

present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortunes or success. Misfortunes indeed he may yet feel, for where is the bottom of the misery of man ! but what is success to him, who has none to enjoy it ? Happiness is not found in self-contemplation ; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts us at the brink of the grave, and gives no farther intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent. There is joy among angels in heaven over a sinner that repenteth. And surely the joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let hope, therefore, dictate what revelation does not confute—that the union of souls may still remain ; and that we, who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have one part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving the reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion. When we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and greater power ? And to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the greatest power is the best ?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted does not seek succour in the gospel, which has brought life and immortality to light ! The precepts of Epicurus, which teach us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence, but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on abstract things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promise of him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurances of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion only can give patience.

SAM. JOHNSON.

UPON THE DEATH OF A CHILD OF EIGHT YEARS OLD.

Oh ! if the fond regrets of mortal love
Are heard before the throne of God above—
If to a soul too young for guilt, 'tis given
To find its own congenial home in Heaven—
If the warm tears of those who gave thee birth
May cleanse thy spirit from the stains of earth—
My Brother, go !—and while thy youthful lyre
Blends its fresh incense with th' immortal choir,
Oh may its holy echoes earthward flow
To soothe the hearts that weep thy loss below,
And Henry's form in all its new-born bloom
Chase the cold thought of Henry in the tomb.