

of life—that it is not only ordered what this influence will perform, in attracting matter, and building up the complex structure of an animal body, but that the period of existence of that body is from its beginning defined. This life may be limited to a day, and truly ephemeral, or be protracted to a hundred years: and the period is adjusted, as perfectly as the mechanism and structure itself, to the condition of existence, the enjoyment of the individual, and the continuance of the species.

Nothing is more remarkable than the slight hold by which this life is possessed by some of these organic structures, and the tenacity of life in others. Slight changes of temperature or moisture will annihilate some, whilst others will be dried up into dust, or ribbed in ice, and after years admit of resuscitation.

If instead of contemplating the variety of animals as they are adapted to their place, we think of ourselves—there is no living creature in which it is so distinctly designed that the stages of life shall be marked—so that we may have continually before us the tenure by which we hold that life. But to our argument;—during all the progressive changes of life, the material is ever new; the poet's picture of the last stage of man's life is not a true one. If man totters under the burthen of years, the simile of a ruin is inapplicable; the material of his frame