

a ran but slowly
1 Greco after
d the sea; and
1 of June, in the
when I went in
to visit that un-
own, its course
l, excepting that
little rivulet of
sued from un-
king scoria in-
and caused a
se and a white
oke; at other
antity of large
pushed off the
he body of the
o sea, discover-
t was red-hot
surface; and
day the centre
test part of the
overs the town
ad heat. I ob-
the sea-water
as in a caldron,
shed the foot of
d promontory;
h I was at least
the sea-smoked
water, which
ie my boatmen
m of the boat
surface of the
: we therefore
ned at some



seroism, was
se-keeper on
f the Coast of
the 7th Sept.,
ons on board,
nds, was seen
thoase, lying
d the waves
en refused to
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sition he
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; and so they
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were heaped
ble girl who
long survive.
iness, on the

HOME OF THE SOUL.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Moderato and affettuoso.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The
far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er
beat on that glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty
roll, roll. While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, roll.

2. Fine. Dal Segno.

2. O, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.
3. There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
4. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
5. O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.