

to a certain extent, the great scheme of the universe; but who sees infinitely more which he does *not* comprehend, and which he ardently desires to know;—is he to perish like a mere brute—all his knowledge useless; all his most earnest wishes ungratified? How are we to reconcile such a fate with the wisdom—the goodness,—the impartial justice—so strikingly displayed throughout the world by its Creator? Is it consistent with any one of these attributes, thus to raise hopes in a dependent being, which are never to be realized? thus to lift, as it were, a corner of the veil—to show this being a glimpse of the splendour beyond—and after all, to annihilate him? With the character and attributes of the benevolent Author of the universe, as deduced from His works, such conceptions are absolutely incompatible. The question then recurs—What is to become of man? That he is mortal, like other animals, sad experience teaches him; but does he, like them, die *entirely*? Is there no part of him, that, surviving the general wreck, is reserved for a higher destiny? Can that, within man, which reasons like his immortal Creator—which sees and acknowledges His wisdom, and approves of His designs, be mortal like the rest? Is it probable, nay, is it possible, that what can thus comprehend the operations of an immortal Agent, *is not itself immortal*?