



THE DEAD HAVE NEVER DIED

EDWARD C. RANDALL

Global Grey ebooks

**THE DEAD
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**BY
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1917

The Dead Have Never Died by Edward C. Randall.
This edition was created and published by Global Grey

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The memory of Emily S. French comes like a benediction. Over every cradle Nature bends and smiles, and at this second birth it does the same. She made me her friend by being honest; I made her my friend by being fair, and so we worked for twenty years and more to learn how to expel the fear of death from the human heart. She grew old as we count time, feeble in body and blind; yet her courage and devotion never waned, and at the end she smiled and met the dawn of everlasting life.

She was an instrument through which a great group worked. In her presence with the necessary conditions the people in the next plane spoke, and never again can it be said, "The dead know not anything."

I cannot give out the knowledge gained through Mrs. French's instrumentality without paying this tribute to her. She was the noblest woman I have known; she was both honest and brave; she enriched herself by aiding others. She helped to stay the tears that fell from furrowed cheeks and looked with pity on ignorance and superstition. She came to know that all wretchedness and pomp lose distinction in the democracy of death and that only character survives. To her in the great beyond where she now resides I send my love. - We shall meet again.

END
