

nished with an organization of the most exquisite delicacy.

I repeat, when I observe these curious facts in the natural world, I cannot help understanding them as kindly prophecies, uttered in the silent language of nature of our own destiny, assisting us to form some faint idea how it is to be with us, and teaching us when we stand by the dying, to look upon their restlessness and their sufferings as the pangs of a new life, as the inner life blindly struggling on into another and higher condition of existence. The visible tenement is then breaking up. The personal life is passing into some new and more finely finished form, adapted to a state of being so much more ethereal than the subtlest elements with which we are acquainted, that our coarse organs cannot perceive it. The beauty which, as you must have observed, irradiates the dead dust, the almost smiling expression of repose, which is so frequently visible on the countenances of those who have just breathed their last, and which is the more remarkable, as that most expressive feature, the eye, is closed and sunken, does it not seem as if the departing soul, catching, before it was quite separated from the gasping body, a glimpse of the freer, higher state into which it was passing, left a faint impress of its content upon the lifeless dust?

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THE increasing connection between a minister and the community, while it liberalizes the mind, and counteracts professional prejudices, has a tendency to enslave him to opinion, to wear away the energy of virtuous resolution, and to change him from an intrepid guardian of virtue and foe of sin, into a merely elegant and amiable companion.—*Channing*.