

va ran but slowly
el Greco after it
ed the sea; and
h of June, in the
when I went in
to visit that un-
town, its course
ed, excepting that
a little rivulet of
issued from un-
noking scoræ in-
t, and caused a
oise and a white
smoke; at other
quantity of large
s pushed off the
the body of the
he sea, discover-
it was red-hot
at surface; and
is day the centre
ckest part of the
covers the town
red heat. I ob-
at the sea-water
g as in a caldron,
ashed the foot of
ned promontory;
ugh I was at least
at the sea smoked
ne water, which
ime my boatmen
tom of the boat
e surface of the
k: we therefore
landed at some



heroism, was
house-keeper on
off the Coast of
f the 7th Sept.,
ersons on board,
lands, was seen
ghthouse, lying
had the waves
men refused to
from the peril.
solicitation he
unch the boat,
ar; and so they
at in danger of
derful strength
o the sufferers,
y to Longstone.
, and so success-
h the warmest
tone, no longer
the may and
ey were neaped
noble girl who
at long survive.
illness, on the

HOME OF THE SOUL.

Moderato and affettuoso.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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.

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 vail 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.