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present help in time of trouble ; and unworthy as I am, I will trust in him evermore.

It will not be long before I shall sleep the sleep of death. O, that I may have my Saviour in my heart, and that my God may sustain me in a dying hour ; and grant me a triumphant resurrection to a glorious immortality. O, may I, while I live on the earth, live to the glory of my blessed Master. May I ever be dutiful, and labor for the salvation of precious, immortal souls. May the Lord "so teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

"A few more fleeting years, and what a change !—What new scenes will break in upon our ravished vision ! If I live, I shall see changes ! When I die—and die I must, I shall see as I am seen, and know as I am known, by the inhabitants of a world of Spirits : and O, what a change ! to be an inhabitant of a world of Spirits !"

"Thou must expire, my soul, ordain'd to range
Through unexperienc'd scenes, and myst'ries strange:
Dark the event, and dismal the exchange.
But when compell'd to leave this House of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere, wing thy way ;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be, thou know'st not what, nor where, nor how,
Trembling and pale, what wilt thou see or do?
Amazing state!—No wonder that we dread
The thoughts of death, or faces of the dead:
His black retinue, sorely strikes our mind ;
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Some courteous ghost, the secret then reveal ;
Tell us what you have felt, and we must feel.
You warn us of approaching death, and why