

the banes of our earthly existence? By what arithmetic shall we settle the difference betwixt them—or where is the one argument that without any process of this sort will guide us at once to a right conclusion upon the subject? We are aware that the love of life has been employed for such an argument. But the love of life is not the fruit of any previous calculation on the worth of the commodity. It is an instinct; and there is in it we believe a great deal more of horror at the pains of that awful and unknown transition by which we are conducted away from it, than there is of regret at the privation of any or all put together of its affirmative joys. We think it must be quite palpable, that far the most noticeable, and therefore far the most vivid and powerful of those emotions which are connected with our view of death, is the recoil wherewith nature shrinks from its imagined agonies and terrors—and that such should be the agonies and terrors of every sentient creature who is capable of anticipation, and more particularly that all without exception who belong to the family of man should have to bear upon their spirits the burden of so dread a perspective, that their life should be exposed at every turn to the damping visitation of such a thought, or that the progress of their existence through the world should only be easy and tolerable by the steeping of all their senses in the utter forgetfulness of its sore and affecting termination—this surely marks a state, whence it were most difficult to infer the goodness of Him by whom it is originated. Nor when we look to the pain and the shrinking and