

Sunday Reading.

"I would not live always!"

This beautiful hymn has been attributed to the late Bishop Heber. But we learn from the Mason Telegraph that it was written by the Rev. Dr. Middendorf, now rector of a church in New York. The origin of this production is in the possession of the editor of that paper, but differs in some respects from the version found in most of the collections for public worship.

I could not live always—die before I live?—
Or I'll not longer, when known to go,
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, although we die there.
Would I leave from the path which the prophets
of God?

And sinners, as joyfully true?

While friends and friends are all departing home,

Like a spirit amidst 'em the world would seem.

I could not live always—
I ask not to stay,
Where often after storm times stand over the way;
Where seeking, for peace we but lower around,
Like the patriarch's bairn, and in resorting is found;
Wise he who, when she points her gay bow in the
sky.

Leave'st brilliants to fade in the night of despair,
An angel's healing angel never sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that the profligate,

I could not live always—days uttered by soul—
Temptation wither and corruption wither!
In a moment of strength, if I were the chain,
Spare the victory; mine! for I aspire again,
For the torture of passion is saluted with tears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with peroxides tears.
The faded flowers for judicious weeds,
But my spirit her own massive profligies.

I could not live always—no, welcome the tomb,
Imminently I burn; burns there bright and the gloom;

Three lies is the pillow where Christ bowed his
head;

Out are the sinners on that holy bed.

And then the great dawn—seen before that night,
When the sun of glory shall break o'er the earth,
When the full-moon song, as the sleepers arise,
Dawn in the morning, shall pass through the
skies.

Who, who would live always? away from his God,
Away from you heaven, that blessed shore,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow over the bright
plains;

And the sounds of glory逝世ly robes;

Where the saints of all ages in beauty meet,
From Saviour and angelic hosts transported to grace,
With the wings of seraphim measureless self,
And the smile of the Lord is the first of the sons.

That heavenly music! what is it like?

The notes of the harps ring sweet in the air,
And we, soft unfolding those celestial golds,

The King—all strains in his beauty blend!

O! give me O! give me the wings of a dove,
Before lighting on flight to the mansions above.

Are you now that my soul on even pinions would
sway?

And in victory bid earth when evermore.

From the American Messenger—
"LOST! LOST!"

Nearly half a century ago, when I was a small boy I lived in the neighborhood of the Standard-bearers in England. One morning considerable excitement was created by a statement, that on the preceding night a man wandering among the old, worn-out cob-pits was lost, and being unable to grope his way longer in the dark, he stood still and cried at the top of his voice, "Lost! Lost!" At length a poor man, a collier, was wakened from sleep by the sound and rising from his bed, provided with a lantern to the place, where he found the lost man standing on the very edge of a steep precipice. Had he instead of standing still and crying out as he did, taken another step, he would have fallen in, and probably been dashed to pieces. Much public interest was felt in this great disaster.

It was at that time my privilege to attend the ministry of a venerable servant of Jesus Christ, who displayed surprising ingenuity in the selection of subjects for his sermon and if any thing remarkable occurred during the week, it would be generally used in the ensuing Sabbath. Now I of course, as I am a member of the same congregation, instead of joining in the illustration—lost! Then did I go to the pulpit and, illustrating the depravity and folly of man in parting from God, tracing the narrow path of righteously and duty and wisdom along the legs and pit of a contemptuous world, in search of enjoyment—soon I explained, in time when even now seems to me in my ears, "Lost! Lost!"

Yes, before he left my congregation—lost! Then did I go to the pulpit and, illustrating the depravity and folly of man in parting from God, tracing the narrow path of righteously and duty and wisdom along the legs and pit of a contemptuous world, in search of enjoyment—soon I explained, in time when even now seems to me in my ears, "Lost! Lost!"

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