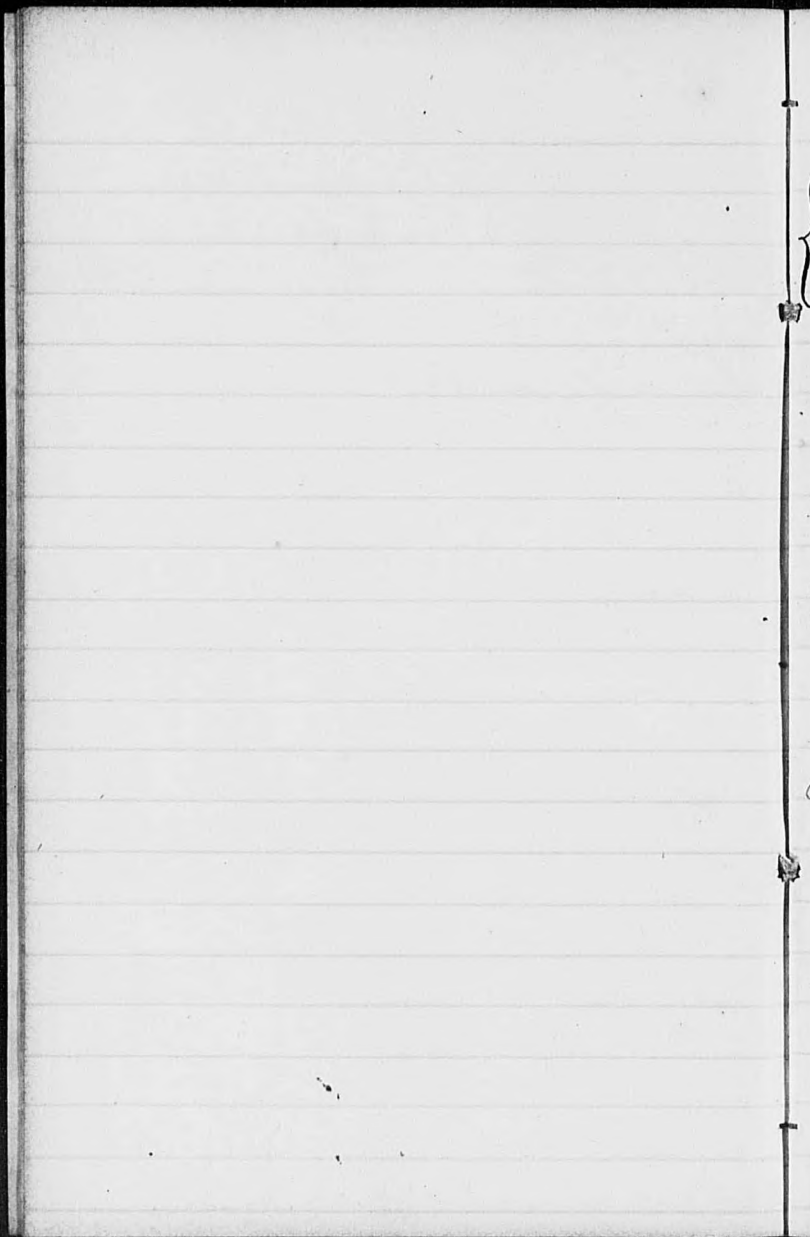


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Aspiration

O heaven sweet empire of my song
 4 9 | 9 a d f e | d de c

Celestial clime of heavenly bliss.
 4 ed | e f qa qp | e f 9 |

Realm of the pure angelic throng,
 9. c e 9 | a f ed ef | 9

Bright land of glowing happiness.
 9 d d | de f | e de | f

My soul is strung with love divine
 e f | 9 9 9 c | a de ha

Sweet joys around my heart entwine
 9 | a ab cb aq | eq aq 9

My spirit soars to spheres above,
 qa 9 f | e e d de d

Where all is harmony and love.
 f 9 c ed e d de c

Let earth her wealth & splendor boast
 Her coronets and wreathes display
 Her heroes kings and nobles toast
 Ephemeral glories of a day.

This pomp is all a transient joy,
 For higher themes my thoughts employ,
 I contemplate the Spheres above,
 Where all is harmony and love.

There is a realm where all is pure,
 Where nought but virtue sheds perfume,
 Where living peace is ever sure,
 Where joys eternal are in bloom.
 My spirit views the best domain,
 Where souls redeem'd in triumph reign.
 Transporting in the spheres above,
 Where all is harmony and love.

Elysian fields their glories bright,
 Resplendent on my vision shed.
 A virgin soul is cloudless light
 Among these fadeless beauties tread.
 Challowed spirits blissful clime,
 I crave your happiness sublime
 A birthright in the spheres above,
 Where all is harmony and love.

Quietness.

When I survey the world around,

With raging tempests tossed

I'm glad a peaceful home I found

On Zion's coast, on Zion's coast.

This world is filled with storms of strife,

My mind it can't decoy.

While here the fruits of quiet life

I do enjoy.

I do enjoy.

I do enjoy.

Not all earth's treasures can dissuade
Nor turn me by disguise.

Death's fatal ^{dart} beneath her shade
Of glory lies— Of glory lies.

Her gay and shining pomp holds forth
A treasure not her own.

To lure the mind from virtues path
To fates unknown,

O may I never meet the snare,
Of her feign'd happiness.
A peaceful life I choose to share
In quietness - in quietness
Here friends encircled with their cares,
My soul with love caress,
And sounds of concord greet my ears,
With cheerfulness,

Here are the joys I love to feel,
Here I delight to dwell;
Let earth her treasures now conceal
These do excell, these do excell.
If troubles do my mind assail,
This prospect cheers my soul
That far beyond this mournful vale
Sweet comforts roll.

Morning Star.

{ O brighter than the morning star
 Is the heart that's pure and free
 And the light that's ever glowing there
 The Star of Purity.

The sun may wane & the stars go down
 And reign of time be o'er,
 But the living faith in the heart that's pure
 Shall live forevermore.

The gems within the Ocean deep
 And wealth her caverns bear
 Let the Ocean & her caverns keep
 In darkness hidden there.

But O Almighty Father send
Thy Angels from above.
To kindle within my soul the fire
Of purity and Love.

The Spirit of Covet.

Praying Spirit of my Savior,

4 In my heart O find a place

Helps me when the night is darkest

When upon the desert waste

When the day seems clear & cloudy,

And sweet hope her powers resign

Blessed Savior be thou near me,

Tranquil Spirit be thou mine.

2nd
Peaceful Spirit of my savior

Canst thou find a place in me

Give me power to calm the tempest

While upon Times Culloway sea.

I would have my words & actions
 Bend subservient to thy will,
 That should wrath my bosom enter
 I can whisper "Peace be still."

3rd

Steadfast spirit of my Savior,
 Let me feel thy scepter's sway,
 Then like thee I'll tread with firmness
 Duty's path in trials day.
 Like thee I will stand unyielding,
 To the lurking charms of ease,
 Over self will reign triumphant
 Seeking God alone to please.

4th

Loving spirit of my Savior,
 Let me in thy fountains bathe,
 Ready to renounce all pleasure,
 Which a selfish heart would crave.
 With thy influence for my guardian,
 I can for all others care
 Joy with them when joy abounds & the
 Likewise of their sorrows share.

Blessed savior thy example
 Ever shall be my Polar Star,
 Guiding thro' mid trackless waters
 Pointing on to realms afar.
 Prayerful, Peaceful, Steadfast Holy,
 Loving & Forgiving free,
 Blessed Spirit of my Savior
 O I pray thee dwell with me

Amelia Calver.

Resurrection.

Dying daily tis the conscious

Evolution of the Soul,

In a life of endless progress

As the ages onward roll.

11) Dying just as Seasons changing

Leave the forms that pass away

Higher life new growth unfolding

1e q c e l d d e t
 2nd Minutes the ^{old} with sure decay.

1 c c d e l e t D

Dying to the loves of nature,
 Self, & selfishness they hold.

In a sphere too cramped & narrow
 For the being to unfold.

Dying unto worldly honor,
 Glory's vainly boasted name,
 Laurel wreath of Truth immortal
 Never crowns the sons of fame.

3rd
 Dying unto bitter envy,
 Jealousy & vain conceit,
 Demon spoiler of the blessing,
 Share when peace & union meet;

Dying to life's sordid grasping,
 God's power & earthly gain,
 That would rob a needy Brother,
 Heeding not his want or pain.

4th

Dying to a lofty spirit,
 Ever bearing, proud, & high,
 Stooping not with gentle pity,
 When the lowly passeth by;
 Dying unto false pretences,
 Held in pure religious name,
 Cant, hypocrisy & grandeur,
 Silken cords for sin, & shame.

5th

Dying, that is resurrection,
 A grand & true the soul may rise,
 A noble type of God like image,
 Brought thro' perfect sacrifice;
 Life, is in the Christian triumph,
 When from sin & bondage free,
 Lo! the prince of darkness cometh,
 And can find no place in me.

Consecration.

Here's my heart to God I give it

Voice & tongue to praise his name

I have life to him I live it

Hands to him devote the same.

I've a field to sow & reap it

And must reap what e'er it grows

I've a paradise I'll keep it

Nor it blossoms as the rose.

2nd

I've a conscience thus protected

Worth a throne & diadem

I've a mansion well selected

In the New Jerusalem.

Hence I have in this connection
 Thus prepared a happy home
 Such a home that my affection
 Does not will not cannot roam.

3rd

I have feet with God they're walk^{ing}.
 For with gospel peace they're sho^{od}
 Most familiarly I'm talk^{ing}.
 As I take my walks with God.
 I have thro't the greatest pleasure
 That the Universe can sing
 There is no material treasure
 Which can such possessions bring.

4th

I have ears to hear the story
 Men & Angels love to tell.
 Eyes to see the rising glory
 Which shall give's triumphs swell
 I have prayer to God I make it
 While mine eye His throne surveys
 I've a golden harp I'll wake it

14.

To a song of endless praise.

Composed by L. D. Grosvener

Harvard Mass.

Tune by Elder Abm. Perkins

Canterbury N.H.

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1,
2,