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TWO WORLDS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FEATURING SPIRITUALISM AND THE SUPERNORMAL

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When the trivial becomes profound

EDITORIAL

HAVE you ever considered what you should say after passing from this world, and you had the chance of returning through a medium, that would conclusively prove your identity to the one closest to you? You are, for example, a husband whose wife is present at the sitting.

It would have to be the mention of some idiosyncrasy or describing an incident that could be succinctly conveyed and would make it clear beyond doubt it is you communicating.

Having read this far, we suggest you pause to consider the one word or a short phrase that would fulfil this purpose.

We have considered this problem. Our closest partner agreed that our message of only one word of six letters would make it crystal clear we were the communicator. That word is "pencil." Why?

It remains a standing joke in our home that whenever we answer the telephone, and wish to record something being said, the pencil that usually should be there has been removed by our partner and not replaced.

Now, of course, that this fact has been revealed, it would be useless when the time comes, should we be the first to quit this earth, to refer to that word because having been made public, it would no longer be evidential.

The reason for what you have just read is to be found in a comment made by the interviewer of a TV programme after he had witnessed a few demonstrations by mediums. He said, "The most damning criticism of Spiritualists is that, having reached into the world beyond, they should have brought back so little that is of any significance."

Let us consider his opinion and possible reactions. Told that a wife was satisfied her husband had communicated through a medium because he gave the word "pencil," he would dismiss this as insignificant.

Would this critic regard as significant that a husband, who was not a scientist, returned to his wife to say he had discovered that the second law of thermodynamics was true? The wife would be certain this could not be her husband communicating.

The truth is that we can prove identity only by the recital of what is trivia to others, but would be of immense significance to the people concerned. In murder trials it is often a trivial thing like a stain, some hair, a thread from some material, or a button that establish the accused person's guilt.

It would be easy from the hundreds of volumes containing spirit communications to single out messages on religion, philosophy and ethics which are truly significant because they have the authority that comes from experience in a larger life.

There are thousands of cases of spirit return that provided evidence of guidance to loved ones, averted suicide, helped cures to be achieved, or laid down principles that ensured earthly lives should not be wasted.

When it comes to describing what happens in the after-life, all religions have nothing significant, valuable or evidential to offer. They can only theorise or offer faith, hope, belief and speculation.

The real significance is the demonstration that individual life continues after death and

(Continued overleaf)

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tors. They are given liberty to express ideas, however controversial, on subjects which are the province of this magazine. Truth, in our view, will be advanced and never hindered by the honest expression of different viewpoints.

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"OUR allegiance is not to a Creed, not to a Book, not to a Church, but to the Great Spirit of life and His eternal, natural laws."

Wisdom from the world beyond

To die is to enjoy freedom

Silver Birch, guide of Hannen Swaffer's home circle, has described something of the beauties of the spirit world, which he declares we visit frequently in our sleep, although most of us cannot remember our experiences on waking.

WHEN you have tasted and enjoyed with your full consciousness all that my world has to offer, you will realise that it is the love we bear for you that makes us come back to work amongst you.

You have not tasted the joys of the world of spirit. There is nothing in your world of matter with which you can compare the life of the spirit, freed from the trammels of the flesh, escaped from the prison of the body of matter, with liberty to go where you will, to see your thoughts take shape, to follow out the desires

(Continued from previous page)

the equally important fact that love also survives. Hundreds of thousands have turned their backs on orthodox religions because, in the time of their deepest sorrow caused by bereavement, they could find no satisfaction in the theology offered to them.

When you are convinced that, as mediumship has demonstrated to millions, you continue your life after death, you have acquired the most profound and revolutionary truth that can be known. The reason is that tremendous spiritual implications are involved. These make it abundantly clear that character-building is the most important objective for each of us on earth.

We become aware that personal responsibility for our deeds is an immutable natural law operating on the principle that effect always follows cause. Our perspective and focus are radically changed. We realise that, unless we fulfil ourselves spiritually, we become ill equipped for the next stage of life which inevitably awaits us.

The world's troubles are due primarily to the fact that its inhabitants have got their priorities wrong. Materialism and selfishness predominate when service to others should be the objectives to be achieved. That is the significance that lies behind the "trivial" message.

of your heart, to be freed from the troubles of money.

You who are encased in matter do not yet comprehend beauty as it can be. You have not seen our light, colour, scenery, trees, birds, rivers, streams, mountains, flowers—and yet your world fears death.

Death strikes terror into hearts. But you will only begin to live when you are "dead." Now you live, but in reality you are almost dead. So many are dead to the things of the spirit. The little life-force flickers in their puny bodies, but no spiritual things can find any response within them.

There are no words to compare the life in your world of matter with the life in the world of spirit. We who are "dead" know so much more of life than you do.

This is the world where the artist finds all his dreams come true, where the painter and the poet realise their ambition, where genius has full power of expression, where the repressions of earth are swept away and all gifts and talents are used in the service of one another.

This is the world where there are no clumsy words to express inspiration, but where thought is the living language and reveals itself with lightning rapidity.

This is the world where we have no money to worry us, where there is no competition, no driving of the weaker to the wall, where the strong are strong because they have something to give to those less fortunate than themselves.

We have no unemployment, we have no slums, we have no selfishness. We have no sects, we have only one religion. We have no sacred books, only the operation of the divine laws to instruct us.

And the nearer you get to the belt of matter, the more clumsy and difficult it is for the spirit to express itself. I never like to come back. The only things that make me do so are the promise that I have given to serve and the love of all of you, which gives me some compensation.

To die is not tragic. To live in your world is tragic. To see the garden of the Great Spirit choked with the weeds of selfishness and greed and avarice, that is tragedy.

To die is to enjoy freedom of the spirit, which has been imprisoned behind the bars of the material body. Is it tragic to be released from suffering, for the soul to come into its own? Is it tragic to see wonders of colour, to hear music that does not belong to material expression? Do you call it tragic to express yourself in a body that has no pain, to be able to roam all over the world of matter in a flash and to taste the beauties of the spirit life too?

There is not in your world one artist who could capture with his paints some of the glories of my world. There is not one musician who could record some of the glories of the music sphere with your notes. There is not one writer who could describe in physical words the beauty of parts of this world.

What a pleasant surprise you will all have one day, when you become conscious of our world.

Your world is in beauty now. [*This sitting was held in May.*] You see all around you the manifestations of the Great Spirit, as the dawn of life sweeps over your surroundings again in its cycle, and you marvel at the beauty of the blossom and the fragrance of the flowers, and you say, "How great is the handiwork of the Great Spirit."

And yet, that which you see is but a very, very pale reflection of the beauties that we have in our world of spirit. We have flowers such as you have never seen, we have colours such as your eye has never beheld, we have scenes and forests, we have birds and plants, we have streams and mountains.

You come to our world now, but you do not remember. You visit the spirit world every night. That is your preparation. Otherwise, it would be such a shock when you come here to start your real life in earnest. When you pass on, you will remember your visits.

You will then be freed from the limitation of the body and you will be able to express to the full all the consciousness which has been released during your sleep. In its new expression, it will bring to you all the memories that you have, the memories of all the experiences that you have enjoyed.

What will be the position of those who, after passing, go to the lower planes of spirit life? Will they remember their sleep visits—presumably to the lower planes—and will that memory help them to adjust their position?

Those who would gravitate to the lower planes go there during sleep, but the memory of that would not help them to realise their position after death because the planes on

which they found themselves would still resemble the material world.

The lower in the world of spirit, the more earthly it is in appearance because the vibrations are more gross; the higher in the realm of spirit, the finer the vibrations.

Do we sometimes remember our sleep adventures in this life?

When your spirit is released from its body, you are freed from your brain, which is your limitation in the world of matter. The consciousness now has experiences on our vibrations, according to your grade of evolution, and it is conscious of its experiences while it has them. But, when you go back to your body of matter and try to capture the experiences of the spirit, you cannot do so because one is greater than the other. The smaller cannot hold the greater and you get distortion.

It is as if you had a little bag and you tried to get lots of things into it. You could only get some of the things into the bag, and the more you pushed the more out of shape they would become. That is what happens to you when you return to your bodies. But, if your soul is already evolved and you have reached an advanced stage of consciousness, then you are aware of the spirit realms. Then you can quite easily train the brain to remember.

Do you mean that the memory of these experiences will help us when we pass on?

Yes. Nothing is wasted. The Law is perfect. Those of us who have lived for many years marvel at the perfection of the Law, and when we hear the puny minds of your world criticise the Great Spirit—how little they know! The less they know, the more they express themselves.

Are many people engaged in working during their sleep state, or are the visits used solely for preparation for the larger life?

Some of you do work, because there are many you can help in your sleep state. But, usually, it is a preparation. You are taken to those places which will help you to be ready for your work when you leave the world of matter. If that were not done, the shock of coming from one sphere of expression to another would be so great that it would take you a long time to recover.

That is why it is easier for those who have knowledge when they come to our world. Others have to sleep and rest for a long time, until they can adjust themselves. If you have knowledge, then you pass from one state to another and you are aware of the new life. After all, it is just like opening a door and

coming into the sunshine. You must get accustomed to the light.

Those without knowledge must have a long period of rest to recover from the period of transition. It is the same as a baby in your world. It has to feel its way.

Nothing is ever lost, in your world or in mine. Always remember that. Every thought, every action, every desire to serve that is thrown out of your hearts helps someone somewhere. Always, when the desire is there, you attract those who can help you.

When people pass on lacking understanding, do they respond to our thoughts and receive our mental messages?

Awakening comes only when realisation dawns. If you have knowledge, then your awakening is much quicker. We have to fight ignorance, misunderstanding, superstition, false creeds, erroneous theologies, all of which do not help to prepare the soul for its new life. Before these are conquered, the soul has gradually to accustom itself and there is a long period of rest.

Your world has hospitals for bruised and injured bodies; we have to treat bruised and injured souls. But where an individual has rendered great service, and love, good will, affection and prayer accompany his passing into my world, then the awakening is speeded, for all those vibrations help him.

What will happen to a person who passes on not believing in Survival, but thinking that when he dies it is the end?

As you cannot die, because it is contrary to the natural law, that person will have to wake up and face the fact. How long it will take for the realisation of spirit life to come to him will depend upon the evolution of his soul—how far it is advanced and how it can attune itself to the new conditions.

Will the passing of such a person be difficult?

That, again, depends on the evolution of the soul. The passing from your world to mine is not difficult, as a rule, because usually the one who passes is not conscious of the change at the time. It is only advanced souls who register the passing out of the world of matter into the world of spirit.

If such a person has been good, will he suffer in any way for not believing the truth of Survival, even if he has been told of it?

Good, bad, I do not know what these words mean. It will depend only upon the life he has led, the service he has rendered, the opportunities he has taken to unfold the Great Spirit within him. That is all that counts. It is

better to have knowledge than ignorance, but the only test is the way you have lived your life from day to day.

In the spirit life, do we join again with those we love and become younger? Jesus says there is no marriage or giving in marriage.

Wherever there has been love between a man and a woman and that love has brought them together and made them as one, and they have lived on the same spiritual plane in your world, then "death" will not part them. "Death" will be a door which will give them a greater freedom for their souls to be more closely united than they were in your world of matter.

But if their coming together, their marriage, as you call it, was not a marriage of souls but only of bodies, and their souls did not dwell on the same plane, then "death" will drive them further apart, for it will relegate them to their own spiritual spheres. If there is love, they will find that in the world of spirit they will get not younger, not older, but will experience growth, evolution, development. These are things of the soul, not the body.

When the Nazarene said that there is no marriage and no giving in marriage, he was referring to the marriage of bodies, not the marriage of souls. For that which you call male and that which you call female each has its contribution to make to each other. The female is necessary to the male and the male is necessary to the female. The Great Spirit embodies the two principles in perfection. As you evolve in the planes of spirit the difference becomes less and less.

Is it possible to sin on the Other Side? If so, what is the most common form of sin?

Of course it is possible to sin in our world. The sins of the spirit world are the sins of selfishness, but in our world they are speedily revealed. They are known as soon as the thought is in the mind, and the effect is seen far more quickly than it is in your world of matter. It registers on the one who commits the sin and makes him spiritually lower than he was before. It is difficult to define more clearly in your language what these sins are, except that they are sins of selfishness.

If a person is compelled to live a life of loneliness on this earth, is he compelled to lead that life after death?

Oh, no. The Law is always perfect. The soul reaps its own reward and makes its own punishment. Those who are attracted by love and by affection will meet because their souls will throw them together on that plane.

Will it be possible to meet, in the spirit world, great geniuses for whom we might feel a strong attraction, such as Beethoven, Shakespeare and Michaelangelo?

In most cases it will, because wherever there is love by the people of your world for one who helped your world, that creates a natural bond of sympathy which will draw them together in the world of spirit.

When we pass out of the physical body, is the one we use in the spirit world as real and solid as the one we leave behind?

Far more real and far more solid than the one that you leave behind in the world of matter, for your world is not the real world at all. It is only the shadow cast by the world of spirit. Ours is the reality and you will not understand reality until you pass into the world of spirit.

Is the spirit world as natural and as material to the spiritual senses as the physical is to our present senses?

Far more, for this is reality. You are at present prisoners. You are hampered by the material body to which you are restricted on all sides. You are expressing only a very small portion of your real selves.

What exactly happens at death, just after the breath has left the body?

When the soul is conscious, it sees the spirit body withdrawing gradually and it opens its eyes in the world of spirit. It is conscious of those who have come to welcome it and it is ready to start its new life. When the soul is not conscious, it is helped through the passing and is taken to whatever place is necessary—it may be a hospital or a home of rest—until it is ready for it to become aware of its new life.

Shall we be with those we love in the spirit world, although separated by convention in the physical world?

It is impossible to separate love from its beloved.

When we enter the spirit world after leaving this life, do we meet our relatives who have passed on before?

If love exists between them, yes. If loves does not exist between them, no.

Is the life on the Other Side everlasting?

All life is everlasting, for life belongs to the Great Spirit, Who is eternal.

Do the spheres of the etheric country in which you live surround the earth or sun or planets?

They do not surround any of them. They are not bounded by geographical distinctions. They are not located in forms of spheres or planets. They are part of the vast universe.

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They blend and interblend with all phases of life experienced in all planes of life. Some of these planes you know about. Others you do not know yet, for there are planets on which there is life as yet unknown to your world.

Does the fabric of the etheric country have a material core of which the earth is a local example?

Am I material? Is love between men and women material? Is the inspiration of an artist material? Is the appreciation of music material? The answer to these questions depends on what you call material. If you mean is it real, does it possess reality, then I say, Yes, for spirit is the greatest reality of life, and that which you call material, the world of matter, is but the shell which surrounds the reality.

What is the limit to speed of travel by spirits?

We have no limitation of time or space in

our travels. To those who are experienced in spirit life there are no limitations. We can travel to any part of your world of matter with the rapidity of thought, which to us is our great reality. Those who dwell in any grade are limited in their travelling to that grade. They cannot exceed it. They cannot travel higher in the realms of spirit than the unfolding of their character has reached. That is their limitation. But that is the limitation of spirit in spirit life.

Are there separate spirit worlds connected with all inhabited planets?

That which you call the spirit world is but the spiritual expression of the universe, which embraces all life expressed in all planes.

Is there only one spirit world?

Yes, but it has an infinite number of expressions, and life on planets other than earth is embraced as well as your world of matter, because they have their spiritual expression as well as their physical expression.

Will one be able to recognise, after death, one's child who died when very young?

Yes, because he will be shown the child as he knew it. They always forget that the child will know the parent, for the child has been watching over him all the time and will be the first to greet him when he comes to my world.

How is an inflicter of capital punishment—such as a hangman or the operator of an electric chair—judged when he reaches the spirit world?

If he knows it is wrong, he will pay the penalty for sinning with knowledge. If he does not know it is wrong, then there will be no punishment.

Shall we, after we pass on, be punished for having eaten animal food?

When you have reached that stage in your evolution when you know it is not right to eat the lesser creation of the Great Spirit, then you inflict on yourself a punishment for doing that which you know to be wrong. If you have not reached that stage of evolution, then your soul is not yet aware that it is wrong and there will be no punishment. Always there is a price to be paid for knowledge. That price is responsibility.

* * *

(This extract is taken from "Teachings of Silver Birch," which is published as a paperback. Circumstances made it impossible to report the latest meeting of Hannen Swaffer's home circle. Because of a severe cold, Frances Moore, the guide's "scribe," was unavoidably absent. A tape-recorder failed to work.—Editor)

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"For good reasons, those beyond this world's orbit call it 'the sorrowful planet' "

You can be happy on earth

by PEGGY MASON

WHY is it, I wonder, that the contemplation of beauty can often be so painful? Why, when the soul is uplifted and expands in silent rapture, consumed with the urge to embrace such beauty in an overwhelming love, does the heart ache with an indefinable sadness?

Have you tiptoed into a garden at dawn, spellbound by the diamond dewdrops that tremble on webs of gossamer on a summer morning? Have you stood, alone, among tall, still pines on a starlit night, longing for your kinship to be recognised and accepted by that living, breathing community? Or endeavoured to capture for ever that magical, elusive moment when the setting sun transforms a moorland lake into a shining sheet of glass, and in the serene silence, suddenly, comes the wistful unearthly cry of a curlew?

Have you experienced such moments, and a thousand others of a similar kind, *without* a sense of sadness, a stab of pain, as if such magic and beauty were too much to bear because it hurts, like an invisible needle penetrating the soul?

One of the reasons, perhaps, is the ever-present contrast between what should be, what could be, and what IS at this moment of humanity's evolution in the schoolroom of earth experience with its tests and trials, the sloth and weakness of the flesh, the conflicting desires of the higher and lower natures.

For good reason, those beyond the earth's orbit call it "the sorrowful planet," a veritable maelstrom of good and evil, of abysmal ignorance and high endeavour, of material lusts and spiritual aspirations, of horrific cruelty and much compassion, of utter selfishness and willing service.

The contrast of opposites, of polarities, is plain for all to see and to feel, while increased knowledge can easily become an intolerable burden unless balance and equilibrium are constantly maintained. And this is not at all easy.

I have a letter on my desk from someone who is, understandably enough, in danger of losing that equilibrium, to her detriment. She is concerned with just *one* aspect of animal welfare. She writes:

"I have had a week of the deepest despair. Every day I have received more sickening

literature recording the agonised deaths of thousands of helpless creatures. Each page I read contained more horror than the last. By the weekend I had reached the state where whatever I was doing was overtaken by a mental picture of what was *at that minute* taking place. It was so strong that at times it became unbearable."

I know well how this person felt. It is imperative, if sanity and balance are to be maintained, consciously to *limit* one's field of vision, one's imagination, one's feeling of "identification." Only in this way, by deliberately reducing one's awareness of what IS, can one be of use in combating evil and ignorance.

Otherwise this identification can be multiplied beyond endurance by the knowledge and vision of what is happening in terms of human and animal suffering all over the world, every second which ticks away as we sit by our fireside, chat with friends or listen to music or do our work.

A bird's-eye view of what is taking place in the countless wars fanned by greed, hatred and lust for power or possessions, and the ghastly aftermath of wars; in child cruelty, crime and violence; in sickness and disease; in mind-bending misapplied research; in tyranny and slavery; in prisons and asylums; in cruel trades and industries based on the torture of the animal kingdom; in the rape of the earth's surface; and in the conflict of ideologies which represents a veritable Armageddon on the astral planes wherein the fight is waged for the soul of the planet. Such examples make one understand a modicum of what the Nazarene felt when he "looked on the city, and wept."

But too vivid a view, too close an identification with these things, and many more, must be circumscribed by an act of will. This is not so as to become callous, but because there are vast areas in which we can do nothing except "send forth the light" and pray that knowledge, mercy, compassion and love will enter, and eventually prevail in the human heart.

As our wise Egyptian spirit teacher, Abu, has said many times: "Do *what* you can *where* you can *when* you can. But you are not meant to torment yourselves by, so to speak, taking

on the burdens of the world; for that neither helps you, nor that which you so earnestly desire were other than it is."

Yet knowledge cannot but bring a sense of responsibility. So is it because of this knowledge that, incarnated for a spell on this beautiful but sad planet, which is struggling not only to survive but to take a great leap forward in the coming Aquarian Age, I feel this stab of pain (almost of guilt as a human being) in the presence of unspoilt natural beauty? That I am filled with awe, pity and compassion, which is also pain, for such gifts of the Creator as a summer morning, the scent of a perfect rose, the fraternity of trees, a shining stretch of clear water, or the haunting cry of a curlew?

Or could it be all this, and something else as well? Is not this all-pervading ache at such moments of rapture a deep nostalgia for our true home, those other realms from which we came and to which we shall one day return?

I believe such moments and experiences unloose the soul's memory of that merging, that oneness of spirit which is not in doing, speaking, seeing, or in any activity, but in the fulfilment of BEING.

Those of us who have been privileged to have known this merging and oneness of *spirit* with another human being, even if only for a few hours in an earth lifetime, will have had a foretaste of the out-of-this-world bliss of just "being."

I am reminded, in this connection, of a delightful tape in our collection. Alf, who was the doorkeeper of Norman Hunt's remarkable home circle, endeavours to give an account of a visit to a higher sphere which he, and many others, had earned.

He tells us that the "shiny ones" in charge of the journey (including Abu) gave out cloaks to all those assembled. These "cloaks," for want of a better name, were of a gossamer-like material, soft and transparent, covering the

whole body, including the head. Without this protection they could never have stood the light, and especially the radiations or vibrations.

When all was ready, a prayerful silence fell, while they "tuned in" with the "shiny ones" in the centre of the group. Several hundreds were to make this excursion. Alf, in his inimitable Cockney manner of speaking while controlling the medium, says:

"Then we riz up, Guv'nor! I could still see the grass and the trees, but they faded away. And then we were over the mountains—those "thought mountains" I've told you about—the ones that are always in the distance however far you go towards them, because they're a thought barrier. But now we were above them, and beyond them, and *such a light*, all over everywhere! And in the light were greater lights—and those lights were *people*, Guv'nor! And all round the light were beautiful colours, and music . . .

"Whether I had a body left at all, I don't know, for I wasn't standing on anything, but I could see and hear . . . It was a *feeling*, more than a hearing or a seeing—like a glowing warmth when it's cold—all the comfort, all the satisfaction, all the contentment you could possibly imagine, all flowing into you. And you don't know why because it doesn't look as if there's anything there to *make* you feel like that, but you just *do* . . .

"Light and more light . . . and it goes right into you. And you're so happy and content. And you know everyone else is so happy and content. And what's more, you know it's all going to be alright for them that *aren't* up there, and that's a big thing, Guv'nor! . . .

"It doesn't begin to tell you the half of it. You have nothing like it on earth . . . No separate people: we were a part of It, and It was a part of us, and we were all a part of each other . . . impossible to give it words . . .

"But we bring a little bit of this 'shiny' back with us. In the same way that what people have been through while climbing up from the lower planes shows on their faces, this wonderful experience of the light also shows on the faces of those who return to their normal plane.

"When the shiny ones come down to talk to you, they have to do the same as we did, but for a different reason. They have to 'cloak themselves down.' So they don't shine the same, because those below couldn't bear it. I used to be a bit—well, awestruck by Mr Abu. But you don't have to be, Guv'nor! I haven't got the cheek to say I'm brothers and sisters to

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Them—but *They're* brothers and sisters to me, if you understand what I mean. Put that way, I can take it!

"*Because we were all one up there—flowing into one another.* That's the love Mr Abu speaks about—and some of it sticks, and we can pass it on . . ."

It is quite impossible to convey by the written word the intense feeling, exuberance and upliftment which *hearing* Alf's attempted and sometimes inarticulate description transmit to his listeners, but it gives an idea, even when much shortened for lack of space.

Abu makes a very interesting remark. He says: "Your earth plane is the highest of a series of very dull and very gloomy spirit planes which are *not* conducted by the rule and the law of love, simply because the dwellers upon earth, and in the lower planes, have not themselves actively applied that law. When they shall do so, then shall the desert bloom like a rose; then shall the earth plane be as happy as the spirit plane next succeeding it. And this you have been told . . ."

This is, of course, absolutely true. The earth plane is a spirit plane manifesting in dense, physical matter which, in due course, will become more etherealised as we proceed on the upward arc of the circle. The veil between this plane of manifestation and the next is already becoming increasingly thinner, the existence of other planes of existence more generally known and accepted by the foremost scientists, however loath many may be to abandon former hypotheses.

But speaking of happiness, and the fulfilment of being, one wonders whether it is possible to achieve true happiness on *any* plane, except temporarily, as in Alf's visit, while cruelty and suffering exist—a haunting and dismal obligato to the sweetest of melodies.

Can one ever deafen the ears, close the eyes or shut off the consciousness, even when this is raised in attunement with the planes where the law of love is lived—those planes which one has been privileged to glimpse, experience and to merge with many times through astral projection?

The answer is, I think, that our happiness lies in service, and in endeavouring to conduct our lives by the active application of the law of love of which Abu speaks. In doing our utmost to contribute to the fulfilment of those words in the Great Invocation, "Let the plan of love and light work out, and may it seal the door where evil dwells."

Let us accept, then, with gratitude, the

yearning, the unavoidable stab of pain which is not only nostalgia for a past interlude of beauty, but nostalgia for the future, when love will rule—if we do our part as best we can, in co-operation with the brotherhood of light. We cannot do more. *We must not do less.*

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It will be especially welcome to parents who wish to get away from the anthropomorphic image of God—the old man with a beard and a censorious eagle eye—when talking to young children about the spiritual basis of life and living, love and healing, and the rudiments of entirely natural meditation.

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Too many people are digging their graves with their teeth

Quality, not quantity, counts in healing

by M. H. TESTER

I USED to think that if I could heal 20 people a week, then there was no reason why I could not treat 200 or 2,000. Now, I am not so sure.

Over the years I have become more contemplative. Today, I seek not quantitative healing but qualitative results. There are times when some national publicity brings me a sudden rush of new patients. This occurred earlier this year when a daily newspaper featured my healing.

It has happened before. When a German magazine ran a feature on me I was inundated for a while with letters from Germany and Switzerland. I suppose it will happen again. But the rush of new patients slows down eventually, and I can get back to a steady rate of healing.

I try not to be emotionally involved with my patients. I feel compassion, otherwise I would not be a healer. But pity is a dangerous emotion, and I try to avoid it. For many of them, however, I feel sadness.

It is dangerous to generalise, but most of the sick people who come to me for help seem to be the architects of their own disabilities. Of course there are exceptions. There are those with congenital complaints. And there are others who seemingly played no part in the illness that struck them down. But these are only about five per cent of the total. Most people are ill because they made themselves ill.

We have drifted so far from an ideal way of living that the perversions seem normal. People expect to be ill. They regard sickness as a natural and to be anticipated condition. This is just not so. Abounding good health is a natural state. Illness is a perversion.

Most parents try, I am sure, to bring up

their children the best they can. But the bottle-fed baby has a much poorer chance of good health than the breast-fed one. In the face of the constant coercions of television and press advertising a mother thinks she is giving her child the right nourishment by feeding processed foods that claim to contain goodness.

Take breakfast, for instance. The average carton of corn flakes contains less real nourishment than the cardboard packet it comes in. Most manufacturers add artificial vitamins to try to replace the goodness lost in manufacture.

White bread is bad for children (and for most adults). It contains adulterated flour and chemical preservatives that are injurious to health. Marmalade has too high a sugar content to be acceptable in a child's diet. So the average uncooked breakfast has only one ingredient that does the child any good—milk.

At school the meals the child eats consist of processed mashed potatoes (with most of the essential Vitamin C processed out), vegetables with all the goodness boiled away, and meat, which has a doubtful food value. This is followed by a stodgy sweet course that ruins teeth and provides no real nutriment.

In the break the child eats chocolate, toffee or some other concoction that ruins teeth and bloats the stomach.

The evening meal, just as useless, contains processed meats, vegetables and sweets. The stomach cannot cope with absorbing most of this stodge and a lot of it just rots internally until it can be excreted.

It is not surprising that with this background, the child grows up with food tastes that are damaging to health.

Most people are digging their graves with their teeth. The rotting and ageing bodies eventually start giving trouble. The doctor cannot correct a lifetime of poor nutrition. Instead he attempts to alleviate the symptoms by the use of powerful chemicals. If these do not work, the offending organs are cut off and thrown away.

The strain placed on the human body by years of maltreatment is augmented by a series of wrong attitudes. Instead of a life of

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serenity and peace, for most people it is one of strain and stress. They lose their tempers easily; they worry themselves ill over material matters; they lack any spiritual strength to help them through their problems.

In these times we are seeing the breakdown of two institutions. The first is orthodox medicine. The second is orthodox religion.

The medical profession, which has a complete and legally enforceable monopoly, is faced with the impossible task of trying to make well a nation with a completed syndrome of bodily decay. Nearly every type of degenerative illness is on the increase. Bronchitis and diseases of the pulmonary organs are now commonplace.

Cancer has reached epidemic proportions. Arthritic disease, in its various forms, is now accepted as an endemic part of our times. Heart disease is so common that most hospitals devote the larger part of their budgets to it. Diseases of the bowels, liver, kidneys, back and stomach are so common that most doctors have given up trying to cure them and merely prescribe something to alleviate the symptoms.

After 40, 50, 60 or more years of wrong diet and wrong thinking, the patient comes to a healer expecting to be made well. Most of them have bodies so rotted by misuse that if their vehicles were a motor car they would gladly have traded them in years ago. As they are stuck with the bodies they occupy they bring them for rejuvenation.

Some I can help. There are those who do get a complete and seemingly miraculous healing. These are the ones I look for. They experience an entire spiritual reorientation and with it a healing of their bodily ailments.

To find these few I have to consider many. They come in their dozens. They write in their hundreds. To all I offer healing. To many I provide comfort and an alleviation of their ills.

But I no longer think I can heal the world's inhabitants. I used to ask to be sent hundreds of sick people so that I could treat them. Today I ask for one person whom I can heal completely, reorientate spiritually and direct along the road to spiritual and bodily health.

Send me one a day, a week, a year or in a lifetime. How can I judge the value of what I do? How can I evaluate the qualitative healing against the quantitative?

When the time comes for me to make the change we call death, the criterion I shall apply to my life here will be: Is the world a better place because of me? Does it matter, if the answer is yes, just how much better it is?

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Questions for materialists—8

Music of the spheres is heard?

by PROF IAN PARROTT

WE have lived in a post-Freudian era, which has taken it as axiomatic that dreams are a person's exclusive preserve. We should, of course, have been taking much more note of the "universal subconscious" propounded by Jung. Only one thing has been responsible for our blind reluctance, materialism.

We really do think we are separate individuals, don't we? The word "individual" implies "indivisible." We cannot be split up, maybe, but we believe also that we are unattached, it seems, and single entities. This view, it must now be realised, is false.

Another dimension of reality obviously exists "beyond" the physical world perceived by the senses.

"There are few positivists left today so positivistic as to deny that there can exist a science of invisibles" (Richard Spilsbury, "Providence Lost," Oxford University Press, 1974).

This other dimension is one into which each living soul enters during sleep or other forms of dissociation. It may be the same realm into which we are destined to enter at death.

What is it like? Haydn set some words in the form of a round:

*"Death is a long sleep.
Sleep is a short death,
Which soothes our cares,
As death stills all earthly strife."*

But does death contain the equivalent of dreams, or is it eventless in eternity? This is the problem.

A very considerable amount of evidence has been gathered about the experiences of those on the point of death and of those who appear to have passed the barrier, but who have returned to earthly life. Much of this information is sufficiently similar for it to be considered valuable and not merely coincidental.

The fisher boy in Liszt's song is one of many who heard unearthly music:

*"Da hört er ein Klingen wie Flöten so süß,
Wie Stimmen der Engel in Paradies . . ."*

(There he hears the sound of a flute like the voices of angels in paradise.)

and when he "woke" the waves were splashing over him.

The writer is a composer whose published output includes books and articles on musical topics. He has finished a manuscript on Rosemary Brown's musical mediumship. Since 1950 he has been Professor of Music at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. He was educated at Harrow, the Royal College of Music and New College, Oxford.

This is poetry. It is extraordinary how easily people will accept ideas, when expressed in this way, which they might reject if offered to them in prose. Yet D. Scott Rogo has now written two volumes on the subject of "unearthly" music in the most sober of prose.

Whatever the music sounds like—sweet flutes, voices of angels, etc., and other vague descriptions—there seems little doubt that music of an indefinable beauty is often heard by those either dissociated from or about to depart from this life.

G. P. Green in Peking in 1910 heard what was called "the eternal melody" before a death. Orientals have been much more ready to accept this fact. Scott Rogo has wisely used the Sanskrit term "Nad" for his writings in 1971 and 1973, the implication being transcendental, astral, psychic or paranormal music.

My old friend Gordon Charley once described in great detail how he heard some wonderful music when he was in a state of dissociation—not fully asleep, as it happened. But there seemed to be nothing, for all the detail, which could be expressed in a musician's technical language.

Perhaps it really was the "music of the spheres" which defies description in terms of this world. It is what is heard in many different situations by people who are "out of the body," sometimes on the point of death, but often in rude health.

I have recently heard some "timeless" mediumistic improvisation on the piano by David Collins which seems to suggest an attempt to grasp and capture something of this other world's sounds.

It is no longer sensible to go on treating a mind as if it were a machine measurable by

mechanistic physics and checked by philosophers whose feeling for logic is complacently expressed by "if a God could have created himself, a universe could also have created itself." (Edgar Foxall in a letter to the "Daily Telegraph" on "Meaningless eternity," June 9, 1977.)

I might as well suggest that a sausage roll could create itself in front of my nose. The medieval thinkers remained awed and perplexed by the *ex nihilo* (out of nothing) problem. They did not brush it under the carpet in today's fashionable manner. The universe exists and will not go away. We cannot in all seriousness understand of what it is made any more than why it exists.

It is extraordinary how often otherwise intelligent people are soothed by the thought that science had explained things—and apparently explained them away. They should continue, as Maeterlinck did with gravity ("The Supreme Law," Rider & Co.), to wonder at the phenomenon even after it has been explained.

"Gravity," he said, "is impalpable, invisible, formless, without colour, without odour, without temperature, and silent as thought."

Newton said, when considering rotation, "I do not know any power in Nature which would cause this transverse motion without the divine Arm."

Newton told us, in a scientist's way, why the apple falls. But even the most eminent theologian (Newton was no fool in this discipline) cannot tell us why it is ordained that it *should* fall. Furthermore, modern thinkers are beginning to consider much more seriously the phenomenon of how it defied gravity in the first place and got up on the tree.

In other words, we are compelled to believe that a tree grows meaningfully, not by blind

chance but in answer to a thought. We move when we think. So, surely, all living things move to a thought pattern.

What have musicians done about this? Bach was both fortunate and unfortunate in his colleagues. They wrote a great deal about the imponderables of the Christian religion. And they often wrote somewhat indifferent verse. But there is no doubt that a tremendous Christian faith with a musician's superb technique worked together in Bach's mind to create masterpieces.

A strikingly beautiful example is Cantata 161, *Komm du süsse Todesstunde* (Come the sweet hour of death). In it the composer actually welcomes death as a Christian, decorating the music with the striking of the hour in his characteristic way.

Many composers between Bach and the present day have dealt with dreams and beyond death in their writings. Indeed whenever they wrote a Requiem Mass this should have been so, though some of them clearly did their work as a routine.

Schubert, a mere 31 years old when he died, was powerfully aware of the other world not only in the Heine setting, *Der Doppelgänger* (the double), but even more in the Goethe setting, *Erkönig*. This is the terrifying tale in which the mysterious Erl King snatches the sick child from the father's arms, wheedling him away from this life. I regard these as two of his most powerful songs.

Among modern British song-writers, both Ivor Gurney and Peter Warlock, nearly as short lived as Schubert, set John Fletcher's "Sleep." Gurney died in 1937 of the effect of gassing in the First World War.

Warlock, a conscientious objector, died (probably not suicide) in a gas-filled room in 1930. In their different ways these unhappy composers found sleep a solace. It seems that they were unable to welcome death as some of the great composers of Christendom such as Bach and Haydn had done.

*"Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies, that from hence
There may steal an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving."*

(To be continued)

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Why appearances are deceptive

Our five senses cannot cognise reality

by DR NASSIF ISAAC

*Illusion works impenetrable,
Weaving webs innumerable,
Her gay pictures never fail,
Crowd each other, veil on veil,
Charmer who will be believed,
By man who thirsts to be deceived.
—Emerson*

APPEARANCES are deceptive and nothing more so than death. When people attend a funeral and hear from the lips of ignorance the orthodox religious service, they leave with the thought that never again will they see their friend, clasp his hand or hear his voice. They are the victims of one of nature's illusions.

Appearances are so different from reality. The orthodox view of the body sleeping till some future unknown resurrection day is false.

Before the year 1543, when Copernicus discovered the physical universe, people everywhere, including the followers of man-made religions, BELIEVED:

(1) That the sun circled the earth. In Joshua 10,13 we read, "... so the sun stood still ... not to go down about a whole day."

(2) That heaven was studded with lamps. Koran 67,5 states, "And verily we have beautified the world's heaven with lamps."

(3) That the sky was a large dome covering the earth. Koran 21,32 states, "And we have made the sky a roof withheld ..."

(4) That the space around us was empty.

(5) That the earth was the centre of the universe.

(6) That the earth was flat.

After the year 1543 mankind began to KNOW:

(1) That it is the earth that circles the sun, not vice versa.

(2) That the stars are not lights hung in a dome for the purpose of illuminating the night, but that they are worlds in themselves, at immense distances from the earth.

(3) That the heaven is not a large dome but limitless space without end.

(4) That space is not empty but full of life. There are millions of sound waves we cannot hear and millions of light waves beyond the range of our sight. Nature has insulated our senses in a marvellous manner. What a blessing it is that we are not always aware of what is actually going on all about us. And what greater blessing it still is that we may, at times, tune in to have glimpses.

(5) That the earth is but a speck in an immense universe, and not its centre round which the stars revolve.

(6) That the earth is not flat but a globe.

In 1848, modern Spiritualism was founded in Hydesville, New York. The result has slowly been to bring thinking people round to the view that the universe does not consist only of what is cognised by the five senses. So 305 years after the discovery of the physical universe, the etheric universe made itself known. Before the year 1848, the majority of people, including the followers of orthodox religions, BELIEVED:

(1) That man was a body with a spirit.

(2) That the spirit was nebulous, abstract and without form.

(3) That the dead body shall be preserved pending a physical resurrection by the return of the soul. This veneration of the dead came from Ancient Egypt.

(4) That after death we were consigned to the grave till the Day of Resurrection. Koran 100,9 says, "Knoweth he not that, when the contents of the graves are poured forth ..."

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(5) That after death we were to go into one of two states of existence, either to heaven or hell. Koran 11, 106 and 108 states: "As for those who will be wretched they will be in the fire; sighing and wailing will be their portion therein. And as for those who will be glad they will be in the Garden, abiding there so long as the heavens and the earth endure."

(6) That in a future unknown day we would rise to be judged. "And as it is appointed unto men once they die, but after this the Judgment."—Hebrews 9, 27.

After the year 1848, humanity started to KNOW:

(1) That man is not a body with a spirit but a spirit with a body.

(2) That the spirit is not nebulous, abstract and without form but real.

(3) That the physical body is just an instrument through which the spirit manifests in this world. It is a temporary vehicle of the soul.

(4) That the physical body is our grave from which we shall rise when the hour strikes for our departure.

(5) There are many spheres of existence that are invisible to us because they function in a different manner from earth. There is no golden heaven, no fiery hell. These are the imaginings of those whose views are limited. Within us there are the depths of hell and the heights of

heaven. Our view alone can make or mar the condition through which our spirit shall express itself.

(6) That there is no God of vengeance awaiting to punish His creatures when they pass through the door of death, but that we punish ourselves by remorse. Over there, more than here, our faults, failings and mistakes become clear and are thus more regretted.

"What is the truth?" has been man's cry, but always in the past the answer seems to have eluded him. Only since we became intelligent enough to adopt precise methods of investigation has it been possible to say with greater certainty what the truth really is.

My given two analogies easily show the difference between what humanity believed and what it now knows. Truth today is very different from truth as understood by the ancients. The truth as it appears to us today may, and probably will, mean something far different to generations yet unborn.

Truth is but a gradual unfolding of some grand panorama. Though we see now more than those who preceded us, yet it is still only a glimpse of the whole and no more.

Truth is eternal and unchangeable. We who are finite and subject to change can grasp it only little by little. Truth is always the same, but as we change and advance mentally we can comprehend it better. Until we are fully developed mentally, we will continue to be deceived by appearances, and truth will not be fully realised, but as we develop, it slowly becomes clearer.

Often in our ignorance we mistake for truth what is error. Men's history is one of error gradually giving place to truth. It is wiser to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and be banished from the Eden of ignorance, than to leave it untouched. Better to err and learn than make no mistakes and no progress. Progress comes from making mistakes and error rectified leads to the road to truth.

To primitive man, without knowledge, the world was bounded by the limit of his vision. Education has slowly enlarged our vision. We see more, we see further and we see better. Thus our mind enlarges, our ideas change and our judgement improves. With our greater knowledge, our judgement of the past and the present differs from that of our parents or grandparents. We have a greater perspective when we look back and forward in time, because we have more facts to guide our judgement.

Whom have we to thank? To whom are we indebted for the unfolding of the universe which has already taken place? Whom should we thank for what we know and are today? We

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should thank the discoverers, the inventors and the thinkers. These have led humanity up the rocky road of progress. They have gone before and cleared the way by removing the stones over which their followers would have stumbled. They carried the green flag of progress and urged the people forward.

In the past the future life was a matter of faith, not knowledge. The fact of death was accepted as it appeared. The appearance of death was taken as a reality, but now it is directly the opposite of what is really the fact.

Nothing is greater, nothing is of more importance than to find the truth amid the darkness and errors of life.

We are thus on the threshold of a new age of thought, which, when accepted, will revolutionise the outlook of humanity to as great an extent as it was at the time of Copernicus.

No one living today can realise the mental revolution that occurred when it came to be known that the universe was governed by law and order, that the earth was round, not flat, and that it circled round the sun and not the sun round the earth.

We can only vaguely imagine what a bomb-like effect this must have had on everyone. To be told that something did not happen which they saw occur every day seemed absurd. The sun was seen to rise in the morning and circle round the heavens. Yet our ancestors were told that such a thing did not actually happen, that it was none other than an illusion.

But the greatest of all bombshells was that of man's survival after death. Judging by appearance it was easy to think of the body as an individual. But science tells us that it is the husk. Science and not religion says that death is the beginning and not the end of life. Science and not religion tells us that death is a door and not a wall. It is a reward and not a punishment.

Death is freedom; death is liberation; death is the second birth. Death holds the keys of life and opens the prison door to allow the inmate incarcerated for so long to enjoy life as it could not be enjoyed in this world.

It is science and not religion that tells us that death is not extinction; death is merely the means by which we as spirit beings are released to carry on elsewhere. Too many people regard death as a finality. Those who have gone from their side linger only in memories and not in actuality.

The dead body is not the person. The thought that so often passes through the mind that we have seen the last of our friend is just another of nature's illusions. We must always remember

the reality behind the appearance.

Luther Burbank said, "There is no other door of knowledge than the door nature opens; there is no truth except the truths we discover in nature."

It is our duty as Spiritualists to cast the bread of knowledge on the sea of ignorance; to hold the light so that souls in darkness can see its rays; to indicate a haven and sanctuary for those who have lost their way, for the troubled in mind and spirit who seek peace.

We must help to lift the weight of error lying on the shoulders of our fellows and end the blindness and ignorance of those who profess to lead the children of God.

Spiritualists are destined to guide those outgrowing orthodox creeds and entering into the light of the new knowledge. We have a great responsibility because on us much of the future happiness and well-being of humanity depends. We are the only people who have a religion based on knowledge, on facts and evidence. More and more of those who are deluded by the

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natural illusion of death will turn to us for guidance.

Let us see to it that we are worthy of our great responsibility, that of enlightening the human mind, which is slowly coming out of the darkness of ignorance into the sunlight of knowledge.

Let us tell the world that we all are souls imprisoned in physical bodies and are thus limited in what we can experience and learn by our physical senses, each of which in its own way may fool us. Our eyes may make an enormous object seem small if it is far away. We may mishear what someone says to us, etc. All this may result in our having false opinions or impressions of the nature of things. So our souls cannot experience reality until we are liberated from the distractions and inaccuracies of the physical senses.

An honour I do not deserve

THE letter from Miss E. M. Horsey (August issue) missed my point. She accused me of lack of humour. I say that the subject is so serious that it gives no room for humour.

To be accused of intolerance is an honour which I do not deserve. Bernard Shaw said that the progress of the world was due to the intolerants.

The following spirit message from "Abu," who was a high priest in Egypt some 3,500 years ago, shows that intolerance is a virtue:

"How can the barriers between man and man be broken down while the one insists he is a Presbyterian and the other is a Roman Catholic? There are Jews and Moslems, and there are others of varying professions. And they close themselves off with spiritual walls, there by implication exalting themselves above their fellows, regardless of the life they are living, merely by virtue of a profession that they are making.

"How, without exposing this hollow thing for the sham that it is, can we, can the spirit, with your aid, expect to embrace the whole of mankind even as our Father God embraces us? Whether we be English or Egyptian, it matters not to Him. We are men, we are spirit, we are God. Let us away with these barriers. They can but divide; they can but cause trouble and discord.

"I am intolerant upon the point. I regret it deeply, but it is a case where tolerance just will not do. I would mention that the very man to whom the Christian Churches will refer was himself of the most intolerant! He, too preached, as we preach, a universal, all-embracing God of love. If then his words are

to go for nothing, must ours go also for nothing? The barriers must be broken down if the God of love is to come into His own, as Jesus himself wished, as we wish, as you wish, my children. By no other means can it be achieved."

I would like to advise Miss Horsey to visit the Victoria and Albert Museum to see "change and decay. The future of our churches." There she will see how the imaginary author of what she calls my harangue is right in his imagination. There she can see models of churches and cathedrals and the Bible beside them.

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Where there is a will—4

Worry is always worthless

by MAURICE BARBANELL

FOR a quarter of a century, his brilliant advocacy in the courts earned for Sir Patrick Hastings about £25,000 a year. Yet when he came home from the South African war, he had hardly a penny to his name. He climbed the ladder of fame and fortune unaided by family backing, influential friends or by money. He rose to the top of his chosen profession and earned by his one-man industry the vast sum of £625,000 in 25 years.

How did Sir Patrick achieve this transformation from poverty to wealth? It was done by following a formula which he outlined in these words: "A long experience has satisfied me beyond question that there is no reasonable objective which any man of ordinary intelligence cannot achieve, provided he really wants it and really means to achieve it. At least 90 per cent of the failures in life are people who either don't want anything very much or, if they do, don't really try very hard to get it."

You might say that this is a simple formula. It is, but to keep to it demanded qualities of character, endurance and determination that were proof against the difficulties and despair which others do not overcome. In Sir Patrick's case, the obstacles could have been regarded as formidable. At 21, he had no home and so little money that he pawned his war medal for 2s 6d (12½p) in order to buy food.

"As I had no money," he said, "I had all the necessary incentive to make some. And if a young man is unable to keep himself, he is probably not very well worth keeping."

He was faced with the problem of maintaining himself and of acquiring, in three years, the knowledge and the £100 needed to be called to the Bar. This is how he solved his problems. He took three temporary jobs at the same time and went without lunch on most working days. Every day, he walked a distance of eight miles from his suburban home to the West End of London. This took him two hours. He walked home again in the middle of the night, arriving frequently at three in the morning. In every spare moment he studied as hard as he could.

His shabbiness gave him some bad moments, when he doubted the likelihood of achieving his goal, but he soon overcame

The words you read here are taken from "Where There is a Will," a book I wrote many years ago. Ever since I have been asked many times to reprint it, but declined. Instead it is being serialised in Two Worlds because, reading it again, it struck me that the contents can still help many people who yearn for fuller living.

despondency and determined never to give in. He said, "The money came very slowly, but there are always 24 hours in a day—and at a pinch they can be turned into 25."

In the first year, he saved £20, in the second, £40, and he reached the £100 mark a fortnight before he was called to the Bar. Later, money came easily. His attitude to it was: "Money is quite a good thing to work for, especially if it is to be spent on somebody else, but it is not much good to anybody who does not have to work for it."

He never lost his zest for life and declared that he could not recall one moment when he was bored. His own words are, "I cannot remember one day which was not tinged with some element of adventure, either of hope or disappointment, of failure or achievement."

Sir Patrick had found the secret of success. Mark well his words, "*There is no reasonable objective which any man of ordinary intelligence cannot achieve, provided he really wants it and really means to achieve it.*"

I read with interest a newspaper account which referred to a man as "Mr Success." The key words were, "His determination never faltered." It was the story of a young man who worked the lift in a London newspaper office. "Sometimes," added the account, "he carried cups of tea instead. But always he determined that these tasks were paving stones to success. *His determination never faltered.*"

After working the lift for three years, he left the London office for a job in the provinces. One day, he raised the money to buy a weekly newspaper that was losing £3,000 a year. After two years, it was making a net profit of £1,500 a year. His determination had produced results.

As you can see, it is the attitude of mind that is all important. Take the case of Jack Hylton,

who became one of our great impresarios, though he began in humble circumstances. His father worked as a twister in a cotton mill.

Explaining how his philosophy originated with his father's attitude, Hylton said: "In all his life, I never knew him to worry about money, *not even when he had it*. He wanted money, of course. Like most Lancashiremen, he wanted to look after himself. But he was sure that he could. So he did not worry."

His father could afford little schooling for young Hylton. To make certain that in time his son could stand on his own feet, the father sat by him for hours on end, making him practise the piano until he was good enough to accompany his parent's songs on Saturday nights in the public house which he later owned.

Hylton said: "I made more money than my dad did. I've also lost more. The money I've got now is all invested in various shows and copyrights, and a run of failures could put me on my back. But I don't worry. I know I could get up again."

He refused to worry when his voice broke and ended his Lancashire music-hall career as the Singing Mill Boy. He began a new career as an accompanist to singers in public houses and on the sands in a North Wales town. Though he had never conducted before, when he was 17 he managed to secure an engagement at 35s (£1.75) a week as a touring pantomime conductor.

When a concert party became bankrupt he did not worry. Hylton took on the management and was still not worrying when, after paying all the debts, he found that he had not a penny left for a cup of tea on the train returning to London!

Young Hylton returned to concert party after the first world war when he did a double act with Tommy Handley. Strange to relate, they were a failure. Hylton went on to play the piano in a night club and to plug songs on the sands at Blackpool.

Then the wheel of fortune turned. He happened to hear the first Paul Whiteman record brought to this country. This made him realise that the music which Whiteman played was properly orchestrated, instead of being the usual haphazard improvisations. He started to orchestrate music for an English band. The recordings they made were an immediate success.

When, however, he asked the members of the band to pay him 10s (50p) each from the fees they received from the recording companies as payment for his orchestrations, they objected and unanimously decided to dispense

with his services. But the recording companies still wanted his services for orchestration, and that was the beginning of the famous Jack Hylton orchestra.

At the beginning of the second world war, he went into management at one of London's leading West End theatres. He was often asked, he said, whether he got cold feet before the curtain went up on a new production, because of the large amount of money at stake. He answered that this thought never occurred to him. There were so many problems running through his mind at the time that the money element really did not enter into it.

It became a consideration only later when the new venture was either a success or a failure. If it was a success, then the money involved did not matter so much. If it was a failure, he did not worry, but faced the situation logically. Did he take the play off, or continue it in the hope that results might improve? More often than not, he said, he started to plan for another production straight away, which might or might not be successful.

Hylton is an example of a man with a single purpose, one who realises that worry is worthless. Whatever you desire must begin in your mind. The first steps to success are determination, will power and resolution. Every circumstance must be regarded as a stepping stone. You must see the goal in your mind, where you must always regard it as having been reached. Your attitude must be that on the mental plane your aim has been achieved. You must refuse to recognise that obstacles can stand in the way.

A friend of mine, W. T. Parish, a gifted natural healer, was besieged by sufferers when the news travelled that he had cured his wife of cancer after she was given only six weeks to live. In his small flat, he could not cope with all the requests for healing. He loved to walk on a nearby common and was always drawn to an attractive piece of land adjoining it. He realised that it would make an ideal site on which to build a healing sanctuary and he was determined to have it.

Each day, on his walk, he visited the land. Mentally he built a wall around it for himself. He visualised his new sanctuary operating from that site. He planned the entrance, the healing quarters, the living accommodation and the garden. From the standpoint of will, it was *his* property. When he visited the local estate agents, they told him the land was not for sale, and the owner had no desire to build on it. Parish was not dismayed.

He went to see the owner, who at first

would not entertain the idea of selling his land. Parish wore him down and made him enthusiastic at the idea of his property being used to heal the sick. The owner was now willing to sell, but there was one great obstacle. His mother, who lived close to the site, would certainly object to a healing sanctuary because the numerous patients constantly coming and going would disturb her peace.

The healer went for his usual daily walk and performed his regular concentration on the piece of land. His resolve never faltered. He made an appointment to see the mother. When he arrived and told her the object of his call, he was met with an immediate refusal. But he persisted until he won her over. She became so keen that she insisted on presenting some chairs to the sanctuary. For many years, thousands of sick people were successfully treated in the building which was erected just as the healer had visualised it when he resolved that the site was ideal for his purpose.

You must have your objective firmly fixed in your mind before it can be realised. This must be a positive resolution, with no doubts being admitted. You must persist, day after day, and night after night, concentrating on your objective. You must visualise it, regard it

as mentally achieved and determine to make it materialise. Draw a mental ring round it and "pull" it towards you.

Before you go to sleep each night "tune in" to the power within and without. Achieve mental unity with all the creative forces of which you are a focal point. Express your unhesitating confidence that you will achieve your objective.

When you are completely convinced that success will be yours, and your faith is adamant, the result will come. Nothing can stop it. You have set in motion the means by which it will happen. You have placed yourself in the position to receive what you desire. You have "turned on the switch."

The constant mental repetition of the achievement required also has the effect of instilling this desire into your subconsciousness, which harnesses its potentialities for the accomplishment of the task. Like many other duties assigned to the subconscious mind, it becomes part of its routine. It searches into the depths of your being to stimulate into activity the reserve that is seldom used except in times of crisis. We are all familiar with the fact than in an emergency we tap a latent strength. This reserve is waiting to be utilised.

Always surround yourself with hope and optimism, for these are part of your essential equipment. They are vital elements in your mental outlook because they constitute a positive attitude towards life. They help to bring about the results you desire. When you are confident of success, you are on the way to achieve it. Think of yourself as a transmitting and receiving station. When you broadcast hope, faith and confidence, the atmosphere around you becomes bright, alert, alive and magnetic. Automatically you attract similar conditions and create the means by which the results must come.

(To be continued)

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Dear Sir . . .

SOME while ago Peggy Mason wrote on spare-part surgery and, very horrifically, bone-marrow culture. She mentions (August issue) the book, "Life After Life," by Dr Raymond Moody. The two had already become connected in my mind.

A repetitive dream which has been coming to me for at least many decades, but seems to have no association with me personally, is of going along a passage, indoors or out, or up or down stairs, pursued or not, among people or alone. Suddenly I come to a blank wall. When I turn to retrace my steps, the way is similarly blocked, so that I am "boxed."

Another repetitive dream, which I used to have for many years, seemed to belong to somebody else until a clue came my way. It pointed to the idea that I should pray for people in a certain kind of predicament. This I now do, and don't have the dream.

It seems to me that people who are not quite dead, yet already aware of after-life experiences, and told gently but firmly that they are to stay in their bodies a while longer, are "faced with a blank wall" (to translate it into terms of the dream. If a surgeon then removes kidneys or heart, such people are faced with another wall barring their return.

Being not at all mediumistic, I do not understand why this predicament is not fairly and readily soluble. Since the idea came to me a few weeks ago, I had what seemed at first to be the "trap" dream, all the appearance and atmosphere of the run-up were there strongly.

The blank wall appeared. As I turned about, I knew I should find my path barred again . . . but no, I was free to go.

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Waking, I thought this variation would mean that my supposition as to the identity of the people who are "boxed" and who I represent in the dream was right. The only way I can help is to offer prayers of "moral support," of what I don't exactly know. But I feel there is something much deeper here which needs investigation by those qualified and willing to inquire, and to understand.—*Alison Foss, Dalry, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire.*

A cry for mankind's redemption

by JEAN MATHERS

O brave mankind, lost link with Universal Soul,

Sink not again beneath the depths of primordial

Unconsciousness to fight again the weary battle

Of uncomprehending centuries, from conception to

An incomplete fruition.

*O God, O Light, O Lord of all the spheres,
Erase the darkness from men's minds.
Too late! the faithless cry, the light now
dwindles*

*And flickers to its quenching. But ere the last
Faint flame shall die, the garnered love
Of all the realms shall burst forth in a mighty
Force to fan the spark into a glory far beyond
The apex of its former life: reaching
downward*

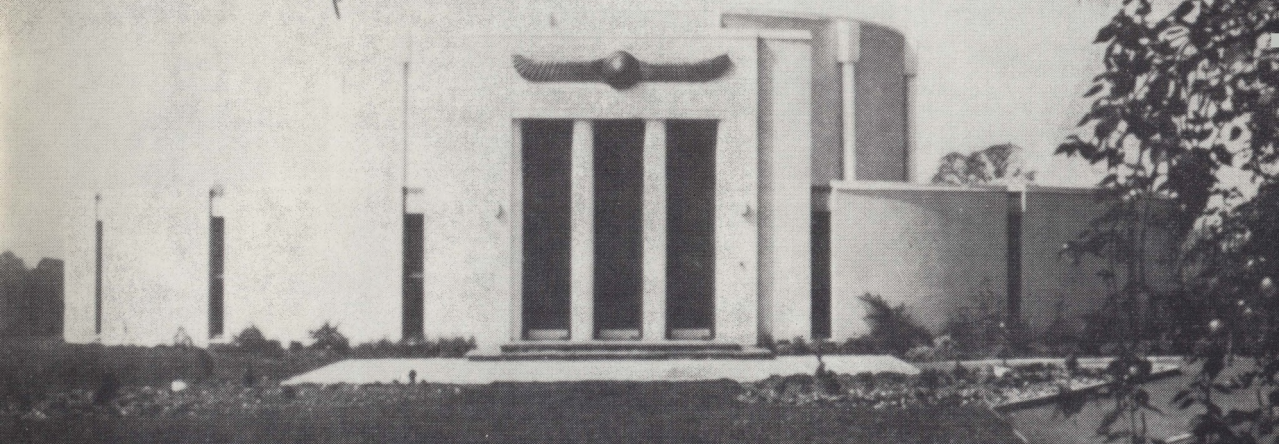
*Into minds for long imprisoned in their
Self-willed darkness, their transfixed state of
Hopelessness, until the tentacles of evil
atrophy*

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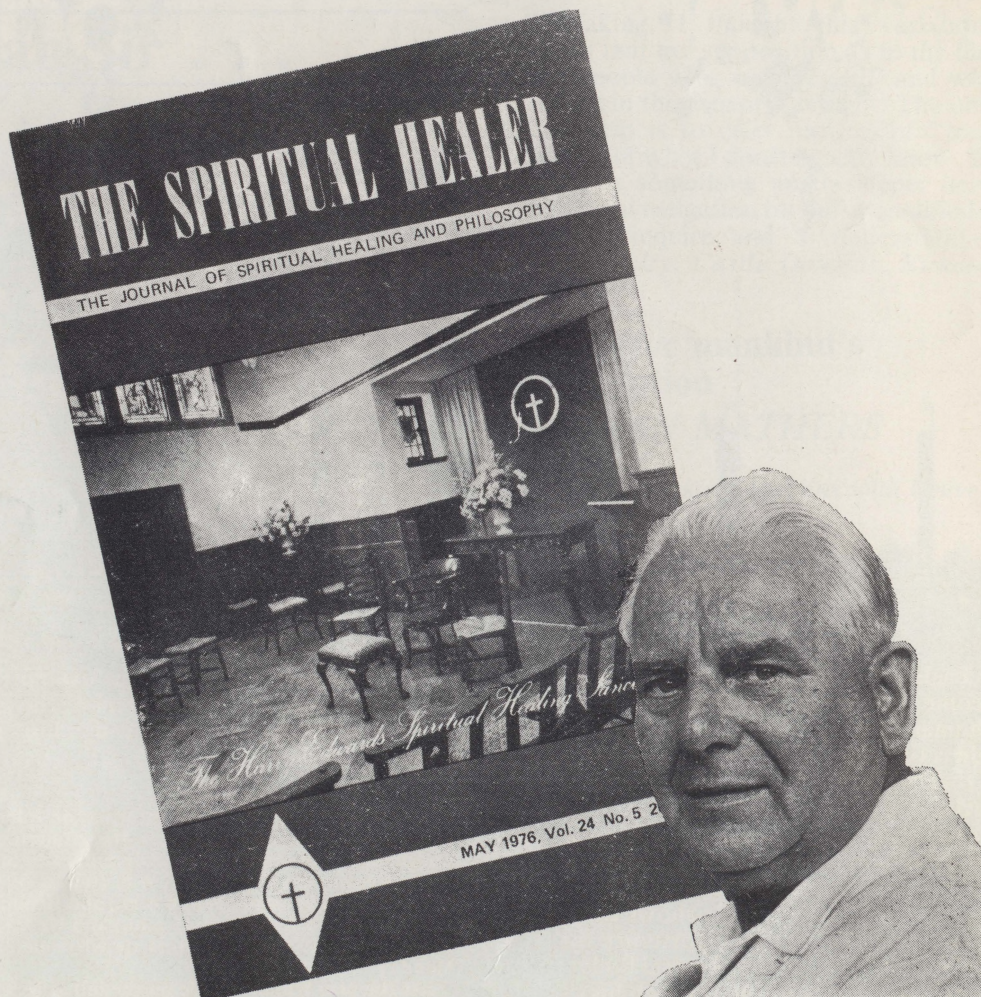
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