



# THE TWO WORLDS.

Registered at the  
G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

A Weekly Journal devoted to the PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY  
and PROGRESS of **SPIRITUALISM**,  
also to RELIGION IN GENERAL and to REFORM.

No. 1698—Vol. XXXIII.

FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1920.

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# The Two Worlds

An Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Present Century.

No. 1,698—VOL. XXXIII.

FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1920.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## Selected Poetry.

### God's Minute.

"I have only just a minute,  
Only sixty seconds in it.  
Forced upon me—can't refuse it,  
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it,  
But it's up to me to use it.  
I must suffer if I lose it,  
Give account if I abuse it.  
Just a tiny little minute—  
But Eternity is in it." —AMERICAN.

### The Intuition of the Past.

Geo. T. Foster.

WHETHER intuition is a genuine means of knowledge and is a faculty apart from fancy, I do not profess to know. Many will say at once, "Of course, intuition is a genuine faculty. What a benighted creature you must be to have any doubts on the matter!" And that is how they settle it. The surprising fact, however, is that many who venerate intuition, nevertheless reject one of its most insistent urges. I refer to the ever-recurring instinctive feeling of rebirth. It is world-wide. Is it memory or phantasy?

The intuitionist who denies it is illogical. If intuition bears a true report, why dissent from this report? If it does not bear a true report, why esteem intuition? I neither credit nor repudiate. I point to the fact that the irrepressible intuition, or feeling, of rebirth continually wells up. I am one of those who, in matters like this, give precedence to the logical faculty, and hold that, before we repose utter trust in all the uprushes of intuition, it must be approved by a superior power, naturally its judge, namely, intellect, in accordance with the latter's canons of induction. Not that I would silence the instinctive urge that affirms. Entrancing is its speech. I listen, withholding judgment.

The logical critic in me has sound sense, he knows when to be quiet. I think the poet in me amuses him. They are quite friendly, although wholly dissimilar. I often hear them conversing.

Says the poet to his unlike partner, "Friend, pardon me addressing you thus, but we are not strangers. You do not know me now, but time was when you knew me; and time will be again when you will see who I am. Dim and veiled am I, a voice only from out the abyss of buried time, calling to thee across the vanished years. Think of me as an echo of the sleeping and the silent past, a summer's leaf on the oak of centuries. The leaf form flutters to the ground and sleeps; earth swings upon her way; the circle reigns; and once again comes the leaf upon the tree. Forms are but symbols. In default of the Will, whose servants we both are, there had been no form, neither should we be, thou and I."

"Forgive my interrupting thy flow of eloquence, Poet, but thou art improving in thy logic, for I find myself absolutely barred by necessity from thinking any existence or form outstanding from pure nothing. Prior being, whose nature, however, I cannot specify since I have no evidence, I am forced to acknowledge. Further, I cannot think other than efficient cause, to which I attach the terms energy or will, for every arising. This is merely another way of stating the same truth, which I perceive is absolute. The contrary is unthinkable, not alone because I

lack the power to conceive it, but for the reason that, actually, there is no contrary, the verbal proposition affirming the contrary (that forms are modes of what is not) being self-contradictory, and, accordingly, amounting to nothing."

"Thy reasoning is good, Logic-chopper, To thy 'prior being,' to thy 'efficient cause,' there is no past. 'Tis the same reality to-day, yesterday and for ever."

"Take thy hand off thy heart, declaimer, I am with thee. But what of the forms, the modes, of the real? I cannot think other than timeless reality in the running sea of the manifest. But what of the waves?"

"Ah, ah! here we are again at what to thee is the same old Land's End. Where I can plunge in, thou must have a bridge from what to thee is the known. In the Great Silence is thy future kingdom, husband. Whither I go, thou wilt follow on. The spell of the golden past is on me. Think not the self-same leaf in other summers does not come again. Does not the ancient perfume that is about me cause something immeasurably old in thee to stir and wake? Is it not a fragrance thou knowest well, wafted from a far-off time? Thy remembrance is short indeed. Canst thou not recall to memory the sweetness of an eastern day, a dark eye, and raven hair, the voices of the great river and the reeds, a melody stealing through a tropic night? Thou art chained to a little oasis in the deserts of transmigration. Swept ever on in the stream of tendency, we have blossomed on one stem in many summers in the universal years. Farewell, yet ever will I call to thee, and time shall be when I will awaken thee to the bridal, and thou shalt see, as I can see, the azure rifts in time, and remember the fleeting perfume of the days that sleep. Once again, farewell."

The "Logic-chopper" finds himself standing before impenetrable darkness, out of which comes a voice singing:

"On silent sands, beneath the midnight stars,  
Across great spaces, mystic whisperings,  
Far off and vague to listening spirits creep;  
Unearthly breezes flit across still souls,  
Drift chill from nowhere, over seas of dreams,  
And spheres unknown and times and worlds foregone,  
And bear from out a shadowy gulf of years,  
Faint voices calling from the peopled Vast,  
And dim forgotten lives and days that sleep."

With a sigh, he returns to the known. He and the poetess, for so Intuition prefers him to call her, have often parted at this point, and at many others. He does not understand her. I believe if he were to express his candid opinion, he thinks she is a syren. Yet she has given him many useful hints, and in such spheres as ethics and aesthetics, he sees that her authority is final and absolute, and he takes his premises from her in these matters as unhesitatingly as in others he takes them from the senses and propensities. But, like her sex, she is an "uncertain quantity," and frequently will wander off by herself into what to him is darkness, singing to herself of matters of which he thinks the senses and the clear memory of sense-impression, are the only veracious reporters. He waits with suspended judgment for invariable sequence of verification of the truth of her songs. Furthermore, imagination i.e., mental groupings of ideas not in association in experience, has been known to pass itself off as intuition.

No man can truly communicate knowledge given him by intuition to another as a possession. The other has to rely on the teacher's authority. Whereas, what a man learns by sheer logic, he can transfer as a possession to another by leading him along the same road. If the premises are true, and the reasoning accurate, the pupil knows as intimately as his master.



## A Few Sane Views on Modern Spiritualism.

### Some Well-considered Thoughts Regarding the Wisdom of Considering It as a Religion, and the Honesty and Ability of Mediums.

V. W. Abraham.

THERE are so many articles making their appearance in the different periodicals of our country, these days, relative to the truth or fraudulence (not only of the phenomena, but of the philosophy itself) of Spiritualism. Some of these articles come from master-minds; minds that have delved deep in natural science; minds that have become known the world over for their great literary accomplishments; and these in the main have recognised the truth of the great philosophy known as Spiritualism, the reason for which being that their minds have long since ceased to be bound within the narrow limits of autocratic theology. Some of these articles (those which criticise the philosophy and its adherents) are, in the most cases, written by so-called divines, either Protestant or Catholic, that I thought perhaps some would like to hear from one of the "mass"—neither an intellectual giant nor a narrow-minded divine.

I rate myself as being an ordinary human, endowed with a mind which can be used by me for reasoning out things which, on the surface, are apparently covered from mortal sight; and which, as the clergy have always taught us, are not for us to have any knowledge concerning at all. This mind of mine, since early childhood, has been an extremely analytic one, and for that reason it has been impossible for me to be satisfied to let minister or priest, or any organisation of the same, do my thinking for me regarding the life here or hereafter.

In the first place, Spiritualism should not be looked upon as being a religion. To my mind it is far from being that. I would class it and call it a philosophy or a science. What is the necessity for trying to attach age-old dogma, creed and incense-burning to this great truth, which is finally breaking the bonds that have enslaved man and kept him in fear, darkness and ignorance for thousands of years?

Another thing, this great philosophy should not be looked upon as being only a something fit to be believed in by, and associated with a "peculiar looking and the most ignorant of people." Also, a man must not be looked upon as being a varied kind of imbecile, or any different from his fellow human beings, because he displays an interest in this science, or whatever it may be called.

I have studied all the different religious creeds, pagan as well as Christian, and they all profess a knowledge, not a belief, of the continuity of life; that what we call death does not end all. But there is not a single one of them can produce a single demonstration to prove their assertions regarding their knowledge along that particular line.

Invariably the critic on Spiritualism bases his criticism on the frauds found practising as mediums. Now, my experience with mediums has shown me this: that most mediums are honest and sincere (of course excepting those who think of mediumship as only a thing to be commercialised), but have practically no real knowledge of the fundamental laws or truths governing this wonderful science; that they have no real knowledge at all as to who their controlling influences are, as to whether these influences are of the higher type; the ones who have made progression on the "other side of life," and at last have a profound knowledge of man on both sides of life, and the laws he is governed by; or whether they are of the lower type. Those that are inclined to want to plod along in their old beliefs and ways, in other words, to stay in the "twilight zone" of ignorance and superstition, still believing and teaching the old doctrines they had while in the flesh, regardless of what it might be, instead of reaching out for something higher, viz., longing for a changed condition for the better, a realisation that there must be something better, and not only wanting that for themselves, but hoping they can do something that will help some of the creatures who are enthralled in the same old conditions of thought that they are.

The mediums who have such influences as those just mentioned as being of the lower type, as "guides," "guards,"

or "controls," are not frauds—they have genuine phenomena, but when it comes to getting the real truth of these influences regarding the laws which govern the communication between those passed over and those still on earth, or the conditions that pertain to the spirit world, and how progression is made therein, it is impossible, because of their unprogressed state. They are all, after a time (of course the length of time varies), able to see that it is purely a condition of mind, but they do not seem able to see that what they need is a change or renewal of mind and thought. For instance, not so long ago, I talked to an ancient Greek, a man who had passed from earth-life some three thousand years ago. This man was enabled to manifest through a certain medium of my acquaintance. He told me that after passing, he found himself in darkness, and that it is still dark. That it is getting rather monotonous waiting for the gods (Zeus, Juno, Venus or any who might feel like making their appearance) to appear to him and conduct him to Hades and his particular place of abode there. It immediately followed that remark by saying that he must be careful, that such desires might be a form of blasphemy. I asked him if he had not been to the top of Mount Olympus as that was supposed to be the seat of the gods, and he would likely find them there. He answered that he had been there, that the gods had fled, and that it was getting "Oh! how awfully monotonous waiting for them to put in their appearance!" He also said that certain ones whom he had heard lecture, told of a wonderful place where it was light, beautifully light. But such statements he knew to be false, and those who made such statements were insane, for there is no such thing as light.

This one was followed by another Greek, who had passed in or about the same century as the preceding one. He started out by making reference to the one preceding him as "the poor deluded fool who was just speaking"; that he was deluded about there being any gods. That he has found out the fallacy of the belief in gods; that he and millions of others had been worshipping something that did not exist. He had noticed that as his thought changed in that respect, and he held a different attitude toward his fellow creatures, slight as it was, that the darkness that had enveloped him became a sort of a misty twilight. He also claimed to have heard different ones, among whom, in fact the foremost of them all, was the medium's guide, by whose consent they were allowed the privilege of using this medium as an instrument of expression, who came to them apparently in lecture on the higher existence, and how to attain it—space of light, of space being permeated with wonderful light—but that he could not believe this, that this man and the rest who made such a statement were demented, that had he not travelled out in space in all directions and found no light?

There was another of practically the same belief who was on earth; that is, he believed in gods, who also came in and talked to us for a short period. He had given up the idea of gods before the time of his passing. After his passing, he found himself in a sort of a dim, misty twilight. (None of them described things in detail as to whether there was any landscape, houses, streams of water, lakes, or anything of that kind.) This man claimed he had lived a very indolent life on earth, but immediately after his passing over, he became the very opposite—very active. But he was active only in his own evil ways, until, as he said, "a few years since, as you on earth measure time," he became changed in a way. He found himself at times feeling sorry, feeling a sense of great pity for people he came in contact with. He could see the great unhappiness not only of the people who were still in the flesh, but of the many he came in contact with in this dim, misty twilight condition. He said further, that every time these impulses of feeling for others moved him, he seemed to catch a gleam of light that was the "light of a million sunsets." Came a time, he said, when he thought he would be willing to do anything, sacrifice everything, to only be able in a measure to alleviate the sufferings of mankind—that is, to get them out of the darkness and twilight which were purely conditions caused by their own thought. Immediately, his condition was changed from the twilight to the "grand radiance of light" from a million sunsets; and from that time on he was a steady path of progression.



This medium's guide, while living on earth, was a college professor; the time of his passing was some three hundred years ago. He plainly states at all times in speaking of those on the other side of life, "we are only men and women with a larger experience and a broader vision; we are neither gods or demi-gods." He says he was a materialist in belief during his existence on earth, also that he was an honest one. That he abided by his own convictions, not being dogmatic in them, but would not profess something he did not believe. He also tells us "there is no greater power than the combined thought, or mind, of man." The foregoing statement, he says, is not an opinion of his own, but a concrete fact. He has also said that it is not the action, but the intent behind the action that is wrong. This man's journey in the Twilight Zone was very brief; as he said, only long enough for him to shake off a few old beliefs that had persisted with him from childhood—a few of the old superstitions fostered and taught by the priesthood of his day. He tells us that he has passed through three circles in his progression—all of them in the light. That his place of abode now is in the fourth circle. That his work is to make journeys back into this great Twilight Zone, as he calls it, and lecture to the multitudes there, and try to point out the way to them, so they may change their mode of thought, rise above their old beliefs in God or gods, creeds and dogmas, ritualism and incense-burning, and replace it with a great love for their fellow man, and that which is good.

A minister critic, writing on this question, through the columns of one of our large daily papers, makes this statement: "Immortality is a hope, not a demonstration. It belongs to the realm of faith." Is not the human race pretty well fed up on faith? For thousands of years mankind has been groping along in utter darkness, spiritually, and all that all these different creeds hold out to him is "have faith"; and having faith, what did it get them? Blind faith availeth man nothing; knowledge is what sets him free. The same minister goes on to say: "The Bible is not a text book on the occult. It tells us enough to live by and no more. It leaves a thousand questions unanswered. Nowhere is it more guarded or restrained than in reference to the life beyond." I cannot see where the Bible is a text book on anything any more than any other book of its kind, for instance, the Koran or Zend Avesta. The mere fact that "the Bible is not a text book on the occult" neither proves nor disproves that there is any communication between the so-called dead and the living.

This minister further says, "In the great scene on the Mount of Transfiguration, when from beyond the veil came Moses and Elias to commune with Jesus, there was no Mrs. Pipers going off into trances, or Mrs. Currans writing by automatic movements of ouija boards, or any other of the seemingly indispensable paraphernalia of spiritistic manipulation, but the three held their wondrous communion in natural, normal fashion, direct, face to face, and spirit to spirit." As regards the foregoing statement, especially the minister's opinion regarding the conditions under which present day phenomena is produced, for instance the trance or ouija board, let me say that it is all purely up to the medium. The mediums in every instance make their own conditions, and in the majority of the cases they are certainly far from being natural. I have heard wonderful lectures from the college professor before mentioned, and the medium through who this man was expressing himself was conscious throughout, and heard every word uttered by this wonderful man—I will not call him a spirit. This was done through what is known as conscious control.

Who is foolish enough to think that a ouija board is the only channel through which we are able to receive messages from the other "side of life"? This whole thing is nothing more nor less than the communication from one mind to another, and as man becomes more enlightened to the laws governing the manner in which this communication is made possible, then all communion between the so-called dead and the living will be to all supremely natural, as it really is and always has been. To illustrate: The principle discovered by Marconi whereby it has been made possible for man to communicate with man for almost unlimited distance, over nothing but the waves of the ether, has always existed, and always will exist; but it took the mind of a MAN, not a god, to discover it and make it available so it could be utilised by mankind.

In closing, I wish to say that it is up to each and every individual to see the light for his own particular satisfaction. Each individual is responsible only for his own mistakes and indiscretions, for his particular line of thought, and the actions resulting from this line of thought. He has to work out his own salvation, to make his own progress, here and hereafter. In other words, if a million Christs would die on as many crosses, that act in itself would not help one individual one iota in his progress either here or hereafter. The main idea is to get away from mind-binding creed and dogma, and get out into the free air of reason, of individualism, and to lapse into the vernacular, use your "think tank," assert your rightful heritage, the right to use your mind for the uplift not only of yourself, but of others.

### Uncle Ben's Message.

I WAS sixty-six years old when taken suddenly ill with acute Bright's Disease, and I knew that while it was my first severe illness, it would also be my last. This did not trouble me a great deal. The family were very well provided for, and I thought death, which to me meant utter extinction, was preferable to the pain I was suffering. I had never taken any stock in the religious fol-de-rol of the churches, and always believed death ended all.

I was sick but a few days, when the family was called together and I bade them each good-bye. In a short time I became what is termed unconscious. The first unusual experience was a feeling that my body was floating in the air. At times, I could see the physician and members of the family when they came into the room. I scarcely noticed the pain, and suffered little after that period of illness. Sometimes I would sleep for what appeared to me but a few moments, and finally I began to see visions; friends and relatives long since dead came into the room and spoke to me.

This was the beginning of an experience my physical suffering did not compare with. Words cannot describe the awful torture of what I believed to be a dream. Having been a materialist all my life, I could not conceive of such a thing as the spirit functioning independent of the body. There was no longer any physical pain and I reasoned that, except for the mental condition, I was well again. I would go from one room to the other and at times walked out into the yard, but in a short time would be back again in bed. Then I would try to move, and found I was powerless to do so. I could see the family weeping; hear them talking in a low tone about the house. Again, I would see many strange faces and those I knew were dead. I would rub my eyes and say to myself, "I wish I could die if I am going to, I am tired of this night-mare." There was no pain, but I thought the delirium would drive me crazy. I kept asking, "Will it ever end?"

Finally, after, perhaps, three or four days, which was like an age to me, my son, who had been dead many years, came close to me, and I heard him say, "Come with me, father, it is all over." What was over? Was I dead? No, it was all a dream. I could not be dead. I could see and hear and think. If I was dead, I thought, how could I do those things? But I was conscious of the fact that something had happened to greatly disturb the family; my wife and all the children had come into the room and were weeping bitterly. I heard them say, "Father has gone." Then I said to myself again, "It is all a dream; my God, if there is a God, let me die."

Just at this moment an old man, dressed in a purple robe, said to me, "My son, there is no death." This attracted my attention for a moment, I wondered what freak of the mind this was. I said again, "I do not believe it; I am still dreaming; I will wake up, I will wake up! Give me a drink, give me a drink! Damn it; I will wake up." I pulled my hair and slapped myself. I jumped out of bed, ran about the room, but no one appeared to notice me; no one made a move to get me the water. I went into the kitchen to get the water myself, but found I was too weak to lift my empty cup. What could it mean? I returned to the room and saw that a sheet had been placed over the bed in which I had been lying. I shouted, "Help! Help! Help! Am I dreaming or am I stark crazy?" No one paid the slightest



attention to me, and I left the house in disgust, and went out upon the porch and sat down in a chair and cried.

I do not know how long I sat there, for I was soon asleep. I was finally awakened by a number of the neighbours talking to my son. They came over to where I was sitting, and I heard them talking over the arrangements for a funeral.

I wondered whose funeral it could be, and when I enquired who had died, they did not appear to hear me. One of the men actually crowded me out of the chair in which I had been sitting. This made me very angry, and I cursed him for his lack of common courtesy and respect for an old man who had been very ill. They paid no more attention to me than they would had I not been there.

At this time, I happened to notice for the first time that I was wearing the same suit of clothes I wore the day I became ill. I could not remember having put them on. I returned to my room, and as I took hold of the door to open it, I suddenly found myself on the other side. I was sure the door had not opened, and this bothered me a little for the moment, but I felt so much refreshed by the short sleep in the fresh air on the porch, that I soon lost interest in so trivial a matter.

I do not know why I desired to return to the bed, unless it was because I felt the need of more sleep. As I approached the bed in which I had been lying, one of my daughters turned back the sheet and appeared to be looking into the face of someone on the bed. I drew closer, and to my horror and utter surprise saw my own face. Again the thought came to me that I was a raving maniac, or it was all a dream. Can you imagine my feelings as I stood there looking at my body and asking myself if I was dreaming, if I was crazy, or was I really dead?

Just at this moment, the same kind faced old gentleman whom I had seen before wearing the purple robe said to me, "The body is truly dead, but the spirit liveth forever. I, too, experienced the same change, but my physical body has long since returned to dust. Be not dismayed, eternal life is the heritage of all. Mortal eyes behold us not, and their ears hear not our voices. It would be better that you come with me, you will thus be spared many painful scenes, and besides, you can be of no service at this time."

I made no answer; I could not. The reality of it all was too much for me to grasp at once, and I wanted to think it all over. I went from one part of the house to another. Everywhere there was gloom and sadness. I spoke to my wife and children a number of times, but they heard me not. I walked through the meadow and through the orchard, then back again to the house. I had frequent visits from those who had passed through the experience of death, and slowly began to realise that I no longer belonged to the earth-side of life. But I loved my family, and desired to be near them in this hour of trouble. I longed to tell them what I had learned, but I could not.

I visited some of the neighbours, and everywhere I went I found people discussing my death. I heard more than one say that I was undoubtedly in hell. It was a well known fact that I never went to church; that I denied there was any existence after death; that I greatly enjoyed putting the ministers into a hole by asking them such questions as, "Where did Cain get his wife? What is life? What is soul? If God created man, was he not responsible if He did a bad job? If God created everything, why did He make the devil?" etc. I read the Bible a great deal, but it was for the purpose of fortifying myself for argument. I always admired a good conscientious Christian, but I detested the "back-slider" and the hypocrite. I always contributed towards the support of every minister in the community, not that I believed a word of their teachings, but because my wife and some of the children were Christians. And besides, I had a lot of fun with the preachers. So it is little wonder the narrow, bigoted people of the community honestly believed I was in hell. Well, I do not believe they are any more to blame for their narrow creeds, than I was for thinking so-called death ended all. That belief certainly made it hell for me until I learned I had made a serious mistake. It seems inconceivable to me now that I should have failed to see the evidence of infinite intelligence in the wonderful manifestations of Nature all about us. As Tom Paine said, "The creation we behold is the real and ever-existing word of God, in which we cannot be deceived. It proclaims His power, it demonstrates His

wisdom, it manifests His goodness and beneficence. I content myself with believing, even to positive conviction, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue it." I say now, I was a fool for not seeing this evidence.

You have heard of men reading their own obituary well, I did better than that, I attended my own funeral service. I heard the poor ignorant preacher exhort the present to prepare for death, and not put it off as I had until it was forever too late, but to make their peace with God. I had no desire to sing my own praises, or have anyone else do so, but I resented the idea of his holding me up as a horrible example on that occasion, thereby adding to the sorrows of my poor wife and children. He said that God, in the last day, would say to all those who had failed to accept Christ as their Saviour, "Depart from me, I cursed, into everlasting punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Well, he thought he was right, as I thought I was right. We all miss the mark sometimes. That minister is on the other side now. I was one of the first to grasp his hand and say, "Welcome, brother." He had quite a hard time in unlearning all the foolishness about a personal God, Jesus, heaven, hell, the resurrection, etc. He is still worried a great deal over the fact that he spent his earthly life in support of false and vicious creeds.

I can see now where I made many mistakes in earthly life. I was often rough in my speech and not as kind to my family and neighbours as I should have been. The greatest lesson I ever learned was taught me by my wife as she returned from the funeral. I was sitting in the buggy with her when she remarked to one of our daughters, "If he is in hell, I have no desire to go to heaven." My wife is with me now, also a number of our children and grandchildren. I enjoy helping each one as they come into this life, and would gladly go through the experience of death again many times with all the terrible "nightmare," if by doing so I might show the people on earth what death really is.

Spirit life is a life of service. We are happy only as we serve, and love, and learn. This is a busy life, there is much to do and much to learn. The possibilities are infinite. Comparatively few have any idea of what this life is, until they have passed through much the same experience here.

We are deeply interested in all those in physical life. Our love and sympathy goes out to them when they are in trouble, but it is often impossible for us to make that fact known to them. The way is being opened a little wider every day, and we hope the time will come when you will know, as we have learned, that all are brothers and sisters, that love and charity only will cure the ills of the world. If you love your fellows there, that love awaits you here. If you give to those who are needy there, your wants are supplied here. If you help the weary over the rough places in life, you find the way made smooth here.

There is, however, another side to the picture here. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Those who "Sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." Those who wrong anyone, by thought or action, must pay tenfold. If you deprive your fellows of that which is rightfully theirs, whether it be property or their good name, you must pay in humble service to the utmost farthing. Every unkind thought and deed is treasured in the storehouse of memory and cannot be eradicated except by service and love. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

It is true society must be protected; law is the order of the universe, and restraint of those who would injure their fellowmen, or disrupt government, is necessary. But the taking of life, except in self defence, is inexcusable. So-called legal executions are but legalised murder. Wars are wrong, but cannot be avoided until man learns his responsibility, and that he must face the consequences of every wrong act when he passes to spirit life. When knowledge of the continuity of life becomes universal over all the earth, selfishness will disappear and all men will live at peace with one another. But think not that day is at hand. There is many a storm to come, for man will be slow to surrender his idols. He must learn by experience, and will have to gain that experience by beating his head against the stone wall of facts.

I know some say, "Oh well, if there is life after so-called death, all I will have to do to reach a happy condition is to 'turn over a new leaf.' If I have wronged anyone in the



"I will ask him to forgive, and that will square the bill." Do not think that for one moment. That is not all there is to it. Let me tell you, there is a hell of conscience. I have seen men and women in spirit who have been here a thousand years and are not right yet. I have heard them pray for extinction; I have seen them foolishly try to destroy themselves; I have seen them cringe in fear before those who were their slaves in earth life. They try to hide from those whom they wronged. They are like madmen. Disabuse your mind of the thought that it is easy. I could describe cases to you that would curdle the very blood in your veins. O, men and women of earth, think not that you can escape so easily from the fetters of sin woven by your own hands at the loom of pleasure, selfishness and ambition.

I had very little education when I lived on earth, but I have been in spirit life more than twenty years and have made some progress in that time. I have been assisted by a number of people, wiser than I, in giving this message, and we hope it may be helpful to the world. At some future time I may attempt to describe to you the spirit world as I know it, but this is enough for this time.

### Andrew Jackson Davis on the Soul and the Spirit.

J. M. Peebles, M.D.

OFTEN do I thank the Infinite Presence and the ministering spirits that do His will, that it was not only my privilege to personally know that eminent seer, A. J. Davis, but to have been a co-worker with him, Judge Edmunds, Prof. Hare, the Rev. S. B. Brittan and other moral heroes who made radiant the early days of Modern Spiritualism.

Those who have read the twenty nine volumes of Dr. Davis, or even a portion of them, know that he pronounced God the great positive Mind of the Universe, and the ego, the Conscious Spirit, rather than the soul the immortal portion of man.

On page 52 of his book, "Answers to Questions," while relating his general convictions he uses this language, "the material organisation" (vital electricity), "the intermediary, or soul" (vital magnetism), and "the innermost," (the spirit).

On page 22, defining the words "reason," "consciousness," "soul," and "spirit," he states in substance, "this word used is employed to signify the immortal principle of man's existence, the eternalising divine of the human being. This word, 'the soul,' is used to express," he continues, "that fine impalpable, almost immaterial body which which clothes the spirit from the moment of death, to all eternity."

On page 56, he states that "the spirit after leaving the mortal body is always immediately clothed upon with that particular soul which was manufactured for it by the physical mechanism."

On page 49, he makes this most positive statement, "In brief, then, the human structure is triple instead of dual, and there is as much difference between soul and spirit, as there is between the body and the soul."

"The soul is compounded." (Mark this phrase). "The soul is compounded of all the motion forces and sensational elements which may be found to a greater or lesser extent in all the lower organisations of matter. But the spirit is the divine part, the essence of all motion, the master of all life, the Lord of all sensations and the immortalising of all intelligence in man."

Spirit is the fountain of every sublime aspiration, the fragrance of every immortal flower in the heart of man's life, the indwelling image and likeness is beautiful, lovely, holy and eternal. Spirit is the fountain of love and wisdom. Spirit is the life of the soul. In the spirit land, the spirit is surrounded by the physical imperfections of the soul. But the soul, or spirit-body, is ultimately purified by the spirit, which is the King.

But enough upon this questioned point, as to which is immortal, the soul or ego, the conscious, non-compounded spirit.

The ancient Greeks taught that man was a dual being, soul and matter. Paul pronounced man a triune, being

composed of body, soul and spirit; while the most exalted intelligence with whom I have conversed, states man to be a fourfold being constituted of body, of soul, of ether, and pure spirit—God Incarnate.

And now, while under the semi-psychic influence of this American seer and sage, Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, I beg to emphasise the fact that Swedenborg was no more the founder of Swedenborgianism, than was Davis the founder of Modern Spiritualism, often termed, the Harmonial Philosophy.

We are acquainted with the leaflets, pamphlets and that massive and wonderful book, "The Univercoelum," edited by Prof. S. B. Brittan, and published December 4th, 1847, a year and more preceding the Hydesville phenomena. The true history of Modern Spiritualism and its relation to pagan Spiritualism, popular in China and Japan, is yet to be written. History demands it.

### Idol Worshipping.

ALL down the history of the past man has ever been filled with a fervent desire to express himself in a state of adoration for some image. To appease that desire he has made many experiments. We have handed down to our time knowledge of many strange forms of worship which Christians term heathen mythology. "Good Friday" has long been the custom for a recognised holiday and the laying aside of manual labour, for special devotion, and kept publicly as an annual rest day by the dwellers of the British Isles. As I walk forth to enjoy the bracing air and extend the muscles for regenerating of the vital elements which sustain life, there rises within my inner consciousness the words of the hymn, "Change and decay in all around I see"—a great truth that in the rush of life is seldom realised. Living in the realm of thought and surveying a reflection of the past; the gigantic struggle of life to make its clear expression through all forms of creation; the many attempts of being to break forth from its limitations; the Great Oversoul desirous of bursting forth in all its fullness of love and beauty, the indwelling spirit of unity, the full faculties of my conception were filled with harmony in response, and my soul burst forth in wonder.

Man! What is man? Judge him as you will, unstripped he stands the child of interest still. And walking forth into the haunts of men, lo! I beheld a sanctuary built presumably for the acclamation of man's devotion. Elevated high above its tower, floating in the gentle breeze, was a flag, flying in a position denoting to many sad reflections. The vitality of my life seemed stagnated, and the inward power of contention (faith, hope, knowledge) was appalling. Then, not until then, did there dawn upon me man's selfishness in creating unto himself an object of worship for a remission of his short comings, and the words of of the Psalm, "I will requite, vengeance is mine," saith the Lord of all being, seemed to ring forth as the echo of reason. I visualised the scenes of the past, and reviewed the life of the Great Master and analysed the spirit of his teachings, and my heart was full of sympathy for the self-created elect—objects versus reality—the Christ, the historic Jesus, whose life has been given by historians and passed down to generations of people. Through the spirit of his teachings the greatest ideals that ever entertained the human mind have been woven into existence and shown expression among all nations, an unequalled example for all men. In answer to the rich rulers' request, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Christ himself declares without doubt the explanation: "Why callest thou me good. There is none good but God." Probably the reason may be found in the crude conception of the early prophets and the belief in the Jewish legend of the coming of a Great Messiah for the emancipation of their race. Even Jesus, the Christ, did not claim that honour, but he did say "I and my Father are one." Aye, even as he is your father literally, Jew and Gentile are brothers. Who is my brother? He that doeth the will of my Father; he who seeks to know the purpose of life and unfolds the latent powers within him, and helps to beautify creation, that humanity may evolve into a greater perfection, that men may see the image of God in all goodness, and join in praise and adoration.—C. M. (Darlington).



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## What Shall I Do to be Saved?

FROM very early times when primitive man saw an ambush in every rock and an enemy in every beast of the field; from the time when he himself had to fight for his very being against the rugged forces of nature, his imagination peopled the whole universe with enemies, and if to-day as the result of man's intelligent command of some of nature's forces, this old world possesses something of comfort and joy; if to-day, as the result of the development of the finer senses his environment is dotted with scenes of beauty and gems of nature's art, there are nonetheless those who will continuously scare us with tales of germs in the air and bacteria on all we touch, which are waiting to dispute with us the road to health and happiness. And yet, beneath the nature which is "red in tooth and claw," there are innumerable benevolent forms and forces which minister to our well-being. The sun and rain and wind which sometimes hurt us, are still the bringers of benefits, and even our fellow-man, oftentimes regarded as a pugnacious enemy, is gradually being won to our side as our brother on life's pilgrimage.

The ancients, viewing life from their limited point of view, imagined the whole universe to be peopled with malicious intent towards them, and as the consciousness of a greater than themselves dawned upon them as the overwhelming power behind life, they pictured even Deity itself as a power whose anger was to be appeased, and whose favour was to be supplicated. Later, when eternal goodness dawned upon the growing humanitarianism of the semi-barbarian, the need for a personification of malevolence brought his satanic majesty into being—the creature of human fears, born in man's ignorance, cradled in superstition, fostered by priestcraft and nurtured by human credulity.

Side by side with these ideas as the result of human experience, there grew up the belief prompted by intuition and confirmed by ghostly and apparitional appearances, the concept that life persists beyond the grave, and man's life here became a sort of a trial ground for a further life beyond, and all the dread imaginings centred around earth life were projected into the next world, so that the Deity dimly and subjectively perceived here, became the Kingly Controller of the land beyond death. The severance of "the ghost in man" from the physical body thus became synonymous with the necessity of facing a fearful Judge in the next plane of being.

Ages rolled on, and a purblind theology was built up quite as much to strengthen the priesthood as to help humanity, and man's ignorance was a lever used to play upon his credulity. Unless one conformed to the dictates of the powers that be, penalties were imposed, and man's fears were played upon by insistence on the possibility that He in whose name the priestly power was exercised would in the after life revenge Himself upon any who ingored the

priestly orders. We have not advanced very far even to-day; there are still those who tell us that only in communion with THEIR church can heaven and happiness be obtained. Ex-communication from the Romish Church still banishment from heaven and punishment in eternal hell to the faithful Catholic. The limitation of the company of heaven to a specific and mystic number of the "elect" is still a basic belief of some sects, and the message of God must be mollified and appeased by conformity to certain formula and the acceptance of specific beliefs. Peace and happiness hereafter is to be won.

One thing, however, is seriously modifying all these imaginings, and that is that at long last we are beginning to know a little concerning after death states. Yes! we are getting to know from the only people whose word counts for anything, i.e., the folk who live there. Only a few years ago, men were speculating as to what exists at the North Pole. "An open sea," said one; "a mountain of ice," said another. Finally, we obtained a little actual knowledge which put theory out of court. Peary, the explorer, went there, and though he did not find it convenient to stay long, he returned to tell his fragmentary story. All the theories melted like ice before the sun. A fragment of knowledge was of more worth than centuries of speculation. However little we know, that little is sound. Spiritualism is the explorer which has penetrated the vast expanse which lies between us and the after life, and those who have gone have returned to tell us something of the conditions there existent. There is no angry God to be appeased! There is no devil waiting to clutch sinners. There is no eternity of punishment! There is no useless celestial choir! There is no punishment for honest doubt. There is no preference for any creed or Church! There is no reward for credulous belief! There is no pleading the merits of another. All these, however, are mere negations. What is the positive side? There is the reaping of what you have sown. There is the joyous reward for good deeds done. There is the happy meeting with friends gone before. There is remorse for folly and wilfulness. There is a path of eternal betterment. What, then, must we do to be saved?

Happiness there will depend upon the quality of the life lived here. Not what you have believed, but what you have done counts for good or ill. If any creed or no creed helps to develop within you the power to control your life activities and direct them into channels of helpful service, then the results may make such creeds worth while.

Cleanliness, morality, self-sacrifice in a worthy cause, the winning of the esteem and gratitude of our fellows by service, the mastery of the lower passions, love of our fellows, labour for the weak and erring. All these will help us to salvation. Salvation from selfishness, from debasing passions, from ignorance and folly. This is the salvation we need, and the universal chorus from the angelic denizens of the spiritual spheres comes to us through the veil. The spirit of God is enshrined within you. Arise and save yourselves by loving and faithful service to your fellowmen. To paraphrase a well-known sentence, "He who makes two ears of wheat grow where one grew before is worth more in the eyes of the higher life than he who sings psalms night and morning." What shall we do to be saved? Cease to be cringing, miserable souls. Rise in the strength of the Spirit of God which is in you, and by unselfish labour make this world a fairer habitation for those who follow you, that they may find God's earth a better place to live in because YOU, as the servant of the Most High, have passed this way, and in the doing of it your soul will expand and your powers unfold, and you will at least be a soul worthy of salvation.

We have received the Annual Report of the St. Dunstan's Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors which demonstrates the Institution's many activities. Every care is given to the unfortunate men who sacrificed one of God's greatest gifts—the gift of vision—at the call of the nation. Many trades are being taught which enable men to become self-supporting and independent, and we commend the institution with its several hostels to the consideration of our generous friends.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

A Wild  
Prophecy!

DR. HAYDN BROWN, who is quoted as a London neurologist, and whose name will be familiar to most Spiritualists as a purveyor of wild and unproven assertions, is now indulging in prophecy. We might remind him that police have been very active in penalising men and women for foretelling the future. "Spiritualism," he says, "is going to be explained and smashed to atoms in a few years." Good! Perhaps after all, however, he only means that its name may be changed, and that under a new name it will be generally adopted.

False  
Prophets.

THAT has been the attitude of the medical man in the past few decades. The "powers that be" in the medical world said worse things about mesmerism, magnetic healing and hypnosis. They meted out scurvy treatment to Drs. Ashburner, Esdaile and others, but to-day they are swallowing the greater half of the methods of these men, and covering them with the grandiloquent titles of "psychotherapy," "neurology," "psycho analysis," etc. But "a rose with any other name would smell as sweet."

Science or  
Prejudice?

DR. H. BROWN, however, is attracting recruits, and in the Edinburgh papers Dr. C. Coplans, M.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., and a few other things, says "ditto" to Dr. Brown, which, of course, is a matter of professional etiquette. "Alienists," he says, "are able to produce hundreds of cases of lunacy which have been driven into their unfortunate condition by a study of Spiritualistic phenomena." The fact is that fewer people have become victims of lunacy through Spiritualism than through the study of either medicine or theology. Let us repeat the old question. Instead of wild assertions will Dr. Coplans produce the evidence? We have asked for it scores of times, but it isn't forthcoming. Medicine should be a science. Doctors should have some regard to the principles of science, and science argues from facts not prejudices.

A Few  
Cases!

REV. MAGEE told us of one person who rolled on the floor insane waiting for the stigmata as the result of Spiritualism. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle exploded that. The woman had never attended a seance or a Spiritualistic meeting. Dr. Mary Cardwell, in the "Tablet," told us of a case at Oldham where a woman insane became chargeable to the authorities, such woman STATING that her troubles had come through Spiritualism. Despite careful enquiries, we have been unable to find any foundation for the statement. No Spiritualist knows her and she is unknown to any of the societies in her district. As far as we can trace, she has never been to a meeting or attended a seance. But we have discovered sufficient evidence that her own folly in quite other departments of life have brought sufficient trouble to affect most people's minds.

The Medical  
Faculty.

EACH case up to now has proved a mare's nest, whilst the official statistics we recently published go to show that concentrated study in ANY direction including medicine and theology produces a larger proportion of lunacy than can be laid at the door of Spiritualism. If the lack of mental balance is a sign of unbalanced minds, then we are beginning to be fearful for some of our doctors, and strongly advise them to keep the science of medicine clear of the prejudices and heresy hunts of theology. The effect of a blue pill is not heightened by being administered by (or to) a Wesleyan, an Anglican, or a Spiritualist.

Undiscovered  
Treasures!

DR. BROWN is very amusing. He says, "I have searched into the minds of tens of thousands of persons, and have found no evidence that there is communication with the spirit world." So that's that! But we should like the definition of mind. In his search therinto, we wonder if he discovered evidence of the rings around Saturn, or of the doctrine of the Trinity, or the destination of flies just prior to the Christmas festivities? Dr. Brown, don't

be silly. The cobbler should stick to his last! We have sometimes dived into the sea and found no oysters. Occasionally we have opened oysters and found no pearls. Are we, therefore, justified in dismissing oysters and pearls as the product of the sea? Well! well!! We know no sadder sight than a scientist turned into a theological apologist.

Press  
Activities.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE's pen is very active. A series of articles in the "Strand Magazine" is attracting attention, whilst a controversy with Mr. McCabe as the result of the recent debate is running in the June Number of the "Literary Guide." In a recent number of the "Globe," Sir Arthur warmly commends Rev. Chas. Tweedale's book. Mr. David Gow still continues his series of articles in the "Penny Pictorial." A fine treatise on "Spirit Photography" by Mr. Geo. Lethem is in the "London Magazine." Altogether we are getting some publicity, and the Cause goes well. How gratifying to those of larger vision who are looking down and directing us.

## John C. Macdonald.

## A Tribute to One We Love.

HE was a sound thinker, a natural orator, a ready debater, a fine inspirational medium, a good clairvoyant. He made a splendid instrument for the spirit friends, and was a stalwart worker for the Cause he loved. Just the man for lone propaganda.

He carried the Banner of Spiritualism to many places. He kept it unsullied and unmingled with other doctrines—no trimming of sails to suit the audience or neighbourhood. He was sure of his ground, and spoke of what he knew.

We knew him many years, and rejoiced in his friendship. Many hours had we discussed debatable problems and much we owe to his sage advice. The last time we heard him give an address—though nigh upon four score years of age—he was eloquent, and could well have been a pattern for many platform aspirants.

Dear old Mac! What a welcome he would have from friends who had been his spiritual guides and those who had worked with him in the body. Those of you who knew them well try to imagine the greeting William Johnson would give him.

Well, old friend! You have set us an example. Let us hope as years roll by we shall prove worthy of your friendship, and that we, too, may have the desire to become better and more suitable instruments for the friends to use, so that our Cause may have the double benefit of your new experiences.

Au revoir for a time, and when you are ready to resume the fight, may you find us ready.

HENRY and LAURA WALKER (Crewe).

WE are pleased to hear that Mr. James Lawrence is extending his sphere of usefulness, and booking engagements over a wider area.

REV. G. VALE OWEN's Automatic Script is to be published in four volumes at 6s. each under the title "The Life Beyond the Veil." Volume I., "The Lowlands of Heaven," will be ready this month, and the remainder will follow monthly. Send your orders early. 6s. 6d. post free.

WE note that the many mediums in the London area have decided that united action is beneficial to all service, and have formed a branch of the British Mediums' Union. We hope and believe that the efficiency of the public work will be increased thereby, and that a closer bond with spirit inspirers may result from mutual association of their many vehicles.

IN his correspondence with Sir A. Conan Doyle in the "Literary Guide," Mr. McCabe is still busily engaged in "splitting hairs." Mental dialectics are an excellent thing to develop acuteness of debate, but too often lead to the ignoring of the main issue. The man who "can't see the wood for trees" has become a proverb, but the argument is at least interesting.



## "My Life After Death."

A Series of Automatic Messages Given to the Cornish Circle  
by a Driver of the R.F.A.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

### FOURTH MESSAGE.

FEBRUARY 7TH, 1920.

Our sports and amusements are very varied and surpassingly wonderful. The huge playing grounds are replete with everything that lends itself to our enjoyment. We devote some of our leisure moments to playing games of a diverse and marvellous character.

There are wonderful musical fountains in which we disport ourselves, and the enjoyment which we derive on these occasions is altogether beyond comparison. The water upon which we float and in which we luxuriate seems to be composed of vitalising elements which refresh and inspire us. Bathing in these gorgeous fountains is one of our chief delights.

There are also wondrous rainbows on which we float over lovely and exotic-like gardens, and the thrilling and glorious sensation of flying with tremendous rapidity through the balmy atmosphere is another of our delightful pastimes.

There is an absence here of any sport which is brutal or contains forceful elements—these are things which are typical of the physical bodies which we vacated, and only those qualities are employed which are peaceful and in harmony with the restful, lovely, and beautiful creations that surround us. The inhabitants of my home possess means by which they are able to communicate with other realms. They wear exquisite golden ornaments which they use to attract the attention of those further on.

In these golden mirrors they image those with whom they are desirous of holding converse. They talk to the images in the mirrors, and their meaning is understood by the dwellers in the realm ahead. The answers are in some marvellous manner received by us instinctively; that is, we suddenly become conscious of these communications much as we used to receive, when on earth, impressions or brain-waves. The messages which we receive from the realm ahead are entrancingly beautiful, and tell us of a land much more lovely than our own.

I now go to a lesson which is to be given in one of the Houses of Learning, for I have much more knowledge to assimilate before I am fully equipped as a messenger. I will come again and tell you of the arts and sciences in which we receive instructions.

### FIFTH MESSAGE.

FEBRUARY 8TH, 1920.

In relation to the arts and sciences of my land, we have instruction in many various and beautiful things.

We learn the primary laws of inspiration, and we are sent on missions to earth to inspire in many the good acts and deeds which are daily being enacted. It is, for example, very difficult to persuade a hard hearted and selfish person to contribute to charity, and our training is in the manner in which these impressions are to be effected.

We also learn the laws relating to communication with other realms, and find this a most instructive course of lessons. We are taught that our will is a most powerful means of conveying our thoughts, and that it can carry our messages in whatever direction, and to whom, we please.

We have also instruction in the manner in which the scientific movements of this realm are carried out. The lines and laws upon, and under which, the structures and wonderful continents here are planned, the movements of all in this realm are subject to certain laws, and all have to conform with the condition upon which these laws are laid down.

The primary stages of our instruction in these sciences are given to us by little children of this land, they being very far advanced in many matters which as yet we do not understand, they having been able to assimilate the teaching better than others. When we have progressed further, we pass to the hands of great teachers, whose wisdom and knowledge is incalculable, they seeming to know everything, and there are no queries we can conceive which they cannot answer to our fullest satisfaction.

The laws of sight are many and various. We can see to a great distance by desiring it, and oftentimes assure ourselves of the whereabouts of our friends by the mere process of visualising them in the golden discs to which I previously referred. Presently, so we are told, we shall need no such impedimenta, and shall be able to see and speak with our friends at immense distances, solely by the efforts of our wills.

The instructions we receive are given us in beautiful temples, and the experiments which we carry out are most and most enjoyable and entertaining. We find that our wills are constantly growing stronger, and that soon we shall be able to control all our movements with perfect accuracy owing to the growth of our mental capabilities. We also find that many of our friends are a great help to us in introducing to us new and wonderful forms of speech, which we exercise in dealing with those who require our aid in the distant regions. We learn to convey to them in beautiful language the grandeur, love and wondrous tenderness of Him Who is the Ruler of these realms. It requires sometimes much urging on our part to instil into the minds of these poor travellers the sense of rest and peace which shall be theirs if they will accept our ministry.

I receive much instruction in what I might term the art of conveying messages to those on earth, and I find that one of the qualifications which should be possessed is that of sympathy. We must be in accord with the communications enter into his being and control his imagination. I am also learning what may be called the science of telepathy, which accounts for the manner of these communications.

The arts and sciences of this region differ greatly from those of yours, in that they are the embodiment of the heavenly laws which are universal, and which, to be understood, must be fully conceived by the inhabitants of the realms. Many of the so-called arts of your land are, as I now see it, but the inspiration of spirits from this side, and those who have been most successful in their work are those who have been most fully attuned and receptive to the glories of this life.

To a certain extent it seems that the division between your sphere and these realms is a filter, through which at intervals the wonderful melodies and harmonic promptings of this radiant land. The best lives, as I now understand it, were those that held these spirit communications to their souls, and who followed the promptings which reached them.

The next time I will tell you something concerning the radiant visions which appear to us.

### SIXTH MESSAGE.

FEBRUARY 10TH, 1920.

I will speak to you concerning the visions which appear to us at intervals in our radiant and beautiful existence.

They appear mostly during our moments of meditation, and they are of a most inspiring and wonderful character. They typify the glories which await us further on, and we see in them the magnificent dwellings and doings of our future existence. They appear like huge mists, and our senses are overcome with delight on beholding them. They are portrayed in living colours, and we appear to be actually living in the midst of these wonderful phantasmal realities. Also we can distinctly hear, as well as see, these lovely visions. We hear the music and splashing of the marvellous fountains.

The visions are sent to us as an additional inspiration to fuller attainments, and it is with great surprise that we perceive the glories of lands utterly beyond detailed description.

I recently beheld in a vision one of the great dwellings of one of the highest inhabitants of these lands, and so surrounding it a beautiful luminous region of light which was dazzling in its splendour. The dwelling was composed of gold, interwoven in some manner of which I have no idea, with marvellous rainbows of surprising beauty also, in the outer courts of this splendid building there were flowers like huge continents, about which flew birds like of which I had never imagined. They were of plumage so magnificent and so wonderful, that every possible colour seemed contained in each of their feathers, and their song was like that of millions of melodious musical instruments.



In this abode dwelt one of those who are permitted to gaze upon Him Who is the Ruler of all these delightful realms. The vision which I saw of this lovely dwelling place has given me much incentive to progress, and I am striving my utmost to gain the highest. The sphere in which I am now is so beautiful that I am sometimes tempted to cease in my endeavours to go onwards, but these visions fill us with new desire. I think that the beautiful visions I have seen are only another vista of the wondrous way in which our Ruler expresses His wondrous love to the dwellers here. I shall soon, I think, begin another advance in my upward journey, because I have striven with great joy to accomplish those things which I have been set to do. The Ruler of this realm, who gave me permission to visit you, has expressed himself pleased with my labours (not labours as you realise them, for our labours are a pure joy always) and tells me that if I continue with my strivings, I shall, one day, become a messenger like those of which I have told you. It seems to me that each ambition is gratified, and from the commencement it was my ideal to become a messenger, and I cannot express the wonderful gladness with which my duties are carried out.

I will come again, if so permitted, to tell you of the love and peace which in some wonderful way fall upon us like a reality.

#### SEVENTH MESSAGE.

FEBRUARY 11TH, 1920.

I promised to tell you about the wonderful all-pervading love atmosphere which encircles us about, and imparts to us the sense of perfect harmony with our surroundings.

I can express it but imperfectly, but its presence is as real as the beautiful gardens, fountains and flowers. It fills the sphere, and it is the breath of the Great King. It seems to be of an ethereal composition, and in its beauty the birds seem to float as though on lovely and beautiful filmy rainbow hues, in fact supported by a real and lovely film of atmosphere. Also, we delight to be encased by it, for it fills us with a sense so sublime and peaceful that we become full of a sense of the perfect love of our King.

In the air float rainbows so beautiful in shape that they surpass the most lovely designs I have ever seen. The atmosphere is soft and balmy, so that there is never any sense of coldness nor weariness, and in the centre of this huge realm, there appear at intervals in the heavens beautiful pictures of those who are nearest Him. These pictures arouse in us a desire for progress, and from this time all our inner beings are quickened with resolve to find new avenues of communication. They seem to respond to quite new aspects of the potential forces of our life in this sphere, into which, by a fitness gained from service elsewhere, we had now come.

The whole of these realms seem to be in harmonic progression from one lovely state to another of more radiant beauty. The elementary stage through which I passed, I now see was most needful for my soul training, and I am told that the marvels which encompass me are small in comparison with those which await us further on.

It would seem that the elements which are necessary, or everything which makes for our enjoyment, are here in over-flowing measure. I would bid you strive to gain this lovely inheritance with all your powers, for it is the life with you that is the testing room in which the spirit has to be tested, and if at the end it is found wanting, it must have the flaws filled, before it can enter into the existence of real being.

I may be able to come again, and shall do so very gladly if so permitted, as it is my desire to reveal the true aspects of the life on this side of the veil. Follow all the dictates of your inner consciousness, and allow it to permeate throughout your whole being. I am now going to assist one who needs help.

#### EIGHTH MESSAGE.

FEBRUARY 12TH, 1920.

If you are desirous of learning more concerning the sphere in which I am now situate, I will tell you of the majestic personages who are the lords or rulers of these spheres.

They are of stupendous beauty, and they move with a marvellous rapidity. Their vision is so mighty and so vast

in its all-embracing nature, that they fill us with wonder and adoration. They also have huge dwelling places like great palaces, and their habitations are fit abodes for such tremendous personalities. I have recently held a conversation with one of these, and he questioned me concerning my doings, and spoke to me in relation to my next journey, which he said would soon take place.

The next stage of my spirit existence is about to happen, and I am very happy to think that I have had permission to visit you once more. It may be that I shall be allowed again to interpret to you the wondrous dwelling places of those who have reached the magnificent radiance and splendour of these places. It may be, perhaps, that some other may give you a fuller account of this realm, as mine has been only a slight endeavour to interpret to you the magnificence and glory of its wonders.

I have to go on a journey to a struggling spirit, whose journey through the land of shadows is nearly over, and I shall then have to make ready for my ascent. The way which I shall travel is guarded by two angels, and I have to communicate to them the words which the ruler of this realm has given me. They are, "By striving he is worthy," and they will then permit me to go on across the great gardens to the Stairway of Gold which leads to yet another realm of the Great Ruler.

#### What Is a Spiritualist ?

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

If authority and power were given to some of the ecclesiastical opponents of that religious science and scientific religion known as Spiritualism, one can imagine the ancient command purported to have been given to the Israelites zealously and willingly obeyed. Such is the bitterness and the unreasonable attitude of mind of one body of the Almighty's children towards their fellow men and women, that even in this enlightened(?) age they would praise their God for the opportunity of exterminating them. We can well believe that a few would not hesitate even to bring about a second St. Bartholomew's day. This state of mind would surely be impossible if those same disciples of orthodoxy would read, and in reading understand the latter portion of the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. There we have exactly the same condition that Spiritualists are experiencing at this present time. A body of men who, in thought and practice, were in direct opposition to the teachings of the priesthood of their day. One who apparently was neither for nor against them, gave to their enemies a sound piece of advice, which advice we who are proud to call ourselves Spiritualists, offer in the same friendly manner as in the early days of what was and is true Spiritualism; when the chosen twelve mediums were following in the Great Psychic's footsteps more surely than all the churches of Christendom are doing to-day.

In closing, let us examine the name Spiritualist, which is so hated by some of the leading "lights" of the established Church. It is surely better to find our points of agreement than to wage wordy warfare over our differences. Does not the Church, like ourselves, teach of a life beyond the grave? Does she not tell men they have a soul or spirit here and now which is immortal, and which lives on in one condition or another after the death of the body of flesh? Spiritualists only go one step further, they affirm all this, and then prove it. Of course, on many dogmatic ritualistic and theological questions we are naturally at variance, but concerning the things that matter, we are as one, only the Spiritualist adds to or replaces for truth, knowledge. In as much, then, that all, whether Catholic or Protestant, Nonconformist, Unitarian or Spiritualist, orthodox or unorthodox, assert that men are spirits here and now who will be freed at death, or, as we prefer it, transition. Are we not all, whether we like the term or not, Spiritualists?

Thus we see there are only two forces in the world to be reckoned with. Spiritualism and Materialism, it is for the Church to show for which she stands. We are ready to give her the proofs she needs in her mission to the world, providing she desires no compromise. Our truths must be kept pure, not weakened or diluted with any man-made theological misconceptions. Then shoulder to shoulder we shall reform the world.—LEWIS S. COLEMAN.



## The Doctrine of Immortality: Its Basis in Man

LECTURE DELIVERED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CALIFORNIA PSYCHICAL SOCIETY IN THE ODDFELLOWS' HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, ON DECEMBER 15TH, 1895, BY

J. J. Morse.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Now let us follow another method of questioning. Man's existence can only be justified by the end that he is destined to reach. If there is no end, then his existence is hardly conceivable. What is the end? We have seen so far that consciousness, self-consciousness, appears to be the end of unfoldment. Death destroys the bodily organisation, consciousness ceases. Is there anything left? The instrument is broken. Whence does this man come? Go back to the little cell, microscopical in proportions, almost invisible to the human eye, a cell simply, that presents no indication of a human being. Yet the processes of the evolution of that human being, through the aid of the microscope, have been traced from that tiny point of possible humanity, through all its appearances to the time of the birth of the child as a physical being. Slowly and surely, stage by stage, the process is repeated, the process of the evolution of the human species. Through all the lower grades of life, from the lowest up to man, this cell passes stage by stage, it changes, it evolves, it develops, it absorbs within itself all the elements necessary to make a sentient human being. It is born. An infant lies in the world's arms. It may sink to the lowest level of the social grade and be a disgrace to humanity, but for all this, it is none the less an actor in the arena of human consideration. But as it is educated, it is developed, it is conditioned. Ah, there is something else. The disputed point of heredity here intrudes itself. There may be influences that are absorbed into the very life of that child's organisation that may make it or mar it as it evolves to maturity. But what we point out to you is this, that never after that child is born is there one single thing put into its nature.

The child becomes a man, lives, grows old, and dies. The purpose of life is filled, his duty done, his cares gone. Where? If he has the possibility of becoming what he does become; if he has within himself the possibility, to put it plainly, of that animal existence, of that nervous life, of that self-consciousness, what is to be the end of him? Is he to exist for three score years and ten, and then, when full of honour, and the world has learned to love him, night rings the curtain down and envelops him in an everlasting darkness? Are all the promises of which he has heard, and hopes he has built for grander things and greater things, to be absorbed in the darkness of the grave? It would, indeed, seem a very pitiful ending for so great a life.

The possibility, then, of the basis of immortality being in man depends upon the existence, you will perceive, of all that makes up his moral, mental, and conscious spiritual nature; depends on the existence of these things as distant relations in the man's make-up. Suppose we say that the possibility of his immortality must be admitted, if we admit all the collateral points now placed before you.

But there is another point. If man has the possibility of a conscious, intelligent immortality in his nature, the means by which that immortality can be enjoyed must be there also. Consciousness without organisation is unknown. Intelligence without means for its expression, you cannot comprehend, and thought apart from sensibility is unknown. If man, then, has the possibility of a conscious immortality within himself, we must add to that provision the possibility of providing himself with the means of a personal continuance of his life at the death of the body. And he who left you the saying, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," spoke words of truest import. They are words, the truth of which science, philosophy, and psychology will ultimately abundantly demonstrate, even to the most sceptical, and give the world that assurance we have just referred to: that man has within himself the basis of a personal, rational self-consciousness, continuing after his severance from his present environment.

Is immortality necessary to man? Well, yes, some will say. If the wrongs of the world are ever to be righted, if wicked people are to be punished, if good people are to be rewarded, it is absolutely necessary that the doctrine of immortality must be true. The idea that the doctrine of immortality must be true because somebody does not agree with you, or somebody who has injured you, or somebody whom you do not like, is going to be punished in the future state, is the very lowest kind of reasoning conceivable. (Applause.) While the other idea, that the doctrine of immortality must be true because you want to be rewarded for being good, because you want to have your particular theological ideas vindicated, because you want to go to a world of rest, and do nothing for a world of pain, is almost as low down in the scale of philosophical reasoning as the very beginning of the argument. (Applause.) The idea that there can be no other foundation of immortality than these generally argued points, is a revelation of the lack of spiritual growth in the religious world to-day.

Man lives and dies, but the hope of immortality has been the transforming cause that has lifted him from savagery, and filled him with the noble determination not only to maintain himself while here, but to live for others also. His intellect has blessed the world, and has enabled him to penetrate the mysteries of life, to devise means and methods for his own happiness, and has enabled him to free himself of the superstition and ignorance of bygone times. It has enabled him to labour more or less satisfactorily as an interpreter of the universe; it has lifted him up to the higher plane of spiritual thought, and taught him that man has something in his nature beyond the limits of his bodily existence, while his moral nature has become a golden link binding man to man, community to community, and nation to nation. The moral sentiment is slowly and surely working as a lever to the whole of human progress. His self-consciousness points him to the mountain top beyond and above, to the beauty and calmness of life and thought. Why does he live? That he may grow in stature. That he may increase the fine attributes and elements of his life? That he may continue to bless the world? Ah, yes, and more besides. Not only that he may bless the world in which he lives, not only that he may bless himself while passing through the world. Surely he can learn so much, he can do so much—nay, he has learned and has done so much, as the evidence around you plainly shows. That he be so, and yet, after all, he be conscious that he is only a child upon the beach of the ocean of truth, conscious that the much that he knows is small besides the infinitesimal more that he does not know, surely it must be that the longings of his soul for knowledge and truth shall be gratified, that he must continue to live on so as to complete his education, and until these imprisoned longings shall aid him to reach up to everlasting life. (Applause.)

In this last consideration we enter into that domain of practical and experimental psychology concerning which we have had so much to say to you recently: Is there a spiritual element in man? If it exists as an independent self-conscious entity, it will be superior to that which dominates, and will be superior to the things that surround that which is beneath itself. The world has universally concluded that the only means of knowing whether a man has a soul or not, is to find out whether the soul lives after death. All ideas of heaven, all doctrines of immortality, all arguments in favour of the continuity of human life, are based on the one fatal misapprehension, that the only evidence obtainable is from the other world, that no evidence can be obtained from this. Apparitions, ghosts, spectres, spirits, all the accustomed arguments presented in these matters are based on the one thing. None of these things would be possible, none of them could be true, if it were not that these are the results of death, things that come to you from the other side of nature, from beyond the grave. Is it impossible to get an answer to the question on this side of the grave, in this world? We say it is possible. The next step forward has been made. Philosophy, psychology, religion, and Spiritualism, can all step into line here. If there is a chance for your creeds, your doctrines, and your mysteries. We care nothing for all these things if it can be proven before the man is dead he has an immortal soul. All the rest we may dismiss, if the eternal fact is present to you here in this world. (Applause.)



Let us revert for a moment to that point of the argument where we referred to the possibility of the basis of immortality being in man's nature. You remember we referred to intelligence, and that in so referring we gradually led, step by step, to the existence of a power greater than the human organism. The materialists say that when the brain ceases to act, the mind is gone, and when the brain is dead and the mind is gone, there is an end of the man; there is an end of the phenomena produced by the something controlling the brain, by the something controlling the nerve and the muscle, by the something controlling the organism. But what is that something? And there is no answer. Does it exist? If it exists, it only exists by virtue of the fact that it is endowed with the necessary attributes to perpetuate this conscious, rational, and personal existence. That it does exist as a divine reality in the constitution of the man while the vital organism is alive, is indisputable. Experimental psychology shows it clearly and plainly, brings to light the latent faculties of this man's psychological nature, brings clearly before you the possibilities that are unsuspected in man's being, and shows that sensation and intelligence and consciousness and other powers can be brought into operation than those which are bounded by the senses belonging to the material organisation. If, then, we can dissociate that higher consciousness from this lower organism, if we can bring this higher consciousness into operation on other planes than those upon which the human organism is manifested, if we can clearly and definitely reach the fact that there is an independent consciousness back of and behind this man's body, then the reality of that something greater is demonstrated plainly and clearly. We say emphatically that this demonstration can be, and is, available. Facts for years and years peculiar, strange and startling, in their character, have been current before you. That men have seen and heard and cognised strange phenomena in trances, by what is called second sight, through what is known as thought transference and mental telegraphy, is abundant evidence of the existence of this higher range of faculties, and may be an explanation of the evidence of the something superior to the brain in the make-up of the man, which is what is being contended for.

Whence does this something come? Again, we have to repeat that nothing has been put into this man. From the moment that tiny cell was deposited as the germ of a human entity, nothing has been put into that entity. It must contain the potentiality of all subsequent evolutions, mortal or immortal. If this is the basis of immortality (the self-conscious entity in man), then it has always existed in humanity. If it has always existed in humanity, then it has always existed in the world. If it has always existed in the world, then it has always existed in the universe, and if it has always existed in the universe, it has existed there because it is part of God. (Applause.)

Hence, we claim that our arguments as to the possibility, the necessity, and the reality of immortality, as we have presented them, are in favour of the basis of immortality being in the nature and constitution of man, and being so, are based in the constitution of the universe.

So, in closing, let us say to you, mothers with tear-dimmed eyes and hearts well nigh turned to stone for the infant lying there so cold and still, whose marble hands shall never again caress your face, whose chill blue lips shall never again rest upon your cheek, take heart of grace. You shall see that beloved child again. Its golden hair shall gleam in the beauteous sunlight of a fairer world. Its voice, dearer to your life and heart than sweetest music, shall yet again be heard by you, for immortality is based in your child's nature from the foundation of things. Death is but an incident in the career of life.

And you husbands, who have laid to rest the mortal frame of her who was dearest and sweetest in all the world, who now stand with clenched hands and knitted brows, striving for true manhood's sake to keep down the anguish that threatens to rend your soul, you, too, take heart of grace. Immortality was moulded in her from the foundation of things. God never disowns his image. Over there you will find that sweet soul, purified through the chilling waters of death, that shall make her yours for evermore.

Oh, preacher, take heart of grace also. God is on your side. Nature is on your side. Humanity is on your side.

And you will live to see science and Nature open the portals of immortality. The grand doctrine of immortality recognises no difference through the creeds of men.

Take courage, then, oh world. Death is not the end of life. The great hosts of men are marching forward to realms of spiritual life, to a world more fair and beautiful, to life immortal, where the soul shall grow in strength for ever and for ever. (Applause.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### WHERE WAS DAVID DUGUID BORN.

SIR.—In reply to the above query re Mr. Lawrence, as to a report in your issue of April 9th from Kirkcaldy, I have pleasure in giving the following information as to the birthplace of the late David Duguid, my information being from a friend who, for nearly half a century, has been connected with Spiritualism.

The brothers David, Robert and Sandy were born in Kirkcaldy, and should our friend Lawrence again take one of his tours north, this venerable old friend, along with others, natives of Kirkcaldy, will be delighted to point out the building where one of the early pioneers of our movement first saw the light; also the sight of the little hall which was attended by a few of the present friends of Kirkcaldy Society.

Now, Mr. Lawrence, pay us a visit. I may say that my informant possesses vivid recollections of the friendship and the great work both in Kirkcaldy and Glasgow his arisen friend accomplished when on the earthly plane. Mr. Kinley, whom Mr. Lawrence mentions in his letter, has also passed over. During Mr. Davis' visit from Manchester, he wondered why friend Duguid was so near him on the platform, but the reply given was enough.

Kirkcaldy is the birthplace of many noted men, but to Spiritualists David Duguid is the one whose memory is still fresh in the "Lang Toon."

G. S. HENRY, President, Kirkcaldy Society.

### Charles Peace's Captor.

THE death to-day, amid the rural beauties of Kingston-on-Thames, of ex-Police Sergeant Charles Brown recalls the grim drama enacted at midnight in a lonely garden at Blackheath which ended the career of crime of the notorious Charles Peace.

Brown won fame throughout the country on that night some thirty-five years ago, when, suspecting burglars had entered a big house on his beat, he called two other officers, and after a fierce struggle secured the super-cracksman and murderer.

Of late years I have known Brown in quite a different character. Studying Spiritualism deeply, this one-time London policeman some time ago became a famous medium, and carried his new belief so far that he recently announced himself as a psychic healer. His method was to "get through" to the spirits and "cure" by a gentle massage of the afflicted parts.

Scores of "patients" have submitted themselves to his "treatment," and quite a number declare that they have received relief at his hands for such complaints as rheumatism, headache, weak eyes, toothache, and the like.—"DAILY DISPATCH."

"IN CONVERSE WITH ANGELS," by Irene Hallam Elliott, is a fine account of clairvoyant visions in church 4s. 10d., post free.

Two books by Rev. G. Maurice Elliott are being widely read, "Angels Seen To-day" and "The Challenge of Spiritualism." 3s. 10d. each, post free.

THE BIBLE AND WOMEN PREACHERS.—Women preachers are taking comfort from the fact that one champion has discovered what they think is biblical recognition for them. In the prayer book version of Psalm lxxviii, occurs the verse, "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of the preachers." The revised version of the Bible translates the passage thus, "The Lord giveth the word. The women that publish the tidings are a great host."



**HARROW & WEALDSTONE SOCIETY, Co-Operative Hall, Masons' Avenue, Wealdstone**

(One Minute from Harrow &amp; Wealdstone Station, Bakerloo and L. &amp; N.W. R.).

**FRIDAY, June 4th, at 7-45 p.m. Doors open at 7-30 p.m.****Speaker: R. BODDINGTON, Esq.** (President, Union of London Spiritualists)

Subject: "The Truth Concerning Spiritualism."

SOLO BY MISS MAITLAND.

CLAIRVOYANCE BY NURSE GRAHAM.

ADMISSION FREE.

COLLECTOR

**Society Advertisements.****Manchester Central Spiritualist Church**  
ONWARD HALL, 207, DEANS GATE.

MAY 30.—MISS F. MORSE.

JUNE 6.—Circle for Members Only.

,, 13.—MRS. E. GREEN.

,, 20.—Circle for Members Only.

**Manchester Society of Spiritualists,**  
36, MASKELL ST., ARDWICK GREEN.**OPEN CIRCLES**

will be held in the Rooms of the above Society every Sunday Afternoon at 3 o'clock prompt.

Doors closed at ten past. All invited.

**Longsight Spiritualist Society,**  
SHEPLEY ST., OPPOSITE PIT ENTRANCE KING'S THEATRE.SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, at 6-45 and 8 15,  
MR. WRIGLEY.TUESDAY, JUNE 1, at 8-15,  
MRS. SHEARSMITH.THURSDAY, JUNE 3RD, at 8-15,  
MR. R. DAVIES.**Milton Spiritualist Church,**  
BOOTH STREET, ECCLES CROSS.

SATURDAY, MAY 29TH, at 7-30, OPEN CIRCLE.

SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, at 3 and 6-30,  
MRS. APPLEBY.MONDAY, MAY 31ST, at 3 and 7-45,  
MRS. CASTLE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2ND, at 7-45, OPEN CIRCLE.

**Brighton Spiritualist Church,**  
ATHENÆUM HALL, NORTH ST.  
Affiliated to the S.N.U.

SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, at 11-15, OPEN CIRCLE. At 7, MR. R. GURD, Address. SPECIAL LYCEUM MEETING at 3, MR. ORMEROD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2ND, MR. A. J. CRAMP.

**Brighton Spiritualist Brotherhood,**  
OLD STEINE HALL, 52A, OLD STEINE.  
Affiliated to S.N.U.**SERVICES:**

Sundays at 11-30 and 7. Lyceum at 3.

Mondays and Thursdays at 7-15.

Tuesdays at 3.

Healing meeting, First Wednesday in every month at 3.

SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, DR. W. J. VANSTONE.

Visitors and enquirers welcomed at all meetings.

**Hampton Hill Spiritualist Society,**  
8 HIGH ST. (close to Uxbridge Road Tram Stop).SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, at 7,  
MRS. CANNOCK.SUNDAY, JUNE 6TH, at 3, LYCEUM.  
At 7, MR. HORACE LEAF.**Society Advertisements.****Lewisham & District Spiritualist Church,**THE PRIORY, HIGH ST., LEWISHAM.  
(Cars stop at George Lane.)

SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, MRS. J. ROLLESTON.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6TH, MR. G. PRIOR.

**Richmond Spiritualist Society,**  
THE FREE CHURCH, ORMOND ROAD,  
Opposite Richmond Bridge.

SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, MRS. A. BODDINGTON.

**Stratford Spiritual Church,**  
IDMISTON ROAD, SIXTH TURNING DOWN FOREST LANE, GOING FROM MARYLAND POINT STATION.SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, at 6-30,  
MRS. E. MARRIOTT.WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2ND, at 3,  
Ladies' Meeting, MRS. RICHARDS.THURSDAY, JUNE 3RD, at 8,  
PUBLIC MEETING.SUNDAY, JUNE 6TH, at 6-30,  
MR. H. BODDINGTON.Forward Movement at 11.  
Lyceum every Sunday at 3.**The British Magnetic Healers' Association**  
21, MANOR STREET, ARDWICK GREEN  
MANCHESTER,will hold **Public Healing Meetings**  
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at some length in the "Literary Guide" for June, and Mr. McCabe, in the same issue, makes a further rejoinder to Sir Arthur. Post free, 4d. from

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