I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

The death of Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg will lend interest to an account of the hymn, "I would not live alway," upon which the deceased clergyman's world-wide fame mainly rests. This celebrated and beautiful hymn was not, originally, a hymn at all, but a poem of some six stanzas of eight lines each, and first appeared in the Episcopal Recorder, of Philadelphia, in 1824. We present this poem to our readers in its original form :

AS FIRST WRITTEN.

I would not live alway—live alway below! Oh, no; I ll not linger when bidden to go; The doys' of our pilgrimage granted us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its

cheer; Would I shrink from the paths which the prophet

Apostles and martyr's, so joyfully trod? Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam, While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway-I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises over the way; Where, seeking for rest we but hover around Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found : Where hope, when she paints her gay bow in the

Leaves its radiance to fade in the night of despair, And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray, Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin, Temptation without and corruption within; In a moment of strength if I sever the chain, Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again; E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears, The festival trump calls for jubilant songs. But my spirit her own missrere prolongs. But my spirit her own miserere prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb; Since Jesus hath lain there; I dread not its gloom, Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my head, All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed. Then the glorious daybreak to follow that night, The orient gleam of the angels of light, With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who would live alway away from his God, Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright

plains, And the noontide of glory eternally reigns; Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet, While the songs of salvation exultingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music ! what is it I hear ? The notes of the harper ring sweet in mine ear! And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold, The King all arrayed in his beauty behold! Oh, give me; Oh, give me the wings of a dove, To adore Him, be near Him, enrapt in His love I but wait the summons, I list for the word— Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord.

ECHOES FROM THE PULPIT.

Some true believers with sensitive consciences get frightened lest they "eat and drink unworthily," and either stay away or come trembling. Those who sincerely feel most their unworthiness are commonly the least in danger of dishonoring Christ. To such timid and desponding souls who steal .up from behind to weep on his feet, the Master has sweet words of encouragement. He has even a place for them on his bosom. To mourn over sin and lowliness of affections is a good symptom. The soul that sorrows for sin is never dead. "The child that cries is surely alive as the child that laughs." Jesus welcomes all the more those who have the poorest estimate of their own merits.-Cuyler. No. friends, never mind what men say Jesus meant by this or that, but read yourselves what he said ?" Do you say, " I cannot understand what he said ?" If you do, I reply that you say what I would not dare utter against the great Teacher of human salvation. His words seem plain to me, at least since I have studied them in their own luminous light, and not through the obscure and shadowy explanations of uninspired scholarship. They not only seem plain to me but they have seemed plain to thousands and millions, thank God, that knew no other book but their Bibles, and never dreamed in their sublime faith that they needed any other book to explain it .- W. H. H. Murray. You have not committed murder, but what other things have you done? Think of the unutterabilities here, my friends! But our guilt has been assumed by Christ. There are two senses in which guilt may be assumed; the first, by assuming the blame-worthiness; the second by assuming the obligation to pay the penalty of violating the law. Our Lord did not assume our guilt in the first sense. Our personal demerits can not be transferred to another. But Christ did not assume our obligation to pay the penalty, in a secondary sense. He gathered into His bosom the penalties of the law which we had violated and before which He was innocent. And whoever looks on God, thus pictured as our Redeemer. will gladly, affectionately and proudly take Him as Lord .- Joseph Cook.

the parent voice. So, too, in the inverse kingdom of evil one wrong necessitates another, to hide it, or accomplish its ends. It is a small thing to lie, when one has committed a crime which will not bear the light; and a common thing to add to one crime another greater than itself. "Dead men tells no tales," and when the telling of tales can not be prevented otherwise, the silence of the grave is invoked; and the man becomes a murderer, who before was only too cowardly to have a less sin known.-Buddington.

The English parliament has recently feit compelled to legislate against the sect which attempts to heal disease with prayer. Their exists to England quite a sect which treats all diseases by praying for the patient. Such awful scenes of mortality and suffering have been witnessed in that denomination that the law has had to come to the rescue and compel these deluded members of society to call in surgeons to remove injured limbs and and set dislocated joints and broken bones, and to treat general ailments of the body. For hundreds of years man has been accumulating learning and skill as a physician and surgeon. This learning and skill have been acquired by studying the laws of God, and hence they form a part of the providence of God. The parliament did not propose to have all this labor of centuries set aside by a few persons who believe in miracles through prayer, and hence it legislated to compel that sect to confess that God's laws of surgery are as valuable as God's laws of prayer .- David Swing.

Then there are our Sunday-schools. The England of Robert Rukes has to get her lessons from us. The foreign Christian who visits Philadelphia beholds a revival to the superb movement of Corliss' engine, in the absolutely perfect machinery of Bethany Sabbathschool. If the one drives eight miles of shafting, the other instructs and Christianizes two thousand poor children.—Cuyler.

GOUGH'S ELOQUENCE. -

echo, which sometimes is softer than so violently, a chill ran through me; but when I apologised afterwards, the good doctor said, with a smile: "Remember, sir, you are the first man that ever struck me with impunity." I have found blood on my hand more than, once, and occasionally a black bruise and I certainly could not tell how it was done; but guessed that, while I was "going it," I must have struck my hand somewhere. I have said-and I believe-that when a man is thoroughly absorbed in his theme,-when his subject fills him,-he will so far forget all and everything, in his intense desire to make his audience feel as he wishes them to feel, that physical suffering

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will be not only endured and triumphed over, but he may become unconscious of pain, in the everwhelming power of his subject on himself. I know that on the subject of temperance I feel what say. I know it. 1 must feel on th is theme deeply. No lapse of time can weaken the intensity of my feeling Burned into my memory are the years of suffering and degradation, and I do feel deeply, and must ever, on this great question. Sometimes, when speaking on temperance, I seem to be absolutely engaged in a battle, the enemy before me,-not as a man of straw, but the real, living horror; and in the wrestling with that face to face, hand to hand again,-like the blind war-horse when hearing the trumpet's charge,--rush on, fearing and caring for nothing, but that I may deal heavy blows, and send the fiend away crippled and howling. This may seem rhapsody and romance; but it is true. I have forgotten audience and circumstances, sickness and pain under the power of this reality. In Jersey city, while addressing young men, I felt something of this power over me. I was in a pulpit. On either side of the desk was a marble scroll, with sharp edges. I struck my clenched fist with great force on the sharp edge of the marble; for a moment I saw stars strange colours danced before my eves ;

already outlawed, though he knew it by moderate energy-is injurious. Ten not, was in his pocket.

Nineteen years elapsed, and no intelligence is heard of William Taylor. The creditor had long supposed him dead, but he kept the note, not for any marketable value he attached to it, but as a memento of "a midnight in the deep."

Two years ago the writer and this creditor, being neighbors, casually met one day, and the "street preacher' was mentioned. For a moment it was difficult for the man to believe that William Taylor still lives." And then arose the query whether the great preacher, or cosmopolitan evangelist, is honest.

The question was worth a few postage stamps at least. In a few days a letter was on its way to India, and thence it travelled to London, and debtor and creditor were again in communication. The sequel was that in a few months that note, so legally without value, kept only for memory's sake, was honored by the honest man whose bold signature it bore-the no less honest mechanic receiving equally in proportion with creditors who had heard of the New York offer closed several years before. It is with the fullest consent of this creditor-not only the latest paid to his full satisfaction -- that these facts are recited. Was there ever another such debt incurred for the cause of God with no personal profit in view, or a debt so long dead, and so very dead, yet so nobly paid ?-N. Y. Advocate.

SPRING AILMENTS.

The remedy for spring disease, says Hall's Journal of Health, by whatever name, is: Eat less. We do not mean that you shall starve yourself, or you shall deny yourself whatever you like best, for, as a general rule, what you like best is the best for you ; you need not abandon the use of tea or coffee, or meat, or anything else you like, but simply eat less of them. Eat all you did in winter, if you like, but take less in amount. Do not starve yourself, do not reduce the quantity of food to an not going to the table at all, unless you feel hungry; for if you once get there, you will begin to taste this and that and the other, by virtue of vinegar, or mustard, or syrup, or cake, or something nice; thus a fictitious appetite is waked up, and before you know it you have eaten a hearty meal, to your own surprise, and perhaps that, or something else, of those at table with you. The second step towards the effectual prevention of all spring diseases, summer complaints, and the like, is: Diminish the amount of food consumed at each meal by one fourth of each. article, and to be practical, it is necessary to be specific; if you have taken two cups of coffee, or tea, at a meal, take a cup and a half: if you have taken two biscuits, or slices of bread, take one and a half; if you have taken two spoonsful of rice, or hominy, or cracked wheat, or grits, or farina, take one and a half; if you have taken a certain or uncertain quantity of meat, diminish it by a quarter, and keep on diminishing in proportion as the weather becomes warmer, until you arrive at the points of safety and health, and they are two: 1. Until you have no unpleasant feeling of any kind after your meals. 2. Until you have not eaten so much at one meal, but that, when the next comes, you shall feel decidently hungry.

suffer from overwork in the aggregate . it is too much work in too little time that causes the breakdown in nineteen cases out of twenty, when collapse oc. curs. Most sufferers bring the evil on themselves by driving off the day's work until the space allotted for its performance is past, or much reduced. Method in work is the great need of the day. If some portion of each division of time was devoted to the anportioning of hours and energy, there would be less confusion, far less hurry, and the need of working at high pressure would be greatly reduced, if not wholly obviated. A great deal has been written and said of late, to ex-

ceedingly little practical purpose, on the subject of "overwork." We doubt whether what is included under this description might not generally be more appropriately defined as work done in a hurry, because the time legitimately appropriated to its accomplishment has been wasted or misapplied. Hurry to catch a train generally implies starting too late. High pressure is, says the Lancet, either the consequence of a like error at the outset of a task, or the penalty of at. tempting to compensate by intense effort for inadequate opportunity. If brain is bartered for business in this fashion, the goose is killed for the sake of the golden eggs, and greed works its own discomfiture.---Scientifie Am,

Statistics show that about 250,000 barrels of apples were exported from America last year to Europe. More than half this quantity was sent to England, and about 11,000 barrels went to St. Petersburg.

JOSEPH COOK in one of his lectures recently said : High culture in Boston does not care much for shop girls. Well it is time it should. There is alow-bred, loaferish liberalism, uttering itself occasionally in sneers, because the poor have the Gospel preached to them. That sneer has been heard ever since the days of Celsus and the games in the old Colosseum, and it has a peculiarly reptilian ring. There amount which would scarcely keep a are many kinds of liberalism. Christian chicken alive, but make a beginning by | liberalism I honor; literary and asthetic liberalism is to be spoken of with respect, in most cases; but below what I have called a limp and lavender and unscientific liberalism, there is a low bred and loaferish liberalism. This, in Boston, has impudence, but no scholarship; rattles, but no fangs." It is told of Bishop Simpson, the eminent Methodist divine, that soon after his election to the episcopacy he stayed at Lancaster, Penn., was introduced to Mr. Bishop the pastor, as Brother Simpson, and was allowed with some diffidence to preach Sunday morning. While the collection was being taken up Mr. Bishop who was astonished at the preacher's eloquence, asked, "Are you a travelling preacher?" "Yes." said Bishop Simp. son, I have been an itinerant for several years, and now travel a very large circuit." "What Conference did you belong to ?" I did belong to the Pittsburgh, but I cannot say that I am attached to any particular conference." " What did you say your name was?" "Simpson." Simpson! Not Bishop Simpson?" "Why they call me bishop sometimes." Greatly surprised, Mr. Bishop rose and exclaimed, "I have the pleasure to an nounce to the congregation that the eloquent preacher who has addressed us thismorning is Bishop Simpson."

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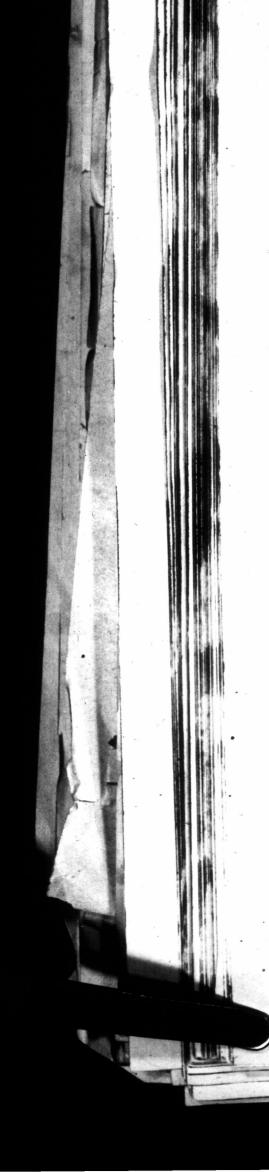
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Just as the graces come, not alonethere were three of them, the ancients said-so one virtue leads another by his hard teeth and soft lips against my

The intense earnestness of this great prator is one secret of his success. Here is an extract which shows how totally absorbed he is in his subject:

"I have been criticised severely for the ungracefulness and violence of my gestures. I do not wish to deprecate criticism ; I know I am ungraceful and awkward. I once heard a boy say to his companion, as they came out from the lecture room where I had been speaking : "Jimmy, did you see him go it with his feet?" I never stud ied the graces of action and gesture, probably I should be more graceful if I had. We often acquire unfortunate habits that are hard to break. A German in Philadelphia told his employer that he was going to hear dat Mr. Gough, vat dey say dalks mit his goat-dails." I am aware that I do occasionally shake my coat-tails. How I acquired the habit I do not know; but I condemn the motion as much as any one can, and would be grateful to any person who would strike me on my knuckles with a stick whenever I "dalk mit my goat-dails." I think I could not make a speech with my hands tied. I have never tried it: but I will not make excuse for my gestures. I am often amused by the committee, after erecting a platform perhaps twenty feet by fifteen, asking me "if I should have room enough?" or whether the president would be in my way if he remained in the chair. I re-

member a lecturer who was not so for tunate as to draw large audiences, complaining that they did not give him room enough. "Only let me have a platform as big as you give Gough, and I will make as good a speech, and draw as many people. It is nothing in Gough, money with a banking house in New -it is the platform does it." I find people do not generally prefer to sit on the stand while I am speaking;

perhaps desiring to "see him go it with his feet;" or fearful of being kicked off -and it is dangerous to get too close to me when I am "going it." ' Dr. Beman once, when I was speaking in his years ago last September this man was church, stepped very softly behind me to arrange a refractory gas-burner, just as I threw back my fist, and he received a "stinger" in his face. When I felt wreck.

very much discoloured: and before morning every nerve, from my fingers to my hip, throbbed with pain. I had injured the bone of my hand, so that for some time I could not write without suffering, and my hand is tender in that spot to-day ;--yet while speaking, except occasionally a pang reminding me that I was hurt, I forgot it. I narrate this in illustration of the fact, that there are times when a speaker, by the overwhelming power of his subject on himself, rises above physical suffering.

but I continued speaking more than an

hour after the blow. When I conclud-

ed I dropped on the seat, and

the minister threw a glass of water

on my face, startled by my paleness.

My hand was frightfully swollen, and

REV. WM. TAYLOR-AN INCI. DENT.

BY REV. E. C. BASS.

It helps our faith in God to find goodness among men. It is refreshing when obliged to ask, whom can we trust? to find an instance of unwonted honesty.

More than twenty years ago "the California street preacher" was trying to build a place of worship. Times were good, and his credit was good. and he hired moneyfor his enterprise. Times changed, values went down, a panic occurred in San Francisco, and William Taylor failed. Bankruptcy was inevitable, but the preacher of righteousness kept back not a dollar.

Legally released from his obligations. he forgot not to "provide for things honest in the sight of men." After twelve years of incessant toil, he found himself with funds sufficient to pay forty per cent. of his debts. But where were his creditors? He deposited his York, and advertised for five years that his creditors could receive on demand said per cent. of their claims.

Among those creditors was a man from Vermont who lost sight of Taylor soon after his failure, and never heard of his advertisement even. Twenty a homeward passenger in the ill-fated Central America, and was one of the the will, hurry of all kinds-for exfew survivors of that awful midnight nif ob at amit-inoisi

He was landed at Norfolk with scarcethe hand; and music lingers in the knuckles, as my hand came in contact ly a dollar; but William Taylor's note

Supplies being thus effectually cut off, that is, the cause being first removed, Nature next proceeds to work off the surplus, as the engineer does unwanted steam; and as soon as this surplus is got rid of, we began to improve; the appetite, the strength, the health return by slow and safe degrees, and we at length declare we are as well as ever.

HURRY AND HIGH PRESSURE.

It is the pace that kills ; and of all forms of overwork, that which consists in an excessive burst of effort, straining to the strength, and worrying to ample, that so often needed to catch a train, the effort required to complete a task of head work within a period of time too short for its accomplishment

OBITUARY

MRS. MARGERY BOYD.

At Boydsdale, N. B., on April 20th, Margery Boyd, aged 76 years. Our deceased sister was a native of Donegal, Ireland, and came to this country with her husband and family, 40 years since. She with her husband, who was a class-leader, were members of the Methodist Society in their native land. Their home has been for years, the home and the preaching place of the Methodist minister. She has now followed her husband to the home beyond the grave. Her last years were years of suffering, and she has longed to depart and be with Christ. He who was with her in health did not leave her in sickness, but was then doubly precious. Shortly before her death, all pain left her, and she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving behind her a life long testimony that she is now among the number who " came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

O may I triamph so, When all my warfare's past.

Grand Lake, April 25, 1877.