

**THE WEDDING
GARMENT: A TALE OF
THE LIFE TO COME**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649731954

The Wedding Garment: A Tale of the Life to Come by Louis Pendleton

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

LOUIS PENDLETON

**THE WEDDING
GARMENT: A TALE OF
THE LIFE TO COME**

THE
WEDDING GARMENT.

A Tale of the Life to Come.

BY
LOUIS PENDLETON,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WIRE-GRASS," "KING TOM AND
THE RUNAWAYS," ETC.

"It must be so, — Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter."

ADDISON.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1894.

Copyright, 1894,
BY LOUIS PENDLETON.

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S. A.

Y91
P398w .

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. I DIE	7
II. "DEATH IS THE GATE OF LIFE"	14
III. "WHERE CONGREGATIONS NE'ER BREAK UP"	26
IV. IN A FOOL'S PARADISE	39
V. THE CITY OF NEWCOMERS	49
VI. STRANGE ADVENTURES	59
VII. THE COLLEGE OF THE "WISE"	67
VIII. THE TAILLESS APE	81
IX. THE UNKNOWN SPEAKS	96
X. A PARTING AND A MEETING	110
XI. THE MAN AND HIS WIFE	120
XII. SET FREE	133
XIII. FOLLOWING THE DOWNWARD DRIFT	144
XIV. THE METAMORPHOSIS	158
XV. AT THE FEET OF ARIEL	166
XVI. EASTWARD	174
XVII. FRIENDSHIP	187
XVIII. THE WEDDING GARMENT	195
XIX. THE MAIDEN AND THE DOVE	206
XX. LIGHT AFTER SHADE	215
XXI. IN THE VALLEY OF THE RAINBOW	226
XXII. THE JEWEL OF HUMAN LIFE	233
XXIII. WE CROSS THE BORDER	241

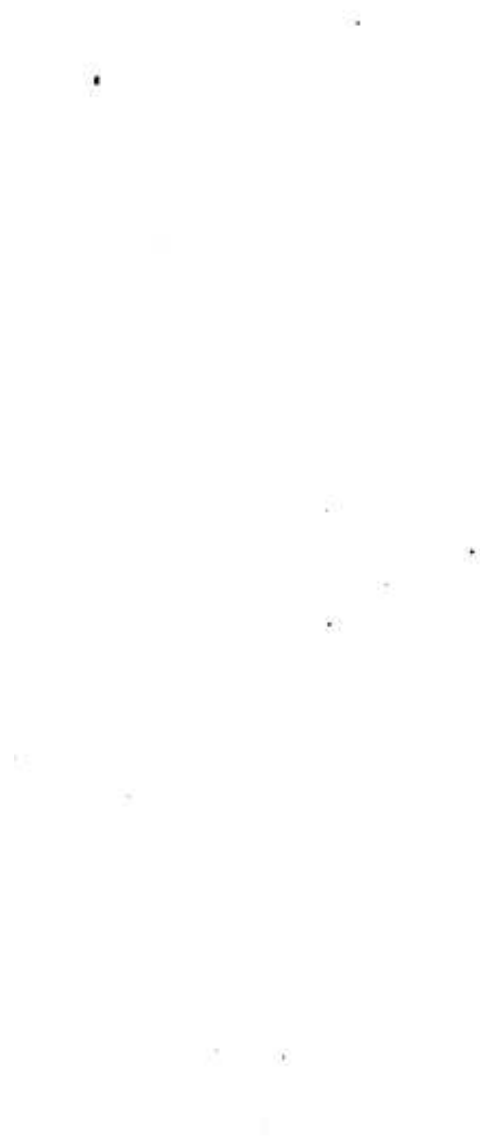


Figure 1. Relationship between the number of species and the number of individuals.

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

I.

I DIE.

As a dyspeptic, I had so often envied the little animal called the sea-cucumber, which is said to possess the wonderful power of providing itself with a new stomach as soon as the old one has worn out; and yet, when it was intimated to me that I might die, that I might shortly put by my whole inert body, so worn and wasted with sickness, as one puts by a cast-off garment, and awake to consciousness in a more perfect and never-dying spiritual body above the realm of matter, I cannot say that I was pleased.

Not that I seriously doubted the basis of probability leading to the prospect held out to me by the grave, kindly man who had come to sit at my bedside and speak hopeful words; on the contrary, it had always seemed to me that there *must* be a God, and immortality for his creature, man. To die and never live again was to my mind a condition or destiny inexplicable, monstrous, impossible. The opposite idea had been inscribed, as it were, on my very heart from earliest childhood; but for years past it

had entered very little into my conscious thought, neither my friends nor I being what is called religious. Our thoughts were concerned with the world about us, not with eternity. And this was the cause of my pain: I loved the world, and would fain not bid it farewell; for, whatever may be said of the people in it, in part or in whole, or of the misfortunes which it is their lot to bear, it is a good, comfortable world, where one may find much to enjoy, much to love.

"You say that you dread to think of being buried and rotting in the ground," spoke the good friend at my bedside; "but *you* will not rot in the ground. It is your material body only which so decomposes."

"It's pretty much the same thing, isn't it?" I asked, somewhat listlessly, in a moment of depression. "These hands are to rot, these feet, these limbs, these eyes, this brain; and these make *me*."

"They make your corporeal garment which you wear during your sojourn in the lower world. The garment is not the man."

"Call it a mere garment if you like," I answered; "but the fact remains that when you take it away it is difficult to see what is left."

"The fact that you cannot see what is left with the eyes of your body is nothing of proof. We are compelled to believe in the existence of things which we cannot see. What is more real than our thoughts? And yet we cannot see them with the eyes of our body."

"Our thoughts and feelings are certainly as real as anything," I answered, passively.

"It is true," continued my friend, "that the eyes of our bodies are organs of sight, and we do see through them the things of this world, and we act upon these things by means of material muscles, being furnished with powers adequate to the ponderous objects surrounding us; but our reason sees that there must be some interior power, something within this mere instrument of flesh and blood. This something is the soul, or spiritual man; and it is this which lives, thinks, acts, — *is the very man himself.*

"You lose no more in being severed from your natural body than a cocoanut, for instance, loses when it is taken from its rough outer coat, or husk. Tear off this husk, and you still have the hard inclosing envelope, within which is the nut itself, with its inner deposit of milk; so, when at death you drop off the material covering given you for use during your stay in the natural world, there still exists your spiritual body, as an envelope and resting-place for your conscious mind and your inmost seat of life, or soul. All that is really valuable or of use for the higher plane of existence remains. You live, breathe, and move, the same human being that you were before, with only this difference, that you are immensely the gainer through the severance of your connection with the frail material body, which is part and parcel of the material world, — a mere coarse outer garment, so to speak, worn for a time and cast off when no longer needed."

All this appealed to my reason; I felt that it must be true, and yet — and yet there was a vague,