

act of respiration, or those forcible yet regulated exertions, which nothing but the instinctive apprehension of death could excite?

To suppose that we could be moved by the solicitations of pleasure and have no experience of pain, would be to place us where injuries would meet us at every step and in every motion, and whether felt or not, would be destructive to life. To suppose that we are to move and act without experience of resistance and of pain, is to suppose not only that man's nature is changed, but the whole of exterior nature also—there must be nothing to bruise the body or hurt the eye, nothing noxious to be drawn in with the breath: in short, it is to imagine altogether another state of existence, and the philosopher would be mortified were we to put this interpretation on his meaning. Pain is the necessary contrast to pleasure: it ushers us into existence or consciousness: it alone is capable of exciting the organs into activity: it is the companion and the guardian of human life.