

Will you not teach us what it is to die?  
 But having shot the gulph, you love to view  
 Succeeding spirits, plunged along like you;  
 Nor lend a friendly hand to guide them through.  
 When dire disease shall cut, or age untie  
 The knot of "if" and suffer us to die;  
 When after some delay, some trembling strife,  
 The soul starts quiv'ring on the ridge of life;  
 With Fear and hope she throbs, then curious tries  
 Some strange hereafter, and some hidden skies."—*Norris.*

"But O, if I am prepared for such a change, how delightful it will be to awake from death—to be immortal, and live forever;—to be among immortals—to renew those associations with dear relatives and friends, which have been suspended for a season. I can carry no tidings thither, for the affairs of this world are known to disembodied spirits. I can look around me for relatives and friends, and those refined principles of the soul, of love and joy, will there be renewed, and enjoyed forever. O, happy, happy region of boundless bliss! There will be no changing then of time: it will be eternity. O, E-T-E-R-N-I-T-Y! that dreadful pleasing thought! I shall be immortal! But shall I possess a crown of life? Here rests the awful pause! *A crown of life!* My God, O, thou eternal and everlasting Father; hear thou a sinner's prayer; lead me by thy good spirit, and so sustain me in my course, that I may find my all in thee, both in time and in eternity."

And now, before I conclude, let me ask the reader, what are thy prospects beyond the grave? O! what are thy hopes? Hast thou