

the other is waning, every entrance into the spirit world being with a train of light lingering on the mind, sweet and mellow as that which rests on the hills at eventide.

But two things there are which barb the sting of death. There is this inheritance of disease that we speak of, — of organizations with broken laws and the earnest of swift decay. Hence death is not the unclothing of the spirit, but the rending away of its garment by violence. But more than this ; man becomes buried in sense and matter, and this world becomes all in all. This world is the substance, while the spirit-world is the shadow. This is real, while that is spectral. Therefore to leave the solid earth is to tread away into nothing, and to drop into the cold depths of the night, while on the ear from all that are loved and loving are falling everlasting farewells. On account of this seeming annihilation, nature sends up a deep and bitter cry. Or, perhaps, one sees before him the shadow-land which tradition has peopled with terrors, and where only phantoms are gliding past.

To a human nature in the freshness and purity of its morning prime, when celestial beings stood on the confines of both worlds and sang “ strains suitable for both,” the eye of faith would be open and clear ; the spirit-realm would be the substance, while this would be the shadow ; from infancy to age human beings would live in conscious fellowship with the sweet societies of the blest ; death would come in his season, not to tear them away, but to lift a veil from their eyes, and disclose to them that sphere which already had sent its peace into their hearts, and left its brightness on their souls.