

No. 26. This is the last of the independent slate writings and it is that of my son. He was the most recent of all the writers to pass into the realm of spirit. He lived in the mundane sphere until he passed his fiftieth year. He had a good education, and possessed natural gifts for drawing, painting and music; and for many years was a deep student of the Bible, and well versed in every part of the Scripture. He was a man of bright intellect, but was greatly held in check, in all his undertakings by an infirmity (epilepsy). He loved controversy, but more for his love of reaching the truth. His belief was that at the death and burial of the body, the soul or spirit begins a deep sleep, and so continues until the general resurrection day; when he would arise and with a vast multitude be present on the great Judgment Day, when the few, of all who had ever lived on the earth, would ascend to a new and everlasting life, while the many (all the remainder) would be earth-bound and sleep eternally. He did not believe in a Hell according to the orthodox view of it.

He also believed that I his own father was losing my reason, which he considered was good evidence of insanity, without any doubt in his mind, and which he sincerely deplored; and as evidence of that condition, often referred to my attitude regarding spiritual philosophy, together with the accounts that I gave of seeing, hearing and conversing with the spirits of those who had once been men on earth as we are today.

Finally all controversy between us ceased, as he passed out of his carnate body, on 14th November, 1916, and his mortal remains were deposited in a grave in one of the city cemeteries, there to lie until nature disintegrates it into earth elements.

My son did not realize his candid, honest belief and his faith was not justified in regard to it, for he entered not upon his long sleep 'till Gabriel's trumpet should sound to awaken him; but meeting his mother and other loved ones, who were awaiting him in spirit, was welcomed by them, as he has since told me and others through a trumpet; and so was made to realize that there is no death for the spirit; and that life in the spirit realm is as natural to those there, as earth life is to mortals here. He also