

One of the most interesting things about this stage of the belief is, that, as in the former one, the immortality is not confined to human beings, but embraces the animals of the chase, horses, dogs, bows and arrows, cooking utensils, garments, and even articles of food, which are buried with him, so that their spirits may accompany his on his distant journey. This has developed unfortunately into some of the most hideous and ghastly rites known to history, such as the killing or burning of wives, soldiers, and others upon the grave or pyre, in order that the dead man may have the benefit of their company and services.

As the tribe grows, expands, and advances, wars are waged, ships are built, voyages and expeditions of discovery are undertaken, until geography is born, and the idea of a future world somewhere upon earth's surface has to be abandoned. Henceforward, it is relegated either to the region of the sky, the name of which, "heaven," is still borne by the most advanced and modern conception of it, or to the bowels of the earth, as its other classical modern name, the "infernal" ["inferior"] regions," still implies. In most cases, the belief soon comes to include both localities.

A well-known illustration of this early stage of the idea is the Greek Olympus-Hades. The "upper" world did not even quite reach the sky, but was on the summit of Mount Olympus, and was tenanted solely by the gods and by a few nymphs and mortals of such extraordinary merit or beauty or direct blood-relationship to the divinities as to render them worthy of elevation to divine honors. The "lower" world was a cold, comfortless, shadowy region below the earth, where the "shades" of all mortals save the brilliant exceptions mentioned were condemned to pace out a monotonous existence in the meadows of asphodel. Even such redoubtable heroes as Achilles, Agamemnon and Hector could not escape it. The shades were represented as being literally "ghosts of their former selves," still hearing and showing the wounds that caused their death, mourning the loss of their joyous earth-life, their friends, their horses and cattle, their wine and gold, their very voices faded to a gibbering squeak. Achilles longs to come up to earth again, even though it were as the meanest slave that toils. The devoutest Greek departed this life with extreme reluctance, and with nothing but sighs and regrets for the joys he was leaving. He made all he possibly could out of this life, for he expected nothing in the next. And, take him altogether, he was about the best and most useful citizen the world has ever had, and has actually achieved the most glorious immortality. Perhaps on this very account; perhaps not.

Cruder in some particulars and infinitely less artistic, but with a rough justice and fearless manliness about it which lifts it far above Olympus, was the Valhalla of our fierce Norse ancestors. This has many points of resemblance to the "happy hunting-grounds," for we find the heroes

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seated around the massive board, loaded with the souls of their favorite

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