

But there is a fact of immense importance as respects the physical and mental constitution of man which is exhibited in the sleeping state. That to which I allude is the great fact that the mind, if it be spiritual, can exist, and does sometimes exist independent of the body; and if it be material, that the intellectual faculties can exercise their appropriate powers independent of the corporal functions. I know that there are sceptical philosophers in every country who do not believe in a future existence, and that there have been such in every age. Such were the Sadducees among the Jews, and such were and are Epicurus and his followers, even in our days, who have and do deny the immortality of the soul. I know, too, that there are men who claim to be atheists, but these only constitute exceptions to the mass. They have never composed the majority in any country. They are exceptions to the mass of men which like the exceptions to a general rule, it is said, prove the existence of such rule. They are men whose extreme caution induces them to withhold their assent to the truth of any proposition which is not susceptible of demonstration; but I must be permitted to declare that I doubt whether that man lives who in the early part of his life did not believe in a future existence. It is by losing ourselves in the mazes of what is called reasoning that we sometimes become unbelievers in matters which are palpable to men of plain common sense.

Another circumstance which renders a future existence probable, is the fact, that there is implanted in the breast of every human being a desire for the continuance of his existence. Nothing strikes the mind with such a withering and shilling horror as the thought of annihilation. The prospect of future calamities, pain and misery can be endured, but the dreadful apprehension, "falling into nought," prostrates all human fortitude, and subdues the stoutest and most obdurate heart.

C. FRESHMAN.

THE SOLITUDE OF DEATH.

We must die alone. To the very verge of the stream our friends may accompany us; they may bend over us, they may cling to us there, but that one long wave from the sea of eternity washes up to the lips, sweeps us from the shore, and we go forth alone! In that untried and utter solitude, then, what can there be for us but the pulsation of that assurance—"I am not alone, because the Father is with me!"