

an adaptation to his earthly environment? The very cravings of man for something beyond are revelations of his higher and more enduring nature within, and a prophecy of a larger and more satisfying destiny than earth can give.

If there were no hereafter, the pathetic lines of Tennyson would give expression to what would then be an appropriate feeling for all to share alike:

“What then were God to such as I?
’Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of all things mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die.
’Twere best at once to sink in peace
Like bird the charming serpent draws,
To drop headforemost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease.”

But with faith in the justice of God, and in the credibility of our nobler instincts and aspirations, he sings in more hopeful strains:

“Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,
Thou mekest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die,
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.”

“I look with longing for a future life,” says Carlyle, “where we and our loved ones shall meet and be together again. Amen and Amen.”

“The great mass of mankind,” say the authors of “The Unseen Universe,” “have always believed, in some fashion, in the immortality of the soul.”

“The materialistic assumption,” says Mr. John Fiske in “The Destiny of Man,” “that thought and feeling cannot exist independent of the body, and that the life of the soul accordingly ends with the life of the physical organism, is perhaps the most baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy.”

But we are not left to rest on some painful bewildering guess as to whether death is a door opening into larger spheres, or a massive and unbroken wall; whether it is the rising or the setting of the sun of man’s existence, with all that that existence involves.