

2 My Lord is in the homeland,  
With angels bright and fair ;  
There's no sin in the homeland,  
And no temptation there.  
The music of the homeland  
Is rising in my ears,  
And when I think of the homeland,  
My eyes gush out with tears.

3 For those I love in the homeland  
Are calling me away,  
To the rest and peace of the homeland,  
And the life beyond decay.  
For there's no death in the homeland,  
There's no sorrow above ;  
Christ, bring us all to the homeland  
Of His eternal love.

—o—

—19—

*"The Pilgrims."*

ADELAIDE E. PROCTER.

H. LESLIE.

1 The way is long and dreary,  
The path is bleak and bare,  
Our feet are worn and weary,  
But we will not despair.  
More heavy was Thy burthen,  
More desolate Thy way,  
Oh ! Lamb of God, Oh ! Lamb of God,  
Who takest the sin of the world away,  
Have mercy, mercy upon us.