

IMMORTALITY.

Yes, Immortality: That bosom word,
 To me, has inspiration in it. Love
 Of life is inmate in the human soul:
 'Tis interwoven in our natures. 'Twas
 Decreed in the grand council of the Gods,
 When canvassing the great eternal scheme
 Concerning destinies of man on earth,
 That mankind should inherit love of life;
 Else, man, grown weary of a world of woes
 And fickle tides of happiness, would haste
 To make his exit, and e'en God Himself
 Had failed to keep enough, as instruments
 On earth, to execute His purposes.

Thus death, the happy counterpoise to life,
 Has long been branded with fell hideousness—
 False-styled “the king of terrors,” “monster,”
 “fiend,”

“Insatiate archer,” and whole catalogues
 Of horrid names, to form a barrier
 Of fear, lest man, with suicidal hand,
 Should clip the brittle thread of life, and rush,
 In multitudes, into Eternity.

Christ conquered death: And to the Saints of God,
 Who live to do His will, death has no sting;
 'Tis a kind porter to admit us where
 A realm of light and beauty shines around—
 A world of glorious Immortality!
 A world? Yes, worlds of vast immensity.
 And what of us? To be *our very selves*,
 Free from all imperfections consequent
 Upon the curse entailed through Adam's Fall—
 To enjoy life's sweet associations—those