

Life, Death and Immortality.

BY KNARF REMOOC.

Life: How every thought centers on the word! How we long to continue our present existence! To remain, after our days of usefulness are over, a barren tree upon the field of progress! Merely to see, feel and think we would remain, the one desolate object upon a pleasant landscape.

And what is life? It is motion, force, action, evolution, progression, moving, growing, inconstant, ever-changing; whirling in cycles infinitesimally small and inconceivably great, pushing forward toward some unknown goal of perfection.

And yet we fear death! Yet all Nature proclaims: "There is no death." Even decay is life and growth, chemical force, creating a new body from the atoms of the old.

That fallen tree, you say, is dead and rotting. It is not dead. Every atom is alive, forming new chemical combinations, whirling, rushing forward, growing, perhaps into a new tree more grand and beautiful than the old, and bearing more wholesome fruit, and you call that death; it is immortality. How easy to put a superstitious meaning to this.

The caterpillar goes into his coffin, the chrysalis, and after undergoing a wonderful transformation, is resurrected a beautiful butterfly. This is where our theological friends would leave us, poor mortal worms. Immortal, everlasting, unchanging butterflies. Leading a useless existence, lounging on Wall street in New Jerusalem, without sorrow or trouble, except listening to the jingle of the Chinese bands and the prayers of Job.

But the butterfly is more fortunate. After completing the functions of nature, in propagating a new generation, perhaps of a higher order and better adapted to existing conditions, he passes into the chemical life, to grow into something of still higher order.

All is life, with ever changing forms. But all of this applies to the body, to the ponderable parts. What of the mind—the imponderable?

I do not know of mind separate from the body, although there are many bodies separate from the "mind."

If they exist separately, where and when did we get our minds? Who kept them in store for us before we were born?

Like the body, we get our minds gradually. After maturity, our bodies keep building on new tissue and throwing off the old. Our minds continue to develop while the body lasts.

Mind is either imponderable matter, or a property of matter, ponderable or imponderable. I con-

sider it complex, consisting of all of these.

The physical, or ponderable, parts must first be built up in proper shape and condition to receive the mind, or "impressions." The process is gradual, and the impressions are received gradually or, in other words, "grow" into the body as a part thereof.

As far as known, imponderable bodies are subject to the same natural laws as ponderable bodies, and it is not reasonable to suppose there are exceptions.

Then, if mind is matter in combination with the body, it must be either disintegrated with the body and enter into new combinations, possessing entirely new properties, or set free to mix with the ether which permeates all space, to be absorbed again by other bodies acquiring "mind."

If mind is (as I believe) a property, or motion of an imponderable ether acting upon the ponderable matter of the body, it must have the body to act upon before it can become "mind," or thought. Therefore, the disintegration of the body leaves nothing for it to act upon, and there can be no thought.

But it does not die. This matter, whether ponderable or imponderable, will continue moving and entering into new combinations, and when the proper conditions occur, mind will again be formed. Matter is indestructible, and its properties will be the same under like conditions.

We can not logically conceive a hereafter or heaven except an evolutionary one created by human beings for the benefit of people living at the time, and we can not create such a heaven by worshipping the dead, or by deifying musty romance, moldy customs or unjust laws.—[Independent Pulpit.

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