

tions are philosophically as unpartisan and as exact as those of a mirror. Is it not the immemorial proverb of all great poetry, as well as of all profound philosophy, that there is something that makes cowards of us all as we draw near to death, and that this something is not physical pain, but a Somewhat behind the veil? Death would have little terror if its pains were physical and intellectual only. There is an instinctive action of the moral sense by which we anticipate that there are events to come after death, and that these will concern us most closely.

Bishop Butler, in his famous "Sermons on Conscience," has no more incisive passage than that in which he declares that "conscience, unless forcibly stopped, magisterially exerts itself, and always goes on to anticipate a higher and more effectual sentence which shall hereafter second and confirm its own." This prophetic action of conscience I call the chief proof that man has an instinctive expectation of existence after death. We are so made, that we touch somewhat behind the veil. As an insect throws out its antennæ, and by their sensitive fibres touches what is near it, so the human soul throws out the vast arms of conscience to touch eternity, and Somewhat, not ourselves, in the spaces beyond this life. All there is in literature, all there is in heathen sacrifice, continued age after age, to propitiate the powers beyond death, all there is in the persistency of human endeavor, grotesque and cruel at times, to secure the peace of the soul behind the veil, are proclamations of this prophetic action of