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## 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

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# 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

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." 295

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 para-

graph 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.'

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#### 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

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scraps of which I can recall.

She went away immediately, but without giving me the impression of violent rapidity. It would not be true to say that she disappeared, or that she faded. In one infinitesimal fraction of a second she was there, in the next she was not there, and I felt no shock of any kind.

I went downstairs, made myself a glass of lemonade, ate some chocolate and a plum and came back to my study, trying to puzzle it out. I felt terribly tired and, undressing, I went back to bed again, and slept till eight-thirty.

#### My Temperature Normal.

As soon as I got up I took my temperature. It was, as I expected, normal. On the table were some notes that had no relation whatever to this peculiar visitation.

This is the third experience of this kind I have had. I had one at Aldershot, after making a post-mortem examination of a young soldier who had died a natural death in rather peculiar circumstances. I had one on the Congo fourteen days before I contracted malaria.

In each case there was no point to the apparition. It did not

IF YOU CAN RELATE

an experience such as that of Edgar Wallace, send it in to us. The account should not be longer than two hundred words, and if the return of the MS is desired, enclose stamped envelope.

warn me of anything; told me nothing that would have interested me, or was unpleasant in its character.

It was very odd, and in a sense both unromantic and undramatic, which, to my mind, is the most irritating feature of my experience. The brother in law of this woman is a friend of mine, though at the moment we are, let us say, "estranged."

#### I No Longer Sneer At Spirits.

I am not asking anybody to give me their similar experiences, because spiritual experiences bore me; and any member of the Psychical Research Society who wants to examine my room will be shot at sight.

But there it is, and, to use a commonplace, you can't get away from it. The only change of attitude it will make, so far as I am concerned, is that I shall no longer sneer at spirits.

I could have wished this whatever-it-was had said:

"Beware of the Dark Woman in the Green Hat!" or "Apologise to the Press Agent at the Whitehall Theatre, or something apposite or picturesque. But no—this pleasant visitor of mine did not so much as tell me what would win the Derby!

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# WHY Do We SUFFER?

Why is not Life Endless Pleasure?

BY

#### URSULA BLOOM.

T 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

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Nay

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stealing? It has no idea why it should not steal. The food is there; lots of it, and it is good and beautiful food, yet an omnipotent master rebukes him. The master knows that if the puppy is ever to be of any use to him, he has got to be trustworthy; the puppy has got to be rebuked.

There is a lot of fun in life, and yet our Omnipotent Master will not let us have it. Perhaps our feelings towards God are much the same as the feelings of the puppy who can only suppose that a gross injustice has been done him. Yet the puppy is never quite certain of how to place the actual injustice in relativity to himself.

I do not for one moment believe that God would permit suffering and pain and anguish if He could allay it. I am convinced that He cannot. I do not suggest that this side spells His omnipotence. God has a good and proper reason for using pain and unhappiness, and for teaching us through them.

Who am I that I dare question the workings of the Deity? I only know that if the world is to continue at all His justice must be entirely impartial, and entirely unprejudiced. I know His motives must be good ones. I realise in a dim befogged way, because my mind is not capable of reasoning in any save a dim and befogged manner, that God, seeing ahead into the millions of unborn years and working towards some goal, which we in our poor third dimension blindness cannot see, has need of suffering, and that it must form part of what I can only term our educational years for Heaven.

We come . . . from whence? We cannot tell. We go . . . whither? We do not know. So little do we gather of the before, so smally do we conceive the after, that we have no right to criticise, we have no right to question the workings of the now.

Medicine, which is the most tender of schools, its objectbeing to alleviate pain, and to stay distress, often advocates a present agony to save a greater one later on. Vaccination ensures safety from a vile disease; innoculations, very often painful enough, bring about immunity from trouble later on.

The simile is a poor one, but I can see somewhere in the great-Maker's plan, a certain suffering here, which, though it may seem to us being terrible and eternal, will save us later from something far more terrible and far more eternal.

Why do we suffer?

Because God has to permit it to save us greater suffering later on, not because He wishes us to be hurt. We suffer because it

## WHY DO WE SUFFER?

is part of the schooling necessary for an after-life; because it is transitory, because it is urgent; because He has need of it in His plan of the Universe.

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If life ended with death it would be cruel, it would be an intolerable injustice. But I hold our constant suffering as a very certain proof that death is not the end. If it finished there we could do whatever we liked, there would be no need for preparation, no need for impressions and memories, for anguish and suffering.

But through this suffering, cruel as it may seem, I see the certainty of a levelling up later on; of a glorious city at the end of that long lane from which no man returneth.

I realise my own unworthiness, and catching for a fleeting second one glimpse of workings on a greater plane, of an eternity the vastness of which my poor little mind cannot conceive, of a God I cannot visualise in the least, I turn and hide my head. I am ashamed that I have ever dared to doubt Infinity, and I tell myself that if we were told the reason, then the suffering would be in vain.

God knows. He has a great system in it all, and were it possible for me to commune with Him closer, I feel that He would tell me, "Why do ye suffer? Because there is no other way, but be of good cheer; the reward is great, and it is at hand."

#### PASSING OF DAVID BELASCO.

We regret to learn of the passing of David Belasco at the age of 72. Born of English parents in San Francisco, he was engaged in theatrical work from the very earliest. During his lifetime, he has been in turn actor, playwright, manager, director, and theatre owner. He built his own theatre in New York to suit his idea of what the modern theatre should be. One of the most influential figures in the American Profession, of late years he has interested himself in Spiritualism, and recently he pronounced himself as absolutely convinced of Survival and Spirit-Return. We wish him a happy home-coming, and the best of cheer in the new life.

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#### WHY DO WE SUFFER?

is part of the schooling necessary for an after-life; because it is transitory, because it is urgent, because He has need of it in His plan of the Universe.

If life ended with death it would be cruel, it would be an intolerable injustice. But I hold our constant suffering as a very certain proof that death is not the end. If it finished there we could do whatever we liked, there would be no need for preparation, no need for impressions and memories, for anguish and suffering.

But through this suffering, cruel as it may seem, I see the certainty of a levelling up later on; of a glorious city at the end of that long lane from which no man returneth.

I realise my own unworthiness, and catching for a fleeting second one glimpse of workings on a greater plane, of an eternity the vastness of which my poor little mind cannot conceive, of a God I cannot visualise in the least, I turn and hide my head. I am ashamed that I have ever dared to doubt Infinity, and I tell myself that if we were told the reason, then the suffering would be in vain.

God knows. He has a great system in it all, and were it possible for me to commune with Him closer, I feel that He would tell me, "Why do ye suffer? Because there is no other way, but be of good cheer; the reward is great, and it is at hand."

#### PASSING OF DAVID BELASCO.

We regret to learn of the passing of David Belasco at the age of 72. Born of English parents in San Francisco, he was engaged in theatrical work from the very earliest. During his lifetime, he has been in turn actor, playwright, manager, director, and theatre owner. He built his own theatre in New York to suit his idea of what the modern theatre should be. One of the most influential figures in the American Profession, of late years he has interested himself in Spiritualism, and recently he pronounced himself as absolutely convinced of Survival and Spirit-Return. We wish him a happy home-coming, and the best of cheer in the new life.

You can obtain "IMMORTALITY & SURVIVAL" from any newsagent, and from the shops and bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd. Also from the bookstall of all Spiritualist Churches and Societies, or from the publishers at:—

ERLESTOKE PARK, Nr. DEVIZES, WILTSHIRE.

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# "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.

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#### 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 Morrismeetings 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.

## IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

#### CONGRATULATIONS.

The Meurig Morris meetings are some of the most remarkable propaganda meetings ever held in connection with Spiritualism, and we are confident that they will attract considerable favourable interest towards the subject. "Power" and Mrs. Morris, and also Mr. Laurence Cowen, who is so enthusiastically sponsoring them, must be congratiulated on the wonderful results of their work.

#### A FEW PRESS EXTRACTS.

Manchester City News (weekly edition of Manchester Guardian): "She began to deliver a discourse which without a single pause went on for fifty minutes, and covered a wide range—the purpose of life, the evolution of man and mind, old religious traditions and science, the monistic doctrine as opposed to dualism, the etheric body, the spirit forces working through physical media, the transmission of thought from other spheres, the laws relating to mind-influence, the problem of good and evil, and the ideal of divinity. Here was something not only unusual but decidedly exacting. Yet the great theme was treated with skilful ease, all the parts in the complex design deftly interwoven, and no break in the line of argument. The language was choice and scholarly. There were no lapses in grammar or pronunciation, no decline in style—in fact, it became more elevated as the sermon proceeded, and as the peroration was approached the strain of rhetoric became almost sublime."

We could quote much more from this most enthusiastic article. The Newcastle North Mail confines itself to describing and reporting. But that the reporter was impressed there is no doubt. "Most astounding of all was the changed voice." "Not a sound came from the audience as with eyes closed Mrs. Morris commenced her message."

#### PROJECTED MEURIG MORRIS MEETINGS.

Meetings are definitely arranged for dates in the near future at the following centres, and further particulars will shortly be announced.

Brighton, The Dome. Portsmouth and Southsea.

Bournemouth, Harrogate, Margate.

Southend, Blackpool, etc.

Invitations have been received from:

Belfast, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Sunderland, Darlington, Hull, Derby, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Nottingham, Leicester, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Swansea, Merthyr, Norwich, Wolverhampton, Carlisle.

As the work necessitates a considerable strain for Mrs. Morris, it is understandable that she will in future have to curtail her activities in the Provinces to one meeting per week, so that it may be some time before all these kind invitations can be accepted.



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 innoffensive 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.

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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-anblue" 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 Work-men'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

#### HER RIVAL

mouth to mouth that the local butcher's assistant, a young man named Van Helms (pronounced "Fenellums" on the authority of his Irish wife) had run away with an unknown woman, variously described as a barmaid, a girl in a "theayter" chorus, and—with bated breath—a "mannerkin." It was astonishing news, for, just as Mrs. Van Helms was noted as a virago only second in force to Mrs. Mullings, so Van Helms was esteemed

husbands, if that marvel, the unfortunate Joe Mullings, were

the most submissive and down-trodden of the neighbourhood's

not taken into account.

The manner of his desertion, it seemed, had been particularly diabolical. He had gone to work at the usual hour the day before, but had not come home to his tea when the shop closed. Neither had he come the whole night through, and it was only by the morning's post that Mrs. Van Helms had received a letter from him telling her that he was never coming back, that he was sick of her nagging ways, and that he was now going to live with someone who would give him a little peace. Everyone appeared to think that this suddenness was the worst feature of a bad case, that he should at least have given his wife a month's notice of his intention to leave her.

But how had the courting which presumably must have preceded flight been carried on without arousing Mrs. Van Helms' suspicions? That was the thrilling question for which an answer was sought by the conclave of matrons and maids surrounding the heroine of the occasion, as, with dishevelled hair, flashing eyes, rolled-up sleeves and arms akimob, she denounced

"that villyun of a Fenellums."

Oh, she explained between her bursts of anathema, she was not as blind as that devil had imagined her to be. She had "suspicioned" him for a long time, ever since she noticed he had begun to spruce himself up on Thursdays to go off to watch a cricket match. "Cricket match indeed! says I to him last Thursday as ever was; 'it's a cricket match with petticoats you do be goin' to see!"

If Mr. Van Helms had wished to give pleasure to feminine Kennen Town, including his lawful wedded spouse, he could not have devised a better scheme. Mrs. Van Helms, with visions before her of future police court proceedings ending in a legal separation and alimony, enjoyed herself hugely while she raved and gesticulated, calling down curses on "himself" and bewailing the hard lot of "meself." The majority of her auditors

#### 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 halfholiday 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 food 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 "suspicioned" 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 he Heath. No doubt the woman was a housemaid, or perhaps a

#### HER RIVAL

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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 a 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 unexepctedly 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

nine months ago. Do you recognise the description?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" said Joe in a husky voice.

"Oh," the clairvoyante went on, "she says now that to-day is your birthday; that you happened to tell her so last year when the children had taken you some flowers. She says that they and she planned to remember your birthday this year, and she is very glad that she has been able to do so from the spirit world. She is offering you some flowers now, some glorious red roses. Can you smell them?"

"I think I can, ma'am!" said poor Joe, his whole body trembling with emotion.

"She gives them to you with her love," the medium went on, "and asks me to say that she often visits you in your workshop, much oftener than she used to do in earth life."

"Ma'am," said Joe earnestly, "I'd like to give her a message. Could you tell her something from me?"

"You can tell her yourself," said the medium. "Say whatever you wish and she will understand." She meant anywhere, at any time, in the privacy of his own home; but Joe thought she meant he must speak there and then. In any case, his heart was too full of wonder and awe for him to remember the presence of strangers.

Tell her, please," he said, "that I am more glad than I can say that she loves me. I never thought such a thing could be. I have always loved her, true, but it wouldn't have been right to tell her, would it, ma'am, and me a married man and her just a young innocent girl. But I want her to know that I always think of the pretty ways of her and the good things she said to me, and, because of her, when—anyone—speaks rough to me now, I never can speak rough back, leastways not to a woman. And tell her, please, ma'am, that I pray God to keep me good, so that when I die, I can go to where she is."

"She has heard everything," said the medium very gently. "She is glad; she is smiling."

"Pasty-faced Lizzie Jenkins! Well, I'm blowed!" ejaculated Mrs. Mullings, as she hurried from the hall.

But it was a curiously subdued woman who walked slowly home. Perhaps even to her purblind soul a distant glimpse had been vouchsafed of a world to which hitherto she had been a stranger—a world in which love, sympathy and kindness reigned. Perhaps dimly she had begun to understand some-

(Continued on page 313.)

### 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 immpossibility of propaganding what is obviously an individual human experience. One does not buy religion like other advertised goods, but has to experience it. It is aprocess 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

#### IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

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come from this form of modern missionary zeal.

#### What is Needed?

Yet there is a deeper, more significant reason why many advanced thinkers want to advertise religion. They are sorely disappointed at the progress it is making in the modern world. Candidates for the Ministry in all the Unurches are thousands less in number. Churches in the heart of our greatest cities have but scanty congregations. Nowhere is there evidence that religion is a live force, grasping the unique opportunity offered it by the human chaos of the late war, to usher in an age

of spiritual and social regeneration.

The "goods," as it were, of organised religion have not been delivered. Leaders of all Churches look with great misgiving and paralysed awe at the spectacle of thousands of people setting up new forms of religious worship for themselves, denying all ministerial authority. The phenomenal and well-sustained movements such as Christian Science, New Thought, Theosophy, Spiritualism, are vital evidence of the one fact that the advocates of advertising religion seem to have missed, that in the soul of man there is an instinctive desire to worship God. If the soul cannot find satisfaction in the frigid and lifeless theological religious forms and ceremonies established by organised religious bodies, then it will go into the solitude and blaze for itself a new trail.

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A firm wishing to advertise a commodity insists first upon market research. A careful analysis is made of the real needs of the community. Those needs must be supplied. If this is not done all the advertising in the world will never sell those goods, because they would not appeal to the material desires of the people. Again, before buying goods people usually insist upon seeing a sample from the representative of the advertising firm. If they are satisfied with the credentials of the sample and its representation they purchase the goods. The same process should be applied to the Churches advertising religion. Fundamentally their goods are the same, but they are expressed differently according to the various theological doctrines of the denominations.

How to advertise religion, then? We have our churches, our district representatives, the ministers, our local representatives, the congregations, and the Managing Director, Jesus Christ. Our business is to sell the services of the Love of God to mankind. The market? Humanity everywhere, in every land, wants our goods.

Representatives of all classes there are in plenty. They are 312

#### SHOULD RELIGION BE ADVERTISED?

also the samples! Each church-member is a sample, a representative of God in the service of man. Their lives are the only permanent advertisement religion ever gets, or ever really wants.

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If religion is not attractive it is their fault. If it fails to attract thousands of candidates for the ministry, it is their fault. They have not delivered the goods, and "by their fruits shall ye know them."

Do not blame the Managing Director, rather go back to Him to discuss your problem. Placing His hand consolingly upon your shoulder, He would comprehend your human weakness. His smile would hold encouragement and His presence would renew your confidence. As your Managing Director He would volunteer to have a look into your district, "to advertise re-

ligion a bit," to put you on the right course again.

Taking you by the arm, He would walk with you to your place of work. On and on through a maze of crowded streets you would go together. The children look up at Him and smile. Men and women, recognising His presence, brighten with healthy hope and happiness. But not a word does he say to them or to you. After many hours' walking you arrive back at your church-door. It has been a silent journey. You ask anxiously for His views and advice about advertising religion. His simple answer would probably be: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

You, my brother, as a representative of the Love of God amongst mankind, must surely realise that we have advertised our religion as we walked through the crowded streets of this great city. Not on the hoardings, nor in the newspapers, can you advertise the Love of God. The way to advertise your re-

ligion is to preach it as you live."

HER RIVAL.—Continued from page 310.

thing of the heart hunger from which poor Joe, with his

capacity for affection, had suffered so many years.

Certain it is—and to her credit be it recorded—that from that day on she made no mention of her preposterous rival either to her husband or to anyone else. Nor did Joe, bent patiently as of yore over his cobbler's bench, but conscious of a presence which turned his sordid little shop into a place of beauty, ever dream that his secret was not wholly and absolutely his—the secret which brought a wonderful light into his eyes and caused him sometimes to hum softly a hymn whose theme is the Heavenly Land and the loved ones awaiting us there.

# 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 surrpised 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 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

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#### TESTIMONIES.

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called away, and for all your loving care and companionship. I have tried many times to contact you and make you conscious of my presence, but you were not ready, but now through the love of God a door has been opened which shall never be closed again, and truths concerning this life and the next, and the immeasurable love of God, shall come to you through this avenue, which shall change your entire future both here and hereafter." Thirty years previously I had married at a very early age a sweet girl, a member of my own Church, known to me from childhood, but who was taken from me in childbirth when our only child was born, and now after a silence of thirty years I heard and

#### LADY CONAN DOYLE'S TESTIMONY.

With regard to your request that I should give my testimony of the reality of survival, I can most certainly do so and attach it herewith.

"I am convinced the Reality of Survival because of the evidence which I have had through Clairvoyance, Trance, Direct Voice, Materialisation and from Intellectual information and discourses from the Higher Sources. I have had this evidence through various channels many, many times."

Yours very truly,

JEAN CONAN DOYLE.

recognised clearly, unmistakably, the same sweet gentle voice, but full of a love not of earth.

Many times since then has she spoken to my wife, myself and others of the love of Christ, of the brightness of His Person, of His undying love, of the glory and beauty of the "Summerland" awaiting those who in faith and self-abnegation seek to do His will. Many others have also spoken on numerous occasions, relatives, friends, clergymen, and also some who walked the earth with the Master.

My life and outlook are entirely changed, for spiritual understanding is all-revealing, and it teaches charity, and wipes out narrowness and bigotry, and has made me realise the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the truth that there is no

## MMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

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death—and now as never before I understand the real meaning of the words:

"I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is thy sting, O death, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me."

#### 200 BOOKS READ!

BY OSCAR HERRMANN.

I would like to let you know that I have read over two hundred books on psychic phenomena and have studied the clair-voyance mediumship of the Rev. John Hill (123, West 94th Street, New York City) for nine years, and that is the reason that I am convinced of survival.

#### "I LAUGHED AT IT."

BY MRS. A. M. BARTON,

When people ask me why I have become a Spiritualist, I answer, "Because I was once very rude." I cannot say with some, "I was interested." I was not until I began to find, and nor can I say it was through sorrow, although it has since been my salvation.

Early in T916 I attended a dinner given in honour of a friend who was about to take up a commission in the Navy. The conversation naturally turned upon God and the war. Various ideas were expressed which all appeared illogical to me. I had lost the faith in which I had been brought up and said, "It seems to me that we are like a heap of ants: the foot comessome escape, some are crushed—it is just their luck!" A lady, whom I knew afterwards to be a past president of the Marylebone Spiritualists' Association, asked me to speak to her later on, when she would tell me something which would alter my whole outlook on life, as I was speaking like an atheist. I pointed out that I did not deny God any more than the ants would deny the foot, but that I did feel that God cared no more for us than the foot did for the ants. When she revealed the secret of her happiness by the word "Spiritualism," I laughed! I do not know what I had been expecting, but it was certainly not that! I saw that I had hurt her and expressed my regret, which

TESTIMONIES

she answered by asking me if I were really sorry, because, if so, I would do something for her. I assured her that if I could do it, she might consider it done. She said, "You can! Search for yourself." My word was already given! I fulfilled my promise with the only possible result—absolute conviction of the truths of Spiritualism. Many friends have sought with me, and I have had the great joy of hearing some of them thank me, after their passing, for having helped them into the light.

#### THE SPIRIT CALLS.

#### BY WILLIAM R. LONDON.

I send you one of my sea experiences.

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This experience brought me into the Spiritualist cause. I was taking a voyage from Middlesbrough as a marine engineer, and I had an experience very different from many that happened to me during twenty years' sea service.

I had provided myself with reading matter for the voyage of a spiritual quality, such as "through the Mists," etc. On one occasion I read until sleep oevrcame me. No sooner had I fallen to sleep than I felt a wonderful power take possession of me in my private cabin. My mind's action was so expressive that it seemed to speak. Then I became aware of a crowd of people to whom I was delivering an address. I was preaching the Word to them in a manner that surprised myself. This continued the whole of the night except on such occasions as the singing of hymns.

I thanked God and decided that when I got home I would indeed take the platform, although I had never taken one before. My wife had started meetings in our home three months before I took this voyage. On arriving at Las Palmas I signed off the steamer and returned to Liverpool by the mail steamer. On arriving at Middlesbrough from Liverpool I made up my mind to take the rostrum that evening.

The service began, and after hymns and Bible reading I got on my feet with some effort, but I felt the power of those who were present with me at sea. When I sat down I felt I must continue in this service. I take frequently the first service at home, and also in other districts, free of charge.

I thank God for this, and feel I must utter words for the upliftment of humanity.

### W. H. Evans asks

## HAVE WE FREE-WILL?

#### Or is Destiny Our Endless Chain?

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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.

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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

## IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

foolish to blame him for lack of musical taste or culture. These limitations meet us on every hand, hence the saying, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." No one blames a man for having a poor appetite; or praises another for being a good trencher-man. Thus while in spirit men are fundamentally the same, in expression there are an infinite variety of differences.

It is in the moral realm that the doctrines of free-will and determinism has its battleground. Are we not free to choose? Both the protagonists of free-will and determinism agree that man has the power of choice, this is not denied; but the determinist asks, "What determines our choice?" The believer in free-will talks as if man's choice is above all outside considerations. He is wrong in his emphasis; remember, law is a necessary condition of freedom. But if the determinist says that our choice is determined for us, he too is wrong, because if it were so there could be no morality, we should be irresponsible beings. Naturally we ask, "Who chooses?" Man does.

Choice presupposes power of selection; of acceptance or rejection. Choice is not an automatic affair decided for us, but a matter we decide for ourselves. We weigh the pros and cons and we decide according to the light we have. We may make a wrong decision, but that proves our moral responsibility. The decisions of an automatist would always be right, morality would not enter in. The possibility of man making mistakes is the difference between him and a robot.

Man's power of choice grows and increases with his knowledge. The power to choose is distinct from the influences which enter into determining in which direction the choice shall be made. If it were not so there could be no such thing as right or wrong. Good and evil arise in consciousness through contrast, thus our standards are constantly changing. All that makes for larger life we call good; that which restricts we call evil. Expansion of being is sought by everyone; it is an urge of our nature; it is the seeking for self-realisation in action. We only reach this through long struggle and effort, and in certain stages of our development we call this struggle evil; we fight against it By and by we see further and co-operate with the forces of life. Being essentially spiritual beings we slowly work towards a larger freedom. As we realise this we discover that Love is the fulfilling of the law-not its anullment; so do we know God and experience Eternal Life.

# 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.

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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

#### IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

in their place, but they do not go hand in hand with my idea of felicity and peace. I do not criticise anybody who believes in them, but just prefer not to myself. To continue, my idea of heaven developed from three different sources. I can be quite definite about this. I can name the sources. Here they are, tabled in scientific fashion:

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- 1. Slight personal experience (perhaps partly what we call fancy, but a great deal intensely real.
  - 2. What I have read in psychic books.
  - 3. What I have heard the spirits themselves say, at first hand.

I will deal with these items in their rotation, but they are of necessity, to a certain degree, bound up together. For instance, what I have read in psychic books has, very often, been borne out by my experiences. None of my experiences have been fantastic, or, if so, I refrain from considering them of value and importance, and dismiss them from my memory. I strive to retain the happy recollection only of those which gave me pleasure. And I may say that some of them gave me pleasure in an inestimable degree. Nobody can realise this as much as I do myself, for I "felt" those moments so intensely. I think that through association with these experiences my nature has become intense.

I will now detail a few of these experiences. In the first place, I will mention those which were at least dimly objective. Among these we must table visions of the departed, which have at times been very frequent. Sometimes I would see as many as some hundreds in one evening, and without any feeling of discomfort, so natural has their appearance been. One does not always see them for long; as a rule, one's vision is a mere passing glimpse, as one gets of folk in a crowded, busy street; and as the time when these visions almost always appeared happened to be when I was dropping off to sleep, I had not the energy to worry about them.

I can honestly say that many hundreds of my descriptions of these visions, which I have passed on to friends, have resulted in the individuals concerned being recognised. Sometimes, too, I would hear voices speaking.

Now, in regard to a much more interesting type of phenomenon. I have often, both in my waking and my sleeping hours, had visions of vistas of wondrous beauty, lands of azures and purples such as we know not, and wondrous temples and palaces among which moved shining men and women. I know I often spend my sleeping hours in that world, attending lectures and concerts, and am sure that I derive the major part of my education (which is still proceeding) from that source.

But to my mind the most fascinating heaven is not the visual heaven, but the intellectual heaven. By that I mean, not that heaven which in any way requires the physical faculties for its interpretation.

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#### WHAT HEAVEN IS LIKE.

but makes use more of the faculties of the soul. Concerning that state I might say a great deal, for it means more to me than anything else I know. Perhaps the reader has not yet quite grasped what I intend to convey? I will try to explain by illustration. I am a musical enthusiast. I know music so well, that if anybody should play a classical piece which I do not happen to have heard, I will tell him the name of the composer after a few bars. Music is in me and a part of my nature. I enjoy particularly the music of Beethoven, and also of Bach; but although I have a great admiration for the music of Chopin, I cannot work up a great enthusiasm for it, because I do not wholly understand his nature. Yet one of my most cherished recollections is that of hearing Chopin played—no, not by M. Temperamentinski, but by the Master himself, on a piano which was of a hundred times finer timbre than we know, and tuned to the perfect scale—music of the soul, which one did not hear, but felt internally. I have had as fine concerts with other music, but never has it reached such an exquisite perfection as that music did. In all, I must have heard some six pieces played, and although I have long since forgotten the detail, the effect will live with me always. This and other similar experiences (which are still continuing) were to me truly experiences of the transcendental.

In another direction I have for some years dabbled in short-story writing, gradually changing from a merely popular style to a style which strives towards the deeply poignant, and the understanding of the soul of things. At one time I was so absorbed in this work that I used to live whole stories through and through in the course of a night, and the same with poetry. As I feel certain that my inspiration comes from the Other Side, I look upon those years as years of preparation and education.

In this earth life we have come to look upon the orthodox "heaven" as a place of perfect happiness. But we have not always troubled to analyse exactly what happiness means. It obviously means something different for each one of us. Happiness is a state which suits our nature, unhappiness a state which militates against it. I should be unhappy in the orthodox heaven of harps and crowns. The working man would be unhappy in a heaven of titled ladies. (This reminds me of the story of the titled lady who went to heaven, and had not been there long, before she asked to see St. Peter. After a great deal of fuss on her part, St. Peter was produced. "Well, madam," said he gravely, "what can I do for you?" "I want to say how much I object to all these coloured folk. I think it is horrible the way in which they move in and out amongst us. I had no idea there were so many foreigners here!") The thinker would be unhappy in a heaven of studious ease. Obviously, heaven to the titled lady would be a place where Society congregated, and perhaps it would be a trifle unkind to add that to some (and to working women too) it would be a place where scandal circulated freely. To the working man heaven would constitute exactly that

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sort of life described by "Raymond," in his communications with his father, Sir Oliver Lodge—a place of schools and institutes, where imaginary "drinks" and "cigars" could be procured out of the atmosphere when used for a legitimate purpose. (In time these articles are of course dispensed with, but in the early period they are necessary for the happiness of some individuals.) "Gone West" describes another kind of heaven, but perhaps not much less material, and certainly agreeing in all essential details with that portrayed in "Raymond." We come to a diverse heaven in "Life Beyond the Veil," the symposium of Inspirational Communications of which the Rev. G. Vale Owen was the writer. As might be expected, his heaven takes on a definitely religious tinge, and there is much less of the material and more of the devotional and spiritual about it.

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So much for books. Now in regard to what spirits themselves have told me at first hand. This to my mind is more important than anything else I have heard or seen on the subject. The spirits describe a heaven which is a state of being. One makes one's heaven as one exists. The vista around (if we are surrounded by landscapes) is not changeless unless we move, but alters with the power of thoughts, and tunes with and corresponds to our moods. We can travel hither and thither, so to speak, in a flash of time. Time does not exist. That is merely a temporal convenience for measuring physical things. As may be imagined, in this world, all things become more intense. If we desire to enjoy music, we are not distressed by having to sit on uncomfortable chairs in a crowded hall, or listening to strains which are not to taste: everything becomes exactly as we want it (limited only by our development). But that does not produce satiety, as, as now, we never attain the limit of progress, and are continually seeking higher development.

To my mind this philosophy explains how inspiration comes to us here. The genius is one who has achieved this plane and dwells in association with it throughout his periods of composition. Composition is pain to him, merely because he finds it difficult to translate his exquisite emotions into the physical.

This kind of heaven has more attraction to me than any other, but I quite agree that it would not suit the labourer, in his present state of development at any rate. It is, however, what he will eventually evolve to, of that I am convinced. Heaven to him will for the present be a world of drinks, cigars, and institutes, merely because, in fulfilment of the law I have outlined, these are what his mind appreciates most at present. In time, he will be able to discover the trend of his nature, unearth the urge which was stifled by his earthly labours, and progress to higher things. But for the present, that must be to him the early stage. Furthermore, I have no doubt that those simple folk who confidingly yearn for harps and crowns will be provided with them in due course, until the monotony renders them more suitable as instruments of torture. Then they will be dispensed with. Religious people will find plenty of churches and

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#### WHAT HEAVEN IS LIKE

chapels, and irreligious people will find none. Such futile occupations as golf and football will undoubtedly be indulged in by the enthusiast. But—and there is a great but—there is a limit to this gratification of desires. Only those who have developed the power can achieve these delights. Those who remain purely physical, and refuse to progress, resorting to lusts and earthly passions, dwelling on the physical to the exclusion of the spiritual—for these, heaven will not exist, and who will be to blame but themselves? The newspaper proprietor whose most absorbing thought in life has been his grandiose circulation, the financier who has juggled with millions because money is the passion of his soul, the sensualist who reeks with desire—for all these, such a state will not exist. They will find themselves tied to their former state on earth, unable to progress until their nature has undergone a change. And undoubtedly there are many thousands such. Any reader of "Spirit Teachings," or "Gone West," and other similar publications, cannot fail to have been impressed by the vivid descriptions of those poor, earthbound souls which, because their whole life was centred on earthly things, still were bound to earth as with a chain and were unable to break free. These belong to that class who are sometimes termed "ghosts," and they are to be pitied rather than despised.

In conclusion, I would like to add just one thing. To my mind, the keynote of all communications and experiences which have come to me, can be expressed in one word. To me, happiness may be defined in a single word, and so may heaven. That one word is "work." I am convinced that work is the keynote of progress, the keynote of enjoyment, the keynote of realisation, and without it, we

should be nothing, for it is our all.

#### THE DAILY EXPRESS & PEACE.

WE regret to have noticed of late the change of the "Daily Express" into a Militarist and Imperialist adovcate. It has given prominent expression to the new militarist views in Germany, and seems to endorse them, whilst it is doing its utmost to antagonise France. And now it has turned on the League of Nations, declaring that this, the only instrument we have for the securing of peace, is an instrument of war. Nothing could be farther from reality, and we implore our readers not to be enveigled by this propaganda. Have we so soon forgotten that Militarism and Imperialism were the Cause of the late war? And that they are the curse of civilised communities and the enemies of peace? Spiritualism is behind the League of Nations. The Spirit World is behind the League of Nations. Fight for the League!

# 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.

"The voice told me to tell mother that Ernest was quite all right,"

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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 trumpe 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

Pint friends.

#### IMMORTALITY AND SURVIVAL

"If the voice I heard wasn't that of my mother," declared one woman to the meeting, "how would she know about my son Godfrey?"

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The phenomena went on. Other messages came to perhaps ten

other people.

Then Arthur Ford, the American medium, gave clairaudient messages, one of them to Sir John Cameron, a stranger to the medium, who told him that his grandfather, whose name and surname were given, was there.

Sir John stated yesterday that he did not know the Christian name of his grandfather until he turned it up in "Who's Who"

after the meeting.

"I should have thought it telepathy," he said, "except that I did not know my grandfather's name. It seems funny to be told this by an American."

#### Letters to the Editor.

#### ARE PRIESTS NECESSARY?

DEAR SIR,—On the outer cover of "Immortality and Survival," last issue, sceptics are asked to let the Editor know why they are not convinced. Now, I do not deny that communication can be established for one moment, but with whom or what? Are the people at the other end, so to speak, what they claim to be? I have read before now of proven cases of impersonation. How are we to trust these messages? Also, as a Christian it seems to me a very significant fact that hardly any mention is ever made of the Christian Sacraments, especially of the Blessed Sacrament which is the source of such power to millions of Catholic Christians (Roman, Anglo- and orthodox) all over the world. The Sacramental Life makes them utterly unselfish, devoted followers of our Lord, which after all is the main object of a Christian life. It seems rather extraordinary tome that such as have been so helped by the Christian Sacraments on earth should make no mention of them (so far as I am aware) in the next life. Also messages which decry priests as being unnecessary seem to me to be so stupid. After all, most English priests, at any rate, are hard-working, unselfish, poverty-stricken men, "the salt of the earth," in fact, and I dread to think what our villages and slum towns would do without them. Also some "Spiritualist" writers always seem to be inclined to say that one religion is as good as another; all contain an element of Truth. No doubt to a certain extent this is true, but there is obviously no religion in the world, or ever will be, on a level with Christianity as taught by our Lord. Yours truly,

R. L. VERNON-

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#### REV. D. MORSE BOYCOTT ASKS FOR IT .

For a long time an unknown curate has, like the conjurers and the theatre managers, been battening 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.

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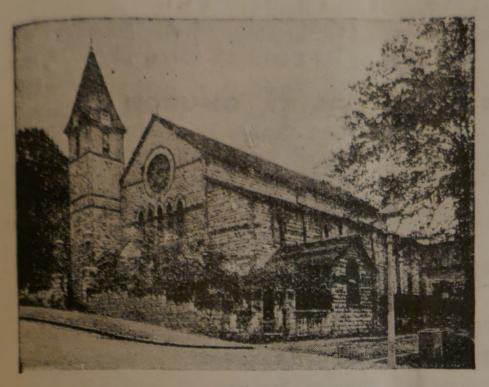
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