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POETRY.

The Snow-Storm.

"He giveth enow like woul; and who can stand before his cold?" (Ps. caisii 16, 17.) It comes at last, the snow-storm weeks have gather'd.

How dark above; below, how fair is all! Waving as if o'er nature's funeral pall, The nording trees with white-t plumer are feather'd. The birds aredumb : the streams the frost has tether'd O, how by mariner on leeward shore, Or wayfarer on wild, unshelter'd moor, Will this outrageous winter day be weather'd? Yet not unu-eful will its righer prove To fred the ground, and want the sweeter spring. Then let me still adore His censeless luve. Who often timer, when seeming most to frown, Besigns his fairest blessings to send down, Hiding our wealth beneath soliction's wing.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

From " The Lake, and Poetic Musings."

" We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts and reasonings of pure and lofty minds."-Dr. Sharp.

(Published by Request.) The Awakening.

TRANSLATED FROM: THE GERMAN OF THEREMIN.

Wife. Thou hast slept well? Husband. As never before. Not even in childhood did I experience such a deep, soft, refreshing slumber. My old father—thou rememberest him well-when he stepped into the room in the morning, where we were our inquiry how he had slept, "Like the blesced." Like the blessed, I might say, say I am blessed, I am in heaven. have I slept; or, rather, like the blessed have I awakened. I feel myself new quickened; as if all weariness, and all need of sleep were gone forever. Such vigour is in my limbs,

such elasticity in my movements, that I believe I could fly, if I would.

W. And you are pleased with this place. H. Indeed, I must say, we have been in many a beautiful place together, but this is branches swaying to the morning wind, cause the tree tops all to give forth melody, as if a last of feathered singers dwelt in them. Behind the trees the mountains tower up. Their majestic forms are rigidly defined in there springs as it were, the gates, and towers, and palaces of a splendid city. From mighty water, which I may call a sea raleaps down the numerous terraces of the sprinkled the drops which water the trees and flowers, and impart a delicious coolness to the air, making it ecstacy to breathe here. Look, too, at this bank whereon we stand! How luxuriant, and how thickly strown with flowers.-We wander over it, and yet the sources of grass are not broken, nor are the towers crushed by our footsteps. "Tis a so-

le to before. Lante at the side ?

4 mars been near mic.

H. Ah! now there sweeps over my memory, as if 'twere a dark cloud, days or anx- quicken my vision, that I may pierce deepiety, and nights spent in weeping—only the er than heretofore the abyss of his deathgrasp-I cannot distinctly comprehend them -they appear to me something mysterious.

W. Think on the fourteenth of February. H. Now, now it is all clear to me. It was —We had feared much for thee, but still had hope. Suddenly a fairtness came over breast; didst sink back with a deep sigh; thou diedst-yes, it is all over, thou art dead. B'. I am dead; and yet see, I live.

H. If thou art dead, and if I see thee, then do I really dream?

W. Thou dreamest not, for thou art a-

wake. W. Or, art thou sent down from heaven to earth, that I should see thee again for a to His, without a struggle. I had thought it short time, and then anew through long years lament thy disappearance?

W. No; henceforth we shall never separate. I am indeed sent to thee, but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here. Where upon earth hast thou seen such trees, go about wonder bowed beneath the weight words with thee? of years. Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk; thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself; has it always been first time spake with thee?

with thy heart as now? H. Within me is a deep, unfathomable, ever-swelling, and yet entirely still and peacewaiting for him, used to say, in answer to ful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, when I feel thy hand in mine-then I must

W. Thou art.

H. And then must I be actually dead. W. Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought? Hast

thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thre? by recognize Him, without any one saying to Hast thou not, by day and by night, found me, That is He? open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which W. Thine own heart will tell thee. wonderful and beautiful beyond description. she vainly strove to hold the forth-swelling What trees!—actually heaven high! They tears. Was there not then a deep mist, and or gentle! Below, when I cried to him I would have some tidings of them. Or is

round thee?

H. I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death upon my knees I thank thee that thou hast the pure air, and here and there, glowing hast led me to such high happiness—to such with all the hues of sunrise and sunset, clouds great honour; dead, and happy to be dead! stretch along their sides, or float over their Thou knowest, O Lord, how often that moment stood before me; how often I have milkwhite, translucent, shimmering mist, prayed that thou thyself, since I was not able here. to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour that thou wouldst send me a soft, blesse this peak nearest us, there seems to gush a death. Now, O Lord, that thou hast heard ther than a stream, and which nevertheless in this, as in all things, eternally shown thy self-gracious and pitiful. What stood before a melodious sound. Wide about us are not yet learned exactly what death is; but all. So, then, these diversities become flower-garden, and a wilderness of blossoms this much I know, death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright spring garden, so hast thou loved one, hold me no longer back.

B. Whither wouldst thou zo?

livary place; yet on all sides vistas open to these trees, these flowers, this down streamas and the horizon tempts us ever further ing water, this coolness which breathes ever flowers and trees, and deep into my heart: to me here, and though every thing greets. Himself I must be a local to this about his World?

We as so nothing long beloved, yet when I heaven as be utiled as he may, that caused H. Well do I know that, and I be with d. And dost then not wonder to see me so long, a more greatly, so this only instead of a which now smalls a code it to W. Indeed, as d. Last theu not, somehow, Where is the heat cost. ? Yen't despets the dyell oin - and a rest in a -log to transcript in the task of the the imagen we want of the first

ther not so. 'Tis long since thine eyes have He has condescended to go down thither, has seen me. I disappeared from them once. trod its dust with his sacred feet, has endured hunger and thirst, and died. Ah, he will with me here; thou wilt show me the glory

painful thoughts and emotions which so re- pains. There he won me for his own, and, cently absorbed me .- Now they clude my that I, his dearly purchased one, should not again be lost to him, he has from my curliest years, given me his ceaseless care.-Much that he has done for me, have I already learned upon the earth; now I know more, and near noon. Four days hadst thou been sick. I shall know more in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have we sought first his dear honoured countenno time for this. Emotion within me is too thee; thou didst lean thy head upon my strong; my heart will burst—I must away to him here! He whom the smallest favour him, see him, thank him-if I am capable of filled with thanks to the giver, he who could thanking him-if, in this overpowering bliss, thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

W. Thou wilt see him, but not until he comes to thee. Until then be patient, I am sent to thee, to tell thee that such is his will.

H. Now I know for a certainty that I am in heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly wholly insupportable not to see him here. Yet I not only boar it, but bear it cheerfully. He wills this; I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou art sent to me from Him, then must be have sposuch waters?-Look at thyself. Thou didst ken with thee. He already has spoken many

W. Already many.

H. O, thou truly blessed one! Canst thou tell how it was with thee, when he for the

W. As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described.

H. As thou sawest him for the first time, dick thou instantly recognize him?

W. Instantly. II. How ?- By that particular glory in

which he outshines all angels? W. He has no need to clothe himself in splendour. We know him without that. not thy son, day and night, without leaving H. Dost thou mean that I will immediate

H. How will be really seem to me, sever bear blossoms and fruit together. Their tears. Was mere not men a deep most and out of the darkness of my earth-life, he of the perception of them lost to us until the ten answered me with sternness.

W. There below, he is constrained to do this with his best beloved. Here, it is no fulfilled this so great thing in me—that thou longer no essary; here, there is no need that he should do violence to his own heart; he can give free expression to Lis love. This love is infinite. On carta we could not fathom it—as little can we do so

II. Do there exist among you here differ-

mees in glory and blessedness?

swallowed up, and we are one in all in him. | quantz up, and every beautiful thing which H Lo, I have often thought me, it I only the anniversary brought with it adorned thy

reach heaven, only dwell not with the oneborne me from earth to heaven. But now, mies of the Lord, I shall be content to be the very least of all there. Thou, methought, would sear in a much higher virele. M. Near thy grave another is open. The to Him? All is be attiful and lovely l. re; earth. But then, if only once in a thousand borne forward; our children tollow. Do yo Lord, still, methought, it would be enough to see us ... we see you, ye would not weep,

W. Be trustful. Whom Ha receives, be

the section I must say no. I have never been compensate for the loss of his presented, what they and lone ar he has crown delies What was inters in the best made to the r Bowe or thire image in thy has so have works The me that I nowlet be extended on by all that we make a periodicible of the second of the se

W. In a certain sense, I have; but in ano- is veiled. I would not again return to it. this light in thine eyes can never be dimmed; thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Then ever wilt thou wander about of these heavenly marsions, and also wilt lead me to those other blessed ones who are dear to me.

H. Thou wilt see them as soon as thou

hast seen the Lord I 11. How delightful was it of old, when we sought our aged father in his cot; Our carriage rolled up, all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop

ance. How much more delightful to see find beauty in a single spire of grass, who smiled at a brighter sunbeam, he who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens. and adored the Creator of these worlds what must be experience here, where the wonders of omnipotence lie all open unveiled before him? He who in the joy of his heart thanked the Lord for beneficence, and for the least refreshing which was granted him on his weary pathway-what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer. "We shall meet again," he said to me in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand with all his remaining strength, "we shall meet again, and together thank God for his grace.

If. Thou wilt soon see him, and thy mother, also.

H. My mother, who loved me with such anspeakable tenderness, and whom I have never known! I was but three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her death

bed, and I was playing in the garden before the house, "What will become of my poor child?" she cried .- Good mother! all that a man can be, thy son has become-an ishabitant of heaven. Through the grace of God has this been effected, and also by the help of thy prayers. Is it not so?

W. It is even so. I have often spoken of thee with thy father and mother.

11. Is X ** here?

W. Yes.

H. I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong; why am I here? But the lear souls whom I left behind me on earth? moment of reunion?

B. This question thou mayst speedily answer for thyself. Look thither.

II. I do so; but I see nothing. W. Look longer in this direction-and

you will surely see. Dost thou see now? II. Perfectly. The place is familiar to me .- It is the church-yard, where I placed the mertal part, which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me; Lotten sought it, and kneeling upon the W. In endless degrees: but then the grave, raised my eyes hitherward to heahighest are even as the most lowly, so they even, where we both are now .- Among stoop down to the humblest. And this days beautiful trees and flowers, I thought, may be require of them—for He who runks she be wandering there. Among trees and above the highest is himself the humblest of flowers shall her body rest here. So a

W. I knew it well. Look thinherward

now, What so at thou? and our children also, when they left the church-yard gate stands open, a corpse is years I might be counted worthy to see the weep, loving hearts, weep so bitterly? Could for at the mest only for longing. The body -- new bod -- i lowered, and now they east of dost thou see it to-day for the first time. separation, the r so many tears, I enjoy as (receives to glory. Knowes) than not by a handful of dost upon the colin. The grave H. Notwithstanding all is so home-like gain. But not even all this tish star, what wonderful way he has called us in he is closed; now rests my doct by thire. Go I reste of the the confugance who he emper 121 letter a conte. Hat return hitherward . n. read . As the primer of presented a treat

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