

dence, while standing mid the mounds of an humble burial ground, impassionately exclaim:—

“And you ye graves, upon whose turf I stand,
Girt with the slumber of the Hamlet's dead;
Time, with a soft and reconciling hand
A covering mantel of bright moss hath spread
O'er every narrow bed;
Yet not by time, and not by nature sown
Was that celestial seed whence round you *peace* hath
grown.

Christ hath arisen! O! not one cherished head
Hath midst those flowery spots been pillowed here,
Without a hope, howe'er the heart hath bled
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier;
A hope upspringing clear, from the celestial tidings of
the morn,
Which lit the living way to all of woman born.”

Doubter, go read this evidence, the original of the document may not be touched, it is dwelling in the courts above, and encircled by a radiance in the unseen world; but there is a faithful transcript on earth; and though men have received it in *two parts*, yet we may not doubt of its integrity; for a proof of its unity is contained in the fact that the glory which was dimly shadowed forth in the promises of the one, has been clearly and distinctly revealed in the fulfilment of the other. Lay fast hold on its teachings; its pages will reveal the secret of your existence; it not only declares the origin of your *gifts*, but shews you also how to appreciate and enjoy them, it can harmonize your *passions* and direct your *faculties*