

**DOES DEATH END
ALL?; PP. 10-40
(NOT COMPLETE)**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649268597

Does Death End All?; pp. 10-40 (not complete) by Madison C. Peters

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MADISON C. PETERS

**DOES DEATH END
ALL?; PP. 10-40
(NOT COMPLETE)**

be deceived, therefore immortality is a reality. A belief so universal, so entirely agreeable to our feelings, so accordant with our reason, so independent of education, so uninfluenced by differences of culture, antecedents and surroundings, cannot be false and misleading.

This belief is clearly not the result of education. It could not have originated with man, nor have come to him from without. It must proceed therefore from a supreme moral intelligence. It has its foundation in the inward predisposition of our mental and moral constitution, implanted there by God Himself. This feeling that there is a hereafter, this intuitiveness is the counterpart of reality. Just as the reflection of a face in the water is sufficient evidence that the face itself is not an illusion. The idea of immortality is interwoven with the mind, it is a part of the soul's original furniture; it is God's appointed witness that we shall live again.

Man is the only creature which has this religious instinct, therefore immortality must be the end to which it leads. If man has an instinct looking forward to a future life, and there is no future life provided for him, then he is the solitary exception to a rule otherwise universal. There is no example in nature of an organic instinct without its correlate. Where do we see an instance of a creature instinctively craving a certain kind of food in a place where no such food can be found? When

the swallows' instinct causes them to fly away from clouds and storms to seek a warmer country, do they not actually find a milder climate beyond the sea? Nature never utters false prophecies. And if this be true with regard to the impulses of physical life, why should it not be true with regard to the superior instincts of the soul? Want is a prophecy of destiny. As Schiller puts it: "Was der Geist verspricht leistet die Natur;" what the spirit promises nature performs. Addison clearly portrays the philosophical mind of Cato in the following lines, as sublime in expression as in depth of reasoning:

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Must we believe that God has raised these hopes to crush them? No! good God, no! It is not conceivable of a wise and loving Father that when we are ready to burst out into songs of love and wonder, that our lips are to be forever sealed. Why are we endowed with this intense clinging to our own conscious personal life if maybe tomorrow or surely in a few years we shall be snuffed out like a candle? If I believed that I

was to behold nothing but the earthly scene of the eternal drama, and when my spirit was wrapt in anxiety I must perish in suspense, I would curse the day that gave me birth, I would never smile again, I would go weeping through life. Is immortality a dream? Let me dream on. I am content.

Yes, if 'twere only a dream,
Better it were to clasp it,
Brood on it until it seem
Real as the lines that grasp it.

Why is it that when death comes it seems to bring with it to all men conscious assurance of immortality? When men go out of life they let go their doubts and sweep into the satisfying faith of a hereafter. On his death-bed a professed atheist requested to be buried by the side of his Christian wife and daughter. When asked why, his response was, "If there be a resurrection of the righteous, they will get me up somehow or other and take me with them." This little incident reveals the heart of man, tells the story of an immortal soul and voices our common hope.

"All men," says Theodore Parker, "desire to be immortal." They cling to life because they love it. They shrink from death, not on account of the pangs of dying, or of the results that follow, but because they dread the thought of going out of existence—of being dead. What is this love of life and the fear of death but the natural expres-

sion of that conviction of personal immortality which the inspiration of God breathed into the human spirit? The sentiment of the race by its evident longing for another life finds echo in the lines of Tennyson :

No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.



MAN'S RESTLESS SPIRIT—PROOF OF IMMORTALITY.

II.

Life is worth living. It is only mean to the man who makes it so. Yet, without being guilty of either ingratitude or pessimism, we may assert that it fails to satisfy the deepest cravings of the heart. Expectation, and not satisfaction, seems to be all that even the most favored ever find on earth. The world exhausted itself on Solomon; he was a multi-billionaire; his Empire stretched from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, from the foot of Lebanon to the desert bordering on Egypt; he was the encyclopaedia of his age; he lived in a palace which required fifteen-and-a-half years to complete; he had forty thousand horses for chariots. The style of grandeur in which he lived almost passed credence, yet he pronounced all vanity.

Queen Elizabeth, proud empress over a mighty realm, with three thousand dresses in her wardrobe, enough one would think to make any woman happy, but she was far from happy. From her dying couch comes the cry, "Millions of money for an inch of time." If that offer had been possible, how it would have revolutionized financial affairs for a time. Crowns may be set "with diamonds or Indian stones," but the kings and queens seldom enjoy the crown of content which is worn upon the heart. Do you imagine that the great heart of Abraham Lincoln ever found a moment's happiness

in the White House? Thackeray one of the 'most genial and lovable souls after he had won the applause of all intelligent lands by his wonderful genius, sits down in a Paris restaurant, looks at the other end of the room and wonders whose that forlorn and wretched looking face before him is. Rising up he finds that it is Thackeray in a mirror.

Man's soul is fluttering within like a caged bird, the noblest creature on the earth and at the same time the most miserable; he has greater gifts and higher qualities than any other visible being, and yet he, and only he, is lonely and dejected, sad and sorrowful. Man alone carries with him a heavy heart. How merrily sing the birds as they fly along over the fields and forests or cleave the mountain air, and how perfectly happy are they as they tuck their heads under their wings when the shadows of night fall and the wind cradles them on some swinging bough! The flocks and herds upon a thousand hills, the myriad forms of insect life, every winged fly and tuneful beetle, the fish that gaily sport and gambol in the rivers and seas, all can find the end of their being; not a thought of future want disturbs their perfect tranquillity. But never so with man. He alone is never satisfied no matter what his wealth, or fame, or knowledge, or power, or earthly pleasures. From the king to the beggar, "man never is, but always to be blest."

What is the explanation? Has God made the beast that perishes to find his every desire gratified, while man is created with immortal longings that shall have no satisfactory response either in time or in eternity?

"We shall be satisfied when His glory shall appear." It is to this purpose God has given us this insatiable thirst. Man pants after happiness, infinite in duration; his natural hopes and desires run beyond the bounds of time, his "soul uneasy and confined from home rests and expatiates in a life to come."

