

A person lying dangerously ill, suffering acute pain, is given a narcotic and after a time, sleep is produced. The pain-racked body lies there motionless as a lump of clay, pain is forgotten but the soul takes a journey, and for a time revels in joy, flits through a shady grove, or stops for a moment beside a running brook, scales lofty heights or lingers in a lovely valley ; the effect of the narcotic wears off, pain returns and the pleasant vision is ended. Now the mind could not have created these pleasant scenes, for as everyone knows, there is complete sympathy between the body and mind, and a diseased, pain-tossed body, would produce a diseased mind. Between sleep and death there is a wonderful similarity. In sleep the soul wanders forth and returns to the body, in death it journeys over the broad sea of eternity into the great unknown. Have you ever stood at the bedside of a dying child and seen the look of joy that passes over its face ? In many instances the child being too young to reason, too young to create for itself pleasant scenes. Then what could have produced the estatic joy ? I stood by the bed of a dying child, a mere infant. The little sufferer had lain unconscious during the day, efforts were made to arouse it, the mother was bending over the bed anxious for one look of recognition, but the efforts were useless, the stupor continued until suddenly, to the surprise of the watchers, the little creature raised its hand, and pointed upward, with a smile of perfect joy, and at that moment the soul winged its flight.