

taminated. The ideal of a perfect physical nature is perfect health ; the ideal of a perfect mental nature is a normal brain ; the ideal of a perfect moral nature is a perfect conscience, and the ideal of a perfect being is the blending of these three into one symmetrical whole. A sound mind in a sound body should be the desire of all, and if we have lived in accordance with the natural laws of our constitution, the termination of our lives will have a peaceful and happy ending, when, the intellect unimpaired and the other senses uninjured, the same nature which put together the several parts of the machine, takes her own created work to pieces. In many cases the weary pilgrimage of life is brought to a close with little apparent derangement of mental powers ; the final scene may be short and painless, and the phenomena of dying almost imperceptible.

In such an ending the stock of nerve power is exhausted—the marvellous and unseen essence, that hidden mystery that man with all his wonderful powers of reasoning, that physiology with all the aid that science has lent it, and the genius of six thousand years has failed to fathom. In that hour is solved that secret, the mystery of which is only revealed when the book of life is closed forever. Then we may hope, when nature draws the veil over the eye that is glazing on this world, at the same moment she is opening to some unseen but spiritual eye a vista, the confines of which are only wrapped by the everlasting and immeasurable bounds of eternity.

Pope expresses this view of death most pathetically, when he says :

“ Vital spark of heavenly flame !  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life !

“ Hark ! they whisper ; angels say  
Sister spirit, come away !  
What is this absorbs me quite ?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?”