

Poetry.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

"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 path which the Prophets of God,
 Apostles and Martyrs, so joyfully trod !
 While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
 Like a spirit unblest on the earth would I roam !

"I would not live always"—I ask not to stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
 Where, seeking for peace, 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's mine ere I'm captive again.
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
 The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
 But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

"I would not live always"—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 ;
 Oh ! peaceful the slumbers on that hallow'd bed.
 And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
 When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight ;
 When the full matin-song, as the sleepers arise
 To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live always—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 ;
 Where 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 harpers ring sweet on the air ;
 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,
 Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above ;
 Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
 And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore."