AFTER DEATH; OR LETTERS FROM JULIA. A PERSONAL NARRATIVE. A WORK OF PRICELESS VALUE TO SPIRITUALISTS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649039555

After Death; Or Letters from Julia. A Personal Narrative. A Work of Priceless Value to Spiritualists by William T. Stead

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

WILLIAM T. STEAD

AFTER DEATH; OR LETTERS FROM JULIA. A PERSONAL NARRATIVE. A WORK OF PRICELESS VALUE TO SPIRITUALISTS



After Death

OR

LETTERS FROM JULIA.

A Personal Narrative

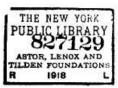
by the

HON. WILLIAM T. STEAD.

A WORK OF PRICELESS VALUE TO SPIRITUALISTS

POURTE EDITION POURTE TROUBAND

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER PUBLISHING HOUSE
1910.





PUBLISHER'S INTRODUCTION.

We take great pleasure in presenting this volume to the general public. W. T. Stead is a noted Englishman, standing exceptionally high as a leader in all reformatory works, and at times his movements and influence have agitated England from center to circumference. Such a person, so pre-eminent in all matters, literary, civic and political, will exert a wonderfully beneficial influence in the ranks of Spiritualism, through this book. Every reader thereof will bless him, and thank him, too, for permitting the undersigned to publish it. Thousands upon thousands of copies will be distributed.

M. E. CADWALLADER,
106 Loomis Street. Chicago, Illinois.

PREFACE.

Eight years ago I collected together and published the series of messages contained in this volume under the title, "Letters from Julia, or Light from the Borderland, received by automatic writing from one who has gone before." Since then the little volume has been six times reprinted in England, and at least one translation has appeared abroad. I have received so many grateful letters from persons in all parts of the world, who, after sorrowing for their dead as those that have no hope, felt on reading this book as if their lost ones were in very truth restored to life, that I can no longer refuse to issue it to a wider public. I have not changed a word or syllable in the letters themselves. They stand exactly as they were printed in the original edition where they were reproduced from the automatic manuscript of the invisible author who used my passive hand as her amanuensis. I have also left unaltered the introduction explaining how these letters were written. But I have changed the title to one which is more challenging than "Letters from Julia," and which also indicates more explicitly the subject of the book.

It may save me some unnecessary correspondence if, when introducing this new edition of the communications received from my friend Miss Julia —— who "what we call died" on December 12, 1891, I state once for all that the narrative given in the preface is a simple statement of fact. There is no "dressing" of any kind. The friend whom I call Ellen is still alive. Miss Julia —— was well

known to many who are conspicuous in good works on both sides of the Atlantic. Many persist in regarding the name Julia as if it were some fantastic appellation given to an imaginary entity. It was simply the Christian name given to my friend in infancy when she was baptized, and as she was known by it while in her former body, her friends continue to call her by the same name. There is no more reason for changing one's name because we change bodies than when we change dresses. would have no hesitation about giving my friend's full name with all particulars as to her life history, were it not for two reasons. Some of her relatives might object, and if I published her full name I should deprive myself at once of a very simple test, first, as to the non-authenticity of messages professing to come from pseudo "Julias," and secondly, as to the futility of the popular delusion that psychic messages are always to be explained by thought transference. Her name is, of course, perfectly familiar to me, but in a dozen years, out of scores of psychics and mediums of all kinds, all of whom on the telepathic hypothesis ought to have had no difficulty in reading her name in my mind, only two have ever been able to tell me her surname.

I have not one word to alter or to modify in the statement made in the original preface, where I vouch for my absolute belief in the authenticity of the communications received through my hand. I am positive that the letters did not proceed from my conscious mind. Of my unconscious mind I am, of course, unconscious. But I can hardly imagine that any part of my unconscious self would deliberately practice a hoax upon my conscious self about the most serious of all subjects, and keep it up year after year with the utmost apparent sincerity and consistency. The simple explanation that my friend who has passed over can use my hand as her own seems much more natural and probable. I have many friends who, being still in their bodies, can write with my hand automatically at any distance. If this capacity be inherent in the soul of man, independent of the body, when incarnate in flesh, why should it perish when the bodily vesture is laid aside like a worn-out garment? Automatic telepathic writing received from those whom we call living persons does not prove that similar communications can take place after one of these persons has put on immortality. But as it accustoms us to a mode of communicating thoughts without any conscious or visible use of the body of the communicator, it does away with the chief obstacle to the acceptance of messages from those whose physical bodies are mouldering in the dust. If my friends' minds do not need to use their own hands to write to me but can control my hand for that purpose while they are still in the physical body, why should they lose that faculty merely because they have put on a spiritual body? It is not their material envelope that writes with my hand at a distance of hundreds, or even thousands of miles, but a subtler something that is quite independent of their body and even their physical consciousness.

As to the salient truth asserted in these messages, the return of one from beyond the grave to inform those who remain behind of the life beyond, and of the light which the other world sheds upon this, I can only say that I believe it to be true. Those who reply by quoting Shakspeare's saying about the bourne from which no traveler e'er returns, may be disposed of by the remark that Shakspeare himself was of a different opinion. If that saying be true, the Christian religion is based on falsehood, and not the Christian religion alone. The reminder, recently afforded, that to the Japanese the constant and conscious presence of the spirits of the departed is as much a reality of their everyday, worka-day existence as their artillery and ironclads, may do something to reconcile some of our superior latterday Christians to a reassertion of one of the fundamental truths of the faith in which they profess to believe. When my friend describes her own experiences after death, I accept her statements as I ac-

1