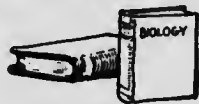


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*Animal
Immortality*



from birth to death the whole history of his race ; and the history of any race seems to be an upward striving, through pain and loss, to more and more perfect things. Where the process began, where mind emerged from matter, or first clothed itself in matter, the Rabbit does not know, but leaves the question cheerfully to One who was probably present with the morning stars, and whose action has been reasonable and constant ever since. It seems, however, that the process, once begun and long continued, can never end rationally until "the desire of every living thing" for more life shall be accomplished.

Thus far the Rabbit has tried to examine the question impersonally ; but there is another reason which he knows in his heart, though he finds no words deep enough to tell his meaning. Death to the animal is but a sleep, and the only thought in his head when he lies down for the last time is Nature's whisper that he will waken as usual when the right time comes. Now Nature deceives nobody, nor does she long tolerate any deception. It would be most irrational, even for a rabbit, to suppose that Nature has told him truth every hour of his long life, only to whisper a falsehood at the last moment.