

- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
- 3 But, these days of weeping o'er,
 Past this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never—never weep again.
- 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark—their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
- 5 Happy spirits! ye are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find:
 Lull'd to rest the aching head,
 Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!
- 6 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away—
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
 Night is lost in endless day—
 Sorrow—in eternal rest!

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The final doom of the wicked.

S. M.

- A**ND will the Judge descend?
 And must the dead arise?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
 Shall this dread sentence sound;
 And, through the num'rous guilty throng,
 Spread black despair around?
3. "Depart from me, accurs'd,
 To everlasting flame,
 For rebel-angels first prepar'd
 Where mercy never came."
4. How long will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heav'n before his face
 Astonish'd, shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,