When it comes to the “journey’s end” we all take “the downward path” “the dreamless sleep,” “a debt we all must pay” is merely expiring, dying, departing, or passing away. “The tribute due unto nature,” “the sleeping partner of life,” is the same as moribund, which is nothing more than “that good night.” A trip to the river Styx “is the crown of life,” “an awfully big adventure” for a husband, child, or wife. But we all know our day is coming, because the sands of the hour clock are running. For when our number is up, and our life hangs by a thread, one thing is certain; pushing up the daisy is the same as stone dead.