

Parents & Children. Chymistry. The Lettered Reprobate. Youth.

It, thus far philosophy has guided you; but without a guide, and blindfold, you must take the last  
leap—perchance to hell, perchance to non-existence! How the scene brightens, when res-  
urrection is appealed to! As the ark of the testimony is opened, a voice is heard to say, "From the  
resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again" It  
is the voice of the angel of the covenant. His bow of promise is seen arching the sky, and reaching  
down even to the sepulchre, whose dark cavern's lights radiance are illuminated.

Parents & Children—Not all the pomp and pageantry of court, not all the for-  
mal and studied courtesies of fashion, could compensate for the list of that heaven-appointed  
solace, domestic friendship. Beneath the palatial roof disguise is banished, and heart  
meets heart in amity; there nature operates, and there, and only there, man speaks and acts,  
without dissimulation. Oh! Mistress You have analysed the air. Can you tell me  
why it renders percussion audible? You have separated the rays of the solar beam. Can  
you tell me why it renders visible the bodies on which it falls? You have analysed the  
dew drop. Why does it ripen the vintage? You have analysed the spring shower. Why  
does it refresh the herbage, and brighten the verdure on which the eye so sweetly rests?

The Lettered Reprobate—Accustomed to all that is learned, all that is beautiful in art, or  
sublime or picturesque in nature, how will he endure the privation and disorders of that abode  
& horror which light never visits, and whose solvation never comes. In hell there are no temples,  
no science any more than of devotion, no walks of contemplation or of fields of verdure, no Parnassus,  
or Vale of Tempe. All is dark and sombrous, as well as impious and guilty;  
and the smoke of torments, endless, overhangs the shalms, & monuments, across which no healthful  
plant more, no bow of promise stretches. Youth. Now it is that health nerves the arm,  
ardour fires the bosom, and insatiable desire prompts to action. Now it is that a field