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Poetry.

Mountain and Valley.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMACHER.

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flow'rets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The lowliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems dwelling there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow;
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go;
There in solitude,
He fills their heart with food.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herd man tends his herd;
His shepherd is the Lord;
For he who feeds the sheep
Will sure his offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Religious Miscellany.

The Moment after Death.

We copy from an exchange the following on a subject in which all are immediately interested and must soon experience:

"What a moment this must be! how vast its consequences; how overwhelming its revelations! Let us try, by the aid of reason, to think. There is a God. The immortal has wisdom, but his love is more tender, and with a smile on his face he turns a glad eye to the souls and hearts of men. The veil of earth—sense—passes from point to point in the system; its vision grows dim; his tongue is faltering; but it has strong faith he commends his soul to the Conqueror of death, and passes away shouting an everlasting victory. His spirit soars—angels attend it—the gates of the city are opened to receive it—all heaven is in ecstasy—and now he is enjoying in all its bliss and glory. Vanishing from this lower dream, the first sight he sees is he is—no slight through immortal—but partaker of sphere—into the presence of Jesus see the first testing place of the departed soul—it will be in the bosom of him of the immortal spotless purity, 'Where am I?' and read in the face of Jesus the answer, 'Forever with the Lord.'

"But another and different scene. There dies an impenitent sinner, and as he feels life ebbing away, his soul is filled with unutterable anguish; his sins arrayed before him, his opportunities neglected, his lost opportunities, his days, his years, his periods, and so long in secret trifle by, are treasured up against. But he marches. He that cut him down, swings in one as the filler of wind sways the to and fro—now a groan breaks, now a heart sigh—now an eye strang snaps and all—at last out goes the weary, trembling soul. How great to such an one is the moment after death. The narrow confines of time passed, a boundless eternity stretches itself before him, and, in the twinking of an eye, he is ushered into outer darkness, the region of unending woe, where the worm dieth not and where the fire is not quenched. The torments of hell are already begun, and the soul's bitter reflection is that they are merited and will never end.

Yes, and now thought! One brief moment will effect an entire change in our mode of here—will make plain what, with respect to a future state, is now involved in mystery, and will bear the soul to the fearful retributions, or to the glorious rewards of eternity!"

Saved from Ruin.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is a vast limestone cavern, extending for miles into the bowels of the earth, and consisting of a labyrinth of passages and chambers, in tracing which, an inexperienced person would soon become hopelessly lost. Many miles from its entrance a river pursues its dark and solitary course, which the adventurous visitor is compelled to traverse in a boat. On one occasion a party of young men, under the guidance of a guide, had taken along provided with ample supply of torches in exploring this extraordinary cavern, when, in the ardour of pleasure, they unconsciously left the boat behind, and, when they turned to return, found that their torches were extinguished, they were in complete darkness, and far from home. Although groping their way back, they were exhausted and nearly to their necks in water, and, cold, they felt that unless some could bear nothing to their rescue. They were in nearly presence of death, when, at the last moment, a boat was discovered, and they were rescued. Imagination can picture a more frightful scene than was here presented? Midnight darkness enveloped them, the cold waters chilled their blood, no voice could be heard by those without, they might have to wait for many hours before the alarmed fears of their friends would stimulate them to send help, their strength in the meantime might fail, and they be floated away on the dark river of death without leaving a vestige to tell their fate! What could they do? Lately gay

ation now? What! could they not make one effort for their safety? No one. They could only pray, and pray they did, with deep earnestness, as men doomed to death from which an Almighty power alone could deliver them. They were heard and sustained. At length after a weary waiting they descry a distant glimmering light, and then they hear the faint strokes of distant oars. They almost fear to trust their senses they doubt, they fear, but they are not deceived; their deliverer appears, they are received into his boat exhausted with terror and fatigue, and soon they are conveyed to a place of safety. The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowers them. They alternately weep and are transported with joy.—They are saved.

Have we no companion for this picture? Yes, it is but a resemblance of another still more thrilling. The sinner in his gayety and thoughtlessness dreams not of danger. He laughs with the merry; he is enchanted with the scenes around him. Suddenly he finds himself in deep waters and surrounded by thick darkness. His struggles to extricate himself only involve him in greater danger. Horror overspreads his mind—Each moment threatens to plunge him into ruin. He cries aloud, but hears only the frightful echo of his own departing shout. He feels his utter helplessness, and in his extremity pours out his tears and prayers. How horrible thus to perish! But no, a small voice whispers in his ear, there is yet hope! He wants, but how tedious are the passing hours! Each moment seems an age. He is ready to abandon hope, when a glimmering light breaks upon his eye, and the voice of encouragement is heard; his heart is reassured; One mighty to save appears, and soon he is rescued from the deep waters. The light of a glorious day shines upon his soul. he lives—and he is transported at the feeling—he feels that he is saved. Sinner, have you felt no such terrors? You have cause to feel them. The danger is just as imminent whether you are sensible of it or not; and if you are not driven to cry to mercy here, you may expect to hear it on every wind where there is no Saviour, and yet all will be irretrievably lost.—*Prince of Cross.*

The Sacrifice of the Mass.

BY REV. H. COOKE, D. D.

"The Sacrifice of the Mass! To those who have read the Old Testament, and who are conversantly familiar with the solemnities of Sacrifice, by shedding of blood and by fire, there is something strange in the assumption, not merely of the Mosaic rites of Sacrifice, but in the mysterious transformation of each function, very Sacrifice, Christ himself, on an altar, and of priests, from being the very types of him to be sacrificed and adored. But while the Jew, in the days of Moses, and Israel before the bewildering mystery and solemnity of a Sacrifice, there are others, who, assuming to extend the Mosaic Sacrifices in the light of Scripture, and discovering both their type of fulfilment and adequate fulfilment in Christ, are both convinced in heart and [illegible] of the divine obligation of holding an intelligent and spiritual Sacrifice of man's devotion, and of supplicating the "Sacrifice of Christ," which having offered once [illegible] for all, we have place [illegible] Paul, in Rom. [illegible] Sacrifice, [illegible] to be offered, but a Sacrifice of acceptable worship!

Then went right, Paul, when at Athens he "spirit" was stirred within him, seeing the city wholly given to idolatry?" the altar to "the unknown God," moved thy pity for the ignorance, and prompted thy argument against the heathens of the Divinities. The temples of God are our hearts, and in their altars. Yet Paul was stirred up to dispute with the Jews, his superstitious countrymen, to argue with the learned yet ignorant Athenians.—And after Paul had spoken, even as the Spirit gave him utterance, "some mocked, with others said, We will hear thee again." "Howbeit," in the midst of this sweet modesty and hopeless procrastination, "certain men clave to him and believed."—(Acts xxvii.)

And shall the ministers of God's world be fixed in the days, otherwise than Paul Peter and need of old? Must their souls be cleared, but their lips sealed? Must they sacrifice truth that they may [illegible] poise? Was it thus apostles triumphed? Was it thus Reformers [illegible]?

Perhaps it will be admitted that Paul was right in opposing Jewish superstition and Athenian idolatry; were the circumstances of Christianity are to be [illegible] in the middle of charity. And, truly, [illegible] to have [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Romanism. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]