

And, *revelation* speaks it "reserv'd in store,"
 Annihilation's aid, when "time's no more."
 And on this night its peals did roll
 From *arctic* to *antarctic* pole!
 Caught in the storm—benighted, and alone—
 I weary walk'd, "unknowing and unknown"
 To all, but unto that omniscient eye,
 To whom's alike, the sea, or earth, or sky.
 Thus went I on, 'midst the "pitiless storm,"
 No friend to cheer me—nor a home to warm;
 My tremb'ling knees almost refus'd their weight—
 I felt that mine was an untimely fate.
 Methought a light gleamed near my closing eye—
 It pass'd away—I laid me down to die.
 The "tempest-storm" unconscious o'er me rav'd,
 Nor aught knew I, until, "you're sav'd! you're sav'd!"
 Resounded in mine ears, and then I felt
 A hand's warm pressure from a form that knelt
 Beside me, while a soothing—trembling voice,
 Whisper'd such words as made my heart rejoice.
 "My friend, let nothing here afflict your breast,
 No howling storm will here disturb your rest—
 At perfect ease you here yourself may keep,
 A brother's eye will watch you while you sleep."
 "And where am I?" I audibly exclaimed,
 "And who are you? yourself a brother nam'd;
 Am I deluded by delusive dreams?
 Or, is it real, as real to me it seems?"
 "'Tis true—'tis real—'tis no delusive dream,
 All's here indeed, as here to you does seem;
 I found you, lifeless-seeming, near my cave,
 I wept, and pray'd that God your life would save;
 I pray'd until the sun refulgent shone—
 When, lo! my pray'r was heard—I heard you groan!"
 I look'd upon the speaker, and my eyes
 Were fix'd on him with wonder and surprise—