

The whole long day is Thine, O Lord, I say,
 With all its happy, helpful work to do;
 For single eye and steady hand I pray,
 To do my part ere yet the day is through.
 The noon must come, and afterward the night,
 But first and best is this glad morning light—

This light in which our duties stand out clear,
 When earth and sky alike are free from doubt,
 When even distant mountain-tops draw near,
 And far-off pine trees stretch their branches out.
 Uncertain yet I feel what life may give,
 But certain 'tis a blessed thing to live.

To live in Christ; not glorious death alone
 Unites us with the Master, at whose feet
 The small, brown sparrow never fell unknown,
 And ne'er unheeded bloomed the lily sweet.
 By walking in His footsteps we may see
 How fair and good our common life may be.—*Congregationalist.*

“I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.”

The grand hymn commencing, “I would not live always,” has long been a favorite with the whole Christian Church. It is full of sweetness, comfort, and holy joy. It has been sung by millions scattered all over the world, and will be repeated by millions in ages yet to come. The authorship of this beautiful hymn belongs to Dr. William A. Muhlenberg. The original first appeared: *Episcopal Recorder*, in Philadelphia, in 1824, and read as follows:—

“I would not live always—live always 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;
 Would I shrink from the paths which the prophets of God,
 Apostles and martyrs 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 always; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er 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 air,
 Leaves its brilliance 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 always, 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.”