

to their proper orbit. Nor need we doubt of its truthfulness, for the morality it inculcates must necessarily recommend it to, and gain the highest approval of your *conscience*. Nor will it do violence to your *reason* when approaching your *will*. Should it awaken your *hope*, it will enkindle your *love*, and bestow on you a foretaste of its promised *joy*. Its faithful perusal will make you acquainted with the future and its grand secret, of which, when you are once possessed, then, with those who already hold its rich treasure, you will declare exultingly

"There is no death,
What seems so, is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburbs of the life Elysian,
Whose portals we call death."