

Death.

Analyses.

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Death is but a long sleep, from which we all will one day awake to find ourselves in the presence of Omnipotent God, to be arranged before His tribunal, to answer, as it were, for the violation of His mighty and just laws.

While pursuing the paths of life, from which we have taken everything to hinder us in gaining our fortunes; while plenty, like the ever-shining sun, whose rays warm us, smiles upon us; while fame and honor, have lifted us above ordinary things; while we possess all the requirements of happiness, then does Death come; it strikes us; we fall and pass into the hands of Eternity, whose [aquit] Death is. O Death! How mighty thou art! How inflexible are thy laws! Thou art one, to whom everybody is indebted, and can nothing appease thee but the life of thy debtor? Hast thou not been satisfied with the lives of myriads upon myriads, whom thou has snatched from this world? Keep, o Keep, thy hands from us!

How miserable is Death! When we reflect upon it, it arises before us, as being the nucleus, around which collect Misery, Suffering, Despair, and everything which relates to fear. To poor, miserable mortals it is painted in its darkest colors, or there is nothing in it, which has a tendency to please us.

We set out in the spring-time of life, inspired by the beauty of everything around, in high hopes and expectations, but alas! Our doom is sealed—Death strikes us, and we are borne from the earth, “as flowers which withereth and fadeth away.” The sickle of Death is ever-working.

All are cut off alike by Death, the rich and the poor – the old and the young – the christians and the sinner. How horrible it is to think upon the sentence “Every body & everything must die”! But how true! Death & Decay; which is Death’s mark, are written upon everything. Time brings us nearer to it; and as the seasons of life revolve, the truth that everything must wither and fade away, are made now evident. The flower to-day bloometh, but to-morrow withereth. As the seasons pass round time whispers “Death” in our ears; the air seems to waft it hither & hither. Families and societies are destroyed by it. The father mourns for his son, upon whom he has doted, because the mark of Death is branded, as it were, upon his brow, & cannot be effaced. The mother goes about weeping, because her children are not. The gay and the light

hearted convene, but their light elastic step is taken away, & why? Death has been amongst them, and deprived them of their liveliest.