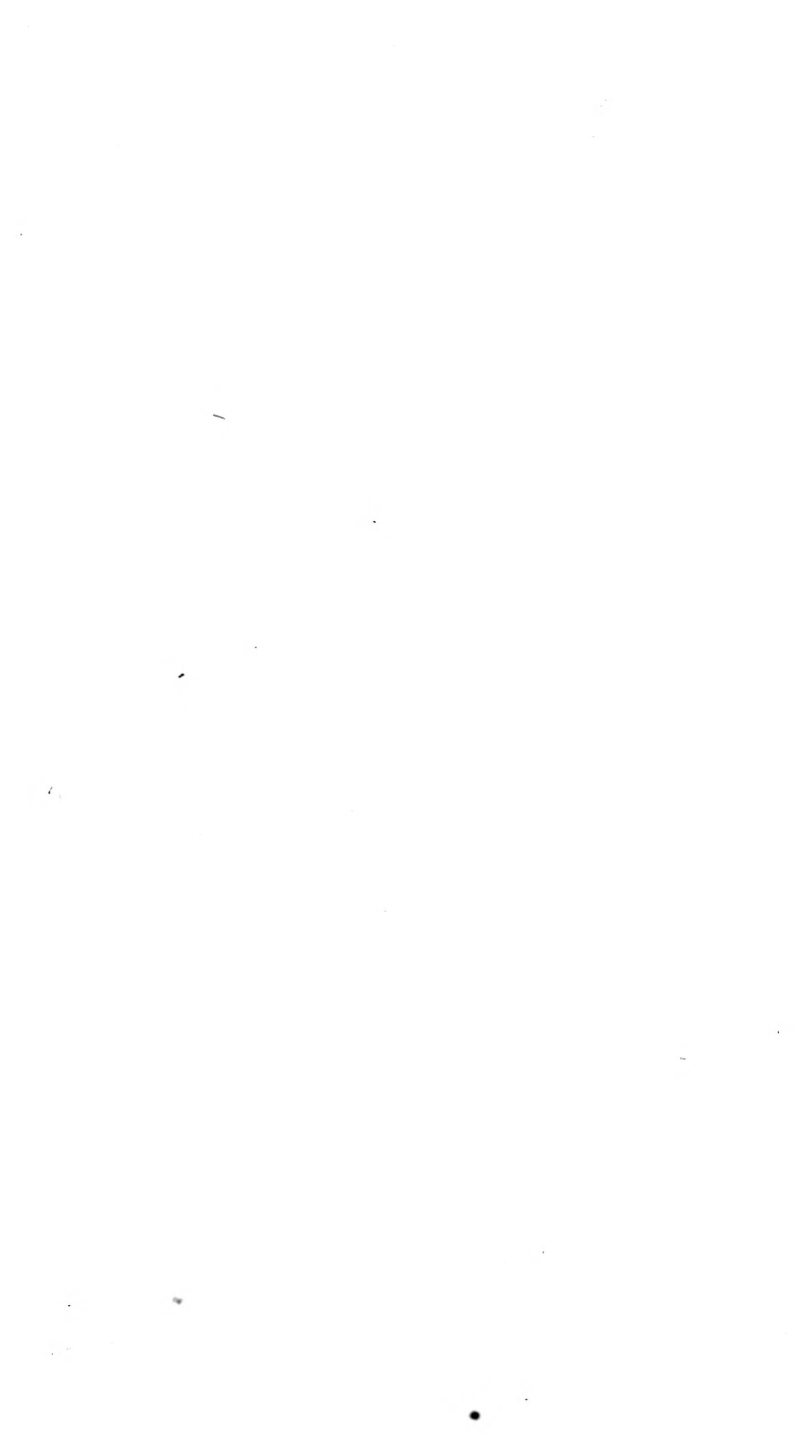
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ISAAC KNAPP, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of
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TO
THE DEVOTED FRIENDS
OF
FREEDOM,
EVERY WHERE,
THIS BOOK
IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

M. W. C.



EDITOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Those who are laboring for the freedom of the American slave, have felt their need of aid which has ever been sought by those in all ages who have striven for the good of their race ;—the encouragement, consolation and strength afforded by poetry and music. This generally expressed feeling was the origin of the present book of hymns with the accompanying strain of poetry ; hardly less elevated, though more ornamented and diffuse than is allowed by the severe beauty and sublimity which should model the Christian Lyric.

They feel that the spiritual warfare in which they are engaged, requires the exercise of all the faculties ; and they cannot allow the opponents of their principles the selection of the moral and intellectual powers with which it shall be carried on,

—no, though this free use of their own souls should occasion men to call them agitators and fanatics. In giving man imagination and affections, God has furnished him with the powers that enable him to follow the dictates of reason and revelation ; and he should not do otherwise than cultivate and sanctify ALL the faculties, subduing them to the obedience that is in Christ Jesus, by gladly acknowledging through them all, the fraternity of the whole human race.

[The machinery of metres, names of tunes, numerals, and characters, has been omitted, because they are useless to those who are unable to sing, and because the spirit and the understanding are a sufficient directory to those who *can*.]

Advent of Christ.

I.

REGINALD HEBER.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

KEBLE.

Awake—again the Gospel-trump is blown—
From year to year it swells with louder tone,
 From year to year the signs of wrath
 Are gathering round the Judge's path,
Strange words fulfill'd, and mighty works achiev'd,
And truth in all the world both hated and believ'd.

Awake! why linger in the gorgeous town,
Sworn liegemen of the Cross and thorny crown?
 Up from your beds of sloth for shame,
 Speed to the eastern mount like flame,
Nor wonder, should ye find your king in tears,
Even with the loud Hosanna ringing in his ears.

Alas! no need to rouse them: long ago
They are gone forth to swell Messiah's show:

The Lord will come ! but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came,
 A silent lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm :
 Master and slave alike shall find
 An equal judge of human kind.

With glittering robes and garlands sweet
 They strew the ground beneath his feet :
 All but your hearts are there—O doom'd to prove
 The arrows wing'd in Heaven for Faith that will not love!

Meanwhile He passes through the adoring crowd,
 Calm as the march of some majestic cloud,
 That o'er wild scenes of ocean-war
 Holds its still course in heaven afar :
 Even so, *heart-searching Lord*, as years roll on,
 Thou keepest silent watch from thy triumphal throne:

Even so, the world is thronging round to gaze
 On the dread vision of the latter days,
 Constrain'd to own Thee, but in heart
 Prepar'd to take Barabbas' part:
 'Hosanna' now, to morrow 'crucify,'
 The changeful burden still of their rude lawless cry.

Yet in that throng of selfish hearts untrue
 Thy sad eye rests upon thy faithful few,
 Children and childlike souls are there,
 Blind Bartimeus' humble prayer,

Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
Oh God ! is this the crucified ?

Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain :
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come !

And Lazarus waken'd from his four days' sleep,
Enduring life again, that Passover to keep.

And fast beside the olive-border'd way
Stands the blest home, where Jesus deign'd to stay,
 The peaceful home, to Zeal sincere
 And heavenly Contemplation dear,
Where Martha lov'd to wait with reverence meet,
And wiser Mary linger'd at thy sacred feet.

Still through decaying ages as they glide,
Thou lov'st thy chosen remnant to divide ;
 Sprinkled along the waste of years
 Full many a soft green isle appears :
Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred, safe abode.

Prayer for Universal Love.

II.

ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER.

OH Father, when the softened heart
Is lifted up in prayer to thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
And leave the mounting spirit free—

Then teach us that our love, like thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
To bathe and heal the heart of wo.

Then shall the bondman hear no more
The tyrant's, in the christian's name,
Nor tears of wasting anguish pour,
Unpitied o'er his life of shame.

But taught to love thee, by the love
That bids his long-worn fetters break,
He too shall lift his soul above,
And serve thee for thy mercy's sake.

Song of the Redeemed.

III.

MONTGOMERY.

SING we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime and land,
 A multitude unknown.

Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
 To day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
 One Shepherd and one fold.

Toil, trial, suffering still await
 On earth the pilgrim's throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate
 The church triumphant's song.

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love.

Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
 Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O Death ! where is thy sting !
 Thy victory, O Grave !

Then hallelujah! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given;
 May all who now this anthem raise
 Renew the song in heaven.

Prayer of the Enslaved American.

IV.

BERNARD BARTON.

OH, Father of the human race!
 The white, the black, the bond, the free;*
 Thanks for thy gift of heavenly grace,
 Vouchsafed through Jesus Christ to me.

This, 'mid oppression's every wrong,
 Has borne my sinking spirit up;
 Made sorrow joyful,—weakness strong,
 And sweetened slavery's bitter cup.

*—and hath made of one blood all nations of men.

Acts xvii. 26.

What a glorious, what a beneficent doctrine! how magnificently does it level all distinctions, whether of color, rank, nation, or religion! It rebukes selfishness. It declares to each, that the object of disregard, hatred, or contempt, is a man; and man a brother. It knows nothing, it will hear nothing of the thousand pretensions set up for the gratification of vanity, and the indulgence of malignity. What prejudices have been already beaten down by it, and how

Hath not a Saviour's dying hour
Made e'en the yoke of thralldom light ?
Hath not thy Holy Spirit's power
Made bondage freedom,—darkness bright ?
Thanks, then, Oh, father ! for the gift,
Which through thy gospel thou hast given ;
Which thus from bonds and earth, can lift
The soul to liberty and heaven.

But not the less, I mourn their shame,
Who mindless of thy gracious will,
Call on a Father's—Saviour's name,
Yet keep their brethren bondsmen still !

Forgive them, Lord ! for Jesus' sake.
And when the slave thou hast unbound,—
The chains which bind the oppressor break !
And be thy love's last triumph crowned !

many prejudices yet exist to which it is opposed, and which it shall yet beat down ! That there are in the world different races, with such disparity that it is for some to be luxurious lords of creation, and others, their saleable, fettered, tasked, beaten and branded beasts of burden ; that a man's clan or country has exclusive title to his affections, exertions, duties, concentrating every thing within that circle, except a pitiless hostility to all of human kind beyond its narrow boundary ;—these were and these are under the various modifications produced by ancient and present modes of thinking, evils which the gospel was given to mitigate and to annihilate ; with which its spirit maintains everlasting warfare ; against which it appeals to our piety, our benevolence, our justice, our consciousness.

W. J. Fox.

Twelfth Psalm of David.

V.

WATTS.

LORD ! if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will flee away ;
A faithful man among us here
Will scarce be found if thou delay.

The whole discourse, when neighbors meet,
Is filled with trifles loose and vain ;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long ;
The God of vengeance will confound
Their flattering and blaspheming tongue.

The Lord, who sees the poor oppressed,
And hears the oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

Thy word, O Lord, though often tried,
Void of deceit shall still appear ;
Nor silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear,

Thy grace shall, in the darkest hour,
Defend the holy soul from harm ;
Though when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

Restoration of Israel.

VI.

MONTGOMERY.

DAUGHTER of ZION, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

CROLY.

King of the dead ! how long shall sweep
Thy wrath ! how long thy outcasts weep !
Two thousand agonizing years
Has Afric steeped her bread in tears ;
The vial on her head been poured—
Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword !

Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array ;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.

'T is done ! Has breathed thy trumpet blast ;
 The tribes at length have wept their last !
 On rolls the host ! From land and wave
 The earth sends up the unransomed slave !
 There rides no glittering chivalry,
 No banner purples in the sky ;
 The world within their hearts has died ;
 Two thousand years have slain their pride !
 The look of pale remorse is there,
 The lip's involuntary prayer ;
 The form still marked with many a stain—
 Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain ;
 The serf of Afric's fiery ground ;
 The slave, by Southern suns embrowned ;
 The weary drudges of the oar,
 By the swart Arab's poisoned shore,
 The gatherings of earth's wildest tract—
 On bursts the living cataract !
 What strength of man can check its speed ?
 They come—the nation of the *freed* !
 Who leads their march ? Beneath His wheel
 Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel !
 Before their tread His trump is blown,
 Who speaks in thunder, and 'tis done !
 King of the dead ! Oh, not in vain
 Was thy long pilgrimage of pain ;
 Oh not in vain arose thy prayer,
 When pressed the thorn thy temples bare ;
 Oh, not in vain the voice that cried,
 To spare thy maddened homicide !

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, ' Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north ! '

They come, they come ;—thine exiled bands
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

Even for this hour thy heart's blood streamed !
They come !—the host of the redeemed !

What flames upon the distant sky ?
'T is not the comet's sanguine dye,
'T is not the lightning's quivering spire,
'T is not the sun's ascending fire.
And now, as nearer speeds their march
Expands the rainbow's mighty arch ;
Though there has burst no thundercloud,
No flash of death the soil has ploughed,
And still ascends before their gaze,
Arch upon arch, the lovely blaze ;
Still as the gorgeous clouds unfold,
Rise towers and domes, immortal mould.
Whose city this ? What potentate
Sits there the King of Time and Fate,
Whom glory covers with a robe,
Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe,
To whom archangels bow the knee ?—
The weeper of Gethsemane !
Down in the dust ! ay, Christian kneel !
For now thy withered heart must feel !
Ay, let thy wan cheek burn like flame ;
There sits thy glory and thy shame !

Where is thy Brother.

‘ What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor ? saith the Lord God of hosts.’—*Isaiah*.

VII.

E. L. FOLLEN.

WHAT mean ye that ye bruise and bind
My people, saith the Lord,
And starve your craving brother's mind,
That asks to hear my word ?

What mean ye that ye make them toil
Through long and dreary years,
And shed like rain upon your soil
Their blood and bitter tears ?

What mean ye that ye dare to rend
The tender mother's heart ;
Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,
How dare you bid them part ?

What mean ye, when God's bounteous hand
To you so much has given,
That from the slave who tills your land
You keep both earth and heaven ?

When at the judgment God shall call,
Where is thy brother? say,
What mean ye to the Judge of all,
To answer on that day?

Monthly Concert of Prayer for Emancipation.

VIII.

M. W. CHAPMAN.

OH, God of Freedom! bless, this night,*
The steadfast hearts that toil as one,
Till thy sure law of truth and right,
Alike in heaven and earth, be done.

A piercing voice of grief and wrong,
Goes upward from the groaning earth!
Oh true and holy Lord! how long?
In majesty and might come forth!

Yet, Lord, remembering mercy too,
Behold the oppressor in his sin;
Make all his actions just and true,
Renew his wayward heart within.

* The last Monday night of every month.

From thee let righteous purpose flow,
 And find in every heart its home,
 Till truth and judgment reign below,
 And here, on earth, thy kingdom come.

Prayer of the Liberator.

IX:

WESLEY.

STEEL me to shame, reproach, disgrace ;
 Arm me with all thine armor now ;
 Set like a flint my steady face,
 Harden to adamant my brow.

Bold may I wax, exceeding bold,
 My high commission to perform,
 Nor shrink the harshest truths to unfold,
 But more than meet the gathering storm.

Adverse to earth's rebellious throng,
 Still may I turn my fearless face ;
 Stand as an iron pillar, strong,
 And steadfast through thy strength'ning grace.

Give me thy might, thou God of power,
 Then, let or men or fiends assail,
 Strong in thy strength, I'll stand, a tower,
 Till light and liberty prevail.

Morning.

X.

G. W. DOANE.

THE shades of night are flitting fast,
The golden east is streak'd with day,
And now O Lord of life and light,
With thankful hearts to thee we pray.

KEBLE.

OH ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Sinners we are, yet hear us, Lord,
 And send us freedom, joy and peace ;
 Thy patience to the slave afford,
 And bid each sin and sorrow cease.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see :
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
 When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
 Counting the cost, in all to espy
 Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
 What lights would all around us rise !
 How would our hearts with wisdom talk
 Along life's dullest dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
 Our neighbor and our work farewell,
 Nor strive to wind ourselves too high,
 For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
 Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
 Room to deny ourselves ; a road
 To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,
 Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
 The secret this of rest below.

Grant it eternal Trinity,
The Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,
Whose glory is, and still shall be,
Through all the world with joy confessed.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Prayer for the Slave.

XI.

WESLEY.

O LET the prisoners' mournful sighs,
As incense in thy sight appear !
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free :
Call home, call home thy banished ones !
Lead captive their captivity !

Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer ;
O Son of Righteousness arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear !

Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend ;
And in their weakness show thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom thy suffering members mourn :
Answer our faith's effectual prayer ;
And break the yoke so meekly borne !

The search for Truth.

XII:

S. G. BULFINCH.

OH, darkly on the path of life
The pilgrim holds his course in strife ;
His wandering vision strives in vain
The distant prospect to attain ;
And Prejudice will rise between,
And Doubt's dark clouds enfold the scene.

Father of lights ! to thee we pray
To chase those clouds of doubt away,
Bid lingering Prejudice depart
That long has shadowed o'er the heart,
And cause thy Truth with ray divine,
Upon thy servants' path to shine.

Thus when thy sun in glory springs,
With morning on his golden wings,
The shades retire, the mists of night
Recede, and nature smiles in light,
And hill and vale, and earth, and sea,
Breathe forth their matin song to thee.

Prejudice against color is the stone covering the well of the waters of life ; and never can they be given freely to the nations until it be removed.—*George Thompson.*

Patriotism and Sympathy.

XIII.

E. M. CHANDLER.

THINK of our country's glory,
All dimm'd with Afric's tears—
Her broad flag stained and gory,
With the hoarded guilt of years.

Think of the frantic mother,
Lamenting for her child,
Till falling lashes smother
Her cries of anguish wild!

Think of the prayers ascending,
Yet shrieked, alas! in vain,
When heart from heart is rending,
Ne'er to be joined again!

Shall we behold unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crush'd?
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hush'd?

Oh, no! by every blessing,
That heaven to thee may lend—
Remember their oppression,
Forget not, sister, friend.

Patriotism and Sympathy.

XIV.

It is the wrongs of Afric's sons
We feel,—and would our aid extend
Unto the injured suffering ones,
Who loudly call us to befriend,

Patriotism and Sympathy.

E. BAILEY.

Ye Christians kings and potentates
Whose sacrilegious leagues have twined
Oppression's links around your states,
Say—do ye idly hope to bind
The fearless heart and thinking mind?
When ye can hush the tempest of the deep,
Make the volcano in its cavern sleep,
Or stop the hymning spheres, ye may control,
With sceptered hand, the mighty march of soul.

But what are ye? and whence your power
Above the prostrate world to tower,
And lord it all alone?

What god—what fiend has e'er decreed,
That one shall reign, while millions bleed
To prop the tyrant's throne?

Gaze on the ocean, ye would sway:—
If from its tranquil breast, the day
Shine out in beams as bright and fair
As if the heavens were resting there,
Ye, in its mirror surface, may

When their deep groans ascend on high
In piercing heart-wrung agony.

See that ye are but men ;
But should the angry storm-wind pour
Its chainless surges to the shore,
Like *Canute*, ye may then
A fearful lesson learn, ye ne'er would know,
The weakness of a tyrant's power—how low
His pride is brought, when like that troubled sea,
Men rise in chainless might, determined to be free.

And they will rise, who lowly kneel,
Crushed by oppression's iron heel.
They yet will rise—in such a change as sweeps
The face of nature, when the lightning leaps
From the dark clouds of night,
While Heaven's eternal pillars reel afar,
As o'er them rolls the thunderer's flaming car ;
And in the majesty and might
That freedom gives, my country, follow thee
In thy career of strength and glorious liberty.
As fade the rainbow hues of day,
Earth's gorgeous pageants pass away ;
Its temples, arches, monuments, must fall ;
For time's oblivious hand is on them all.
The proudest kings will end their toil,
To slumber with the humble dead—
Earth's conquerors mingle with the soil,
That groaned beneath their iron tread,
And all the trophies of their power and guilt,
Sink to oblivion with the blood they spilt.

But still the everlasting voice of Fame
Shall swell in anthems to the *Patriot's* name,

Too long, too long in freedom's land
Oppression holds her iron sway,—
O rescue from the tyrant's hand
His feeble, unresisting prey,
Until the voice of Liberty
Proclaims that all her sons are free.

Who toiled—who *lived* to bless mankind, and hurled
Oppression from the throne,
Where long she swayed, remorseless and alone,
Her scorpion sceptre o'er a shrinking world.
And though no sculptured marble guard *his* dust,
Nor 'mouldering urn' received the hallowed trust,
For *him* a prouder mausoleum towers,
That time but strengthens with his storms and showers,
The Land he Saved, the empire of *the Free*—
Thy broad and steadfast throne, *Triumphant Liberty!*

The hour of Freedom.

XV.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

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

Not by the sword your liberty
Shall be obtained, in human blood ;
Not by revolt or treachery,—
Revenge did never bring forth good :

God's time is best—'t will not delay—
E'en now your cause is blossoming,
And rich shall be the fruit:—the day
Of your redemption loudly sing !

Te Deum.

XVI.

PATRICK.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

The Graves of the Martyrs.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The kings of old have shrine and tomb,
In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
And green along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where heroes died ;

To thee all angels cry aloud ;
 To thee the powers on high,
 Both cherubim and seraphim,
 Continually do cry ;

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,
 The world is with the glory filled
 Of thy majestic sway.

But show me, on thy flowery breast,
 Earth ! where thy *nameless martyrs* rest ?

The thousands that, uncheer'd by praise,
 Have made one offering of their days ;
 For truth, for Heaven, for freedom's sake,
 Resign'd the bitter cup to take,
 And silently, in fearless faith,
 Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth ?—by no proud stone
 Their narrow couch of rest is known ;
 The still sad glory of their name,
 Hallows no mountain unto fame ;
 No—not a tree the record bears
 Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strew'd
 The ashes of that multitude :
 It may be that each day, we tread,
 Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
 And the young flowers our children sow,
 Take root in holy dust below.

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

Oh! that the many rustling leaves,
Which round our homes the summer weaves,
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the starry sky,
To tell where those blest slumberers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be still'd,
With knowledge of their presence fill'd,
And by its breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self-sarifice?
—But the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
So let it be!—like him, whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret,—but their sod,
Unknown to man, is mark'd of God!

Prayer for the Slave.

XVII.

THOU God, who hast since time began,
The helper of the helpless been,
Who will correct the tyrant, man,
That dares against thy mercy sin ;

We pray for slaves! to whom thy word
Of light and love is never given ;
For those whose ears have never heard
The promise and the hope of heaven.

For broken heart, and darken'd mind,
Whereon no human mercies fall,
Oh ! be thy gracious love inclined,
Who, as a father, pitiest all.

And grant, oh, Father ! that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near ;
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of thy love shall hear ;

When smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall melt in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just !

Fifty-sixth Psalm of David.

XVIII.

WATTS.

O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes the oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

The sons of violence and lies,
Join to destroy me, Lord ;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

Faith in God.

BOWRING.

'True ! power and pride and insolent thought,
Our trust in Heaven severely try ;
The wicked rule the world—and nought
Is left to virtue but—to die :
Yet sure if God is strong and just,
It shall not perish in the dust.

Bright hope ! In virtue's path who treads,
'Treads surely :—all we feel and see
Is a triumphal march that leads
Truth, knowledge, to its victory :
'Tis sorrow's sternest discipline
That makes our mortal man divine.

In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults ;
Mischief doth all their councils fill,
And malice, all their thoughts.

Shall they escape without thy frown ?
Must their devices stand ?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee ;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord ;
Thou shalt receive my praise :
I'll sing, ' How faithful is thy word,
How righteous all thy ways ! '

Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
O set a pris'ner free !
That heart, and hand, and life, and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

Faith in Christ.

XIX.

G. W. DOANE.

'T is the promise of Christ—to the poor shall be
giv'n,
And humble, and contrite, the kingdom of Heav'n ;
And who would not toil through this pathway of
pain,
And who would not suffer, such promise to gain !

Bear up, then, my soul, 'mid the darkness and
storm,
Nor shrink from the strife, though terrific its form—
There is One that shall guide thee, and guard thee
from harm,
Whose eye is unerring, unconquer'd His arm.

To the contrite and faithful the promise is sure,
And salvation is pledg'd to the souls that endure ;
And the crown and the sceptre shall be their
reward,
Who have manfully stood on the side of the Lord.

Duty of the Free.

XX.

Rise, freemen, rise ! the call goes forth ;
List to the high command—
Obedience to the word of God,
Throughout this mighty land.

Rise, free the slave ! oh, burst his chains !
His fetters cast ye down ;
Let virtue be your country's pride,
Her diadem and crown,—

That the blest day may soon arrive,
When equal all shall be,
And freedom's banner waving high
Proclaim that *all are free*.

Duty of the Free.

XXI.

E. M. CHANDLER.¹

Think of the slave in your hours of glee,
Ye who are treading life's flowery way ;
Nought but its rankling thorns has he,
Nought but the gloom of its wintry day.

Think of the slave in your hours of wo—
 What are your sorrows to that he bears?
 Quenching the light of his bosom's glow,
 With a life-long stain of gushing tears.

Think of the slave in your hours of prayer,
 When worldly thoughts in your hearts are dim;
 Offer you thanks for the bliss ye share,
 But pray for a brighter lot for him.

Home.**XXII.***

W. J. SNELLING.

GREAT God, if the humble and weak are as dear
 To thy love as the proud, to thy children give ear!
 Our brethren would drive us in deserts to roam;
 Forgive them, O Father, and keep us at home.
 Home, sweet home!
 We know no other; this, this is our home.

Here, here our loved mothers, released from their
 toils
 To watch o'er our cradles and joy in our smiles;

* This Hymn is expressive of the sentiments of our colored brethren with regard to the wild and cruel scheme of the American Colonization Society.

Here the bones of our fathers lie buried ; and here
 Are friends, wives, and children, ay, all we hold
 dear.

Here is law, here is learning, and here we may
 move,

Most merciful God, in the light of thy love.
 Boasts Afric such blessings ? Oppressors, declare !
 Oh no, we may seek but shall not find them there.

Columbia, dear land of our birthright ! may He,
 Who made us a people, rain blessings on thee !
 From thy bosom no pleading shall tempt us to roam ;
 Till force drive us from it, this, this is our home.

Home, sweet home,

Till force drive us from it, this, this is our home.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

XXIII.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches toss'd ;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

New England.

PERCIVAL.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast ;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host ;
No slave is here ; our unchained feet
Walk freely as the waves that beat
Our coast.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore ;
Thou art the shelter of the free ;
The home, the port of Liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.

Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest ;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And Slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed :
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine
Beneath the shadow of their vine,
Are blessed.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame :

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soar'd
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine !
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod !
We will leave unstain'd what here they found—
Freedom to worship God.

Prisoners' Evening Hymn.

XXIV.

FELICIA HEMANS.

WE see no more in thy pure skies,
How soft, O God ! the sunset dies :
How every color'd hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood :
Yet, by the precious memories won
From bright hours now for ever gone,
Father ! o'er all thy works, we know,
Thou still art shedding beauty's glow ;
Still touching every cloud and tree
With glory, eloquent of Thee ;

Still feeding all thy flowers with light,
 Though man hath barr'd it from our sight.
 We know Thou reign'st, the Unchanging One, th'
 All Just !
 And bless thee still with free and boundless trust !

We read no more, O God ! thy ways
 On earth, in these wild evil days,
 The red sword in the oppressor's hand
 Is ruler of the weeping land ;
 Fallen are the faithful and the pure,
 No shrine is spared, no hearth secure,
 Yet, by the deep voice from the past,
 Which tells us these things cannot last—
 And by the hope which finds no ark,
 Save in thy breast, when storms grow dark—
 We trust thee !—As the sailor knows
 That in its place of bright repose
 His pole-star burns, though mist and cloud
 May veil it with a midnight shroud.

We know thou reign'st !—All Holy One, All Just !
 And bless thee still with love's own boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,
 When our faint hearts within us die.
 We suffer—and we know our doom
 Must be one suffering till the tomb.

Yet, by the anguish of thy Son
When his last hour came darkly on—
By his dread cry, the air which rent
In terror of abandonment—
And by his parting word, which rose
Through faith victorious o'er all woes—
We know that Thou mayst wound, mayst
break

The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake !
Sad suppliants whom our brethren spurn,
In our deep need to Thee we turn !

To whom but Thee ?—All Merciful, All Just !
In life, in death, we yield thee boundless trust.

Prayer for the Oppressed.

XXV.

PIERPONT.

With thy pure dews and rains,
Wash out, O God, the stains
From Afric's shore ;
And, while her palm trees bud,
Let not her children's blood
With her broad Niger's flood
Be mingled more !

Prayer for the Oppressed.

Quench, righteous God, the thirst
That Congo's sons hath cursed—
 The thirst for gold !
Shall not thy thunders speak,
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
 Bound, bleeding, sold ?

Hear'st thou, O God, those chains,
Clanking on Freedom's plains,
 By Christians wrought !
Them, who those chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
 Christian's have bought !

Cast down, great God, the fanes,
That, to unhallowed gains,
 Round us have risen—
Temples, whose priesthood pore
Moses and Jesus o'er,
Then bolt the black man's door,
The poor man's prison !

Wilt thou not, Lord, at last,
From thine own image, cast

Away all cords,
But that of love, which brings
Man, from his wanderings,
Back to the King of kings,
The Lord of lords!

Self-Reproof.

XXVI.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

WHEN injured Afric's captive claim,
Loads the sad gale with startling moan,
The frown of deep indignant blame
Bend not on *Southern climes* alone.

Her toil, and chain, and scalding tear,
Our daily board with luxuries deck,
And to dark slavery's yoke severe,
Our Fathers help'd to bow her neck.

If slumbering in the thoughtful breast,
Or justice or compassion dwell,
Call from their couch the hallowed guest,
The deed to prompt, the prayer to swell.

Oh, lift the hand, and Peace shall bear
Her olive where the palm tree grows,
And torrid Afric's desert share
The fragrance of salvation's rose.

But if with Pilate's stoic eye,
We calmly *wash* when blood is spilt ;
Or deem a cold, unpitying sigh,
Absolves us from the stain of guilt ;

Or if, like Jacob's recreant train,
Who traffick'd in a Brother's wo,
We hear the suppliant plead in vain,
Or mock his tears that wildly flow ;

Will not the judgments of the skies,
Which threw a shield round Joseph sold,
Be roused by fetter'd Afric's cries,
And change to dross th' oppressor's gold !

Hope and Faith.

XXVII.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

YE who in bondage pine,
Shut out from light divine,

Bereft of hope ;
Whose limbs are worn with chains,
Whose tears bedew our plains,
Whose blood our glory stains,
 In gloom who grope :

Shout ! for the hour draws nigh,
That gives you liberty !
 And from the dust,—
So long your vile embrace,—
Uprising, take your place
Among earth's noblest race,
 By right, *the first !*

The night—the long, long night
Of infamy and slight,
 Shame and disgrace,
And slavery, worse than e'er
Rome's serfs were doomed to bear,
Bloody beyond compare—
 Recedes apace !

Speed, speed the hour, O Lord !
Speak, and, at thy dread word,
 Fetters shall fall
From every limb—the strong
No more the weak shall wrong,
But Liberty's sweet song
 Be sung by all !

The Followers of Christ.

XXVIII.

REGINALD HEBER.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar ;
Who follows in his train ?

Who best may drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears his cross below—
He follows in his train !

Nor deem who to that bliss aspire
Must win their way through blood of fire ;
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation, unrepining,
Meek souls there are who little deem
Their daily strife an angel's theme ;
Or that the rod they take so calm,
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

Keble.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
He saw his master in the sky,
 And called on him to save.

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong,—
 Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope that knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel,—
 Who follows in *their* train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron, and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God, to us may grace be given,
 To follow in their train.

The First of August.

XXIX.

MONTGOMERY.*

Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath triumphed, the Negro is free;
Sing for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood,
Are wrenched from his grasp ;—for the word was
but spoken,

And fetters and scourges were sunk in the flood :
Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath triumphed, the Negro is free.

Hail to Britannia, fair Liberty's isle!
Her frown quailed the tyrant, the slave caught her
smile,

Fly on the winds to tell Afric the story :
Say to the mother of mourners, ' Rejoice !'
Britannia went forth in her beauty, her glory,
And slaves sprung to men at the sound of her
voice :

Praise to the God of our fathers ;—'twas He,
Jehovah, that triumphed, Britannia, by thee.

* Imitated from Moore.

Missionary Hymn.

XXX.

IMITATED FROM HEBER.

FROM Georgia's Southern mountains—
Potomac's either strand—
Where Carolina's fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many a lovely river—
From many a sunny plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though fair freedom's breezes
Blow softly o'er our land,
And each one as he pleases,
May worship with his band ;—
And though with lavish kindness
The gospel's gifts are strown,
The negro in his blindness,
Is left to grope alone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation, O Salvation,
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till all in every station
 Shall learn Messiah's name.

Ye masters, tell his story,
 And you ye heralds, preach,
 And to the slave His glory,
 Let every Christian teach,—
 Till from our ransomed nature,
 The chains of bondage fall,
 And *Jesus only Master*
 Shall freely reign o'er all.

Invocation of the Abolitionists.

XXXI.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

OH, Jesus! by the mortal pains we bear,
 And by the galling chains, and garb of shame we
 wear,
 Sad son of Mary! are thy children known.
 And by our flesh with ruthless scourges torn,
 By unrelenting man's insatiate hate and scorn,
 Crucified Saviour! are we not thine own?

Oh, man of sorrows ! and with grief acquainted !
Along the paths of woe, like thine, *our* feet have
fainted ;

And anguish soon shall stay our parting breath,
And soon, our tortured limbs, like thine, be cold
in death.

Oh, Jesus ! by the strength thou givest still,
And by our cheerful scorn of infamy and ill,
Son of the highest ! are thy children known.
By all the exulting joy we inly feel

Beneath the lictor's stroke or headsman's heavy
steel,

Triumphant Saviour ! are we not thine own ?

Oh, Lord of glory ! to the sire ascended !

Like thine, our anguish soon shall be in rapture
ended !

And we shall stand, the starry host among,
And round the sapphire throne, swell high the ho-
sanna song.

The Duty of Rebuke.

‘ Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good ?’—*Peter 1. iii. Chap. 13th Verse.*

XXXII.

ANNE W. WESTON.

Is it not good to mourn for those
Crushed down by Slavery’s iron hand,
And feel, while numbering o’er their woes,
Strength for the just and true to stand?

Is it not good to say to those
Who claim a right in human kind,
‘ Mercy and justice are your foes
And certain triumph shall they find ?’

Is it not good to say to those
Who call not robbery a wrong,
Within whose breast no pity glows,
‘ Can ye indeed to God belong ?’

Is it not good to say to all,
‘ Arise for the forsaken slave,
Upon your God for courage call,
And in His strength go forth and save ?’

Lord ! this is all we seek to do ;
Grant us thy grace to do it well ;
Grant us thy glory to pursue,
And fondly of thy truth to tell.

What then shall harm us ? In the end
Each sorrow shall a good appear,
And every trial thou shalt send
But bring our jubilee more near.

Sabbath Musings.

XXXIII.

BOWRING.

COME, let us leave the vain, the proud,
The ambitious, and the worldly-wise ;
Pomp's revels, turbulent and loud
And pleasure's tempting vanities :

And let our hallowed converse be
Of Him who reared the mountains high,
Poured out the waters of the sea,
Painted the flowers, and arched the sky.

'T is thus we feel and hear and see
Thoughts, hopes and joys to angels given—
Those chains of strengthening sympathy,
Which link the earthly soul to heaven.

Parting Hymn.

It travels o'er the vast abyss
 Of space and time, and joys to see
 The pregnant future bright with bliss,
 And love, and joy, and liberty.

Then bending down to earth again,
 Full of glad hope—'t is trained to bear
 The lightened weight of mortal pain :
 The passing storm of earthly care.

Parting Hymn.**XXXIV.**

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

COME, Christian brethren ! ere we part,
 Join every voice and every heart,

Evening Hymn.

KEBLE.

'T is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
 The traveller on his way must press,

One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;

Or by the light thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense :

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;—
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest, thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

Christians we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren we shall meet again.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twi'th thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in thy sight.

Oh by thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
'Teach Thou thy priests their daily cross !
To bear as thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch o'er the slave : enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store :
Be every mourners sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Convention.

XXXV.

COLLYER.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand ;
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

First, bow our hearts beneath thy sway :
Then give thy growing empire way,
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—
Till all mankind shall be subdued.

Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—and oh ! impart
The single eye—the faithful heart !

Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recal the wandering spirit home :
From Zion's mount send forth the sound
To spread the spacious earth around.

Influences of the Spirit.

XXXVI.

WESLEY.

I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind ;
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind ;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

Danger and Distress.

XXXVII.

REGINALD HEBER.

OH God that made the earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray !

For wide the waves of bitterness
 Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
 To view the rocky shore !

The cross our Master bore for us,
 For Him we fain would bear ;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair !
Then mercy on our failings, Lord !
 Our sinking faith renew !
And when his sorrows visit us,
 O send his patience too !

The Christian Warfare.

XXXIX.

WATTS.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes :
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph—when he rose.

What though thine inward lust rebel ?
 'T is but a struggling gasp for life ;
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in Almighty grace ;
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Christian Friendship.

XL.

NEWTON.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.

To you and us by grace is given,
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of HIM,
Who lived--and died--and reigns--for us.

We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below ;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We love and wonder and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet—to part no more.

Fiftieth Psalm of David.

XLI.

WATTS.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls to the south nations and awakes the north ;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead,
The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heaven re-
joices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

‘ Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
Sealed by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
And signed with all their names ;—the Greek,
the Jew,
Who paid the ancient worship, or the new.’
There’s no distinction here ; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints ; for heaven re-
joices.’

Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain,

Without the flames of love : in vain the store
Of brutal offerings, that were mine before.

Earth is the Lord's : all nature shall adore him :
While sinner's tremble, saints rejoice before him.

‘ Unthinking wretch ! how couldst thou hope to
please

A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these ?

While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lovest deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.’

Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices :
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

‘ In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends :
While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
His hardened soul divine instruction hates.’

God is the judge of hearts ; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty, when his vengeance rises.

‘ Silent I waited, with long suffering love :
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That the All-Holy could indulge thy sin ?’

See, God appears ! all nature join to adore him :
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise !
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise.

Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works
amend ;

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
'Then join ye saints ; wake every cheerful passion :
When Christ returns he comes for your salvation.

Forgiveness.

* And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee : go, and
sin no more.'—*John viii. 11.*

XLII.

S. G. BULFINCH.

Benignant Saviour! 'Twas not thine
To spurn the erring from thy sight,
Nor did thy smile of love divine
'Turn from the penitent its light.

Oh then, shall we who own thy name,
A brother's fault too sternly view,
Or think thy holy law can blame
The tear, to human frailty due ?

May we, while human guilt awakes
Upon our cheek the generous glow,
Spare the offender's heart, that breaks
Beneath its load of shame and woe.

Conscious of frailty, may we yield
Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear ;
And strive the penitent to shield
From further sin, or dark despair.

And when our own offences weigh
Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
Lord ! let thy pardoning mercy say
Like Jesus, ‘ Go, and sin no more.’

The New Jerusalem.

XLIII.

MATURIN.

There is a plain above the skies,
And there a glorious city stands ;
God is the builder of her walls,
Unwrought by art, unmade by hands.

The Heart of the Martyr.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Alone to bear

The rush and pressure of dark thoughts, that came
As a strong billow in their weight of care ;
And with all this to smile ! for earth-born fame ;
These are stern conflicts, yet they pass, unknown to fame !

And who are they who solemn move,
 In robes of light her ways among,
 With crowns upon each hallowed head,
 And praises on each burning tongue ?

Through toil and trouble sore who passed
 On earth while wandering, these are they ;
 But God hath cleansed the spotted robe,
 And wiped the unhallowed tear away.

Of earthly joy their share was small,
 Pain wrung the heart, want bowed the head ;
 Sorrow, and sin, and shame they knew,
 And oft they wept, and oft they bled.

Her glance is on the triumph, on the field,
 On the red scaffold; and where'er in sight
 Of human eyes, the human soul is steel'd
 To deeds that seem as of immortal might
 Yet are proud nature's ! But her meteor light
 Can pierce no depths, no clouds ; it falls not where
 In silence and in secret and in night
 The noble heart doth wrestle with despair,
 And rise more strong than death from its unwitnessed prayer.

Men have been firm in battle ; they have stood
 With a prevailing hope on ravaged plains,
 And won the birth-right of their hearts with blood,
 And died rejoicing mid their ancient fanes,
 That so their children, undefiled with chains,

Yet through the power of sovereign grace,
Redeemed from sin, renewed to God,
They loved the truth that Jesus taught,
And triumphed in the path he trod.

Might worship there in peace. But they who stand
When not a bacon o'er the wave remains,
Linked but to perish with a ruined land
When Freedom dies with them—call these a martyr band !

Appeal for the Samaritan Asylum.*

XLIV.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

OH! if to Afric's sable race
A fearful debt we justly owe,
If heaven's dread book record the trace
Of every deed and thought below—

Who is thy Neighbor.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

Who is thy neighbor!—see him stand
With sunken cheek and eye,
Where hunger shows the empty hand
Thy bounty can supply!

Go where the widow'd mother pines
For what thou well canst spare—
Where palsied age in want reclines,
And see thy neighbor there!

Behold him in the stranger, cast
Upon a foreign shore,
Who, homeless in the cutting blast,
Is shivering at thy door!

* Founded by the Colored Bostonians, in 1833.

And if for them the Christian prayer
Implores of God to guide and save,
Then let these helpless suppliants share
From mercy's store the mite they crave.

Go seek him 'mid the dungeon's gloom,
And carry comfort there ;
And on the living in that tomb,
Call blessings down by prayer.

He 's in thy enemy, who gave
The wounds that open still !
For him of Heaven forgiveness crave,
And pay him good for ill.

Look where the sable captive sighs,
For rights enjoyed by thee !
He is thy neighbor—loose his ties,
And set the bondman free.

Columbia, favored of the skies !
How can thy banner wave,
While at thy feet thy neighbor lies
A crushed and fettered slave ?

There is a blot among thy stars—
A cord is in thy hand—
A stain upon thy face that mars
The beauty of our land !

Thou noble Tree of Liberty !
Should not thy verdure fade
O'er him who would his neighbor see
Excluded from thy shade ?

Touch deep for them the pitying breast,
Bid bounty's stream flow warm and free ;
For who can tell among the blest,
How sweet their harps of praise may be ?

Did they who reared thee by their toil
Not will thy fruit to be
Alike, for all who tread our soil,
A harvest sweet and free ?

Philanthropy, from every breast
Thy streams should ceaseless flow ;—
Our neighbor 's in the weak, the opprest—
And every child of wo !

Final Acceptance of the Righteous.

XLV.

BUTCHER.

FROM north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blessed ;
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in Heaven a common home.

In one immortal throng we view
Of every nation, every hue ;
But all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know ;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits their honest claim.

On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practice what was right ;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

Blessed are they that Mourn.

XLVI.

BRYANT.

DEEM not that they are blessed alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of wo and pain
Are earnest of serener years.

O there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night !
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light.

And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier,
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to your arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny ;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
Enslaved of men he sinks to die.

For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

Emancipation.**XLVII.**

BROWNE.

WHEREWITH shall we approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne ?
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for our guilt atone ?

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend ?
Will these our earnest wish succeed,
And make our God our friend ?

Let no such hopes our souls delude ;
Such pompous rites are vain ;
But God has shown us what is good,
And how his love to gain.

To men their rights we must allow,
 And proofs of kindness give ;
 To God, with humble reverence bow,
 And to his glory live.

Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
 He never will despise ;
 And cheerful duty will prefer
 To costly sacrifice.

Emancipation.

XLVIII.

DODDRIDGE.

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

A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye :—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

My soul with all thy wakened powers,
Survey the immortal prize ;
Nor let the glittering toys of earth,
Allure thy wandering eyes.

Association.

XLIX.

FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

Christian Friendship.

KEBLE.

The Spirit of the dying Son
Is here, and fills the holy place
With records sweet of duties done,
Of pardoned foes, and cherished grace.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.

We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

And as of old, by two and two,
His herald saints the Saviour sent
To soften hearts like morning dew,
Where he to shine in mercy meant ;

So evermore He deems his name
Best honored and his way prepared,
When watching by his altar-flame
He sees his servants duly paired.

He loves when age and youth are met,
Fervent old age and youth serene,
Their high and low in concord set
For sacred song, Joy's golden mean.

He loves when some clear soaring mind
Is drawn by mutual piety
To simple souls, and unrefined,
Who in life's shadiest covert lie.

Or if perchance a saddened heart,
That once was gay and felt the spring,
Cons slowly o'er its altered part,
In sorrow and remorse to sing,

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Thy gracious care will send that way
Some spirit full of glee, yet taught
To bear the sight of dull decay,
And nurse it with all pitying thought ;

Cheerful as soaring lark, and mild
As evening blackbird's full-toned lay,
When the relenting sun has smiled
Bright through a whole December day.

These are the tones to brace and cheer
The lonely watcher of the fold,
When nights are dark, and foeman near,
When visions fade and hearts grow cold

How timely then a comrade's song
Comes floating on the mountain air,
And bids thee yet be bold and strong—
Fancy may die, but faith is there.

The Foundation and Support of Slavery.

L.

WESLEY.

O GREAT mountain, what art thou ?
Immense, immovable !
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell !
Thee, alas, I long have known,
Long have felt thee fixed within ;
Still beneath thy weight I groan ;
Thou art *Indwelling Sin*.

Thou art darkness in the mind,
Perverseness in the will !
Love inordinate and blind,
That always cleaves to ill ;
Every passion's wild excess ;
Anger, doubt, and pride thou art :
Thou art sin, and sinfulness,
And unbelief of heart !

Not by human might or power
Canst thou be moved from hence :
But thou shalt flow down before
Divine Omnipotence :

Who hath slighted or contemned
The day of feeble things ?
The slave shall be by grace redeemed ;
Our God his freedom brings.

Holy Resolution.

LI.

WESLEY.

COME let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear !
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life as a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view and eternity 's here.

O that each in the day of His coming may say,
‘ I have fought my way through ;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do !’

O that each from his lord may receive the glad
 word,
 ' Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'

Duty of the Church.

LII.

WESLEY.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
 No longer in thy sins lie down :
 The garment of salvation take,
 Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
 And hides the promise from thine eyes ;
 Arise, and struggle into light,
 The great Deliverer calls, Arise !

Shake off the bands of sad despair.
 Sion, assert thy liberty ;
 Look up, thy sinful heart prepare,
 And God shall set the captive free.*

* Rise, rise for your Freedom and Laws !
 Earth is your witness, all earth's is your cause !
 To the Christ of the cross, man is never so holy
 As when braving the proud in defence of the lowly.

Bulwer.

Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from slavery's sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on ;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

Day of Jubilee.

LIII.

A. G. DUNCAN.

Roll on thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurled,
And freedom's flag unfurled,
Shall wave throughout the world,
O'er every slave.

Trump of glad jubilee ;
 Echo o'er land and sea,
 Freedom for all.
 Let the glad tidings fly,
 And every tribe reply,
 Glory to God on high,
 At slavery's fall.

Convention.

LIV.

M. W. CHAPMAN.

‘Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel, when the people willingly offered themselves.’—*Judges*.

‘AWAKE my people !’ saith your God !
 Your brother's blood the land profanes !
 Ye bend beneath the oppressor's rod—
 He binds your spirits in his chains.

With breaking heart and tortured nerve,
 Your brother drains the accursed cup !
 Now in the name of him ye serve—
 The living God of hosts—come up !

While faith each fervent spirit fills,
Arise! with hope and triumph crowned!
Shout freedom through your hundred hills
Till banded hosts come surging round! *

Our God! we come at thy commands;—
Thy people offer willingly!
No swords are in our peaceful hands,—
From wrath and doubt our hearts are free.

Vowed to the cause of awful TRUTH,
As erst our Pilgrim Fathers came,
With maid and matron, age and youth,
We throng round FREEDOM's kindling flame.

Christian Hymn of Triumph.

LV.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

SING to the Lord! let harp, and lute, and voice,
Up to the expanding gates of heaven rejoice,

* ' Now let not the frowns of men, and their flatteries, put you from your duty. *Keep up your societies, and the assembling of yourselves together,* for there is much profit to be found in it.'

Marion Harvie.

While the bright martyrs to their rest are borne !
Sing to the Lord ! their blood-stained course is run,
And every head its diadem hath won,

Rich as the purple of the summer morn—
Sing the the triumphant champions of their God,
While burn their mountain feet along their sky-
ward road.

In reading and singing hymns of triumph and martyrdom, our minds receive a general idea of something high and heroic : it would be well if our ideas of the *why* were more definite, and that we looked on such actions more as matters of simple duty, than with an idle admiration, which might have been positive condemnation had they been performed in our own day. I have always derived benefit from reading the dying testimony of Marion Harvie, who suffered for the truth in Scotland in 1681, and subjoin a few extracts here, because the book in which I find it is a very rare one in America :—

‘ Christian friends and acquaintances, I being to lay down my life on Wednesday next, January 26, 1681, I thought fit to let it be known to the world *wherefore* I lay down my life; and to let it be seen that I die not as a fool, or as an evil doer, or as a busy body in other men’s matters. No; It is for adhering to the truths of Jesus Christ, and avowing *him* to be King in Zion, and head of his Church; and the testimony against the ungodly laws of men, and their robbing Christ of his right and usurping his prerogative royal, which I durst not but testify against; and I bless his holy name that ever he called me to bear witness against the sins of the times, and the defections of ministers and professors. I leave my testimony against all the bloodshed and massacres of the Lord’s people, either on scaffolds or in fields. I protest against banishings, and finings, and cruel murderings. I leave my testimony against the professors who say this is not the truth of God for which I suffer, and call the way of God delusion, and make it their business to

Sing to the Lord ! for her, in beauty's prime,
 Snatched from this wintry earth's ungenial clime,
 In the eternal spring of paradise to bloom ;
 For her the world displayed its brightest treasure,
 And the airs panted with the songs of pleasure.
 Before earth's throne she chose the lowly tomb,

make me deny Christ, and betake myself to the ungodly laws of men, and call the truths of God delusions, which I am to seal with my blood : and I rejoice that ever he counted me worthy so to do. Which truths *ministers and professors have counted it prudence to disown and deny*, for which the land will be made to mourn and sorely to smart, e'er all be done. I desire all those that are endeavoring to contend for Christ and his truths, that they would be faithful in their witnessing for him, and eschew the least appearance of sin. For I, a dying witness of Christ, attest you, as ye will answer when you stand before him in the day of your appearance, that ye be faithful in owning him in all his truths, and not yield a hoof to ungodly, perjured, bloody, and excommunicated tyrants ; for there is much advantage to be had in faithfulness to Christ. *That I may set my seal to the truth of ;* and I think he is taking a narrow view of his followers at this time ; for there are few that yield a hair-breadth of the truths of God, that readily win to their feet again ; but go from one degree of defection to another. And again I desire to bless and magnify the Lord. I bless him that the thoughts of death are not terrible to me. And now ye that are his witnesses, be not afraid to adventure upon the cross of Christ. *They said there was but a few of us for these principles.* I said *they had all the fault of it ;* and it was most bitter to us, that our *ministers had spoken against these truths, and, indeed, I think they had not been so cruel to me, were it not for these ministers ;* and so I think our ministers are not free of our blood ; for when *they spoke against us, and the way, [measures ?] it hardened these bloody traitors, and emboldened them to take our lives.*³ M. W. C.

The vale of tears with willing footsteps trod,
 Bearing her cross with thee, incarnate Son of God.

Sing to the Lord ! it is not shed in vain,
 The blood of martyrs ! from its freshening rain
 High springs the church, like some fount-shad-
 owing palm :

The nations crowd beneath its branching shade,
 Of its green leaves are kingly diadems made,
 And, wrapt within its deep, embosoming calm,
 Earth sinks to slumber like the breezeless deep,
 And war's tempestuous vultures fold their wings
 and sleep.

Sing to the Lord ! no more the angels fly—
 Far in the bosom of the stainless sky—
 The sound of fierce, licentious sacrifice.
 From shrined alcove and stately pedestal,
 The marble gods in cumbrous ruin fall ;
 Heedless, in dust, the awe of nations lies ;
 Jove's thunder crumbles in his mouldering hand,
 And mute as sepulchres the hymnless temples
 stand.

Sing to the Lord ! from damp, prophetic cave
 No more the loose-haired Sybils burst and rave ;

Nor watch the augurs pale the wandering bird :
No more on hill or in the murky wood,
Mid frantic shout and dissonant music rude,
In human tones are wailing victims heard ;
Nor fathers, by the reeking altar stone,
Cowl their dark heads to escape their children's
dying groan.

Sing to the Lord ! no more the dead are laid
In cold despair beneath the cypress shade,
To sleep the eternal sleep, that knows no morn :
There, eager still to burst death's brazen bands,
The angel of the resurrection stands ;
While, on its own immortal pinions borne,
Following the breaker of the imprisoning tomb,
Forth springs the exulting soul, and shakes away
its gloom.

Sing to the Lord ! the desert rocks break out,
And the thronged cities in one gladdening shout,—
The farthest shores by pilgrim step explored ;
Spread all your wings, ye winds, and waft around,
Even to the starry cope's pale waning bound,
Earth's universal homage to the Lord ;
Lift up thine head, imperial capitol,
Proud on thy height to see the bannered cross
unroll.

Sing to the Lord! when time itself shall cease,
And final Ruin's desolating peace

Enwrap this wide and restless world of man;
When the Judge rides upon the enthroning wind,
And o'er all generations of mankind

Eternal Vengeance waves its winnowing fan;
To vast infinity's remotest space,
While ages run their everlasting race,
Shall all the beatific hosts prolong,
Wide as the glory of the Lamb, the Lamb's triumphant song.

The Kingdom of Christ.

LVI.

MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun:
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turned to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
That name to us is—Love.

Gloria in Excelsis.

LVII.

THE Lord is great ! ye hosts of heaven, adore him,
And ye who tread this earthly ball ;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

The Lord is great—his majesty how glorious !
Resound his praise from shore to shore ;
O'er fraud, and war, and slavery, made victorious,*
He rules and reigns forevermore.

* Slight alterations have been made in a few of the Hymns in this selection—not with the idea of increasing their literary merit—which would be impertinent—but of increasing their usefulness in this book. In the above beautiful Hymn, the seventh line stood originally thus : ‘ O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious.’ These words have been used till they have lost their original force and depth of meaning. In these days, when *wrong* is denied to be sin, and death and hell are denied to be the natural consequence of sin—when God’s laws are declared by salaried ministers, to be less binding than man’s laws—when the advocates of crime profess to have ability to calculate consequences with such certainty as to stand in no need of revelation—when man’s devices are substituted for God’s commands, and all consequences calculated but the final consequences ; it is well that all our religious ideas should be clearly defined. The words, war, slavery, intemperance, aristocracy, † &c., introduced into a page, ‘ like water-drops on some dim picture’s hue,’ give clearness and distinctness to the whole. M. W. C.

† Contempt of the poor.

The Lord is great—his mercy how abounding !

Ye angels, strike your golden chords !

Oh praise our God, with voice and harp resounding,

The King of kings, and Lord of lords !

The truly Free.

LVIII.

Who are the free ? The sons of God,
That hate oppression, strife, and blood ;
Who are the slaves ? The men that sell
God's image for the gains of hell !

They scourge the frame, the sinews bind ;
They trample on the immortal mind :
Earth can endure the guilt no more,
And God rolls on the avenging hour.

Proclaim his truth, spread forth his laws ;
Strike at the sin his soul abhors :
Break every yoke, the slave release,
Let chains, and stripes, and bondage cease.

Thus shall the world resemble heaven ;
Oppression back to hell be driven ;
And LOVE shall bind, in sweet accord,
ALL NATIONS, RANSOMED OF THE LORD !

The Day is at hand.

LIX.

MONTGOMERY.

LET mammon hold while mammon can,
The bones and blood of living man ;
Let tyrants scorn while tyrants dare,
The shrieks and writhings of despair.

The Power of Prayer.

KEBLE.

Oh ! in thine awful armoury, Lord,
The lightnings of the judgment day
Keep yet awhile, in mercy stored,
Till willing hearts shall cast away
The scourge and chain ; and spotless shine
On every brow in light divine.
The cross, by angel hands impressed,
The seal of glory won and pledge of promised rest.

Little they dream, those haughty souls
Whom empires own with bended knee,
What lowly fate their own controls,
Together linked by Heaven's decree ;—
As blood-hounds hush their baying wild
To wanton with some fearless child,
So Famine waits, and War with greedy eyes,
Till some repenting heart be ready for the skies,

The end will come, it will not wait,
Bonds, yokes and scourges have their date ;
Slavery itself must pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday.

Think ye the spires that glow so bright
In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might ?
No—where the upholding grace is won,
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell,
But sure from many a hidden dell,
From many a rural nook unthought of there,
Rises for that proud world the saints' prevailing prayer.

On, champions, blest in Jesus' name,
Shout be your strife, your triumph full,
Till every heart have caught your flame,
And lightened of the world's misrule
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,
Gathered long since at Jesus' feet,
No world of passions to destroy,
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task all praise and joy.

The Judgments of God against Slavery.

LX.

KEBLE.

Is this a time to plant and build,
Add house to house, and field to field,
When round our walls the battle lowers,
When mines are hid beneath our towers
And watchful foes are stealing round
To search and spoil the holy ground?

Is this a time for moonlight dreams
Of love and home by mazy streams,
For Fancy with her shadowy toys,
Æerial hopes and pensive joys,
While souls are wandering far and wide,
And curses swarm on every side?

No—rather steel thy melting heart
To act the martyr's sternest part,
To watch, with firm unshrinking eye,
Thy darling visions as they die,
Till all bright hopes, and hues of day
Have faded into twilight gray.

Yes—let them pass without a sigh,
And if the world seem dull and dry,
If long and sad thy lonely hours,
And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers,
Bethink thee what thou art, and where,
A sinner in a life of care.

The fire of God is soon to fall
(Thou knowest it) on this earthly ball ;
Full many a soul, the price of blood,
Marked by the Almighty's hand for good,
To utter death that hour shall sweep—
And will the saints in heaven dare weep ?

Then in his wrath shall God uproot
The trees He set, for lack of fruit,
And drown in rude tempestuous blaze
The towers His hand had deigned to raise ;
In silence ere that storm begin,
Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart,
From visions vain content to part,
Strong for love's sake its wo to hide
May cheerful wait the cross beside,
Too happy, if that dreadful day,
Thy life be given thee for a prey.

Snatched sudden from the avenging rod,
 Safe in the bosom of thy God,
 How wilt thou then look back, and smile
 On thoughts that bitterest seemed erewhile,
 And bless the pangs that made thee see,
 This was no world of rest for thee !

Fourth of July.

LXI.

MARY ANN COLLIER.

HEARD ye the mighty rushing ?
 As a storm-waked sea it came ;
 'T was a nation's deep rejoicing
 For her proud and spotless name.

Fourth of July.

J. H. WIFFEN.

There is an exquisite subtilty, and the same is unjust.

Ecclesiasticus.

They ask me for some radiant lay,
 Like that which high toned minstrels breathe,
 When blithe for victory's festal day,
 Their crowns rejoicing millions wreathe ;

Land of my sleeping fathers !
O'er thee no chain is flung ;
Through all thy verdant vallies
The shout of joy is rung.

Wide o'er thy rolling rivers,
Thy fair and sunny plains,
And up thy woody mountains,
The soul of freedom reigns.
Land of my sleeping fathers !
O'er thee no chain is flung ?
Through all thy verdant vallies
The shout of joy is rung.

Because our fathers to the skies
Appeal, from England's yoke of wrong,
And loved the thousand lingering ties
That bound them to her shores so long.

But if, amid the strings I try,
As prescient of enduring ill,
In discord with the tones of joy
One chord, more plaintive, murmurs still,
And if amidst my brighter braid
Of flowers, ye note the darkening rue,
Ye must not chide the passing shade,
Nor deem the unflattering strain untrue.

For I had thought when brooding o'er
This Christian nation's load of guilt,—
The tears—the shrieks—the stripes—the gore—
Her marts have viewed, her children spilt,—

And is there then no shadow
 To dim this hallowed mirth ?
 And shall thy name, my country,
 Be the watch-word o'er the earth ?
 Are all the captives loosened ?
 The fettered *slave* set free ?
 Is his crushed spirit gladdened
 On this gay jubilee ?

That, like Elijah, when the seers
 Of Baal were to Tophet driven,
 Her Senate would have dried those tears
 With instant lightnings, called from heaven.

That, as on Carmel's brow sublime,
 Freedom's charged prophet would have trod
 And cried to these dark coasts of crime,
 'The Lord alone, the Lord is God !
 And instant let the chains be riven,
 From off each Ethiop's swarthy limb !'
 Angels might then have stooped from heaven
 Their glorious Exodus to hymn.

And for the curses and the groans
 That long from anguished hearts have burst,
 Might then have risen in grateful tones,
 The voice of solemn praise,—as erst
 O'er Pharoah's dying host, the clang
 Of timbrels sounded in the breeze,
 At morn, when ransomed Israel sang
 'Salvation !' by the reflux seas.

Say to the captive toiling
In freedom's proud abode,
'Cast off thy fetters, brother,
Take back the *gift of God.*'
Let not oppression linger
Where starry banners wave ;
Swell high the shout of freedom,
Let it echo for the *slave.*

What troubles in their transit, yet,
The Negro nation shall sustain,
Ere, clearly scaped the tyrant's net,
Their promised land of rest they gain,
We ask not, so 'Thy cloudy shrine,
And fiery pillar go before,—
And as deliverance, Lord, is thine,
Be thine the glory evermore !

Public Rejoicing.

LXII.

Go forth to the mount, bring the olive branch
home,

And Rejoice for the day of our freedom is come !
From that day when the moon, upon Ajalon's
vale

Looking motionless down, saw the kings of
the earth

In the presence of God's mighty champion grow
pale,

O never had Judah an hour of such mirth !

Go forth to the mount, bring the olive branch
home,

And rejoice, for the day of our freedom is come !

The Christian Freeman.

LXIII.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;

Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;

Whose passion not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath :

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

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

Child's Evening Prayer.

LXIV.

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A highly favored child.

I was not born as thousands are,
 Where God was never known,
 And taught to pray a useless prayer
 To blocks of wood and stone.

To a Child.

Things of high import sound I in thy ears,
 Dear child, though yet thou may'st not feel their power.
 But hoard them up, and in thy coming years
 Forget them not; and when earth's tempests lower,
 A talisman unto thee shall they be,
 To give thy weak arm strength, to make thy dim eye see.

Seek *truth*, that pure, celestial Truth, whose birth
 Was in the heaven of heavens, clear sacred, shrined,
 In reason's light. Not oft she visits earth;
 But her majestic port the willing mind,
 Through faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy soul,
 Nor faint, though error's surges loud against thee roll.

Be *free*—not chiefly from the iron chain,
 But from the one which passion forges; be
 The master of thyself! If lost, regain
 The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. Be free,
 Trample thy proud lusts proudly beneath thy feet,
 And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek *Virtue*. Wear her armor to the fight;
 Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife,
 Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might
 By each contending turbulent ill of life.
 Seek *Virtue*; she alone is all divine;
 And, having found, be strong in God's own strength and thine.

I was not born a little slave,*
To labor in the sun,
And wish that I were in my grave,
And all my labor done.

I was not born without a home,
Or in a broken shed ;
A gipsy baby, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

My God ! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me ;
And placed me in this happy land,
And where I hear of thee.

Truth—Freedom—Virtue—these, dear child, have power,
If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,
And bless thy spirit, in its darkest hour :
Neglect them—thy celestial gifts are vain—
In dust shall thy weak wing be dragged and soiled ;
Thy soul be crushed by gauds for which it basely toiled.

* This verse has been *omitted* in the recent editions.

Hymn for the Monthly Concert.

LXV.

A. G. CHAPMAN.

FATHER give us power and love,
A sound and perfect mind,
That we may firmly do thy will,
And thy sure blessing find.

We here devote ourselves to Thee,
To spread thy cause of truth ;
Old age and vigorous manhood join
With bold and fearless youth.

We thus would hasten on the day
Of freedom and of peace,
When the sword shall to the ploughshare turn,
And war and slavery cease.

The time when man shall feel for man
A brother's fervent love,
And ask not, whether black or white,
The child of God above.

We know not where the future leads,—
What may our trials be,
But calmly still would follow on,
Guided by light from Thee.

Song of Jubilee.

LXVI.

MONTGOMERY.

HARK !—the song of jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar ;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore !

See Jehovah's banners furled !
Sheathed his sword :—he speaks—'tis done !
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway :
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away !

Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
God omnipotent shall reign :
Hallelujah !—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Christmas Hymn.

LXVII.

REGINALD HEBER.

OH, Saviour, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below ;
To mortal want and labor born,
And more than mortal wo !

Incarnate Word ! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died !

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell !

If prest by tyranny severe,
As toiling slaves we pine,
Oh may thy spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine !

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free !
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee !

Eighty-second Psalm of David.

LXVIII.

WATTS.

AMONG the assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat ;
The God of Heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth and all their ways.

Why will ye then frame wicked laws ?
Or why support the unrighteous cause ?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more ?

They know not, Lord, nor will they know ;
Dark are the ways in which they go :
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod :
He is our Judge, and he our God.

What are the *deeds* of men called Christian, now ?
They roll themselves in dust before the great ;
Wherever mammon builds a shrine they bow,
And would nail Jesus to their cross of hate,
Should he again appear in *mean* estate.—*Elliott.*

Our Fathers.

LXIX.

FLINT.

IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here ;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.

'The toils they bore, our ease have wrought ;
They sowed in tears—in joy we reap ;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We 'll guard, 'till we with them shall sleep.

Lord ! how long
Shall freedom's struggles turn the good man pale !
How long shall vile apology for wrong,
Add to the torturing scourge another thong ?
Oh, for a Saint, like those who sought and found,
For conscience' sake, sad homes beyond the main !—
The Fathers of New-England, who unbound,
In wild Columbia, Europe's double chain ;
The men whose dust cries, 'Sparta, live again !'
The slandered Calvinists of Charles's time

Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and wo through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

Fought, and they won it, Freedom's holy fight.
Like prophet-bards, although they hated rhyme,
All incorruptible as heaven's own light,
Spoke each devoted preacher for the right.
No servile doctrines, such as power approves,
They to the poor and broken-hearted taught;
With truths that tyrants dread, and conscience loves,
They wing'd and barb'd the arrows of their thought;
Sin in high places was the mark they sought;
They said not, 'Man be circumspect, and thrive!
Be mean, base, slavish, bloody—and prevail!'
Nor doth the Deity they worshipping drive
A trade in men or sign such bills of sale.
With zeal they preach'd, with reverence they were heard;
For in their daring creed, sublime, sincere,
DANGER was found, that parson-hated word!
They flatter'd none—they knew nor hate nor fear,
But taught the will of God—and *did it* here.

Elliott.

The Chosen Fast.

LXX.

LORD, thou requirest truth within,
And no mere outward fast for sin:
Like bulrush, man may bow his head,
While sackcloth under him is spread,
And yet no thought is in his heart
To act a just and righteous part.*

The fast our God hath chosen for us,
Is clearly taught and written thus:—
To loose the bands of wickedness,
Undo the burdens that oppress,
To set the toiling captives free,
And break the yoke of slavery.

Then shall thy Spirit, Lord, go forth
From east to west, from south to north—

* Go, and in tears

Kneel, holy wretch, although the Sabbath air
Is weary of thy long unpunished prayer.
Thou, who with hellish zeal wert drunk and blind
When tyrants, cloven-hoofed in heart and brain,
Made murder pastime, and the tardy wind
Bore fresh glad tidings o'er the groaning main
Of Hecatombs on Moloch's altar slain!

Elliott.

The Church all righteous shall appear ;
The Lord her guide, the Lord her rear,
Thy Spirit then, of peace and love,
Shall shed its influence from above.

Forgiveness.**LXXI.**

REGINALD HEBER.

OH God ! my sins are manifold, against my life
they cry,
And all my guilty deeds forgone, up to thy temple
fly ;
Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to des-
pair is driven ?
' Forgive,' a blessed voice replied, ' and thou shalt
be forgiven ! '

My foemen, Lord ! are fierce and fell, they spurn
me in their pride,
They render evil for my good, my patience they
deride ;

Arise, oh King ! and be the proud to righteous ruin
driven !

‘ Forgive,’ an awful answer came, ‘ as thou would’st
be forgiven !’

Seven times, Oh Lord ! I pardoned them, seven
times they sinned again :

They practice still to work me wo, they triumph
in my pain ;

But let them dread my vengeance now, to just
resentment driven !

‘ Forgive !’ the voice of thunder spake, ‘ or never
be forgiven !’

Avenge the plundered poor, oh Lord !
But not with fire, but not with sword ;
Avenge our wrongs, our chains, our sighs,
The famine in our children’s eyes !
But not with sword—no, not with fire
Chastise our country’s locustry !
Nor, let them feel thy heavier ire ;
Chastise them not with poverty !
Though cold in soul as confined dust,
Their hearts as tearless, dead, and dry,
Let them in outraged mercy trust,
And *find* that mercy they deny !

Elliott.

Prayer for the Monthly Concert.

LXXII.

REGINALD HEBER.

From foes that would the land devour ;
From guilty pride, and lust of power ;
From wild sedition's lawless hour ;
 From yoke of slavery ;
From blinded zeal by faction led ;
From giddy change by fancy bred ;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
 Good Lord, preserve us free !

My Fatherland.

Where is my Fatherland ?
Where fires of spirits high were glowing,
Where flower crowns for the fair were growing,
Where manly hearts, glad freedom knowing,
 Burned for all holy things to stand—
 There was my Fatherland !

Why weeps my Fatherland ?
Because her people's rulers, quaking
At mad oppression's wrath outbreaking,
Crouch, all their holy vows forsaking,
 Because her cries no ear command,—
 This weeps my Fatherland !

Defend, oh God ! with guardian hand,
 The laws and rulers of our land,
 And grant our church thy grace to stand,
 In faith and unity !
 The Spirit's help of thee we crave,
 That thou whose blood was shed to save,
 May'st, at thy second coming, have
 A flock to welcome thee !

Whom calls my Fatherland ?
 Though stricken deep, yet not despairing—
 She calls aloud with steadfast bearing,
 For Freedom,—for a saviour-daring,
 To stay the avenger's scourging hand,—
 These calls my Fatherland !

What will my Fatherland ?
 Her foe's slave-host she yet will shatter,
 Will from her soil the blood-hounds scatter,
 She will have free sons gazing at her,—
 This will my Fatherland !

What hopes my Fatherland ?
 In her just cause she hopes unshaken ;
 Hopes her true sons will yet awaken,
 Hopes in God's mercy, though forsaken,—
 That her deliverer forth shall stand !
 This hopes my Fatherland !

Free translation from Korner.

Devotion to the Cause of Christ.

LXXIII.*

M. W. CHAPMAN.

THE memory of the faithful dead
Be on their children's hearts this day !
Your father's God, their host that led,
Will shield you through the stormy way.
Your Saviour bids you seek and save
The trampled and the oppressed of earth,
At his command the storm to brave,
Faithful and true ! come boldly forth !
Their suffering though your souls must share—
Though pride oppress and hate condemn,
Stand up ! and breathe your fearless prayer
For those in bonds as bound with them.
Unheeded fall the fierce command
That bids the struggling soul be dumb !
Shout with a voice to rouse a land !
Bid the free martyr spirit come !

* The present times will be but imperfectly understood by those who shall come after us; none but those *now living*, and possessing an opportunity of *seeing* the play of the machinery set in motion by the controllers of the clergy, can appreciate the strength of soul it now requires to 'pray publicly' for master and slave.

Searcher of hearts, to thee we bow—
Uphold us with thy staff and rod.
Our fervent hearts are ready now—
We come to do thy will, oh God!

Circumspection.**LXXIV.**

WESLEY.

WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.

That Wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart ;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

Fifteenth Psalm of David.

LXXV.

WATTS.

Who shall inhabit in thy hill,
Oh God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

To George Thompson.

L. M. CHILD.

I've heard thee when thy powerful words
Were like the cataract's roar—
Or like the ocean's mighty waves
Resounding on the shore.

But even in reproof of sin,
Love brooded over all—
As the mild rainbow's heavenly arch
Rests on the waterfall.

I've heard thee in the hour of prayer,
When dangers were around :
Thy voice was like the royal harp,
That breathed a charmed sound.

The evil spirit felt its power,
And howling turned away ;
And some, perchance, ' who came to scoff,
Remained with thee to pray.'

The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbor wrong.

The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord ;
And though, to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor ;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

I've seen thee, too, in playful mood,
When words of magic spell
Dropped from thy lips like fairy gems,
That sparkled as they fell.

Still great and good in every change !
Magnificent and mild !
As if a seraph's godlike power
Dwelt in a little child !

Ye are the Salt of the Earth.*

LXXVI.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

SALT of the earth! ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind;
Lights of the world! whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind;

To Benjamin Lundy.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Self taught, unaided, poor, reviled, contemned—
Beset with enemies, by friends betrayed;
As madman and fanatic oft condemned,
Yet in thy noble cause still undismayed;

* 'In every age of the world, there have been some,—salt of the earth,—who have been true alike to God and man: and there is such a sprinkling in every community; men who in the equal love of their Father and their brethren, learn how to purpose and act; and purpose and act according to their convictions. Society would have been dissolved ages ago in every civilized country, but for the rectitude of the few who have thought for themselves, and acted to God, instead of yielding to, or augmenting the force, by which the mass would otherwise have been whirled away from the eternal principles on which its security depends. These few have constituted the centripetal force by which the centrifugal has been checked. Theirs has been a glorious lot on earth, and they must hold some of the highest places in heaven. Though their human affections must have been often lacerated here, there must have been an incessant healing, by an effusion from their divine sympathies; and, if they now look down upon the abodes of mortals, they cannot but gloriously remember that their own blood and tears are the bond by which men are united in families and citizenship.'—*Harriet Martineau.*

Where misery spreads her deepest shade,
 Your strong compassion glows ;
 From your blest lips the balm proceeds,
 That softens human woes.

By dying beds, in prison glooms
 Your frequent steps are found :—
 Angels of love ! you hover near
 To bind the stranger's wound.

You wash with tears the bloody page
 That human crimes deform,
 When vengeance threatens, your prayers ascend
 To break the threatening storm.

Leonidas thy courage could not boast ;
 Less numerous were his foes, his band more strong :
 Alone unto a more than Persian host
 Thou hast undauntedly given battle long.
 Nor shalt thou singly wage the unequal strife ;
 Unto thy aid with spear and shield I rush,
 And freely do I offer up my life,
 And bid my heart's blood find a wound to gush !
 New volunteers are trooping to the field—
 To die we are prepared—but not an inch to yield.

To the Victim of Tyranny.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Prisoner ! within these narrow walls close pent,—
 Guiltless of horrid crime or trivial wrong,—
 Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
 And in thy innocence be tall and strong !

As down the summer stream of woe
The thoughtless many glide ;
Upward ye steer your steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.

Where guilt her foul contagion breathes,
And golden spoils allure,
Unspotted still your garments shine,
Your hands are ever pure.

When'er you touch the poet's lyre
A loftier strain is heard ;—
Each ardent thought is yours alone,
And every burning word.

Yours is the large expansive thought,
The high heroic deed ;
Exile and chains to you are dear,
To you 't is sweet to bleed.

Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind ;
Thou did'st oppose some vile, oppressive law ;
Or strive all human fetters to unbind ;
Or would'st not bear the implements of war :
What then ? Dost thou so soon repent the deed ?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's !
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory midst the intensest sufferings !
Though beat—imprisoned—put to open shame—
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

You lift on high the warning voice
When public ills prevail ;
Yours is the writing on the wall
That turns the tyrant pale.

The dogs of hell your steps pursue
With scoff, and shame, and loss,
The hemlock bowl 't is yours to drain,
To taste the bitter cross.

The Free Mind.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

High walls and huge, the *body* may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massy bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways :
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control !
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose :
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes !
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers ;
It visits home, to hear the fire-side tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours.
'T is up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star !

Yet yours is all—through history's page
The kindling bosom feels ;
And at your tomb with throbbing heart,
The fond enthusiast kneels.

And pæans loud in every tongue,
And choral hymns resound ;
And lengthening honors hand your name
To Time's remotest bound.

Proceed, your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure !
You come, commissioned from on high,
And your reward is sure.

Coming of Christ in the Power of his Gospel.

LXXVII.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

LORD JESUS, come ! for here
Our path through wilds is laid,
We watch, as for the day spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

Lord, Jesus, come ! for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
And famished thousands crave their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.

Lord Jesus, come ! for hosts
Meet on the battle plain—
There patriots mourn ; the tyrant boasts ;
And tears are shed like rain.

Hark ! herald voices near
Proclaim thy happier day.
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear !
We wait to strew thy way.

Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power !
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

Prayer of the Martyr.

LXXVIII.

WESLEY.

God of Israel's faithful three,
Who braved the tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked unhurt in fire :

Breathe their faith into my breast ;
Arm me in this fiery hour ;
Stand, O Son of Man, confest
In all thy saving power !

Vision of Martyrdom.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

What means yon blaze on high ?
The empyrean sky
Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending.
I see the star paved land,
Where all the angels stand,
Even to the highest height in burning rows ascending.
Some with their wings dispread,
And bowed the stately head,
As on some mission of God's love departing,
Like flames from midnight conflagration starting ;
Behold the appointed messengers are they,
And nearest earth they wait to waft our souls away.

Higher and higher still,
More lofty statures fill,
The jasper courts of of the everlasting dwelling ;
Cherub and Seraph pace
The illimitable space,
While sleep the folded plumes from their white shoulders swelling.
From all the harping throng,
Bursts the tumultuous song,
Like the unceasing sounds of cataracts pouring ;
Hosanna o'er Hosanna louder soaring,
That faintly echoing down to earthly ears,
Hath seemed the consort sweet of the harmonious spheres.

Prayer of the Martyr.

For while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
 My soul disdains to fear ;
 Sin and suffering I defy,
 Still impotently near ;

Still my rapt spirit mounts,
 And lo ! beside the founts
 Of flowing light, Christ's chosen saints reclining ;
 Distinct amid the blaze
 Their palm crowned heads they raise,
 Their white robes even thro' that o'erpowering lustre shining,
 Each in his place of state,
 Long the bright twelve have sate
 O'er the celestial Zion high uplifted,
 While those with deep prophetic rapture, gifted,
 Where life's glad river rolls its tideless streams,
 Enjoy the full completion of their heavenly dreams.

Again—I see again
 The great victorious train,
 The martyr army from their toils reposing ;
 The blood red robes they wear,
 Empurpling all the air,
 Even their immortal limbs, the signs of wounds disclosing.
 Oh holy Stephen ! thou
 Art there, and on thy brow
 Hast still the placid smile it wore in dying,
 When under the heaped stones in anguish lying,
 Thy clasping hands were fondly spread to Heaven,
 And thy last accents prayed thy foes might be forgiven.

Beyond ! oh who is there
 With the white snowy hair ?
 'T is he, 't is he, the Son of Man appearing !

Earth and hell their wars may wage,
Calm I mark their vain design;
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a truth of thine.

At the right hand of one
The darkness of whose throne
The sun-eyed seraph host behold with awe and fearing,
O'er him the rainbow springs,
And spreads its emerald wings,
Down to the glassy sea, his loftiest seat o'erarching,
Hark!—thunders from his throne like steel-clad armies marching!
The Christ! the Christ commands us to his home!
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come, we come, we come!

Looking to Jesus.

LXXIX.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father! thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

Prayer of Sir Henry Vane on the Scaffold.*

‘Bring us, O Lord, into the true mystical Sabbath-state, that we may cease from our own works, rest from our labors, not think our own thoughts, find our own desire, or walk in the way of our own hearts, but become a meet habitation of thy spirit by the everlasting covenant, the place of thy rest. Let the spirit of God and of glory, that is greater than he that is in the world, rest upon us, work in and by us mightily, to the pulling down of flesh and blood, the strongholds of sin and Satan in ourselves and others, causing us to suffer

* He suffered, June 13, 1662, for the same principles for which the Abolitionists are now contending. To his labors as much as to any other one cause, do we owe the freedom of New-England.

O thou, who art our life !

Be with us through the strife !

Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests' bowed.

under the fire-baptism thereof, as that we may cease from sin forever or from that fleshly, mutable, and temporary state of life and righteousness, which at best is liable to roll back into sin again, to be entangled, overcome, and finally triumphed over by the pollutions of this world.

Thine eyes, O Lord, run to and fro through the whole earth. Thou art the supreme disposer of all the kingdoms of men, giving them to whomsoever thou wilt. Whatever cross-blows thou sufferest to be given thy people for a season, thou orderest all to thine own glory, and their true advantage. But thou hast a set time for Sion's deliverance. Let the exceeding near approach of this, bear up the spirits of thy poor despised ones, in this day of extremity and suffering, from sinking and despondency. Carry them through their suffering part, with a holy triumph, in thy chariots of salvation. How long, O Lord, holy and true ? Make haste to help the remnant of thy people. Break the heavens and come down, touch the mountains of prey, the kingdoms of this evil world, and let them smoke.

But, Lord, be this dispensation of what continuance it will, for the serving of thy most gracious and wise designs, let the spirit and resolution of thy servants be steady and unchangeable, that whether they live, they may live to the Lord, that died for them ; or whether they die, they may die to the Lord, who lives forever to make intercession for them, that they may glorify thee with their bodies and spirits, whether by life or by death.

Thou knowest, O Lord, that in the faith of Jesus, and for the truth as it is in Jesus, thy servant desires to die. In this faith, dear Lord, I have lived, and in this faith and profession I die. Now set thy seal to it, and remove the reproaches and calumnies with which

Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

thy servant is reproached, for thou knowest his innocency. Dear Father, thou sentest us unto this world; but this world is not our home, we are strangers and pilgrims in it, as all our fathers were. We have no abode here, but there is a house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, that, when this tabernacle is dissolved, we may enter into.

Thou seest and knowest all things, and art able to witness to the truth and integrity of thy servant. When his blood is shed upon the block, let it have a voice afterward, that may speak his innocency, and strengthen the faith of thy servants in the truth.

The desire of our soul is to hasten to thee, O God, to be dissolved, that we may be with Christ. Blessed be thy name, that this great strait that we were before in, is now determined; that there is no longer abode for me in this mortal body. Let thy servant speak something in behalf of the nation, wherein he hath lived. Lord, did we not exceed other nations in our day? Great things have been done by thee in the midst of us. O that thou wouldst look down in pity and compassion, and pardon the sins of this whole nation, and lay them not to their charge; show them what is thy good and acceptable will, and bring them into subjection thereunto. We humbly pray thee, O Lord, look down with compassion upon this great and populous city; cleanse away the impurity, sinfulness, and defilements thereof; cause their souls to delight in thy word, that they may live. Let a spirit of reformation and purity spring up in and among them with power; make them willing to lay down all that is dear to them for thee, that thou mayest give them a crown of life. We are assured that thou knowest our suffering case and condition. We desire to give no just occasion of offence, nor to provoke any, but in meekness to forgive our enemies. Thy servant, that is now

Even through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend ! Guardian ! Saviour ! which doth lead to
thee.

falling asleep, doth heartily desire of thee, that thou wouldst forgive them, and not lay this sin to their charge.'

His last words were : ' Father, glorify thy servant in the sight of man, that he may glorify thee in the discharge of his duty to thee and to his country.

' I bless the Lord, who hath accounted me worthy to suffer for his name. Blessed be the Lord, that I have kept a conscience void of offence to this day. I bless the Lord, that I have not deserted the righteous cause, for which I suffer.' In an instant, and at a single blow, the executioner discharged his office.

Prejudice Reproved.

LXXX.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

God gave to Afric's sons
A brow of sable dye,—
And spread the country of their birth
Beneath a burning sky,—
And with a cheek of olive, made
The little Hindoo child,
And darkly stained the forest tribes
That roam our Western wild.

Remember the Slave.

E. L. FOLLEN.

MOTHER ! when around your child
You clasp your arms in love,
And when with grateful joy you raise
Your eyes to God above,—

Think of the negro mother, when
Her child is torn away,
Sold for a little slave,—oh then
For the poor mother pray !

Father ! when'er your happy boys
You look upon with pride,
And pray to see them, when you 're old
All blooming by your side ;—

Think of that father's withered heart,
The father of a slave,
Who asks a pitying God to give
His little son a grave.

To me he gave a form
Of fairer, whiter clay,—
But am I, therefore, in his sight,
Respected more than they?—
No.—'T is the hue of deeds and thoughts
He traces in his book,—
'T is the complexion of the heart,
On which he deigns to look.

Not by the tinted cheek,
That fades away so fast,

Brothers and sisters ! who with joy
Meet round the social hearth,
And talk of home and happy days,
And laugh in careless mirth ;—

Remember too the poor young slave
Who never felt your joy ;
Who early old, has never known
The bliss to be a boy.

Ye Christians ! ministers of him
Who came to make men free,
When at the Almighty Maker's throne
You bend the suppliant knee ;—

From the deep fountains of your soul
Then let your prayers ascend,
For the poor slave, who hardly knows
That God is still his friend.

Let all who know that God is just,
That Jesus came to save,
Unite in the most holy cause
Of the forsaken slave.

But by the color of the soul,
We shall be judged at last.
And God, the Judge, will look at me
With anger in His eyes,
If I, my brother's darker brow
Should ever dare despise.

The Fraternity of Man.

LXXXI.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies ;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on him whose power
Upholds the life he gave ;
The sage within his star-lit tower,
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'T is man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low ;
And worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

O ! let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love :
In power and wealth exult no more ;
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low ! your shame and fear :
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
Your common claims revere.

*Faneuil Hall.***LXXXII.**

LUCIUS MANLIUS SARGENT.

HERE freedom's life-cry taught the brave,
Our belted fathers, to be free.
To thee O Lord, the child they gave ;
Thine was their cause, their trust in thee.

Inmortal guides ! we hear them still :
Their watchword still, ‘ Be free, be free ! ’
God of eternal truth, we will !
Our cause is thine, our trust in thee.

Before thy throne we boast the name
Of freemen :—God, thy frown is just.
Immortals, break your bonds of shame !
Arise, inebriates, from the dust !

Slavery and death the cup contains ;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys,
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days !

Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound :
The wife regains a husband freed !
The orphan clasps a father found !

Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

With nature's draught your goblets fill,
And pledge the world that ye are free !
God of eternal truth we will !
Our cause is thine, our trust in thee ! *

Sympathy and Faith.

LXXXIII.

Hark ! I hear the voice of anguish,
In my own, my native land ;
Brethren doomed in chains to languish,
Lift to heaven the fettered hand,
And despairing,
Death to end their grief demand.

* Are ye so poor
Of soul, my countrymen, that ye can draw
Strength from no deeper source than that which sends
The red blood mantling through the joyous veins,
And gives the fleet step wings ? Why, how have age
And sensitive womanhood e'er now endured
Through pangs of searching fire, in some proud cause,
Blessing that agony ?—Think ye the power
Which bore them nobly up, as if to teach
The torturer where eternal heaven had set
Bounds to his sway, was earthly, of this earth,
This dull mortality ? Nay I say ! the soul
Hath that within it, kindling through the dust,
That from all time hath made high deeds its voice
And token to the nations ! *Felicia Hemans.*

Let us raise our supplication,
 For the scourged and suffering slave—
 All whose life is desolation,
 All whose hope is in the grave ;
 God of mercy !
 From thy Throne, O hear and save.

Those in bonds we would remember,
 Lord ! our hands with theirs are bound ;
 With each helpless suffering member,
 Let our sympathies be found,
 Till our labors
 Spread the smile of freedom round.

Even now the word is spoken :
 ‘ Tyrants’ cruel power must cease—
 From the slave the chain be broken—
 Captives hail the kind release ’ :
 Then in splendor
 Christ shall reign, the Prince of Peace !

And for whom
 Hath He, who shakes the mighty with a breath
 From their high places, made the fearfulness,
 And ever-wakeful presence of his power,
 To the pale startled earth most manifest,
 But for the weak ?—Was’t for the helmed and crowned
 That suns were stayed at noonday ?—Stormy seas
 As a rill parted ?—Mailed archangels sent
 To wither up the strength of kings with death ?

—I tell you, if these marvels have been done,
 'T was for the wearied and the oppressed of men,
 They needed such!—And generous faith hath power
 By her prevailing spirit, e'en yet to work
 Deliverances, whose tale shall live with those
 Of the great elder time. *Felicia Hemans.*

Zeal and Devotion.

LXXXIV.

KEBLE.

Ye shall indeed drink of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with; but to sit on my right hand and on my left is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father. *St. Matthew xx. 23.*

Sit down and take thy fill of joy
 At God's right hand, a bidden guest,
 Drink of the cup that cannot cloy,
 Eat of the bread that cannot waste.
 O great Apostle! rightly now
 Thou readest all thy Saviour meant,
 What time His grave yet gentle brow
 In sweet reproof on thee was bent.

‘ Seek ye to sit enthroned by me ?
 Alas ! ye know not what ye ask,

The first in shame and agony,
 The lowest in the meanest task—
 This can ye be? and can ye drink
 The cup that I in tears must steep,
 Nor from the whelming waters shrink
 That o'er me roll so dark and deep?'

' We can—thine are we, dearest Lord,
 In glory and in agony,
 To do and suffer all Thy word;
 Only be Thou for ever nigh.'
 ' Then be it so—my cup receive,
 And of my woes baptismal taste:
 But for the crown that angels weave,
 For those next me in glory placed.

I give it not by partial love;
 But in my Father's book are writ
 What names on earth shall lowliest prove,
 That they in Heaven may highest sit.'
 Take up the lesson, O my heart;
 Thou Lord of meekness, write it there,
 Thine own meek self to me impart,
 Thy lofty hope, thy lowly prayer.

If ever on the mount with thee,
 I seem to soar in vision bright,

With thoughts of coming agony *

Stay thou the too presumptuous flight :
Gently along the vale of tears

Lead me from Tabor's sunbright steep,
Let me not grudge a few short years

With Thee toward heaven to walk and weep.

Convention.

LXXXV.

CHILDREN of the glorious dead,
Who for freedom fought and bled,
With her banner o'er you spread,
On to victory.

Voice of New England.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Is this the land our fathers loved ?

The Freedom which they toiled to win ?

Is this the soil whercon they moved ?

Are these the graves they slumber in ?

Are *we* the sons by whom is borne

The mantles which the dead have worn ?

And shall we crouch above these graves

With craven soul and fettered lip ?

Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,

And tremble at the driver's whip ?

* St. Matthew xvii. 12. 'Likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them.' This was just after the transfiguration.

Not for stern ambition's prize,
 Do our hopes and wishes rise ;
 Lo, our Leader, from the skies,
 Bids us do or die.

Ours is not the tented field—
 We no earthly weapons wield—
 Light and Love, our sword and shield,
 Truth our Panoply.

Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
 And speak—but as our masters please ?

Shall outraged nature cease to feel ?
 Shall mercy's tear no longer flow ?
 Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—
 The dungeon's gloom—the assassin's blow,
 Turn back the spirit roused to save
 Our 'Truth—our Country—and the Slave ?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
 Whereon the priests of Mexico
 Before their loathsome idol prayed—
 Is Freedom's Altar fashioned so ?
 And must we yield to Freedom's God,
 As offering meet, the negro's blood ?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
 Which well might shame extremest hell ?
 Shall Freemen lock the indignant thought ?
 Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell ?
 Shall honor bleed ?—Shall Truth succumb ?
 Shall pen, and press, and *soul* be dumb ?

This is proud oppression's hour ;
 Storms are round us : shall we cower ?
 While beneath a despot's power
 Groans the suffering slave ?

While on every southern gale
 Comes the helpless captive's tale,
 And the voice of woman's wail,
 And of man's despair ?

No—by each spot of haunted ground
 Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—
 By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—
 By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—
 By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—
 By all the memories of our dead !

By their enlarging souls, which burst
 The bands and fetters round them set—
 By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
 Within our inmost bosoms yet,—
 By all above—around—below—
 Be ours the indignant answer—No !

No—guided by our country's laws,
 For truth, and right, and suffering man,
 Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
 As Christians *may*—as Freemen *can* !
 Still pouring on unwilling ears
 That truth oppression only fears.

What—shall we guard our neighbor still,
 While woman shrieks beneath his rod,
 And while he tramples down at will
 The image of a common God !

While our homes and rights are dear,
 Guarded still with watchful fear,
 Shall we coldly turn our ear
 From the suppliant's prayer ?

Never ! by our country's shame—
 Never ! by a Saviour's claim
 To the men of every name,
 Whom he died to save.

Shall watch and ward be round him set
 Of northern nerve and bayonet ?

And shall we know and share with him
 The danger and the open shame ?
 And see our Freedom's light grow dim,
 Which should have filled the world with flame ?
 And, writhing, feel where'er we turn,
 A world's reproach around us burn ?

Is 't not enough that this is borne ?
 And asks our haughty neighbor more ?
 Must fetters which his slaves have worn,
 Clank round the Yankee farmer's door ?
 Must *he* be told beside his plough,
 What he must speak, and *when*, and *how* ?

Must *he* be told his freedom stands
 On Slavery's dark foundations strong—
 On breaking hearts and fettered hands,
 On robbery, and crime, and wrong ?
 That all his fathers taught is vain—
 That freedom's emblem is the chain ?

Onward, then, ye fearless band—
Heart to heart, and hand to hand ;
Yours shall be the patriot's stand—
Or the martyr's grave.

Its life—its soul from *slavery* drawn ?
False—foul—profane ! go—teach as well
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born—
Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell !
Of Virtue nursed by open Vice—
Of Demons planting Paradise !

Rail on, then, 'brethren of the South'—
Ye shall not hear the truth the less—
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,
No fetter on the Yankee's press !
From our Green Mountains to the Sea,
One voice shall thunder—*we are Free!*

Seventy-second Psalm of David.

LXXXVI.

WATTS.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold ! the islands, with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings :
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in Eastern gold :
And barbarous nations at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.*

* Faites seulement que l'Évangile pénètre dans l'âme des barbares, et vous verrez s'éteindre les castes, la tyrannie, l'esclavage, qui est le mépris de l'homme et le fanatisme qui est l'ignorance de Dieu.—*L. Aimé Martin.*

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

The American Female Slave.

LXXXVII.

ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER.

DAUGHTERS of the Pilgrim Sires,
Dwellers by their mould'ring graves,
Watchers of their altar fires,
Look upon your country's slaves !

Lament of the Free Africans for Gungo Park.

P. M. JAMES.

Where the wild Joliba
Rolls its deep waters,
Sat at their evening toil
Afric's dark daughters,
Where thick the mangroves
Broad shadows are flinging,
Each o'er her lone loom,
Bent mournfully singing :—
Alas for the white man ! o'er deserts a ranger,—
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.

Through the deep forest
Fierce lions are prowling ;
Mid thickets entangling,
Hyenas are howling ;

Look ! 't is woman's streaming eye,
These are woman's fettered hands,
That to you, so mournfully,
Lift sad glance, and iron bands.

Scars are on her fettered limbs,
Where the savage scourge hath been ;
But the grief her eye that dims,
Flows for deeper wounds within.

There should he wander,
Where danger lurks ever,
To his home, where the sun sets,
Return shall he never :—
Alas for the white man ! o'er deserts a ranger,—
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.

The hands of the Moor,
In his wrath do they bind him ?
Oh, sealed is his doom
If the Savage Moor find him !
More fierce than hyenas,
Through darkness advancing,
Is the course of the Moor,
And his eyes' fiery glancing :—
Alas for the white man o'er deserts a ranger,—
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.

He launched his light bark,
Our fond warnings despising,
And sailed for the land,
Where the day-beams are rising.

For the children of her love,
 For the brothers of her race,
 Sisters, like vine-branches wove,
 In one early dwelling place—

For the parent forms that hung
 Fondly o'er her infant sleep,
 And for him to whom she clung,
 With affection true and deep—

By her sad forsaken hearth,
 'T is for these she wildly grieves !
 Now all scattered o'er the earth,
 Like the wind-strewn autumn leaves !

His wife from her bower,
 Will look forth in her sorrow,
 But he ne'er shall return :—
 To her hope of to-morrow :—
 Alas for the white man ! o'er deserts a ranger,—
 No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.

Oh, loved of the Lotus,
 Thy waters adorning !
 Pour, Joliba ! pour
 Thy full streams to the mourning !
 The Halcyon may take
 Thy light wave for her pillow,
 But wo to the white man,
 That trusts to thy billow :—
 Alas for the white man ! o'er deserts a ranger,—
 No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.

Ev'n her babes so dear, so young,
And so treasured in her heart,
That the cords which round them clung,
Seemed its life, its dearest part—

These, ev'n these where torn away !
These, that when all else were gone,
Cheered the heart, with one bright ray,
That still bade its pulse beat on !

Then to still her frantic wo,
The inhuman scourge was tried,
Till the tears that ceased to flow,
Were with redder drops supplied.

And can you behold unmoved,
All the crushing weight of grief,
That her aching heart has proved,
Seeking not to yield relief ?

Are not woman's pulses warm,
Beating in that anguished breast ?
Is it not a sister's form,
On whose limbs those fetters rest ?

Oh then save her from a doom,
Worse than aught that ye may bear ;
Let her pass not to the tomb,
Midst her bondage and despair.

Abolition of the Foreign Slave Trade.

LXXXVIII.*

To Thee, Almighty, gracious power,
Who sit'st, enthroned, in radiant heaven,
On this blessed morn, this hallowed hour,
The homage of the heart be given !

The nations heard his loud commands !
Britannia kindly sets us free ;
Columbia rends the galling bands,
And gives the sweets of Liberty.

Then strike the lyre :—your voices raise !
Let gratitude inspire your song ;
Pursue religion's holy ways,
Shun sinful pleasure's giddy throng ;

Then, we our freedom shall retain,
In peace, and love, and cheerful toil,
And plenty cheer us from the main,
And golden harvests from the soil.

* Sung at the Boston celebration of the Abolition of the Foreign Slave Trade, July 14, 1808. Sermon by Jediah Morse, D. D. Remainder of the services by Rev. Mr. Blood, Rev. Mr. Channing, and Rev. Mr. Codman.

Ye nations that to us restore
The rights that God bestowed on all
For you his blessing we implore ;
O listen further to his call !

From one paternal stem ye spring,
A kindred blood your bosoms own,
Your kindred tongues God's praises sing,
And beg forgiveness at his throne.

O then, your mutual wrongs forgive !
Unlock your hearts to social love,
So shall ye safe and happy live,
By grace and blessings from above.

To the Advocates of Emancipation.

LXXXIX.

KELLEY.

MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth ;

Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

Of his Gospel not ashamed,
 As the power of ' God to save,'
Go, where Christ was never named,
 Publish freedom to the slave !
Blessed freedom !
Such as Zion's children have.

When exposed to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend ;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your friend,
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

We shall not assume it as a fact in mental science, that the power of *truth* upon a sinner's conscience, depends on his *not* suspecting that we desire his *self-application* of it. We shall not deem it an unpardonable personality to say to the titled transgressor—' *Thou art the man*'—nor evidence of an unchristian spirit, to use the language of Christ—nor ' vituperation,' to ' speak the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth '—nor headstrong to persevere, ' whether men will hear or whether they will forbear '—nor unduly ' censorious ' to censure whom truth and scripture censure—nor too denunciatory to announce God's revealed judgments—nor too harsh to say, ' *Wo to the wicked,*' when *He* commands us to say ' *Wo to the wicked*'—nor rash to stand where Omnipotent Justice and Mercy stand—nor imprudent to abide under the shadow of the Almighty.—*William Goodell.*

Baptism.

XC.

WATTS.

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
‘ I ’ll be a God to thee ;
I ’ll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me.’

To an Infant.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Remember, when thou com'st to riper years,
That unto God, from earliest infancy,
Thy grateful father dedicated thee,
And sought his guidance through this vale of tears.
Fear God—then disregard all other fears ;
Be, in his truth, erect, majestic, free ;
Abhor Oppression—cling to Liberty—
Nor recreant prove though horrid death appears.
I charge thee, in the name of him who died
On Calvary's cross,—an ignominious fate,—
If thou would'st reign with the Great Crucified,
Thy reputation and thy life to hate :—
Thus shalt thou save them both, nor be denied
A glittering crown and throne of heavenly state !

With humble faith, eternal King,
Thy promise we embrace :
To thee our infant offspring bring,
And supplicate thy grace.

O, dearest child of all this populous earth !
Yet no more precious than the meanest slave !
To rescue thee from bondage, I would brave
All dangers, and count life of little worth,
And make of stakes and gibbets scornful mirth.
Am I not perilling as much to save,
E'en now, from bonds, a race who freedom crave ?
To bless the sable infant from its birth ?
Yet I am covered with reproach and scorn,
And branded as a madman through the land !
But loving thee, *free one*, my own first born,
I feel for all who wear an iron band—
So heaven regard my son when I am gone,
And aid and bless him with a liberal hand !

Extension of Slavery in the United States.

XCI.

S. RIPLEY.

WEEP, sons of Freedom ! your honor is low ;
'Tis bleeding in liberty's desolate fane :
They whom ye trusted have bowed to the foe !
Oppression has conquered your country again.

Weep, sons of Freedom ! your scutcheon is
stained ;
'The star-spangled banner' waves proudly no
more :
'The land of the free' has been foully profaned ;
Again hath the tyrant prevailed on her shore !

Weep, sons of Freedom, o'er Liberty crushed !
Yet strive to deliver the down trodden slave ;
Though the foes of mankind bid your voices be
hushed ;
Though the poor of the land it is treason to save !

Weep, sons of Freedom ! for yet there is hope ;
The tears of repentance are pleasing to Him
Who casteth ye down, or lifteth ye up ;—
Let the cup of repentance be filled to the brim.

Haste ! sons of Freedom ! the burdens undo ;
 Break the yoke of your bondmen, and bid them
 be free :
 Then your light shall break forth as the morning
 anew ;—
 Your peace ‘ like a river ’ that flows to the sea.

The Day of Judgment.

XCII.

FROM every clime beneath the skies,
 Profaned by slavery’s chain,
 The prayers of captive millions rise ;
 And shall they plead in vain ?

The Solemn Song of a Righteous Heart.

[After the Fashion of an Old English Poet.]

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Poor fluttering Soule ! why tremble soe,
 To quitt Lyfe’s fast decaying Tree ;
 Time wormes its core, and it must bowe
 To Fates decree ;
 Its last branch breakes, but Thou must soare,
 For Evermore.

Shall man, of little power possessed,
His fellow worm enthrall ;
And rudely from his brother wrest
A blessing—given to all ?

Yes ! thus it is ;—yet, not unpaid,
His tyranny prevails ;
And all his barbarous deeds are weighed
In heaven's unerring scales.

Noe more thy wing shal touch grosse Earth ;
For under shal its shadows flee,
And al its sounds of Woe or Mirth
Growe strange to thee.
Thou wilt not mingle in its noyse,
And court its Joies.

Fond One ! Why cling thus unto Life,
As if its gaudes were meet for thee ;
Surely its Follie, Bloodshed, Stryfe,
Liked never thee ?
This World growes madder each newe daie,
Vice beares such sway.

Couldst thou in Slavish artes excel,
And crawle upon the suple knee—
Couldst thou each Woe-worn wretch repel,—
This Worldes for Thee.
Not in this Spheare Man ownes a Brother :
Then seek another.

And when the dark and silent grave
 Its gloomy jaws shall close,
 And the stern master and his slave
 Alike in dust repose,—

Couldst thou bewraie thy Birthright soe
 As flatter Guilt's prosperitye,
 And laude Oppressiounes iron blowe—
 This Worldes for Thee.
 Sithence to this thou wilt not bend.
 Life's at an end.

Couldst thou spurn Vertue meanly clad,
 As if it 'twere spotted Infamy,
 And prayse as Good what is most Bad—
 This Worldes for Thee.
 Sithence thou canst not will it soe,
 Poor Flutterer goe!

If Head with Hearte could so accord,
 In bond of perfyte Amitie,
 That Falsehood rained in Thoughte, Deed, Word—
 This Worldes for the Thee.
 But scorning guile, Truth-plighted one!
 Thy race is run.

Couldst thou laughe loude, when grieved hearts weep,
 And Fiendlyke probe theire Agonye,
 Rich harvest here thou soon wouldst reape—
 This Worldes for Thee;
 But with the Weeper thou must weepe.
 And sad watch keep.

Each bursting sigh, each bitter tear,
Each bosom's tortured beat,
Shall then in black array appear
Before the judgment seat.

Couldst thou smyle swete when Wrong hath wrung
The withers of the Poore but Prowde,
And by the rootes pluck out the tongue
That dare be lowde
In Righteous cause, whate'er may be—
This Worldes for Thee.

This canst thou not! Then fluttering thing
Unstained in thy puritye,
Sweep towards heaven with tireless wing—
Meet Home for Thee.
Feare not the crashing of Lyfe's Tree—
God's Love guides Thee.

Lord Deliver.

XCIII.

E. L. FOLLEN.

LORD deliver ! thou canst save,
Save from evil, Mighty God ;—
Hear ! oh hear the kneeling slave ;—
Break, oh break the oppressor's rod.

That captive's prayer—may it fill
All the earth, and all the sky ;
Every other voice be still,
While he pleads to God on high.

He whose ear is every where,
Who doth silent sorrow see,
He will hear the captive's prayer—
He can set the captive free.

From the tyranny within,
Save thy children, Lord, we pray ;
Chains of iron, chains of sin—
Let them all be cast away.

Love to man, and love to God,
These must all our weapons be ;
These can break the oppressor's rod,
These will set the captive free.

Freedom.**XCIV.**

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

Oh, Freedom ! with prophet's voice,
Bid the ends of the earth rejoice !
Wherever the proud are strong,
And right is oppressed by wrong—
Wherever the day dim shines,
Through the cell where the captive pines—
Go forth, with a trumpet's sound !
And tell to the nations round—
On the hills which the heroes trod,—
In the shrines of the saints of God,—
In the ruler's hall, and the martyr's prison,
That the slumber is broke and the sleeper
 arisen !
That the day of the scourge and the fetter is
 o'er,
And earth feels the tread of the Freeman once
 more !

Speaking the Truth in Love.

XCV.*

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight ;
My simple upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

Control my every thought ;
My whole of sin remove ;
Let all my works in thee be wrought ;
Let all be wrought in love.

From the Letter of Angelina Grimké.

‘ How earnestly have I desired, not that we may escape suffering, but that we may be willing to endure unto the end. If we call upon the slaveholder to suffer the loss of what he calls property, then let us show him we make this demand from a deep sense of duty, by being ourselves willing to suffer the loss of character, property—yea, and life itself, in what we believe to be the cause of bleeding humanity. My mind has especially turned towards those, who are standing in the forefront of the battle ; and the prayer has gone up for their preservation—not the preservation of their lives, but the preservation of their minds in humility and patience, faith, hope, and charity—that charity which is the bond of perfectness. At one time, I thought this system would be overthrown in blood, with the confused noise of the warrior ; but a hope gleams across my mind, that our blood will be spilt, instead of the slaveholders ; our lives will be taken, and theirs spared. Who that stands between the porch and the altar, weeping over the sins of the people, will not be willing to suffer, if such immense good will be accomplished.’

O arm me with the mind,
Saviour, that was in thee !
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call ;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

O may I love like thee !
In all thy footsteps tread !
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove !
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Justice and Equity.

XCVI.

WATTS.

COME, let us search our ways and see ;
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?

What we would have our neighbor do,
 Have we still done the same ?
 From others ne'er withheld the due,
 Which we from others claim ?

The Slaves.

Lo ! where to yon plantation drooping goes
 A sable herd of human kind ; while near
 Stalks a pale despot, and around him throws
 The scourge, that wakes, that punishes the tear.

O'er the far beach the mournful murmur strays,
 And joins the rude yell of the tumbling tide,
 As faint they labor in the solar blaze,
 To feed the luxury of wealth and pride !

And there are men, who, leaning on the laws,
 What they have purchased, claim a right to hold.
 Cursed be the tenure, cursed its cruel cause ;
 Freedom's a dearer property than gold !

And there are men, with shameless front have said
 ' That nature formed the negroes for disgrace ;
 That on their limbs, subjection is displayed ;
 The doom of slavery stamped upon their face.'

Send your stern gaze from Lapland to the line,
 And every region's natives fairly scan,
 Their forms, their force, their faculties combine,
 And own the vast variety of man !

Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turned from another's wo ?
The scorn, which wrings the poor man's breast,
Have we abhorred to show ?

Do we, in all we sell or buy,
Integrity maintain ;
And knowing God is always nigh,
Renounce unrighteous gain ?

Then why suppose yourselves the chosen few,
To deal oppression's poisoned arrows round ;
To gall with iron bonds, the weaker crew,
Enforce the labor, and inflict the wound ?

'T is sordid interest guides you. Bent on gain,
In profit only can ye reason find ;
And pleasure too ; but urge no more in vain,
The selfish subject, to the social mind.

Ah ! how can he, whose daily lot is grief,
Whose mind is vilified beneath the rod,
Suppose his Maker has for him relief ?
Can he believe the tongue that speaks of God ?

For when he sees the partner of his heart,
And his loved daughters, torn by lust away,
His sons, the poor inheritors of smart—
Had he religion, think ye, he could pray ?

Alas ! he steals him from the lonesome shed,
What time moist midnight blows her venom'd breath
And musing, how he long has toiled and bled,
Drinks the dire balsam of consoling death !

Then may we raise our fervent prayer
To God, the just and kind,
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

Haste, haste, ye winds, on swiftest pinions fly,
Ere from this world of misery he go,
Tell him, his wrongs bedew a nation's eye,
Tell him, Columbia blushes for his woe !

Say, that in future Negroes *shall be blest*,
Ranked e'en as men, and men's just rights enjoy ;
Be neither sold, nor purchased, nor opprest,
No grief shall wither, and no stripes destroy !

Say that fair Freedom bends her holy flight
To cheer the infant, and console the sire ;
So shall he, wondering, prove, at last, delight,
And in a throb of extacy expire.

Whenever the author's name is not prefixed, it is because I have been unable to ascertain it. The above verses were selected from the American Preceptor, a school book which has passed through *sixty-one* editions in New England. A blessing on the unseen sower of this good seed so widely scattered!—M. W. C.

Our Country is the World.

XCVII.

EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, everlasting King !
The influence of thy law increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

Washington's Statue.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Yes, rear thy guardian Hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou Western World !
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er Freedom's flag unfurled.

There, as before a shrine to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead ;
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit reared in truth and right,
The Virtue born of Home and Hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

In one vast symphony of praise,
Let every race and clime unite ;
And infidelity, ashamed,
Sink in the abyss of endless night.

Afric's emancipated sons
Shall shout to Asia's rapturous throng ;
Europe resound her Saviour's fame,
And western climes the note prolong.

From east to west, from north to south,
The Saviour's kingdom must extend ;
And *every man*, in *every face*,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surge's roar,
So girt with tranquil glory, stand
For ages on thy shore !

Such through all time the greetings be,
That with the Atlantic billow sweep !
Telling the Mighty and the Free
Of Brothers o'er the Deep !

The Christian Life.

XCVIII.

CHRIST had his sorrows ; when he shed
His tears, O Palestine, for thee !
When all but weeping females fled,
In his dark hour of agony.

Christ had his sorrows ; so must thou,
If thou wilt tread the path he trod ;
Oh, then, like him submissive bow,
And love the sovereignty of God.

Christ had his joys ; but they were not
The joys the son of pleasure boasts ;
Oh, no ! 'twas when his spirit sought
Thy will, thy glory, God of Hosts.
Christ had his joys ; and so hath he
Who feels his spirit in his heart—
Who yields, O God, his will to thee,
And loves thy name for what thou art.

Christ had his foes ; the prince of hell,
And all his angels sought his death !
See ! human hearts with malice swell,
And murder feign affection's breath !

Christ had his foes ; and so, if thou
Shalt with him walk and near him live,
The cruel world will hate thee now,
And thou shalt suffer—and forgive !

Christ had his friends ; his eye could trace,
Through the long train of coming years,
The chosen children of his grace,
The full reward of all his tears.

Christ had his friends—and his are thine,
If thou to him hast bowed the knee—
And where those ransomed millions shine
Shall thy eternal mansion be.

Prayer for the removal of Prejudice.

XCI.

Oh ! hear the wailing cry ;
The wretched slave complains,
His brother's hand deep wrong inflicts,
And binds in galling chains.

With scoffs that brother sees
Those chains his body bind,
And draws the more debasing cords
Around the immortal mind.

Oh, melt those flinty hearts,
Strong prejudice remove,
And teach thy paler children, Lord,
Thy sable sons to love.

The Hunting of Men.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Have ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest,—the hunting of men?
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn:
Hark—the cheer and the hallo!—the crack of the whip,
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match—
Though *hundreds* are caught, there are *millions* to catch:
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men!

Gay luck to our hunters!—how nobly they ride
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their pride!
The Priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,
Just screening the politic Statesman behind—
The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer—
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.
And woman—kind woman—wife, widow, and maid—
For *the good of the hunted*—is lending her aid:
Her foot 's in the stirrup—her hand on the rein—
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!

Hast thou not promised long ?
 We fain the day would see,
 When Ethiopia's trampled sons
 Shall stretch the hand to thee.

Oh ! goodly and grand is our hunting to see,
 In this ' land of the brave and this home of the free.'
 Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,
 All mounting the saddle—all grasping the rein—
 Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin
 Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin !—
 Wo, now to the hunted who turns him at bay !—
 Will our hunters be turned from their purpose and prey ?—
 Will their hearts fail within them ?—their nerves tremble, when
 All roughly they ride to the hunting of men ?

Ho—ALMS for our hunters !—all weary and faint
 Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint !
 The horn is wound faintly—the echoes are still
 Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.
 Haste—alms for our hunters !—the hunted once more
 Have turned from their flight with their backs to the shore :
 What right have *they* here in the home of the white,
 Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Freedom and Right ?
 Ho—alms for our hunters !—or never again
 Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men !

ALMS—ALMS for our hunters !—why will ye delay,
 When their pride and their glory are melting away ?
 The parson has turned ; for, on charge of his own,
 Who goeth a warfare, or hunting alone ?

Then speed the joyful time,
Bend every heart of pride,
Till humbled lord, and slave set free,
Shall worship side by side.

The politic statesman looks back with a sigh—
There is doubt in his heart—there is fear in his eye.
Oh ! haste—lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,
And the head of his steed take the place of his tail.
Oh ! haste, ere he leave us !—for who will ride then,
For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men !

Communion.

G.

M. W. CHAPMAN.

I seek within thy written word,
Thy latest will, ascended Lord.
How may I best thy servant be ?
What would'st thou, Son of God, with me ?

Our Countrymen in Chains.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

‘The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the Free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing ? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy ? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness, than a kingdom in its age ?’—*Dr. Follen's Address.*

‘Genius of America ! Spirit of our free institutions—where art thou ? How art thou fallen, oh Lucifer ! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven ! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming !—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha ! Aha !—art thou become like unto us ?’—*Speech of Rev. S. J. May.*

Our fellow countrymen in chains !

Slaves—in a land of light and law !—

Slaves—crouching on the very plains

Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war !

‘Thou seest how tyranny and wrong,
 Have vexed thy tear-stained soil so long—
 Thou seest through all thy weeping land,
 The red scourge in the oppressor’s hand—

A groan from Eutaw’s haunted wood—
 A wail where Camden’s martyrs fell—
 By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie’s wall and Jasper’s well !

By storied hill and hallowed grot.
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion’s men !—
 The groan of breaking hearts is there—
 The falling lash—the fetter’s clank !—
Slaves—*SLAVES* are breathing in that air
 Which old De Kalb and Sumpter drank !

What, ho !—*our* countrymen in chains !—
 The whip on woman’s shrieking flesh !
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
 Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh !
 What ! mothers from their children riven !—
 What ! God’s own image bought and sold !
 Americans to market driven,
 And bartered as the brute for gold !

Speak !—shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?
 To us—whose fathers scorned to bear
 The paltry menace of a chain ;—
 To us whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy liberty and light—
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right ?

Thou seest him trample in the dust,
 Each glorious memory of the just,
 And yield to slavery's mad control,
 The workings of his fettered soul.

What!—shall we send, with lavish breath,
 Our sympathies across the wave,
 Where manhood on the field of death
 Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?—
 Shall prayers go up—and hymns be sung
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning—
 And millions hail with pen and tongue
 Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
 By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
 And Poland, gasping on her lance,
 The impulse of our cheering call?
 And shall the slave, beneath our eye,
 Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
 And toss his fettered arm on high,
 And groan for freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh say, shall Prussia's banner be
 A refuge for the stricken slave:—
 And shall the Russian serf go free
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave;—
 And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
 Relax the iron hand of pride,
 And bid his bondmen cast the chain
 From fettered soul and limb, aside?

As I for thee, must thou prepare,
Thy body and thy blood to share,

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From 'farthest Ind' to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat—
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote.
Will not the scorching answer come
From turbaned Turk, and fiery Russ—
'Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn and ask the like of us!'

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth.

If so thou may'st thy brethren free !
Do this in memory of me !

Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
 The shadow of our fame is growing—
 Up—While ye pause, our sun may set
 In blood, around our altars flowing !

Oh rouse ye—ere the storm comes forth—
 The gathered wrath of God and man—
 Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
 When hail and fire above it ran.
 Hear ye no warnings in the air ?
 Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?
 Up—up—why will ye slumber where
 The sleeper only wakes in death ?

Up now for Freedom !—not in strife
 Like that your sterner fathers saw ;
 The awful waste of human life—
 The glory and the guilt of war :
 But break the chain—the yoke remove
 And smite to earth oppression's rod,
 With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
 Made mighty through the living God !

Prone let the shrine of Moloch sink,
 And leave no traces where it stood
 Nor longer let its idol drink
 His daily cup of human blood :
 But rear another altar there,
 To truth and love and mercy given,
 And Freedom's gift and Freedom's prayer
 Shall call an answer down from Heaven !

Blessings of Instruction.

CI.

BOWRING.

THE heart has tendrils like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,
Outspringing from the living tree
Of deeply planted sympathy ;
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss,
Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear,
Which an unwatered desert are ;
Yet there a curious eye may trace
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between,
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not—for wisdom's toil
Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil :
Yet care and culture might have brought
The ore of truth from mines of thought :
And fancy's fairest flowers had bloomed
Where truth and fancy lie entombed.

Insult him not—his blackest crime
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,
In spite of all thy pride, be less
Than e'en thy daily waywardness ;
Than many a sin and many a stain
Forgotten—and impressed again.

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of truth and love might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow :
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This be our duty, be our care !

And sweet it is the growth to trace,
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where are our labors first
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,
And lead it on from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower.

Convention.

CII.

M. W. CHAPMAN.

Hark ! Hark, to the trumpet call—
‘ Arise in the name of God most high ! ’
On ready hearts the deep notes fall,
And firm and full is the strong reply :
‘ The hour is at hand to do and dare !—
Bound with the bondsmen now are we !
We may not utter the patriot’s prayer,
Or bend in the house of God the knee !

Voice of New-England.

J. H. KIMBALL.

Go ! bear the tale of warning round,
Amid the free hills of the north,
And rocky peak, and wood, and dell,
Shall pour a living army forth :
Not unto battle and to blood,
Not girt and panoplied in steel,
But to a strife of heart with heart,
And armed with Christian faith and zeal.

Say ! shall the blood of the martyred slain,
 Sink vainly to the attesting earth ?
 To prison and exile, scourge and chain,
 Shall the faithful and the just go forth ?

Throng, throng, from your mountains green !
 Pour like a flood from your hill-tops white !
 With kindling hearts and voices keen,
 Swell high the song of truth and right.

A mighty sound the region fills—
 An awful voice from our fathers' graves !
 It comes from the brows of a thousand hills—
 ' Woe to the lords of a land of slaves ! '

Up, woman ! unto thee the prayer
 Of the oppressed and wronged is poured ;
 Not in the eloquence which speaks
 In uttered thought and and fervid word ;
 The lines of anguish and despair,
 Which mark the mother's lifted brow,
 The fire which wildly lights her eye,
 Are pleading with thy spirit now.

Oh, shall that prayer be poured in vain ?
 No ! by the truth of woman's love ;
 No ! by the lofty energies
 With which on Plymouth rock she strove.
 No ! she shall rise in moral power,
 And plead with man and plead with Heaven,
 Till broken is the oppressor's rod,
 And freedom to the slave is given.

Rise, for a slandered gospel's sake ;
Nor rest till the notes be heard again,
That erst on the Saviour's birth-night brake,
Of peace on earth—good will towards men.

Hark ! Hark, to the trumpet call,
And firm and full be the glad reply ;
On ready hearts the deep notes fall—
' Arise in the name of God most high ! '

Rouse, ALL, for God and Truth and man,
Redeem our country from its shame,
Perform the lofty deed of Right
And give us back an honored name ;
Unseal the Bible, burst the thrall
From intellect and soul apart,
Yield knowledge and religion way
Unto the desolated heart.

Compassion.

CIII.

DAUGHTERS of pity, tune the lay ;
To mourners joy belongs ;
While he that wipes all tears away
Accepts our thankful songs.

No altars smoke, no offerings bleed,
No guiltless lives expire ;
To help a brother in his need
Is all our rites require.

Our offering is a willing mind
To comfort the distressed ;
In others' good our own to find,
In others' blessings blest.

Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give ;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

God is no Respector of Persons.

CIV.

God made the world—in every land
His love and power abound :
All are protected by his hand
The spacious earth around.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia's burning sands
To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There in majestic power he reigns,
An ever present God.

All the inhabitants of earth
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of different nations, name, and birth,
He knows them every one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,
The polished and the wild :
He sees the king upon the throne,
And every little child.

While he regards the rich and fair,
 The noble and the brave,
He listens to the beggar's prayer
 And the poor negro slave.

He knows the worthy and the vile,
 And sends his mercy down ;
None are too mean to share his smile,
 Too high to feel his frown.

Great God, and since thy piercing eye
 My inmost heart can see,
Teach me from every sin to fly,
 And turn that heart to thee !

**Prayer of the Colored Mother of New
England.**

CV.

GREAT Father ! who created all,
 The colored and the fair :
Oh ! listen to a mother's call,
 Hear Thou, the negro's prayer.

Yet once again, thy people teach
With lessons from above,
That they may practice what they preach,
And all their neighbors love.

The Colored Mother of New England to her Infant.

Thy sparkling eye is full of light,
Thy heart beats high with joy,
And wo or care, from morn till night,
Disturbs not thee, my boy.
Smile now—for, o'er thy coming years,
A cloud of misery bends ;
Disgrace and shame, regret and tears,
Till earthly being ends.

Yes, yes—my child—that soul of thine,
Pure from its Maker's hand,
Destined, they tell us, yet to shine
In heaven, its native land ;
That soul, by God's all-wise decree,
Is shrined within a form
Of human shape and symmetry,
With life-blood red and warm !

Whose skin reflects a darker hue,
Than that the white man wears,
And for this cause thy early dew
Of joy must change for tears !
For thee from childhood's gleesome hour,
Through all thy onward track,
Are hard and bitter things in store,
Because thy skin is black !

Again, the gospel precepts give,
 Teach them this rule to know,
 Such treatment as ye would receive,
 Be willing to bestow.

Oh ! I have borne this shame about,
 In bitterness and grief,
 And till sweet peace a Saviour brought,
 I never found relief.
 A little girl, to school I went,
 With heart as light as air,
 And as my steps I thither bent,
 I breathed my morning prayer.

Into a corner, all alone,
 My place was there assigned,
 My lessons, books, were all my own,
 A mate I could not find.
 At play, upon my lonely state,
 No ray of kindness came ;
 They spurned me as a thing to hate,
 And *Negro* was my name.

At night, I reached my mother's cot,
 With heart oppressed with wo,
 And from my mother's lips I sought
 The cause of all to know.
 She said 't was *cruel prejudice* !
 That dwelt their breasts within,
 Which caused the treatment such as this,
 Of those of colored skin.

That this, my child, my only one—
 May never feel the smart
Of this unjust and cruel scorn,
 That withers all the heart.

Great Father! who created all,
 The colored and the fair :
Oh! listen to a mother's call,
 Hear Thou, the negro's prayer.

My hopes were crushed, my heart appalled,
 With this most foul disgrace ;
And then my teacher *stupid* called
 All creatures of my race!
Whene'er upon the Sabbath morn,
 I've sought the house of prayer,
My soul has sunk beneath the scorn
 The white man carries there.

Must thou, my child—my only one—
 Must thou, too, feel the smart
Of this unjust and cruel scorn,
 That withers all the heart ?
For cause beyond thy weak control,
 Has God for the desinged
This degradation of the soul,
 This slavery of the mind ?

No : scriptures say, that of *one blood*,
 Has God created *all*
The nations he has spread abroad,
 Upon this earthly ball.

Hymn for the Monthly Concert.

CVI.

W. H. HAYWARD.

HOLY Father, God of love,
Send thy spirit from above ;
Help us thy great name to sing,
God of mercy, heavenly King.

For the burdened slave would we
Ask the gift of liberty ;
For the weary souls oppressed,
We would ask thy peace and rest.

In thy gracious love arise,—
See his burden,—hear his cries,—
Rend his fetters,—set him free
From oppression's tyranny.

Then his thankful voice shall raise
Songs to thee of grateful praise :
Thy great love shall be his theme,
He shall own thee, Lord, supreme.

The Day of Jubilee.

CVII.

SOON shall the trump of freedom
Resound from shore to shore ;
Soon, taught by heavenly wisdom,
Man shall oppress no more :
But every yoke be broken,
Each captive soul set free—
And every heart shall welcome
The day of Jubilee.

Military Celebration of the Fourth of July.

BOWRING,

I hate that noisy drum !—It is a sound
That 's full of war and bondage,—and I blush
That Liberty had ever cause to rush
Into a warrior's arms—that *right* e'er found
Asylum in the furious field. Not so
The holy crowns of genuine glory grow—

Then tyrants' crowns and sceptres,
And victors' wreaths, and cars,
And galling chains, and fetters,
With all the pomp of wars,
Shall in the dust be trodden,
Till time shall be no more :
And peace, and joy, from heaven
The Lord on earth shall pour

Not there should they who bear the badge serene
Of him who was the Prince of Peace be seen.
Can such his faithful followers be ?—O no !
His laurels are not drenched in blood,—but green
And beautiful as spring :—His arms are love,
And mercy, and forgiveness ;—and with these
He rules the nations' mighty destines—
And gently leads us to our homes above.

The Mission of Christ.

CVIII.

DODDRIDGE.

HARK ! the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart a throne prepare,
And every voice a song.

On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its holy fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In wretched bondage held :
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace !
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

The Modern Pharisees.

CIX.

M. W. CHAPMAN.

There are who hate God's truth and laws :—
 There are who plead the oppressor's cause ;
 There are whose base degenerate souls,
 The breath of wealth and power controls.

State of the Church and the Ministry.

KEBLE.

Oh grief to think, that grapes of gall
 Should cluster round the healthiest shoot !
 God's herald prove a heartless thrall,
 Who, if he dared, would fain be mute !
 Even such in this bad world we see,
 Who, self-condemned in owning Thee,
 Yet, dare not open farewell of Thee take,
 For very pride, and their high-boasted Reason's sake.

On robbery and wrong they smile—
Confound the precious with the vile ;
Nor dare they meet the hate and loss
That waits the followers of the cross.

Forgive, oh Lord, the weight of shame
They bring upon a Saviour's name ;
And from their tender mercies, save
The tortured and insulted slave !

Forgive their sins :—our efforts bless
To lead their souls to righteousness ;
And, for the dawn of Freedom's day,
Lord, teach their willing hearts to pray !

Hymn for the Monthly Concert.

CX.

‘ BREAK every yoke,’ the Gospel cries,
‘ And let the oppressed go free ’ ;
Let every captive taste the joys
Of peace and liberty.

Lord, when shall man thy voice obey,
And rend each iron chain,
O when shall love its golden sway
O'er all the earth maintain.

Send thy good Spirit from above,
And melt the oppressor's heart,
Send sweet deliverance to the slave,
And bid his woes depart.

With freedom's blessings crown his day—
O'erflow his heart with love,
Teach him that strait and narrow way,
Which leads to rest above.

Fourth of July.

CXI.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

WE have a goodly clime,
Broad vales and streams we boast,
Our mountain frontiers frown sublime,
Old Ocean guards our coast ;
Suns bless our harvest fair,
With fervid smile serene,
But a dark shade is gathering there—
What can its blackness mean ?

We have a birth-right proud,
For our young sons to claim—
An eagle soaring o'er the cloud,
In freedom and in fame.

We have a scutcheon bright,
By our dead fathers bought :
A fearful blot disdains its white—
Who hath such evil wrought?

Our banner o'er the sea
Looks forth with starry eye,
Emblazoned glorious, bold and free,
A letter on the sky—
What hand with shameful stain
Hath marred its heavenly blue ?
The yoke, the fasces, and the chain,
Say, are these emblems true ?

Fourth of July.

I gazed ! and O 't was freedom's land,
Columbia's sunny shore,
With glorious struggle hand in hand,
Her noble sons, a patriot band,
For homes and altars took their stand,
Resolved to stoop no more.

Bright did the conquering banner wave,
On every mountain crest ;
But while the civic armies gave
Their thrilling shout, ' Be free ye brave '—
Again I marked the withering slave
At mammon's foot, oppressed !

This day doth music rare
 Swell through our nation's bound,
 But Afric's wailing mingles there,
 And Heaven doth hear the sound :
 O God of power !—we turn
 In penitence to thee,
 Bid our loved land the lesson learn—
 To bid the slave be free.

Oh darkly, darkly from my ken,
 Sunk all that proud array,
 My soul with loathing viewed the men,
 Her priests, her patriots; glorious then
As the free tiger in his den,
Unfettered on his prey !

Doff, doff, that crest of pride, ye clans,
 In dust your honors hide !
 The captive's tear has tracked your sands,
 The print of blood is on your lands,
 Doff, doff, that crest of pride.

Nay, wherefore at yon altar kneel ?
 Why lift to heaven your song ?
 Go, brother—for thy brother feel,
 Go, and the broken-hearted heal ;
 Go, leave thy gift, and blushing steal,
 To hear the captive's wrong.

Didst thou not breathe the glorious name,
 That Christian hearts adore ?
 Oh wash thee from thy mortal shame,
 Yield to thy brother saint his claim,
 Confess that from one blood ye came—
 Then go and sin no more.

Christian Resolution.

CXII.

CAROLINE WESTON.

To Freedom's cause, the cause of truth,
With joy we dedicate our youth ;
To Freedom's holy altar bring
Fortune and life as offering.

Temptations sore and deadly foes,
Our onward progress would oppose ;
And conflict stern we still must wage
With bigot hate and tyrant rage.

With scorn the foes of God and man
Our number and our weakness scan,
Feeble and few and distant far,
'T is ours to wage unequal war.

Yet are we strong, Oh God of might !
Ours are thy words of truth and right ;
And armed with these, in vain thy foes
Their thronging numbers may oppose.

In vain with blood-stained hands they rear,
Their proud abodes of grief and fear !
Shaking their glories to the ground,
Thy trumpet blast of truth we sound !

In earnest hope we wait the hour,
Foretold us by prophetic power,
When all shall come to thee, and own
The glorious kingdom of thy son.

Hymn for the Monthly Concert.

CXIII.

God of love, that hearest prayer,
Kindly for thy people care :
Who on thee alone depend :
Love us, save us to the end.

Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power ;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

Men of worldly low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.

Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honor at thy feet.

Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between ;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings !
Taste our glorious liberty ;
Find our happiness in thee !

Evening Song of the Weary.

CXIV.

FELICIA HEMANS.

FATHER of heaven and earth !
I bless thee for the night,
The soft still night !
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light !

Now far in the glade and dell,
 Flower cup, and bud and bell,
 Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's nest—
 The bee's long murmuring toils are done,
 And I, the o'erwearied one,
 O'erwearied and o'erwrought,
 Bless the, O God, O Father of the oppressed,
 With my last waking thought,
 In the still night !

Yes, ere I sink to rest,
 By the fire's dying light,
 Thou Lord of earth and heaven !
 I bless thee, who hast given
 Unto life's fainting travellers, the night,
 The soft, still, holy night,

Hymn for the Monthly Concert.

CXV.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear,
 Foes we have, but we 've a friend,
 One who loves us to the end ;

Forward then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful word will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares ;
Slavery, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart ;
But from hate and malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful word will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet—
To betray us into sin,
As the foes we have within ;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these ;
Then the joyful word will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

Hymn for the Monthly Concert.

CXVI.

CAROLINE W. SEWALL.

Lord, when thine ancient people cried,
Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king,
Thou did'st Arabia's sea divide,
And forth thy fainting Israel bring.

Lo, in these latter days *our* land,
Groans with the anguish of the slave ;
Lord God of hosts ! stretch forth thy hand,—
Not shortened that it cannot save.

The Truly Forlorn.

CAROLINE W. SEWALL.

Grievously the captive sighs,
Wearily his strength applies,
Joylessly his task pursues,
Hopelessly the future views.

Who his abject lot shall bless ?
Who shall soothe his soul's distress ?
Bring his happy children near ;
They his burdened heart will cheer.

Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
The lust of gain—the lust of power:
The day of Freedom usher in :
How long delays the appointed hour !

How long, oh Lord, how long !—we wake,
We watch, we weep, we cry to thee—
The oppressor hears yet heareth not.
Thou captive lead'st captivity.

Free young spirits God hath made
Such sweet ministry to aid.
Ah ! the light hath left their brow,
For the chain hath bound them now !

She who shared his leafy cot,
(Life was new, and griefs were not,)
Screened from day's too fervid gleams,
Filled his gourd by Afric's streams ;

She will come : affection's smile
Shall his fiercest woes beguile.
Ha ! the smile her lip hath past,
And the chain is round her cast !

Look to Christ ! mid'st wrongs and grief;
Sufferer, he will give relief.
Mountains fall and hide our shame !
He hath not even heard his name !

Thou, just God, art over all,—
For Thy help the helpless call.
Hearts of pride with mercy view,
For they know not what they do.

As thou of old to Miriam's hand,
 The thrilling timbrel did'st restore,
 And to the joyful song her land
 Echoed from desert to the shore—

Oh let thy smitten ones again
 Take up the chorus of the free ;
 ' Praise ye the Lord ! his power proclaim,
 For he hath triumphed gloriously ! '

The Last Night of Slavery.

CXVII.

LET the floods clap their hands !
 Let the mountains rejoice !
 Let all the glad lands
 Breathe a jubilant voice :
 The sun that now sets on the waves of the sea,
 Shall gild with his rising the land of the Free.

Let the islands be glad,
 For their King in his might,
 Who his glory hath clad
 With a garment of light ;
 In the waters the beams of his chambers hath laid,
 And in the green waters his pathway hath made.

No more shall the deep
Lend its awe-stricken waves
In their caverns to steep
Its wild burden of slaves :

The Lord sitteth King ;—sitteth King on the flood,
He heard, and hath answered the voice of their
blood.

Dispel the blue haze,
Golden fountain of morn !
With meridian blaze
The wide ocean adorn !

The sunlight has touched the glad waves of the
sea,

And day now illumines the land of the Free.

Hymn for the Boston* Monthly Concert.

CXVIII.

M. W. CHAPMAN.

Through all the three-hilled city now,
Swell high the voice of prayer and praise !
Though ' the perpetual hills do bow,'
Yet everlasting are Thy ways.

* Originally called Trimountain.

Oh! yet, as in thine ancient day,
Thy word is truth, Thy will is love ;
Thy law is FREEDOM—to obey
That glorious gospel from above !

Praise to God.

CXIX.

WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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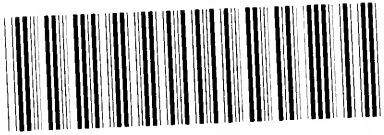
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