

known to disinter the dead and carry their relics along with them. And wherever we find a conduct the reverse of this, and the dead uncared for, we find the savage sunk to the lowest point of debasement. When he can leave, as some tribes do, the sick or the aged to expire of hunger, or to become a prey to wild beasts;—and when he leaves the corpse of a kinsman unburied to be torn to pieces by the wolves and vultures,—there we find every human sentiment extinct, and the brutal in possession of the man. A tribe without a burying place is always a tribe without the consciousness of man's dignity, without the hope of immortality, without the idea of a God. Such degraded creatures have no relics, no anticipations; all that they seek for is the enjoyment of the present hour. They employ the Epicurean's maxim, without knowing his philosophy, "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die"—die like the beasts that perish.

Among the customs of the ancient Greeks and Romans, funeral rites and the burial of the dead occupied a very conspicuous place. "To defraud the dead of any due respect, was a greater and more unpardonable sacrilege, than to spoil the temples of the gods." "Their mythology led them to believe that the souls of the departed could not be admitted into the Elysian shades but were forced to wander desolate and without company, till their bodies were committed to the earth; and if they never had the good

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