

Was Brutus insane? or Cassius? or Mark Anthony? or Demosthenes? or Hannibal? or Socrates? The records of suicide bear the names of many of the brightest and best minds the world has known. A relative of Addison who threw himself into the Thames, left on his table Addison's celebrated tragedy of Cato, opened at the noble Roman's soliloquy, and on a slip of paper these lines, "What Cato did and Addison approved must be right? Who is to restrain us if we seek to solve the problem of our existence in our own way? If the Gordian knot cannot be untied it can be cut. Death is not a dreadful thing when it comes as a surcease to sorrow.

"What is death? It is not a new existence, for the dead know naught. It is simply a ceasing to be. What is life without love? It is merely a weary waiting to go hence, a waiting that it can do no one harm to bring to an end. Sleep means rest—rest for the weary, and the tired, and the troubled. Death is sleep protracted till the awakening of another life. The eyes close, the ears grow deaf, the lips are dumb, the senses of touch and taste and smell depart, the pulse is calm, the heart is still. Is not this death? Is not this sleep? Sleep is the counterpart of death. Death is the ocean for which all sleep sets sail and whither every sleeper in the end is borne.

"And yet how much do the words mean, *In death the eyes shall be blind*. No more shall they look upon the trees and the fields, the sky and the sea, the flowers that grow in beauty day by day and lift their little faces to be washed by the morning dew and dried by the kisses of the morning sun; they shall be blind to the waving of the grain in the fields, as it shakes its golden curls and longs for the coming of the reaper; blind to the tired kine, as they stand dly in the grass under the shade of the tree at noon-tide, chewing their cud, their big, trustful eyes staring into space; blind to the waving of the branches of the trees as they bid a joyous welcome or sigh a sad farewell.

The clear cool water as it runs from the spring in the hill side or chatters on its way to the river and the sea, the smile upon the face of a friend, the streaks of yellow and gold in the sunset, the lazy drifting of a summer cloud, the painted pictures of all things that are bright and beautiful—upon these the eyes shall never look again. They shall be closed—sightless—senseless, and things that enchanted them shall be seen no more. The stars shall keep their vigil in the sky, and the moon shall shed her soft light upon the earth, but what are stars and skies and moon to the blind? What is beauty of face or form or feature, or all the triumphs of the painter's art to him whose eyes are closed in dreamless sleep? Nay, what are they to him who lives and sees if love be not his portion? To live is to love; to love is to live. Without love life is a half-told story, a broken song, a troubled dream.

"*In death the ears shall be closed*. There shall come no more to the sense of hearing the sound of running brooks, the happy songs of birds, the enrapturing strains of music, the voice of the world's greatest singers, the tinkling of the bell on the browsing sheep, the innumerable sounds of insects at night, the sighing of the pine trees in the woods, the noise of the dashing of waves against the rocks, the happy calls of boys at play, the tender voices of those who are near and dear, the beating of waters on the shore at night, the baying of the hounds as they sight the deer, the whirr of the partridge as it starts from the brushwood, the roll of the drum as the soldiers march up the road, the call of the bugle in early morning at camp, the patter of little feet on the staircase, the sound of the rain on the roof at night time, the laughter of little children, the sound of the wheels at the door, of one long expected and looked for, the whistling of the wind through the rigging of the ship at sea, the lisping of an infants prayer, the beating of the hammer on the blacksmith's anvil, the rustle of the red leaves when stirred by the autumn breeze, the awful amen o