

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.

AS FIRST WRITTEN.

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

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;

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;

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb; Since Jesus hath lain there; I dread not its gloom, Where He designed to sleep, 'Till too bow my head, All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed,

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

That heavenly music! what is it I hear? The notes of the harp ring sweet in mine ear! And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold, The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!

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.

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?'"

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.

Just as the graces come, not alone—there were three of them, the ancients said—so one virtue leads another by the hand; and music lingers in the

echo, which sometimes is softer than the parent voice. So, too, in the inverse kingdom of evil one wrong necessitates another, to hide it, or accomplish its ends.

The English parliament has recently felt 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.

Then there are our Sunday-schools. The England of Robert Raikes has to get her lessons from us. The foreign Christian who visits Philadelphia beholds a revival to the superb movement of Corliss' engine.

GOUGH'S ELOQUENCE.

The intense earnestness of this great orator 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 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."

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."

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.

REV. WM. TAYLOR—AN INCIDENT.

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 money for his enterprise.

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.

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 years ago last September this man was a homeward passenger in the ill-fated Central America, and was one of the few survivors of that awful midnight wreck.

already outlawed, though he knew it 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."

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.

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 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 spoonfuls 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.

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 the will, hurry of all kinds—for example, 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

by moderate energy—is injurious. Few 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 occurs. 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.

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 a slow-bred, loafish liberalism, uttering itself occasionally in sneers, because the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

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?"

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.