

Arthur Conan Doyle

Immortality

Survival

Vol. II.

No. 6.

Direct-Voice From the Platform
of a Big London Hall
Wonderful Manifestations of Spirit-power
at an open meeting.

Why Do We Suffer?

Why is not Life Endless Pleasure?

By URSULA BLOOM

Should Religion Be Advertised?

If so, What is the Proper Way?

By ARTHUR LAMSLEY

What Heaven is Like

Not Harps & Crowns, but Life Enhanced.

By The EDITOR

Have We Free-Will?

Or is Destiny Our Endless Chain?

By W. H. EVANS

THE CONVERSION OF **EDGAR WALLACE**

"I Shall Not Sneer at Spirits Again." •

Testimony by LADY CONAN DOYLE.

Short Story by MADGE DONOHUE.

Reply to the Rev. D. Morse-Boycott.

JUNE, 1931

SIXPENCE.

Arthur Conan Doyle

Immortality

Survival

Vol. II.

No. 6.

Direct-Voice From the Platform
of a Big London Hall
Wonderful Manifestations of Spirit-power
at an open meeting.

Why Do We Suffer?

Why is not Life Endless Pleasure?

By **URSULA BLOOM**

Should Religion Be Advertised?

If so, What is the Proper Way?

By **ARTHUR LAMSLEY**

What Heaven is Like

Not Harps & Crowns, but Life Enhanced.

By **The EDITOR**

Have We Free-Will?

Or is Destiny Our Endless Chain?

By **W. H. EVANS**

THE CONVERSION OF **EDGAR WALLACE**

"I Shall Not Sneer at Spirits Again." •

Testimony by **LADY CONAN DOYLE.**

Short Story by **MADGE DONOHOE.**

Reply to the Rev. D. Morse-Boycott.

JUNE, 1931

SIXPENCE.

Humanities Research Center
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
SPIRITUALISM LIBRARY

"
AT
A STO
OF A S
AN UT
AND
SHOU
BEGINI

W
PEN
DU.

a New

World of Possibilities.

Strange Book Loaned to
Those Seeking New Start.

At last a new method of master-
ing our lives and putting all ob-
stacles to success and happiness in
their proper place, has been out-
lined by the Supreme Council of
the Rosicrucians.

And by a special concession,
copies of this new plan and an
explanation of what it will do, will
be loaned to those who wish to
make a new start in life and
change the course of their career.

The Rosicrucians have ever been
known for their rational, simple
and thorough knowledge of the
arcane facts of life. Through all
the ages they have held the Light
of Knowledge as a sacred trust,
and thousands of eminent writers
and historians have conceded the
highest tributes to them.

The new book called "The
Light of Egypt" will be mailed to
SINCERE ENQUIRERS without
obligation and postage prepaid.
Write a letter (not a postcard)
addressed to

LIBRARIAN W. H. K.
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD,
(A M O R C)
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.
(Perpetuating the original and
only Rosicrucian Fraternity.)

**The Works of
W. H. EVANS.**

Just Published.

**"The Spiritual
Leadership of
Jesus."**

How Understanding of Christ
grew upon the Author.

4d., post free 5d.

"Altar Lilies,"

A Series of fresh and beautiful
inspirational studies by a
Teacher who calls himself
Brother Joseph.

4s. 9d., post free.

**FROM THIS
OFFICE.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HANNEN SWAFFER HANDS MORSE BOYCOTT	
A FEW FACTS	293
EDGAR WALLACE'S "CONVERSION."	
"I MEET A GHOST."	
By EDGAR WALLACE.	
(<i>Quoted from the "Sunday News."</i>)	295
WHY DO WE SUFFER?	
By URSULA BLOOM	299
"POWER" SPEAKS TO 25,000.	
GREAT PROPAGANDA TOUR BY MEURIG MORRIS ...	302
"HER RIVAL."	
A SHORT STORY.	
By MADGE DONOHOE	305
SHOULD RELIGION BE ADVERTISED?	
By ARTHUR LAMSLEY	311
READERS' EXPERIENCES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.	
LADY CONAN DOYLE'S TESTIMONY	314
HAVE WE FREE WILL?	
By W. H. EVANS	318
WHAT HEAVEN IS LIKE.	
By THE EDITOR	321
700 PRESENT AT GREAT SEANCE	326



GIVE THIS ISSUE TO A SCEPTIC.

LONDON UNITY CENTRE, 78, LANCASTER GATE, W.2.
Practical Talks and Really Helpful Lectures

BY MISS E. GERALDINE OWEN.

Mondays and Tuesdays at 3 and 8 p.m., Fridays, 8 p.m., and
Sundays, 6.30 p.m., with music.

Admission is free.

Open all day.

Many have learned to demonstrate Health, Abundance and Joy
through these meetings.

WHY NEGLECT NATURE?

A large selection of carefully compiled herbal remedies, to suit all
requirements, will be found in the following list:

Anæmia, Cough, Gall Stones, Neuritis, Asthma, Constipation, Liver Herbs,
Nervine, Back and Kidney, Consumption, Liver and Kidney, Blood Purifier,
Catarrh, Liver and Stomach, Rheumatism, Blood Pressure, Flatulence, Indiges-
tion, Sciatica, Bronchitis, Female Corrective, Influenza, Tonica, Diabetes.

9d. per packet; post free, 10½d. Three packets, post free, 2s.

Seeds, Herbs, Barks, Flowers, Roots. Any quantity supplied.

Write to-day stating your requirements to—

TRIANGLE CASH HERBAL STORES,
38, CASTLE GATE, NEWARK, NOTTS.

Cash with order.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM.

Subscriptions help us, and save you trouble.

Fill this form up NOW.

To the Publishers, "IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL,"

Erlestoke Park, Devizes, Wilts.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please send me your magazine for one
year from the issue. I enclose cheque/postal
order for 7s. for this purpose.

Name

Address

I append the name and address of a friend who might possibly
subscribe to your paper if a specimen copy was sent.

Name

Address

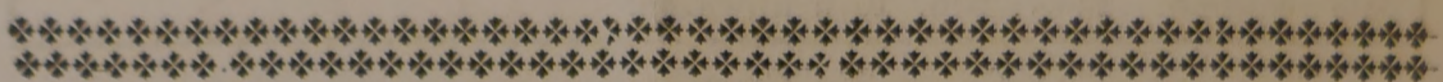
IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

At ERLESTOKE PARK, Wiltshire.

Subscription: 7s. per year Telephone: Lavington, 64.
All business letters to be addressed to the Manager, "Immortality and Survival."

All literary communications to be addressed to the Editor, "Immortality and Survival." Manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, or we cannot undertake to return them. It is understood that no responsibility can be taken for manuscripts accidentally lost, either by fire, or in transit, or in any other way. Advertisement rates can be sent on application.



PSYCHOSENSICS

IS THE

SCIENCE OF PSYCHIC UNFOLDMENT.

The most thorough and practical correspondence course for individual unfoldment. It trains you to see, hear and feel in the soul dimensional world, to sense through the world of matter to that of the mind and spirit.

ENROL AS A STUDENT NOW.

EXTEND YOUR MENTAL AND SENSING POWERS.

**See Clairvoyantly, Hear Clairaudiently,
Feel Psychometrically.**

All phases of psychic unfoldment are dealt with.

Six Text Books, specially written for the course by F. BRITAIN.
STUDENTS IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.

Send 1½d. stamp for Pamphlet and Enrolment Form.

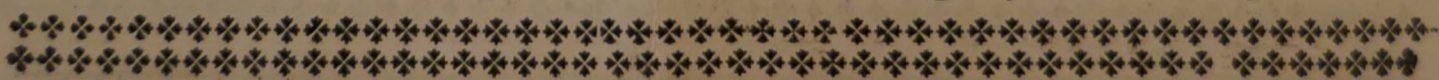
**Secretary, PSYCHOSENSIC INSTITUTE,
28, ST. STEPHENS ROAD, LONDON, W.2.**

All psychics should read—

"SYMBOLS AND THEIR INTERPRETATION."

By F. Britain.

Price 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d.; or through your book agent.



Books by F. HESLOP.

"SPEAKING ACROSS THE BORDERLINE."

Ninth Edition. Art Linen, 3/-. By post, 3/5.
Paper Boards, 2/-. By Post, 2/4.

**"FURTHER MESSAGES ACROSS THE
BORDERLINE."**

Second Edition. Art Linen, 3/6. By Post, 3/11.
Paper Boards, 2/6. By Post, 2/10.

"LIFE WORTH LIVING."

Second Edition. A little book with a Great Message.
1/6. By Post, 1/8.

London:

MORTON, BURT & SONS, LTD., 58, Porchester Road, W.2.
All important Booksellers, and the Old Corner Bookstore, Boston, U.S.A.

64
and
and
lope,
bility
t. or
T.
ual
ld,

Hannen Swaffer
hands
Morse Boycott

A FEW FACTS!

A Reply to the "Daily Express" Article.

I REALLY must protest against the illogical blathering of the Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott.

He reminds me of the old lady who knelt down by her bed and said, "Oh, God, give me something even more difficult to believe."

"As a Christian, I am an ardent believer in the supernatural," he writes. "I can admit the voice that Saint Joan heard. I can admit the vision of Our Beautiful Lady to the peasant Bernadette at Lourdes. I can admit the strange occurrences that took place at Llanthony Abbey when Father Ignatius was blazing the monastic trail across the pages of Anglican history."

It seems that Mr. Morse-Boycott can admit anything that he cannot prove or test.

When she was alive, Orthodoxy did not admit that Saint Joan heard the voice of her guides. It burned her. When she first told of her vision, Orthodoxy treated the peasant Bernadette with contempt. As for Llanthony Abbey, where Father Ignatius is said to have blazed a monastic trail, it is nice to know in his case that Orthodoxy was blazing something except a martyr.

Now that Saint Joan has been made a saint by the Orthodoxy which, for the same reason, once burned her, now that Orthodoxy is profiting at Lourdes because of the vision of a peasant, which it would not accept at the time, now that Father Ignatius is comfortably out of the way, the Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott admits it all.

Yet when Edgar Wallace says that my sister-in-law appeared to him, the Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott laughs, instead of going to see him and asking him all about it. He cannot cross-examine Saint Joan, like Orthodoxy did, threatening torture, but he can cross-examine Edgar Wallace. So he won't.

"I might have seen all sorts of people like that in the night," he goes on, speaking of Edgar Wallace's story of a strange visitant, "and have concluded the experience to be due to lack of exercise and depression. I have always had the good sense to keep my visions to myself and to cut out the cheese from my next night's supper."

That is the sort of thing they used to say of St. Paul, who heard a voice, and St. Joan, who heard a voice, and all the people who

IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

have heard voices.

"If I saw a vision, I should go at once to my bishop, tell him, and do what he told me," says the Reverend. "If he told me to be silent, I should be silent."

Now, the Reverend Morse-Boycott's bishop is the Bishop of London.

A few weeks ago, a member of the Spiritualist community went to tea with the Bishop, who was her godfather, and said, "Bishop, I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I have become a Spiritualist."

The Bishop of London did not laugh.

Doesn't the Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott know what his Bishop thinks? Does he not know that if his bishop were the Bishop of Truro, who is a monk, he would tell him a very different thing than he would be told by the Bishop of Birmingham, if he lived in the diocese of Birmingham?

Exeter is a monk. Birmingham is a modernist. They would all tell him a different story. They would all give him a different reply. Whereas the only thing that would matter would be, not their opinion, but whether he saw a vision or not.

When St. Paul was going up to Damascus, the Reverend Desmond Morse-Boycott, who was not there, believes, he heard a voice saying "Why persecutest thou Me?"

Paul was persecuting the Christians.

Edgar Wallace, at a time when Mr. Morse-Boycott was not many miles away, says he heard a voice that said, "I think it is very silly, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Edgar Wallace was persecuting the Spiritualists.

Paul became a Christian.

"I shall never sneer at spirits again," says Edgar Wallace.

"The recipients of these favours were of a different type from those who catch at every supernatural straw nowadays," says Mr. Morse-Boycott.

Yes, St. Joan was a very different type. She was a poor ignorant farm girl who saved France when all the generals had failed and all the Church had failed. That was why they burned her. They won't burn Edgar Wallace. He is a rich playwright with horses at Newmarket and a long cigarette holder and a plain bluntness of speech.

Besides, Edgar Wallace did not catch at every supernatural straw.

It will astound the Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott, and many other people, to know that, a few years ago, when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was looking out for a Spiritualist propagandist to succeed him, when he passed on, he actually wrote to Edgar Wallace and asked him to examine the case. Edgar, of course, laughed.

Edgar Wallace, I believe, still has the letter. He did not, however, go out in search of evidence. The evidence followed him.

The fires of the Inquisition are now extinguished. Orthodoxy lit them. Truth put them out. Truth and Orthodoxy, however, are still at war. But the truth will win.

EDGAR WALLACE'S "Conversion."

WE Believe Mr. Wallace
to be sincere. He has made
a short step in our direction,
but we do not exaggerate
its importance.

"I Shall Not Sneer at Spirits Again."

In the "Sunday News" of 10th May, Mr. Wallace writes

"I Meet A Ghost."

I AM putting down on paper the third most extraordinary experience of its kind which has occurred in my lifetime.

On Saturday last I left the office early and motored to Hurst Park. After the last race I went on to my place in the country, which is on the hill overlooking Bourne End. I was tired, but not unusually so. I had had a very heavy week, but I was not so tired that I could not have sat down and written a column on almost any subject which appealed to me. I had, however, promised myself a complete week-end's rest.

In The Night.

My study adjoins my wife's room, but it does not communicate. I have recently had it panelled in pickled oak, and as the work is fairly new and I have a central heating system, the wood shrinks, and it is quite a common experience to hear mysterious cracks.

I had arranged to sleep in my study that night, and I got into my pyjamas and dressing-gown and made myself comfortable. I had had an acute attack of bronchitis just before I went to Hurst Park, and had spent most of the evening swigging erratically at medicine bottles.

One of the panels cracked noisily. I had been pulling the leg of a very well known journalist about Spiritualism, and the cracks suggested something which amused me. I sat at my writing table—I always sit there, even when I am resting—and I wrote three paragraphs.

A Voice From Beyond.

The first two of them were amusing jabs at my friend, the third was not so amusing, and I decided to cross it out, when somebody said:

"I think it is very silly, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

I am not quite sure whether it was "yourselves" or "yourself."

IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

I looked up—the door of my study was closed. There was nobody in the room; the telephone receiver was on its support. My first impression was that the wireless set in the room below may have been working. I sometimes hear faint echoes of sound coming up through the floor, even though it is heavily carpeted.

I took up my pen again, and went on from where I had left off, and was just putting a diagonal line across the unsatisfactory paragraph when the voice said:

“It is silly!”

Without realising, I answered: “What is silly?”

There was no reply—nobody in the room.

“The Paper Was Gone.”

I opened the drawer of my desk to find a thermometer: I thought I was running a temperature, but I could not find it. I knew, however, that I was normal, because a temperature gives me a sensation in the brain that is comparable to the opening and closing of the slats of a Venetian blind.

I opened the window—the room was a little warm—and, opening the door, walked out into my wife's room. She was in bed, smoking a cigarette and doing tapestry work. I have an idea that I asked her if she had said anything, but neither she nor I are very sure of this.

I sat down by the open door, where I commanded a view of my own door, and we talked about the children and the play, and eventually I went back to my room, and walked round the table to my chair. I had left the quarter-sheet of copy paper on the centre of my writing pad, and on the top of that I had put my watch and chain. I did that just casually, for I took my watch and chain out of my jacket just before I went into my wife's room.

The paper was gone!

The watch and chain lay on the writing-table by the side of the pad. I don't know what made me do it, but I turned to the fire, and on the top of it were the black embers of a sheet of paper. There was no wind that could have blown it there, and certainly none that could have blown my watch and chain from the centre of the pad to the side of it.

I Meet the Ghost.

I said nothing, rang for a cup of tea and went to bed at about twelve o'clock.

I was awakened at five o'clock by a violent attack of coughing, and when I saw the hour I cursed my stupidity for not having had a breakfast set and an electric kettle brought up. I partly dressed, and went to the window and pulled back the curtains. It was a bright, sunny morning. Two birds were carrying on a noisy conversation, and I closed the window, which I had left open all night, for the morning was chilly.

In the corner of my study is a blue velvet chair, and as I turned my head towards it I saw a woman sitting there.

EDGAR WALLACE'S 'CONVERSION.'

A Happy Visitor.

She was not pretty; in fact, if the truth be told, she would have been plain, but for the fact that she was smiling, and was obviously very happy. She was sitting bolt upright, with hands folded on her knees. They were very quick, restless hands, and one of them had a gold ring. I won't swear that it was a wedding ring.

I was not a bit nervous. I was curious and very much interested. She spoke very quickly, gave me no chance of getting in a word. I had never met her before, nor have I seen her portrait, and I hadn't

EDGAR WALLACE'S ILLUSIONS.

SINCE the appearance of the *Sunday News* article, a Spiritualist has written to Edgar Wallace, inviting him to a Spiritualist meeting. Here is Mr. Wallace's reply:

"MY DEAR MR. —, Nothing in the world will induce me to go to any kind of Spiritualist meeting whatsoever. I am not a Spiritualist. I may have my occasional illusions, but that is not one of them.

"EDGAR WALLACE."

We believe that Mr. Wallace was sincere in his article, as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. He may have been impressed with it when he wrote it, but already regards it as an illusion. We hope that some day he will come to realise that illusion is the greatest reality, where it refers to the supernormal. Surely a man who, like Mr. Wallace, makes his living out of illusion, cannot deny its intense reality?

the least idea that she bore the slightest resemblance to a woman I knew her to be, namely a relation by marriage of a man I had been writing about.

This was no mystery, because he had told me about her. I knew she was dead. He told me years ago that when she died he was having tea with a medium and a message came through that she had "passed over."

I could not draw her face if I were an artist. The impression I had was that she was faded, rather ill-looking. The only thing I can remember about the conversation was that she referred to the fact that I had had a bad week at Newmarket, which was true. I have no idea whether in her life she was interested in racing, but she spoke quite sympathetically.

In this brief space of time occurred a one-sided conversation, only

WHY Do We SUFFER ?

Why is not Life Endless Pleasure?

BY

URSULA BLOOM.

IT is the urgent question which all tortured humanity would put forward ; it is the first argument which leaps to the lips of the atheist ; if God is omnipotent, if He is merciful and tender, then why do we suffer?

Agony goes on around us every day, and it is unjustifiable agony. Life is far too full of torture, and God seems to do nothing about it. He is far too remote. He holds Himself aloof from it all.

But is He really so remote and aloof? Is He not watching all the time? We are poor little people even in our prime ; we are wretchedly weak even in our strength ; the best of us are not, I suppose, anything like on an equivalent with the worst of those who have passed over. We cannot see very far, and we are prone to limit our vision still further, by refusing to admit how terribly short-sighted we are. We cannot judge infinity by our poor little finite conditions here. What do the handful of years matter after all? They matter to us now, of course, because they constitute our span, and they seem interminable, but as opposed to eternity they are infinitesimal. God regards us from the Infinite. He knows what lies ahead for us, just as we know what may lie ahead for the animals in this world, over which we are masters. It is necessary to the great scheme of things.

Have you ever seen a puppy which has been whipped for

"Power" speaks to 25,000.

Meetings at **CARDIFF, NEWCASTLE,**
MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, BRISTOL,
EXETER, BIRMINGHAM, HANLEY.

Great Propaganda Tour by Meurig Morris.

(Notes of an interview with Meurig Morris and Laurence Cowen.)

MEURIG MORRIS is a sweet and petite figure, so frail and demure that one could scarcely imagine her, of her own volition, addressing great audiences throughout the country. Her voice is a soft woman's voice, possessing no resonant qualities, and not a voice which one would imagine to be at all suitable to public speaking, and altogether different to the vibrant, strong voice of her spirit-control, "Power." These, however, are the facts which attract and convince a large section of the public which attend these audiences, for "Power," with his masculine tones and philosophical orations, seems many stages removed from the slight, girlish figure who is his instrument, and whom he calls "this child." Yet throughout the country, Mrs. Morris, *vide* "Power," has been arousing an interest and enthusiasm which has seldom been equalled. The most amazing thing has been the Press reception which has been accorded them. As a rule Spiritualist meetings, however great their importance, are studiously ignored by journalism. Not so the Meurig Morris meetings. Throughout the country journalists have vied with each other in their eagerness to get the first and exclusive account of her work, to photograph her, and often to break forth into eloquent enthusiasm and even praise. Here a few of the meetings which have taken place in the past month are detailed:

Cardiff.

Enormous meeting and enthusiastic. 2,000 present.

Newcastle.

Met on the train from London by journalists, who accompanied Meurig Morris and Mr. Laurence Cowen to Newcastle. When the

POWER SPEAKS TO 25,000

train stopped they sent wires off to their headquarters, and the newspapers concerned brought out special editions describing the progress. Result was that a crowd of 1,500 awaited them at Newcastle Station. Mr. Crawley, the Chief Constable, welcomed them. Three thousand people crowded into the Town Hall, and 12-1,500 congregated outside, unable to get in. Meurig Morris was mobbed at the entrance. Photographs of Meurig Morris and Mr. Cowen were circulated in special editions within half an hour of their arrival in the town. Three motor cars were supplied by the Press. The repercussions have been entirely favourable to the Cause in Newcastle, for hardly an edition of the Newcastle papers has come out since without an article on Spiritualism, either by the Countess of Tankerville, or somebody as prominent.

Bristol.

4,000 people present. Wonderful Press reception. A clergyman who had never been to such a meeting before was so impressed that he motored them to Exeter for their meeting there.

Exeter.

The clergyman referred to, the Rev. Dimmock, took the chair for the meeting. He said that he had "fallen under the spell of the little lady who had been sent by God to lead them," and in his opinion he was not the proper person to be in the chair on that platform, but the Lord Bishop of Exeter himself. 2,000 present.

Manchester.

2,000 at the Houldsworth Hall. Hundreds turned away. Amazing Press, even the weekly edition of the Manchester Guardian containing a paragraph on the subject.

Birmingham.

At the Town Hall. 3,000 present. Newspapers unanimous in their praise.

Hanley, at the Victoria Hall, 2,500 present.

Torquay, 2,000 present at an enthusiastic meeting.

NO FREE ADMISSION.

One of the most remarkable features of the Meurig Morris meetings has been that there has been no free admission. All seats have had to be paid for. The halls which have been taken have had to be paid for. Any profits have been divided between the Spiritualist Society concerned and the Meurig Morris Defence Fund.



A
Story
by
Madge
Donohoe

HER RIVAL.

MRS. MULLINGS was a woman with a grievance. It was a grievance of long standing and was embodied in the apparently inoffensive individual known to the neighbourhood as "Mrs. Mullin's 'usband." To the lay mind it would have been difficult to determine how the pallid-faced, depressed and anxious-looking Joseph Mullings, evermore bent over his cobbler's bench, could have been responsible for the sense of injury which had brought such a perpetually bitter look to his spouse's face and such biting words to her tongue whenever he was within earshot.

But Mrs. Mullings was a high-priestess of the Cult of Finding Annoyances, and she had exercised her sacerdotal function consistently ever since the Easter Sunday, seventeen years ago, when, carefully holding the bewildered Joe in tow, she had formed the more conspicuous half of one of the twenty-five bridal couples lined up before an East End clergyman to be united in "holy acrimony," as the wag of the party put it.

From that day on, Joe's sins against her had manifested themselves. If to others they were invisible, to her they were

IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

very plain. Truth to tell, they consisted in what most wives would have accounted virtues, the very head and front of his offending being that in a community where family quarrels, often ending in public abuse and blows, were everyday occurrences, he had never raised his hand to do her the slightest physical violence, nor had resorted to counter tongue lashings against those she inflicted on him.

Thus he put her at a permanent disadvantage with her neighbours. What will you? When you feel within yourself a power of histrionic vituperation, of lurid invective, denied to your less-favoured sisters, how aggravating is it to find the latter in situations calling for the exercise of such gifts, while you must stand dumbly by! Look at Mrs. Pelton, for instance! Her husband, as was well known, was wont to "beat 'er black-an-blue" when drunk. What did she do to get kudos out of this state of affairs? In any concourse of matrons discussing their wrongs she only sniffled, and yet, because of it, she was more important, more *en vue*, than Mrs. Mullings who, given a similar chance, would have surpassed Boadicea's self in denouncing the author of her sufferings.

Every week, round the communal wash-tubs of the Workmen's Buildings they inhabited, or at the street market where tousled-looking females gathered for much gossip and little shopping, she could hear of women being bullied, knocked about generally, and deserted by their menfolk, but no such excitement ever happened to her, tied to a man who "hadn't the spunk of a mouse," as she bitterly told herself.

The urge to obtain at least vicarious glory and an outlet for her exceptional vituperative powers led her to offer herself in the rôle of sympathetic supporter to all and sundry known to be at variance with their relatives or neighbours; and, in spite of the coldness with which her proposal was often received, she insisted on accompanying the aggrieved one to the police court in the case of a "summonds" having been taken out against the aggressor—a delirious but short-lived joy. For she soon found that it was not *her* eloquence the magistrate wished to hear, but that of the much less fluent owner of the black eye, bruised arm, or deserted home, as the case might be.

The iron entered into what out of politeness we must call her soul. It entered still more deeply on one especial Thursday. The morning of that day found the Buildings and surrounding tenements agog with excitement. Word had rapidly sped from

IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

enjoyed themselves too, gathering spicy particulars with which to regale the people they would visit on this, the weekly half-holiday of working-class London.

But there was one to whom the recital brought only a jealous anger. Who would have thought that Van Helms had so much spunk in him? Some people have all the luck.

Mrs. Van Helms' sudden rise to eminence was the first blow dealt to Julia Mullings that day. The second came from Two Worms That Turned, as is the occasionally provoking way of their tribe. It happened on this wise.

For nearly a year, for forty-eight Thursdays to be exact, Mrs. Mullings had graciously used the recognised weekly half-holiday to visit a cousin and her husband who kept a little grocer's shop in Whitechapel. They were meek people and had borne these unsolicited favours in a spirit of Christian resignation. To gain an occasional respite they had tried gentle hints; they did not like to think of Cousin Julia's tiring herself to come all that way each Thursday to see them; they were sure there were other friends who must want her to go to them, etc., etc. Of no avail! Then one week the wife had written beforehand to say they were going out; result, their dear cousin had come earlier than usual so as to be in time to accompany them. Therefore on this particular Thursday the husband had put his ordinarily hesitating foot firmly down, insisting that, when the unwelcome Julia arrived, they would *be* out, with no hint left behind as to their intended destination.

Thus it came about that at seven o'clock, more than two hours earlier than was her Thursday wont, Mrs. Mullings was walking down a street near to her home. She was just debating in her mind whether she would call upon Joe to demand satisfaction for the affront which had been put upon her, when she saw him pass along the road running at right angles to the one she was in. It was Joe certainly, but a Joe "all spruced up," as Mrs. Van Helms had said her husband used to be when she first "suspected" him. And it was Thursday. A wild hope darted into her mind. Perhaps, after all, Joe was like other men. Perhaps he had a "fancy lady" somewhere. Perhaps even now he was on his way to her.

The annoyances of the day forgotten in this unexpected departure from routine, she followed him. It was a long walk and led towards Hampstead. He turned up a road skirting the Heath. No doubt the woman was a housemaid, or perhaps a

HER RIVAL

cook, in one of the big houses of the district. Almost anybody was able to get out at eight o'clock in these days. It usedn't to be like that before the war.

Eagerly she watched for the expected woman's figure to appear. Already she saw herself in the envied position Mrs. Van Helms had held that morning, the centre of an admiring throng hanging on her words of scathing denunciation. Ah, she would show them how it ought to be done!

A moment afterwards, much mystified, she saw Joe enter a building that looked like a church hall. Many people were going in. After a little hesitation she followed them. Joe, who was slightly deaf, had taken a seat well up in the front. She chose one in the most obscure corner she could find at the back of the room. She knew that, short-sighted as he was, even should he chance to turn round, he would not recognise her.

She and Joe were not churchgoers, but in her childhood's days she had been taken by her parents not only to church on Sundays, but sometimes to prayer and revival meetings on weekdays. She wondered which of the latter this might be.

She felt much perplexed when, after the singing of a hymn and prayer, she heard the chairman announce that the speaker of the evening had been unexpectedly prevented from coming and that this, though in one sense a misfortune, had its good side, as it would give more time to their clairvoyante for her delineations. He then called upon a gentle, sweet-faced lady sitting beside him to begin her clairvoyance.

"Clairvoyance!" The word was vaguely familiar to Mrs. Mullings. She was still puzzling over its meaning when she was startled to see that the lady was addressing Joe.

"I shall begin with you, sir!" she said. "There is a very beautiful spirit with you to-night. She has come with her heart full of love for you. She is a girl about medium height, with a pale face and pretty brown hair. Her age, I should say, is about twenty-four or twenty-five. She limps slightly, the result, I think she says, of an accident in childhood. Are you a bootmaker, sir? Because she shows me a small shop where you are bending over a shoemaker's bench mending shoes. Now she comes in accompanied by two children, a boy and girl about seven and nine years old. They have brought their boots to be mended, and you are all talking together. She tells me her name is Lizzie, that she was nursemaid to the two children she showed me, and that she passed out through a railway accident

Arthur Lamsley asks

Should
RELIGION
Be ADVERTISED?

AND HINTS AT THE BEST WAY.

Business Methods Not Wanted.

One of the fundamental difficulties in advertising religion is the impossibility of propagating what is obviously an individual human experience. One does not buy religion like other advertised goods, but has to experience it. It is a process of gradual growth brought about by absolute sincerity of conviction.

There is grave danger in attempting to adopt any too drastic modern business methods to make religion better known. The fact is that modern youth already looks upon organised religion as far too much of a business, and too little of a definite spiritual crusade undertaken entirely out of sincere conviction, and believes the truly religious life is advertised only through a happy, confident life or disinterested, unselfish service through humanity to God.

Advertisers wish to make religion more attractive, and this is championed by American and British clerics. The tremendous mistake and one not a little misleading, is the utter folly of advertising the *form* of religion instead of its *life*, the *letter* instead of its *spirit*, the religion itself instead of its service to mankind.

Advertising religion as salvation and a certain remedy for sin, is the crudest form of pre-war publicity. Furthermore, this form makes an appeal only to the selfishness in man.

The essential mission of religion in this age is to put service before self; what can I *give* to the world, not what can I *get* out of it. If we must advertise religion let us do so only for its supreme service to mankind. If the great and lasting services of religion to a post-war world, in the birth throes of a new age, were advertised in this way, some definite good would

Reader's Experiences OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

TESTIMONIES WHICH PROVE LIFE AFTER DEATH.

Further Testimonies are urgently needed. Readers are asked to send in their experiences, which must be described in not more than two hundred words, of the way they were convinced.

THE VOICE OF THE LOST. BY J. W. SCHOFIELD.

It is ten years since the truth of spirit communion was demonstrated to me so forcibly that my life and outlook thereon have been completely changed, and this is how it occurred :

My sister, who is a trance medium, paid a visit to my wife and myself in London. We had not met for some years, but I had heard from other members of the family that my sister had become a Spiritualist, which I, as a member of the Church of England, believed to be the direct road to perdition; and in my ignorance and blindness wrote to her begging her to give it up.

Then one summer evening she called quite unexpectedly upon us, and after a short conversation asked my wife and me each to sing something, which surprised us as she was not musical, but we complied, and afterwards when we looked round, we found a changed, transformed sister. Her eyes were closed, but her face was illuminated with a light that never was on land or sea; then holding out her hands, one to each of us, she said: "Dear ones, I have been permitted by the All-loving Father to be your guardian angel, and I have been with you all the way, and shall be to the end of your earth life, and shall take you to a beautiful home which by my love and service I have prepared for you." Then, turning to my wife, she said, "I thank you, dear one, for taking my place in the life of the beloved, when I was

W. H. Evans asks

HAVE WE FREE-WILL?

Or is Destiny Our Endless Chain?

THE controversy between the believers in free-will and the determinists is very old. There is much to be said for both sides : each has an element of truth.

The universal testimony of men is they *feel* free ; if one has a feeling of freedom is he not free? "Iron bars do not a prison make." What difference can the varying circumstances with their imposing limitations make to us if the sense of freedom remains? Very little, and though we might admit the arguments of the determinists with our heads, we shall also admit those of the free-willer with our heads. It's honours even.

This sense of freedom arises from our power to act ; in the ordinary circumstances of life our actions have spontaneity. The effortlessness with which we do many things creates in us a sense of freedom. It is when we endeavour to do things beyond our power to accomplish that we experience a sense of frustration. The truth about this question lies between the free-willer and the determinist. Both have some measure of truth, but not all of it ; their mistake lies in an over-emphasis of certain aspects of being.

Our freedom is governed by our innate capacity to do plus the power of varying circumstances to aid or prevent action. That is, freedom is relative. Absolute freedom can only be predicated of Absolute Being. Even so, in our experience, what we call the Absolute in its manifested aspect expresses Itself as *Lawful* Being. It is only this aspect of the Absolute of which we know anything. Science and philosophy deal mainly with phenomena. True philosophy endeavours to get behind phenomena to causes, and speculates about the noumena—or the thing in itself—but all its speculations are more or less subject to the gravitational pull of its facts. You cannot reason without data, and these are always phenomena, or facts.

HAVE WE FREE WILL?

Man is a fact of Infinite Being; a living manifestation of God; a finitised expression of the Infinite. As such he is subject to law, but in so far as he can gain a knowledge of it he can use it.

Law is a primary condition of freedom.

Without law there is no freedom.

Chaos is not freedom, it is license.

License is a denial of law leading to conflict.

Conflict arises in consciousness when the laws of Being are transgressed.

The manifestation of conflict is disease, which is not freedom but anarchy among the cells of the body, or the moral principles of the spirit.

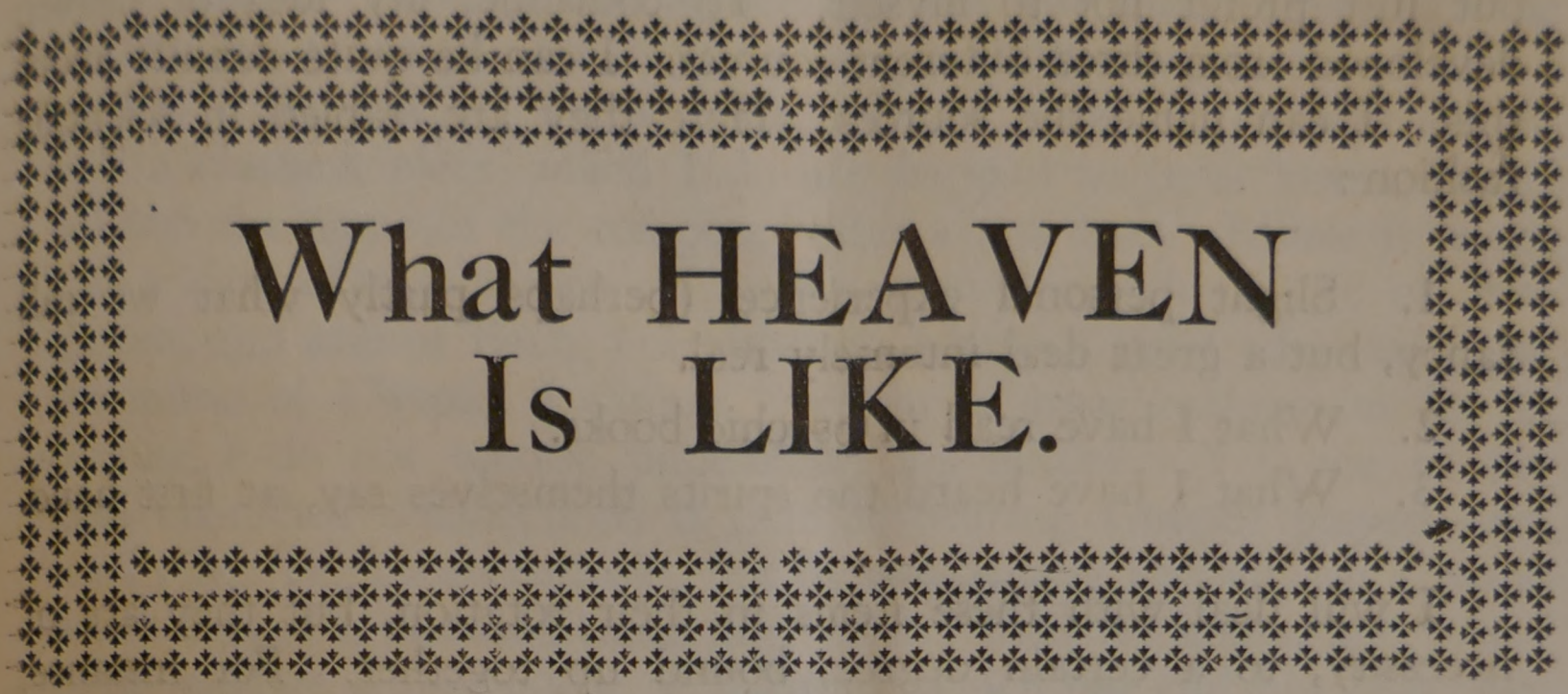
Health is harmony, balance, and is only enjoyed when the laws of being are obeyed. Moral freedom comes through obedience to law; disobey, and the sense of frustration is experienced.

Law and freedom are the reverse and obverse sides of Divine Being: they are co-relative and mutually dependent.

When men congregate together for some purpose; form themselves into groups, communities, etc., law becomes an essential. Without it individual interests conflict. In a civilised state the law-abiding citizen enjoys freedom; it is the law-breaker who is not free. The same obtains in the Universe. He who obeys God—and in the spiritual life all religion means obedience to Him—is free. He who disobeys suffers; his suffering reduces his power of action; he becomes bound through his disobedience. What is true on the physical plane will not be false in the psychic or spiritual order. It may be—and is—transcended, it is never denied.

Man's physical body is limited by the laws of the world in which he lives; and by its innate capacities. These may be enlarged by use, but they are limited in their expression by the mechanism at their disposal. The same is true of man on the mental plane. Here his power of action may be vastly increased, but he still experiences certain inhibitions which he cannot transcend.

The man who is tone deaf will never make a musician, but his limitation is not a denial of capacity in the direction of music, but a limitation due to the instrument at his disposal. Certain centres of his brain are dormant, or too small and weak to be affected. To such a man music is merely a noise, and it would be



What HEAVEN Is LIKE.

Not Harps & Crowns, but Life Enhanced.

By The EDITOR

I CANNOT say that I have ever been to heaven. I have many times fancied that I have, and sometimes with an extraordinary degree of apparent reality. But the sceptical side of my nature is always eager to throw cold water on my fancies, however strong they may be. Yet the sentimental side of my nature loves to cherish those scraps of experience (for I must call them such) of the transcendental. For they possess a strong element of reality. The transcendental always possesses a powerful element of reality—otherwise it would belie its nature. In fact, I am not sure that it is not more real than our food, and our houses, and even than our bodies, for the simple reason that it has a more powerful effect on our thoughts and moulds our progress more than the merely physical can. We are so used to the physical that we do not take much notice of it, and in any case, we have to dispense with it when we are dead, so that it cannot really be of much importance.

Scientists (so-called) tell us fantastic stories about past civilisations, concerning which they really know nothing definite. Astronomers speculate absurdly about planets and stars. Theologians postulate a thousand contradictory theses, and there is no getting away from the fact that the majority of us are complacently superstitious. So I think that I may be allowed my little talk, for that is all it is, as it does not venture to teach anything or assert anything, about something concerning which the majority seem to know nothing and care less.

My idea of heaven has developed gradually. Although it is probably far from an original conception, yet it does not conform to the usual cut-and-dried formula of Harps and Crowns which Mark Twain travestied so laughably. Harps and Crowns may be all right

700
Present at
GREAT SEANCE
At The GROTRIAN HALL, London

Medium—MRS. MURPHY LYDY.

Many Well-known People Receive Messages

From the columns of the "Daily Express."

All the leaders of London's Spiritualism were there—Lady Doyle and her son Denis, Miss Estelle Stead, daughter of the famous journalist, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, who led the Serbian army's retreat, Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, principal of the British College of Psychic Science, and George Craze, chairman of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association. Mr. Hannen Swaffer presided.

The hall was crowded by 700 people who had come to hear England's first public demonstration of direct voice phenomena.

A Spiritualist correspondent writes:—

The audience heard spirit voices speaking in a trumpet held by Mrs. Lydy, an American medium. She held the broad end with her fingers. The other end was put close to the ear of each person called up from the audience and chosen by ballot. It was all in broad light. Every one could see. Scores of people around could hear what was said by the spirit voices.

After seeing the phenomena the chairman challenged any conjurer in the world to duplicate the phenomena, or any ventriloquist.

The trumpet was an ordinary, plain aluminium funnel used to magnify the sound and to produce a condition of darkness inside.

For over an hour the large audience heard people speaking to their spirit friends. The most dramatic incident happened to Mrs. J. W. H. T. Douglas, who was the second person called from the audience. The previous one, a young man, had been addressed by the spirit voice as "Len." He accepted the evidence, and declared he had never met the medium before.

700 AT GREAT SEANCE

"The voice told me to tell mother that Ernest was quite all right," he said. "Ernest was my brother, who was killed in the war."

Then a woman in black was called on the platform by ballot. No one knew who she was, but those in the front heard a voice in the trumpet say to her, "Johnny's here."

the trumpet say to her, "Johnny's here."

Then the name was given, "Johnny Douglas."

Afterwards the woman said that she was Mrs. J. W. H. T. Douglas, widow of the all-England cricketer, who was drowned in the Oberon with his father just before Christmas.

"It all seemed as though I had to come, and everything was made so easy for me," Mrs. Douglas said.

She made a statement yesterday to a "Daily Express" representative in which she said that on the previous night she heard there was to be a public seance at the Grotrian Hall, that although she was told all the tickets were sold she suddenly decided on her way home to walk across the road and take an omnibus in the opposite direction and go to the Grotrian Hall. There she got the last ticket.

"An organ recital and one or two vocalists opened the programme," she said. "And then a woman with a long metal trumpet walked to the front of the stage. Numbers were called and, to my astonishment, I found I was one. I went up in a state of nervous excitement. My hands became clammy, and I was a bit frightened.

"Then, when my turn came, I placed my ear to the narrow end of the trumpet, which was held by the woman with one hand at the other end. Almost at once I could hear a voice, in faint trembling tones, as though coming from a great distance.

"It sounded like the wavering voice of an old lady, and it was calling my name. It was frail and a little breathless.

"'You are my daughter Ruby,' " I heard.

"It was my name. No one on the stage knew it. I knew no one on the stage. So far as I know, none of my acquaintances or friends knew I was in the hall. The voice sounded again, and I began to feel it was that of my dead mother.

"'I was not old when I passed over,' I heard coming through the trumpet. 'Not as old as Ruby is now.' The medium asked how old I was when she passed over. 'Just a young girl,' was the reply. My mother also said that Johnny, my husband, was there.

"'Did you say Johnny?' I asked. 'Yes, Johnny Douglas,' was the reply.

"I asked if he wanted to tell me anything, and she replied she did not know. When I asked if she could tell me what he was doing the reply came back, 'He is here.' My mother then asked if she could speak to my father, and went on speaking, but I could not hear any more."

No word of evidence was questioned by any of the people who received messages. Some carried on animated conversations with their spirit friends.

Unlock Your Self!

LET OUT YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS.

Through you the forces of the universe flow—you are a **LIVING EXAMPLE** of the mighty constructive powers of life. Those powers that brought you here, **STILL EXIST**—and their work is **NOT THROUGH**.

The use of a simple law, and those inner forces lying dormant, will function for **YOU**.

YOU HOLD THE KEY TO ATTAINMENT.

The world-wide movement, the Rosicrucian Order, for years has shown sincere men and women how to simply use their **INNER FACULTIES** in overcoming **LIFE'S OBSTACLES**. Why look around you for help?—within you is a solution. A few simple rules and the things worth while—health, happiness and peace—may be placed within your grasp.

FREE BOOK TELLS STORY

Sincere seekers may secure free, and without obligation, a new book—"THE LIGHT OF EGYPT." This book tells how you may learn of these wonderful laws used by the Rosicrucians and how you, too, may put them into practice. If thousands have been helped, why not you?

Address a letter (not a postcard) as follows:—

LIBRARIAN, B.Y.X.
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
(AMORC)
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA
(Perpetuating the original Rosicrucian Fraternity known
as AMORC.)

COMMENT

REV. D. MORSE BOYCOTT ASKS FOR IT .

FOR a long time an unknown curate has, like the conjurers and the theatre managers, been battenning his egotism on Spiritualism like a parasite. Every time Spiritualism is mentioned in a newspaper, the Rev. D. Morse Boycott rushes into the fray armed with the same futile gibes about darkness, superstition, fresh air, and necromancy, which reveal at the most that his mind has not even the wit to be original. We would wonder how it could be possible for an intellect such as his appears to be, to find its way into print, if it did not concern itself with Spiritualism. But on that subject, the sillier a saying, the more palatable apparently to popular taste. Editors, when they receive articles against Spiritualism, say, "Well, that's awful—put it in." And in it goes, because it amuses the ignorant multitude.

HINDU
SPIRITUALISM.

A COURSE OF 29 LESSONS.

Price: £1 5s.

The Latent Light Culture,
Tinnevelly (India).

The Greater World
Hymn Book.

100 copies given FREE to any Church or Society acknowledging JESUS CHRIST.

Over 25,000 in use within two months; applications coming in daily.

NEW HYMN SHEET (12 hymns) 12/6 per 100; 7/- per 500;
4/- per 250.

Publishers: "THE GREATER WORLD,"

192, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY ADVERTISEMENTS.

3D. PER LINE.



St. LUKE'S
CHURCH
of the
Spiritual
Evangel
of Jesus
the Christ.

QUEEN'S ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.23.

Two minutes' walk from Forest Hill Station.

Buses and trams, half-minute.

Minister : The Rev. J. W. Potter.

SERVICES.

Every Sunday at 6.30. With Holy Communion.

Sunday Clairvoyance Services, 3.30.

Wednesday Clairvoyance Services, 8.0

A hearty welcome to all.

CLAPHAM INDEPENDENT CHURCH.

NEW MORRIS HALL, 79, BEDFORD ROAD, CLAPHAM, S.W.4.

SUNDAY.—3 p.m. and 6.45. Philosophy and Phenomena.

TUESDAY.—3 p.m. Psychometry. Silver collection.

TUESDAY.—7.45 p.m. Healing and Development.

THURSDAY.—7.45 p.m. Phenomena.

Private appointments by arrangement with the Hon. Secretary.

WIMBLEDON SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.—

138, Hartfield Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

Meetings: Sundays, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.

BRIXTON SPIRITUAL BROTHERHOOD CHURCH.

STOCKWELL PARK ROAD, BRIXTON, S.W.9.

MEETINGS.— SUNDAY MORNING, 11.15. Lyceum, 3 p.m. Evenings, 7 p.m.
MONDAY, Ladies' Circle, 7.30 p.m. TUESDAY, Members' Circle, 8 p.m.
THURSDAY, Open Circle, 8.30.

ELTHAM SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

CO-OPERATIVE HALL, WELL HALL ROAD, ELTHAM, S.E.9.

SERVICES: Sunday at 7 p.m. Thursday at 8 p.m.
Lyceum, Sunday at 3 p.m. Ladies' Meeting, Mondays at 3 p.m.

ST. ALBANS.—7, Upper Lattimore Road. Wednesday, 8 p.m., Sundays,
6.30 p.m.

BOURNEMOUTH CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.—

Commercial Road.
Sundays, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

DOVER SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.—

Saturdays, 7.30, Phenomena. Sunday Services, 11 and 6.30.
Addresses and Clairvoyance.

EASTBOURNE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.—Terry's Hall,
Cornfield Road. Services: 3.30 and 6.45.

KINGSKERSWELL.—Sundays, at 3 and 6.30. Thursdays, 7.30.

MOTHERWELL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—Masonic Hall, Hope
Street. Sunday, 6.30 and 8 p.m.

PORTSMOUTH.—Lake Road, Sunday at 3. St. Mary's Road, Co-operative
Hall, 6.45.

WATFORD.—C.S., Halsey Masonic Hall. Sunday Service, 6.30 p.m.



In 82 Countries and Colonies

The Salvation Army is extending a Helping Hand to the helpless, the starving, the unfortunate and the suffering.

Three facts concerning the year's work:

Over

11,000,000 BEDS supplied.

Nearly

20,000,000 MEALS supplied.

244,949 MEN found work.

The Friend of Numberless needs Numberless Friends.

Will you send a Gift to-day to

THE SALVATION ARMY

HEADQUARTERS, 101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

YOUR NATURAL INBORN CAPACITIES, How to Develop Them.

Health, Character, Talents, Psychic Gifts.

Stamp. Address, Secretary of International Institute (Incorporated),
3, Museum Square, Leicester, England. Principal, Prof. Dr. Timson,
D.Sc., F.P.C., Physiologist, Phrenologist, Psychologist. Postal Training.

A Free Copy of "Mediumship for the Million," 2d. postage.

Books Written by the Spirit World.

THROUGH THE HAND OF
FREDERICK H. HAINES, F.C.I.B.

Worth their weight in gold to spiritual thinkers.

A LAMP TO THE FEET

A Guide to Truth and Holy Living. Cloth, Gold Titled, 263 pp., net 6/-.
Foreword, Rev. John Lamond, D.D.

"A book which is transcendently true, and deserves to be read and pondered over. It is the essence of the New Thought."—*Psychic Science*.
"It is at one with all the records of the saints."—*Scots Observer*.
"Definitely inspired . . . good from cover to cover . . . title fittingly chosen . . . it will give you furiously to think."—*The Occult Review*.
"Most beautifully written."—*West Herts Post*. "One regrets that it must of necessity have an end . . . there is much hidden to be revealed to those who will seek."—*The Greater World*.

THUS SAITH CELPHRA

The Science and Philosophy of the Soul. Cloth, 175 pp., 5/-.

"Not milk for babes." "The book that makes you think." "Celphra has been my daily companion."—A reader.

THE BOOK OF SPIRITUAL WISDOM

A Wonderful Book of Spiritual Revelation, by "Cuno." Cloth, Gold Titled, 234 pp., net 6/-. Foreword, Mr. Stanley de Brath, M.I.C.E.

"'Cuno's' communications constitute a philosophy in themselves."—*The Two Worlds*. "Packed with arresting thought, with sentences that burn."—*Light*.

Post free by return for cash with order.

"POSTAL DEPARTMENT," PURE THOUGHT PRESS
173, HIGH STREET, WATFORD, HERTS.

DOES MAGIC EXIST?

There is an Unseen Power which operates in YOUR life with the exact precision of Mathematics. This Power may be known and used. I offer a genuine **COURSE OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY,** which shows you how to use this wonderful force, which will turn a tiny seed into a lovely flower:—

On A Free-will Offering Basis

Enclose a stamped envelope to

Mr. John Harborne,

38-S, Queen's Road, Aston, BIRMINGHAM, England.

THE "W. T. STEAD" BORDERLAND LIBRARY

5, SMITH SQUARE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

(Four minutes from the Houses of Parliament.)

Telephone: Victoria 0567

Hon. Secretary MISS ESTELLE STEAD

THE LENDING LIBRARY contains hundreds of books on Psychic subjects.

Fully Classified Catalogue, 2s. 7d.

Open daily 11 to 1—2.30 to 6. (Closed Saturdays and Sundays.)

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.,

Established 1884.

Incorporated 1896.

**16, QUEENSBERRY PLACE, SOUTH KENSINGTON,
LONDON, S.W.7.**

President: ROBERT FIELDING-OULD, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P.

Fee for Membership, One Guinea per annum.

The following Booklets can be obtained from L.S.A. Publications, Ltd., 16, Queensberry Place, S.W.7, 1/2 post free:—

- “Human Survival and Its Implications.” By Helen A. Dallas.
- “The Mental Phenomena of Spiritualism.” By Rev. C. Drayton Thomas.
- “The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism.” By Stanley De Brath, M.I.C.E.
- “The Psychic Faculties and Their Development.” By Helen MacGregor and Margaret V. Underhill. With an Introduction by Robert Fielding-Ould, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P.
- “Demonstrated Survival: Its Influence on Science, Philosophy and Religion.” By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.
- “Listening In.” By Olive C. Pixley.
- “Beyond Life’s Sunset.” By Rev. C. Drayton Thomas.
- “Biblical Criticism and Psychical Research.” By A. W. Trethewy. 2/2 post free.

Light

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL, PSYCHICAL AND MYSTICAL RESEARCH.
(Established 1881.)

Subscription terms, post free to any part of the world:
Per year, 22s. in advance. Per half-year, 11s. in advance.

CIRCULATION MANAGER, “LIGHT,”
LONDON, S.W.7. 16, QUEENSBERRY PLACE,

INFLUENZA.

"FLU," NAY FEVER REMEDY AND PREVENTIVE. MOST RELIABLE, NATURAL AND PLEASING REMEDY.

Three International Gold Medals and one from "American Institute of Awards" for the STEVENS BALSAM POCKET VAPORISER ("Pocket Sanitarium"). QUICK RELIEF.

Also goes to root of ASTHMA, CATARRH; Acquired-Deafness; Head-aches; Bad Breath; Frequent Colds; Stopped-up Noses; "Frog-in-the-Throat"; Nasal Discharges; Hawking and Spitting; Snoring; Difficult Breathing; Smothering Sensation in Dreams; Fits of Sneezing; Dry Mucous in Nose; any other symptoms indicating Sore Membranes and Growths back of the nose caused by Stomach Catarrh. The medicated Saliva Cures Indigestion.

Nearly 100,000 sold, with no failures reported. For speakers, singers and actors, it's worth its weight 100 times in gold.

Made of polished hard rubber. To place in purse, bag, under pillow, etc. Always ready and clean. Price, \$3.00, including a season's supply of the Balsam extracts. With a greater supply, for the above-named ailments, the price is \$5.00. (Post paid; insured.)

Remit by International Money Order or Express M.O. to—

Dr. ERNEST J. STEVENS, M.Sc., Ph.D., D.D.

(Desk 1), 242, POWELL ST., U.S.A., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

For Your Use and Reference. GORGEOUS WALL CHARTS.

Most popular for library, wall or study size—18x24 (in colours and fine linen mounted, reduced from \$10. to \$5.00, or non-coloured, \$3.50).

(A smaller size 12x15 for \$5.00, or plain \$3.50.)

(For Lecture Hall and life sizes see list.—E. I. S.)

THE E. I. STEVENS COLOUR CHART PRODUCTIONS DE LUXE.
—Educational, Artistic, Scientific, Thrilling! (For the present, with Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Charts, we include free of charge "A Marvellous Course of Lessons.")

No. 7.—Stevens Chart of Human Zones, Organs, Polarisation, Creative Rays (10 illustrations with notations).

No. 8.—Stevens Chart of "Know Your Body" and Zones, Vital Organs, Glands, Cells, etc. with notations.

No. 9.—World's Masterpiece Chart of Man, in Science, History and Symbolology (110 illustrations and notations).

No. 10.—Planetary Man and his Power Centres, Chakras, Auras, Colours, Lotus, Cosmic Rays, Ectoplasm, etc. (30 illustrations. Marvellous revelations).

No. 11.—14 inclusive (4 in 1), Cosmic Creation and Ascent of Man, etc. A Masterful Creation. Profusely illustrated and described.

No. 15.—The E. I. Stevens Chart of Human Zones, Organs (back view). Energy and Sense Centres in Head.

No. 17.—The New and Practical Astrology, 4,000 Years of Wisdom, the Two Solar Families and You. (A Masterpiece.)

* **THE E. J. STEVENS COMPANIES, Inc.,**

242, POWELL STREET (Desk 1), SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., U.S.A.

PSYCHO-PSYCHIC-ANALYSIS.

By E. I. Stevens, M.Sc., Ph.D. (200,000 miles lecturing). Author of "Nature's Finer Forces" and "The World's Masterpiece Charts" (19 gold medals) (Ref's: Manly Hall, Baron Ferson), etc., etc.

Questions answered on Business, Home, Health, Marriage, Love, Sex, Travel, etc. Mention if married, Age, Birth, Complexion, Present Position (confidence protected).

Fee for questions answered, 3 for \$1.00 or 7 for \$2.00, or Horoscope and Analysis Complete, only \$5.00. (It was \$25.00) Satisfaction Promised. Cirs. free. Do not delay. Orders for any of above, to be paid by post office money order or draft.

Dr. E. J. STEVENS STUDIOS, HOTEL STRATFORD,

(Desk 1), SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

Some FACTS Regarding

IMMORTALITY & SURVIVAL

In the past year "Immortality and Survival" has achieved a popularity which is phenomenal. It is now on sale in practically every town in the Kingdom. It is obtainable through all Spiritualist meetings of any consequence, and from all the bookstalls and shops of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd. In addition, it circulates to nearly every country on the globe—even to Russia and far-away China. Its success has been amazing. When it first came into existence, it was the first Spiritualist Magazine. The only other Spiritualist monthly took the form of a Newspaper, rather than a Magazine. At least three magazines in imitation have been started in England and America since its inception, with varying degrees of success, and others have been mooted. But none of them have been able to equal our record of progress. Since the first issue we have published articles by:

Hannen Swaffer, Dramatic critic.	Rev. John Lamond, D.D.
Sir Oliver Lodge, Scientist.	Rev. G. Vale Owen.
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Novelist.	Mrs. Meurig Morris.
The Marquis of Tavistock.	Estelle Stead.
Peter Freeman, M.P.	W. H. Evans.
Lord Ossulston.	R. A. Bush.
Ursula Bloom, Novelist.	Arthur Lamsley.
Marjorie Bowen, Novelist.	Mrs. Osborne Leonard.
Nellie Tom-Gallon, Novelist.	Madge Donohoe,

and many others whose names are less well known. During this period original short stories (hitherto unpublished) have appeared by:

May D. O'Donnell.	C. W. Potter.
Arthur Lamsley.	George Benwood.
John Thurlow.	Denis Palmer.
Ivan Cooke.	Mrs. John Menzies.
H. H. Jacobs.	Marjorie Livingston.

Madge Donohoe, and others.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE, "Immortality and Survival" is making a great step forward. Of the nature of it, we can hardly acquaint you at present, as plans are not complete, but all readers can be assured that it involves a great improvement in this Magazine, so that we may look forward to another year of continued progress.

HAVE YOU NOTICED

The extraordinary sales of "Immortality and Survival" at Spiritualist meetings?

That Newsagents are beginning to show it prominently?

That, each month, it carries more paid advertising space than any other Spiritualist journal?

FACTS TELL THE STORY.

**If you desire to Subscribe,
the Form is on Page 290.**

DR. LAMOND'S BOOKS

THE GREATEST BOOK ON JOAN OF ARC

JOAN OF ARC & ENGLAND

TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

POSTAGE 6d.

A DEVOTIONAL BOOK THOUSANDS SHOULD KNOW

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS

THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

POSTAGE 4d.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES IS NOT ENDED BUT BEGUN

MIRACLES IN MODERN LIFE

THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

POSTAGE 4d.

THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER SPEAKS WITH HIM

KATHLEEN A STUDY OF THE SUPERNORMAL

SIX SHILLINGS.

POSTAGE SIXPENCE.

A CONDENSED LIFE OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

JOAN OF ARC

SIXPENCE.

POST FREE, SEVENPENCE.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT,

"I & S," ERLESTOKE PARK, DEVIZES, WILTS.

THE OPEN DOOR

by Sulhayas.

"The messages contain much that is beautiful, much that is uplifting."—*Temple of Light Gazette*.
"Written in a spirit of gladness after a period of sorrow, for the talks proved the reality of life on the Other Side, and are full of spiritual illumination and power to give comfort."—*International Psychic Gazette*.

3s.6d.

THE OCCULT CAUSES OF DISEASE

by E. Wolfram,
translated by Agnes Blake.

"Neither the hasty nor flippant reader will get to the heart of this volume, for only by slow and thoughtful study will its guarded secrets be unravelled and its message laid bare."—*Two Worlds*.

6s.

THE BROKEN SILENCE

by L. Margery Bazett.

Free from technical phraseology, it is an open-minded study of the possibilities of vital and natural communication with those in the world beyond our own. The silence between our world and theirs has been long unbroken; in our own day the veil has been lifted.

The second part of the book gives an account of a husband and wife whose companionship on earth was interrupted by his death, but who yet found means to demonstrate to each other that death had no real power to sever the links welded on earth by love and shared experience.

2s.6d.

London **RIDER & Co.** E. C. 4
Publishers of DRACULA.

PRINTED BY J. W. POTTER, AT THE ERLESTOKE PRESS, FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, THE
CATHEDRAL PUBLISHING CO., COBDEN ROAD, SOUTH NORWOOD, LONDON, S.E.25.