

nature, and is gradual, gentle, and painless. If there be any acute disease of local parts, the physician stills its clamor of pain. "Do not let me suffer," said General Grant to his physicians, as he found his strength for communicating with them fading out. There was but little danger of his suffering.

If a man's self-culture have been in the divine directions, his faith, hope, and charity ripen and sweeten. He is kinder in his convictions, more tolerant in his differences. Most old people become liberal in their theological views, unless they have sedulously cultivated bigotry—in which case they are liable to lose all semblance to Christ. Your hotspur theologian is always a boy. I have seen some amusing examples of a sweet-spirited old Christian trying to keep up his youthful religious rancor. He uses the old phrases, but the vitriol has been all washed out of them, and he puts some softening qualification into his uncertain certainties. His love is not so consuming, but it is tenderer and has a wider range. But on the other hand, if he have cultivated evil passions, so do they ripen and concentrate in malignity. It is an ominous fact that the unrestrained worse side of human nature intensifies with the fading away of physical vitality. The most venomous souls I have ever known inhabited bodies which were worn out and falling to pieces.

I step out from my cabin door upon a path where