

PAUL AND ALBERT – Book 3

Chapter 22

The Reckoning Begins

Tuesday, January 14th, 1919, 5.50 to 6.52 p.m.

Not long ago a man came over here who had been a doctor of medicine in the earth life. He had a London practice, and died suddenly after completing his daily round of visits. He had a rather nice house and a comfortable income, which had lately been increasing quickly, and he was therefore much surprised on awaking to find himself in a dismal room, ill-lighted and not over clean, lying on the floor in a corner.

He sat up and looked about him, and the first thing which came into his mind, when he had once realized that he was not asleep and dreaming, was— “Kidnapped! But why?” He sat there for a long time trying to think the matter out, and so much was he taken up with his surroundings that it was only after a considerable period that he thought of looking at himself. Then he was shocked to find that he was attired in a suit of dirty-coloured calico, much shrunken and ragged. The coat was baggy and shapeless, and much too large for him, and the trousers reached only to his knees where they ended in tatters. He also observed that, whereas he had been a finely-made man with stalwart limbs, now his arms and legs were shrunken and bony, and his body, he realized, was in like condition; and that, altogether, he was smaller than he had been.

He sat there wondering how this had come about and almost began to doubt his own identity. This he was unable to do, however, for he knew he was himself and no other. He also knew he had been unconscious, but was now awake and alert enough. So he tried to remember what had happened before he lost consciousness. Still there was nothing in his recollections to account for his present condition. The last thing he remembered was his arrival home and asking his wife what there was for dinner. Then he went to have a wash and to change his coat. Here his

The Outlands of Heaven

memories were suddenly cut short and he remembered nothing further.

At that moment the door opened and a woman entered. She was dressed in a garment—of the same colourless hue as his own—an armless tunic reaching to the knees. She went to another corner and lay down without noticing him in the least. Then another woman and a man entered and, behind them, a third woman came.

They spoke neither to him nor to each other, but all, except the last to enter, lay down as if they were very weary, and had only one object in view, and that was to go to sleep; not so much to rest their bodies as to sink into mental oblivion. For their faces were haggard and their eyes were but the windows of tortured souls.

The one-time doctor sat with his back against the corner and gazed on them in surprise and, presently, in horror. For the longer he looked at them the more hideous and malevolent did their faces, and even their attitudes, appear. There was, in some indefinable way, a sense, an atmosphere, of wickedness, hate and agony in the room; and this had become intensified as each had entered, so that it had now become intolerable. But the strange thing about this feeling was that the wickedness and malevolence seemed to be not so much theirs as his own, reflected back to him. So he resolved to go outside and see if it was any better there. But when he tried to rise he found himself so weak as to be quite unable to do so.

He sat there gazing at his companions, therefore, and, by and by, he began to realize that none of them was asleep. As they lay there on the ground they were all looking at him and, even in that gloomy semi-darkness, he could see their eyes as if they were lighted from behind with an inner flame, incandescent.

Then gradually he became more and more afraid until he could scarce keep his limbs from shaking with terror. But he strove to do this, for he felt that if he moved they would all spring at him. This effort, too, was torture, but better, he told himself, than even if being addressed by such hideous, bestial people as these seemed to his disturbed mind to be.

Then there came over him once again the remembrance of the scene he had just left. It could not have been more than a couple of hours or so since he was in his own comfortable,

well-warmed and well-furnished home just about to sit down to a good meal after a long day's work. It seemed to him actually about ten minutes. He had been figuring out what he had made in that day, as he motored home in his comfortable car with his chauffeur in front. He had been idly gazing at the chauffeur's back and the quaint thought had come into his mind that, if the man had about, say, thirty shillings in his pocket, and his watch had cost three pounds, and his underclothes, say, two pounds—the uniform had cost about five pounds ten shillings complete—well, he had made just about one and three-eighths of what would buy the man as he sat there. And it had not been an extra good day, as far as remuneration went. Now I tell you this because it was typical of the man. Kind actions he had done now and again. But his real object in life was not a high one, and certainly not altruistic.

After that he remembered his arrival home and then—all was blank. And here he was, sure enough. But how had he come here? Not of his own will he was certain. Then another thought flashed upon him. Mad! Yet he had never shown any signs of madness that he was aware of. Nor was insanity in his family.

I have said that he dreaded his companions. But so great was his terror at the uneasy silence and their continued motionless staring at him that, at last, against his will, he suddenly cried out, "Why don't you speak, some of you? Why do you lie glaring at me like that? Is this your home and, if so, how do I come to be in it?"

Then the three women looked at the other man and he rose and went and stood a few feet away from the doctor and said, "There's no hurry, my friend; plenty of time for everything here": and he laughed in a mirthless way. Then he continued, waving his hand towards his companions, "We have come together here, but this is not our home. This is your home. Ours is not far away. But we were informed of your arrival and were sent to greet you. As I said before, there is plenty of time for everything and, therefore, we have not forced the pace."

"But this is not my home."

"Oh is that so? And which is your home, if this is not it?"

The doctor gave his address.

"Oh, I see. So that's your home. Yes; so it is. That's where I remember coming to consult you once. I was a patient of yours. Just have a good look at me.... No? Well, well; your memory seems to have failed you somewhat. That's too bad. I thought you would

The Outlands of Heaven

have a niche in your memory for an old friend.”

Suddenly the doctor uttered a loud shriek of agony. The nose of the man had been broken and badly set, and he recollected the case at once.

Then the other continued, “Ah, I see you have a glimmering of my identity, at any rate. You remember this nose, don’t you? That is why I was informed of your coming.”

Now, I must explain that when this man had sustained a bad accident he had been attended by this same doctor and had, later on, come to his residence for further treatment. When the bandages were at length removed, however, it was found that the nose was shapeless, and his face disfigured for life. He did not suspect then that it was intentional, but afterwards found that the doctor had been carrying on an intrigue with his wife and, in order to lessen her esteem for her husband, had adopted these means.

Wednesday, January 15th, 1919. 5.35 to 6.50 p.m.

So the doctor was very much afraid, and cowered back in his corner. But the other said, “I see you remember me now. Well, you will also realize that you are no longer in a position to do to others as you did to me. You have quitted your body and, with it, your home and all that helped to make life comfortable for you. Now you have to start again, as I had to do when I came here; and you seem to have about as much chance of making it bearable as I had—less, I should judge.”

“But where am I? Where is it you live?”

“Oh, a little way down the street. I’m going to take you there shortly. But first these ladies,” he added with a sneer, “wish to renew your acquaintance—or, in other words, they have been ordered to do so.”

We will not go into all the sordid dealings which were brought back to his memory as he recognized two of them. One was a young woman whom he had lured into vice, and then cast aside. She had lingered a few years making a living as he had first taught her to do, and then had passed on after a very painful illness in an isolation hospital.

Another was also young, but of a different aspect. She was not coarse in feature, nor so ill-clad, and her form was even comely. She stood in the background and did not take part in the

proceedings. It was she who had entered the room last and alone, and, indeed, the others seemed scarcely aware of her presence.

The third woman was past middle age. Her hair was nearly white, her face hard and fierce. She came to him and bent over him, glaring into his eyes in silence. Then he murmured, "Madame Blescombe!"

At this she smiled grimly, and answered, "Oui! I am glad monsieur knows me again. We shall now renew our good comradeship. Many an hour we shall kill with reminiscences of the old days at the Chateau, eh, monsieur?"

She had kept a gambling club at her chateau in France, having squandered her father's fortune left to her at his death. She had never married, having preferred her free life of vice and swindling. Gambling, blackmail, bribes for various shameful services had been her means of livelihood. The doctor was not unknown to her circle, and always a welcome guest. Now he shrank from her for, in a flash, the inner woman was revealed and somewhat of the fate to which her former manner of life had brought her. For that he cared but little. What troubled him was the fact that it revealed at the same time the probable destiny in store for himself.

After a while the man spoke again. "Now," he said, "get up and follow me. Your first destination is my own desirable residence." And when the wretched man hesitated to rise, being now almost paralysed by terror, he added more sharply, "Look here, doctor, we may as well understand one another at once and finally. Listen.

"I have been through hell. I will not describe my experiences to you; you will be able to sample them in your own person shortly. Suffice it to say that there were extenuating circumstances in my case which will not be found in your own, poor devil! These have been pointed out to me, and I have had sense enough to take advantage of them. The result is a rapidity of transit through those dark halls and gloomy caverns which otherwise would have been much prolonged."

Here he paused a moment, as if memory paralysed utterance; and then continued in a subdued tone—it as if he had caught the faint sound of a distant admonition and warning—"I have come through it more quickly than many do. But I am only through the very worst of it. You have but to look at to see I am

The Outlands of Heaven

still in hell. I am only not so deep in it as I was. Indeed, I have seen a faint gleam of light, it has helped—oh, there you are, my good friend, I thought I heard you whisper to me just now. Was it so?”

He had caught sight of the young girl who had entered last.³² She had come forward quietly and stood at his left hand. She answered him, “Yes, I did send a little word to restrain you. You were forgetting, you not? Now let me explain the rest to this poor fellow.”

Then to the doctor she said, “This man has called you doctor. That office is no longer yours; for you have not used it well. As to your medical skill, I will only say that it was not nearly so great as either you or your unfortunate patients considered it to be. For it was based on material science, and even the bodies of your patients are more than mere matter. You took no account of the fact that those bodies were permeated through and through with spirit; which being withdrawn animation ceased.

“What made the affair so much worse—I still speak in a medical sense—was that your motive in chief was the making of money. The curing of your patient was not the aim, but only an aim; it was not the principal aim you had in view. It took a subordinate place. You would not have admitted this, even to yourself. You would have been shocked at the suggestion. That, however, is the first thing you have to recognize here, for until you have done so there is no hope of progress for you.

“You do not accept my words now. They will come back to you in the midst of your agony and will be of help to you then. That is why I have spoken in this way to you.

So instead of ‘Doctor,’ you will be called ‘Paul’; for you are little of stature and, at present, of little worth. Stand up and verify my words.”

He dared not disobey her quietly-spoken command. But when he stood up as she had bidden him he was staggered at the fact that, while she was just fairly proportioned, the crown of his head was only on a level with her shoulder. In earth life he would have been much taller than she.

“Now you see what I mean,” she continued.

“Remember that, although that name is yours hence-forth, yet it has been borne by good and bad in the history of earth. Fix

³² Kathleen speaks of her as “Sister,” p. 268.

your mind, when you are able to do so, on the good, and on the most famous of all, who one day may be able to help you if you show your worthiness in the end to bear his name. Yes, you can do this; but your pilgrimage will be a long and weary one.

“This man has come that way, too; and has in part learned his lesson. You are committed into his keeping for the present time, until you begin to descend the Valley of the Rocks. Do not take alarm. You will not be driven there. When you go, you will go of your own will, and not until you drive yourself that way will you go. Meanwhile, this man has you in charge. It is a test and a task for him, and according as he performs this task will his next steps lie towards or away from peace. He is called ‘Albert’; for no particular reason—he chose it himself. It happened to be his name on earth and, until earth influences are done away, he prefers to retain it. I am going to leave you now. Is there any question you would like to ask me before I go?”

“Yes. I want to know by what right you have consigned me to the care of this man?”

“The question is not one of right, so much as of love. You do not understand that, for love has found little place in your heart, being crowded out by selfishness. I, therefore, reply as will best help you, thus: The first thing you had better do is to grapple with the fact that you are completely in the power of the evil rulers of these realms, except for the help of such as I. If you do not admit this of your own free will you will be ground down and crushed into submission—not by me, nor by any of my Order—but those same dark rulers and their subordinates, under their power you must pass, for you paid your allegiance to them in your earth life, although you little realized that fact then. But, while you have this short respite, I advise you to cultivate the ability in yourself of accepting what help I and Albert are able to give you. For such a link made now will bind us to you when you are down there.

“When you are no longer willing, and indeed able, to stay in these parts, and leave for the darker places, then I will come to you once again. At that time also this man will give account to me of his dealings with you.”

Then she turned to Albert and said solemnly, and with a touch of tenderness: “Albert, my little child snatched from those red worlds below, I have gone through much travail for you, and you are not yet fully born into the light of His Presence. Remember

The Outlands of Heaven

this and my love for you and your loved one. She is penitent now, and her love for you has returned to her and is breaking her heart for sorrow of the grief she caused you. She will soon be coming out of earth's troubles to grapple with what penance she has stored up here. But she will not come so far downwards as this, for she is already working out her salvation in grief and repentance and love for you. Be careful, therefore, that your account to me of your dealings with this unhappy man be such that I may be able to take you a little way onward where you may meet her when she comes. In that case you and she shall travel together, helping one another on towards the light. Remember."

Then intently she looked at Paul, as we must now call him. But there was no sign of softening in his face. So she slowly turned, walked to the door and went forth. And as she went the air seemed to become more chill, and what little light there was changed somewhat; and whereas before there had been a slight rosy hue blended in it, that was now withdrawn, and it was very gloomy without it.

It was then Paul realized his abject poverty and degradation. He had been used to do much as he would with people previously, and they seldom had stood against his dominating personality. Now a young girl scolded him and called him small and poor, and shamed him. She commanded him, this slip of a girl, and he dared not defy her; for he knew that, with all her sweetness, she was strong, and he was weak and poor. No friend, of all his many friends, was there, but only enemies who had just cause for vengeance.

He was there in the gloom and alone in his great weakness.

Thursday, January 16th, 1919, 5.45 to 6.20 p.m.

The street into which they entered was but a single line of huts facing open country. It stretched away and downward until it became lost in the gloom. There was no horizon. Here and there flickered a lurid light like a small wood fire of green and copper-coloured flames. Most of the place was apparently bog-land, for there arose from it a stench of decaying matter which was borne about in fumes most revolting and suffocating. Paul gasped for breath and leaned against a fence for support. But it gave way as soon as he touched it and he fell headlong into a

muddy enclosure. Albert began to laugh, and then checked himself and, going forward, helped the wretched man to regain the pavement of cobble-stones.

“For pity’s sake,” cried Paul, “what is this place; and is there no way to get out of it?”

His companion now became very serious as he looked at him. He paused for a time, and then said: That plot is called a garden, but the best flowers it will grow are a kind of fungus. It’s a garden only by courtesy, or perhaps so called in deference to that cold cynicism, mixed with make-believe, of which you will find here more than a sufficiency. You see I am beginning to be able to stand aside from things and look at them from a partly-detached point of view. It, however, was not always so; and it is a sign of progress. But I find I am not yet on very firm ground. I nearly laughed at your plight just now. That a bit of the old devil in me which I thought I had behind down there.”

“I would rather have your ridicule than your pity, anyhow.”

“Yes, I think I understand; sort of ‘coals of fire’ feeling, isn’t it? But I want you to realize that my pity is quite sincere. No one who has been through what I have been through could help pitying one like you, who has an even a worse hell-journey before him than I had.”

Paul shuddered and peered through the gloom into his companion’s face and asked: “Why do you say that? Why tell me in advance?”

“Not to add to your torture, as you are imagining. I cannot say I have quite forgiven you for what you did to me. I don’t think I can do that until you come to me and ask for my forgiveness. But I am trying to get ready for that time. So what I do and say is only for your good. I want you to bear that in mind. It will make things easier both for you and me. I told you of your fate in advance to help you to realize fact. For many years you have been trying to blind yourself as to what you really were and the future in store for when you should come over here. If you will take the advice of one who has been through it, you will drop that insane attitude and own up to what you really are.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Well, what is your opinion of your life?”

“I have not lived the life of a saint. I never pretended to do that. I’m not a hypocritical local preacher.”

The Outlands of Heaven

“Not a local preacher, certainly; but a hypocrite-yes.”

“How do you mean? I don’t feel inclined to stand any lectures from you; and certainly not insults.

Albert again paused. “I am only just beginning my present work; it is quite new to me, and I hardly know how to deal with you as I have been instructed to do. You seem to be rather a difficult case for me to start with.”

“I wish you would explain, and not talk riddles like a fool.”

“My poor fellow, you are adopting your old style—over-bearing, hard-faced and bullying. You were ever so, I remember. But here it is not only out of place in such as you; it is insolent, and I advise you to drop it, once and for all, and adopt a much humbler attitude. For you will presently find yourself in the company of such as will resent it in a way you will not relish very much.”

“Is there no law in this place?”

“Look at yourself. In your shrunken, ugly figure, in the coarse rags which clothe you, you may read an open page of the book of that unerring law which is in operation everywhere—even here. In earth life you were able to clothe your body with expensive clothes, and to mask your black soul with clever words or a smile or a money gift. Here you are what your appearance declares you to be—that exactly, and nothing else.”

“Then this is really permanent—not just a bad dream, I mean?”

It is neither one nor the other. Certainly it is real enough as I have found, and you will find also. But I have lately come to believe that this state is not permanent. There is a way out—I’m almost sure of it.”

Which is the way out? Can’t we go to it? I am suffocating here. It is like drowning in a sea of bad slimy fog.”

“Well, not fog exactly, because you can see through it. Look yonder.”

Paul looked and, far away, he saw a hill with a cleft in it. Between the cleft there shimmered a glow which evidently came from a light which proceeded from the country beyond.

“That is the way out, so I am told,” said Albert.

“Then let us make for it in double quick time.”

“Not so. That is the point I am slowly and toilsomely making for, and hope to reach some day. But I had to go by that

darker road to get even thus far.”

He pointed in the opposite direction. As they stood there gazing out into the darkness, the whole dimly lighted country seemed so horrible that Paul shuddered as if he had a fever. Now and then a wail came out of the blackness, as of one who had lost all hope of betterment and was in much pain. Then a ruddy flash would leap up and, in its light, forms horrible were seen, some tearing each other in frenzied anger or in attitudes loathsome and more horrible still.

Paul uttered a cry of terror.

“The more fool you,” he cried. “I am not going to have any of that, if I can help it. You can stay here if you choose; you seem poor-spirited enough, anyway. I’m going straight for that cleft in the hill, and,” he added threateningly, “you are not going to stop me, either.”

I shall not try to stop you. I shall be waiting for you when you return.”

Paul cast a doubtful glance at him, which turned gradually into one of contempt. Then he flung round and plunged into the darkness in the direction of the light between the peaks.

Chapter 23

Lost in Hell

Friday, January 17th, 1919. 5.45 to 7.15 p.m.

There were two others who witnessed the departure of Paul into the darkness which lay towards the far-away light. I mean the two women.

The younger woman had been in the darkness since her passing over. At first her agony was very sharp indeed. But that soon passed into a state of continuous sadness and remorse which, in its turn, blossomed into repentance. It was at this point that she was brought into contact with Albert. I say "brought" for, although they do not fully know it, even those dark places they are watched by the bright ones who report faithfully to their Leaders as to the conditions of each of the myriads scattered over those vast continents of gloom. Thus at the proper moment they were brought together.

That moment was when it was known that their mutual enemy, the doctor, was about to be called upon to render up his account. That reckoning began with their entrance into his cell, which I have explained to you.

(May I interrupt to ask, is this a true story or fiction?)³³

True enough, my friend, and, in essentials, repeated by the thousand times. But as regards this story in particular: Yes, it is a history of real persons, and the incidents I shall give you are true ones. But must qualify that by saying that I can only give you as near a copy of the original picture as it is possible with the material your earth language affords. It is like asking a person to describe a very intricate problem in astronomical mathematics and limiting him to those words only that he will hear on a morning's visit to Billingsgate market—and no other. Do you get a glimmering of our task, good friend? I will add, however, that the people I mention are all real personalities, and that the transactions herein

³³ All questions put by Rev. Vale Owen are printed in brackets and italicised.

The Outlands of Heaven

disclosed are all known at first hand to one or other of the Band who are using me as their instrument of transmission of these messages to you.

(Thank you, Kathleen; I see what you mean.)

Oh, of course. I know you mean that nicely. But, my friend, forgive me when I say your statement is a little too positive. You have only a faint glimmering of what I mean. In my question I used that word designedly. When you come over here you will understand. Now let us cease from this gossip and get to the real business.

(You are a wee bit hoity-toity, aren't you, Kathleen?)

Did you ever know such a scribe? My good friend, do please get to work and take down what I am able to get into your erratic consciousness.

(All right; I suppose you must have the last word.)

"Being a woman"—why don't you say it? It was in your mind, and you shirked writing it. You see, you are open to me like a book. Now I am copying a bad example and digressing also. Let us continue. It is a sad enough history, goodness knows; and all this levity is quite out of place.

(Yes, and I'd like)

Now, my dear good soul, do please allow me to resume.

(Quite right, Kathleen; I was only about to venture, very meekly, the remark, how I enjoy your little swear—it was so human.)

Whatever do you mean?

(The "Goodness knows." It was quite a relief to get that.)

Pause of two minutes.

Yes; I did say it. I did not know I had done so. I have just asked and Sister—that is our present leader informs me, with a smile, that I have been kicking over the traces, as you would say. Your questions came in between me and those who were giving me the message, and then a little bit of me just slipped through the human me, as you truly said. I would advise to cut out the whole passage, both questions and answers; it is neither elegant nor edifying.

(Not for worlds, dear lady. I've got it down, and there it sticks.)

As you please. Now to resume:

It was clearly explained to them why they had been brought together. They were both injured people, both had taken their injury in the wrong way.

Listen. This is one of the most important lessons for people to learn while in the earth life. That qualification is emphatic. It is much more difficult to undo here any wrong committed, or wrong course taken, while on earth, than it is to do so in the earth life.

(Why?)

I don't know; but it is so invariably. One moment; I will ask.

Pause of a minute.

The best way to put it is this: While in earth life the material body and environment make a much v better background on which to build up your image.³⁴ Or, to vary it, thus: unspiritual people, on being deprived of their material body and its environment, find themselves in a spiritual body and surroundings governed according to spiritual laws operating in a larger dimension of space. Having sinned against, or neglected to study and use, spiritual quantities, they are at a disadvantage when those quantities are all they have to hand. This is the best we can do, I fear.

So the task and opportunity were put before them—the task of helping one who had cruelly wronged them both; the opportunity of definitely taking a turn towards the light by doing this service. If they could carry this out it would be their first definite step towards those dark hills against which the light shone from the country, the Better Land, beyond.

I have showed you how Albert had begun. Now he stepped aside for a while. It was Monica's turn. She followed Paul into the wilderness into which he had plunged headlong in his defiance and frenzy. She knew the district fairly well, for it was here she had spent most of her time after her first sharp agony was over.

It was the region of lesser darkness. The air, as the

³⁴ Rev. Vale Owen did not receive any insights into what a soul is, hence the difficulty here in communicating advanced concepts. These concepts were communicated clearly to James Padgett, whose work is described in the Recommended Reading at the end of this book.

The Outlands of Heaven

mountain range was neared, became of a somewhat lighter substance and less smelly than in the region behind. For this reason the further she went the more alert she became in brain and the more vigorous in body, being acclimatized, as it were, to that region.

But Paul, on the contrary, found that the further he went the more the blackness increased and the more difficult was it to breathe the less dense atmosphere about him.

He stumbled along with the grim determination of despair. He found that he was upon a hard and uneven path, evidently running along the side of the mountain. He could scarcely see, but with his hand he felt the rock surface on his right. Careful investigation showed him that on the left the cliff fell sheer away into black depth. As he went on in his increasing blindness, he guided himself by touch alone. For the darkness became more dense and, at last, he could see nothing at all. His only guidance was the rock.

Feeling his way thus, he suddenly shrieked in horror and fear. He had placed his hand not upon the rock, but upon what felt like a wet and slimy thick rope hanging down the cliff. He was just wondering if this was a means of ascent, when the rope stiffened and squirmed, and a hissing came from a spot a few yards above his hand. He hastily withdrew and stepped back. But his cry had informed the monster of his whereabouts. So he fled back the way he had come.

But when he retraced his steps, as he supposed, to the place where he had left the others, he paused and looked around him. He could see nothing; all was intense blackness. He carefully felt about him on hands and knees and found that he was still on the pass, with cliff on one side and abyss on the other. Then he sat down and wondered how he had first come upon that path. But he could not remember the moment when he had left the plain for these hills. Evidently he was in the midst of a mountainous district infested with reptiles; and what other horrors he feared to speculate.

He was alone—and lost.

As he sat there he became aware of another horror—silence. Silence in the heavenly places is one of the most exquisite delights of all those sweet things which are stored in those golden Treasure Cities of the Blest. In the hells it is horrible.

The Name of God on the lips of the thousands of Angelic Choir, which floats and pulses over the vault of Heaven—mountain, dale, grove, wherever finds place and passage—ravishes those who hear it with joy unspeakable.

I have seen two people walking along an avenue the forest when, softly murmuring, came the far distant echoes of the Angelic Hymn. They paused and stood still, and their bosoms heaved in yearning, their cheeks glowed with the ecstasy of the sound; and length, bereft of speech and overcome by emotion, lowered the curtain of their eyes, fell on each other's neck, and there remained, the face of each laid on his companion's shoulder, silent and still until the music died away. It was a hymn of adoration to our only Benefactor, and a tribute of love to love's Fountain. It was a song of God.

But in the hells the speaking of any of His Names is forbidden by those who rule there, for it sends a thrill of agony wherever it is heard.

So it is with Silence. When none else stirs up sound, then God's Presence filling all the apparent void is more emphasized. That is why Silence in the Heavens is holy, and in the hells accursed.

Here on that lonely mountain-pass Paul felt this for the first time, and for the first time realized his own vileness—who a few hours before had returned home congratulating himself that he was a lucky fellow. He had purchased and furnished a beautiful house, was making plenty of money and—well, he is only one of many, as I sadly grieve to know. God help them, for it is a sorry lot in store for them when they come over here.

Friday, January 24th, 1919. 5.45 to 6.35 p.m.

Paul sat there crouching upon the rough path in ever-increasing uneasiness of mind, till inaction became unbearable. He arose and was about to set forth on his return when he suddenly realized that he had lost all idea of the way by which he had come to that spot. So he felt for the rock-wall and another horror came upon him. His hand touched nothing. He felt on all sides, and there was nothing there. Then he went down on his hands and knees and crawled, first in one direction and then in another. By this means he at last discovered the fact that he was

The Outlands of Heaven

on a ridge, or causeway, of rock which seemed to be some dozen to eighteen yards wide. But from which point he had come upon it, and when, he could in no way remember. His ever-increasing perplexity, bordering on frenzy, would not allow him any rest. So he walked in the direction of the length of the rock into the darkness.

Still the awful foreboding silence oppressed him. He felt that, in some indefinable way, it threatened him. On he went, and on, and the path did not end. He wondered why he did not fall off into the abyss below, on one side or the other. But he always found himself on firm ground. For this he had at first been thankful. But, as he toiled on and on, he became so weary of it all that he began to wish that an accident would happen to end his life, which he feared to take of his own will. Then, quite suddenly, a thought came to him and, once again, he sat down to think it out in that black darkness and the silence of the void.

This is an epitome of his meditations.

“Suicide? What use, when I have already died once, and have found myself alive and sensitive to pains I knew nothing of before, and in much worse case altogether? Instead of my quite enviable position as a successful practitioner what have I suddenly changed into? Perhaps I haven’t changed at all, and was what I am now all the time, but seemed different? When I thought I was a man of money is it possible I was but a pauper? Perhaps it would be more true to say that I had the disposal of a certain fund which might fail at any moment. It did that, anyway; and now where am I, and what am I?”

“By the way, those fools I met in that hovel said something about it. What was it? The girl I did not know said it; something about my medical skill being more or less a sham because I did not realize the existence of another body permeating the body of the flesh. That is what I understood her to mean. I wonder if she is right after all. If she is, then medical science is on the wrong track, or partly so. At all events, here I am; and I understand those others to imply that I am dead—and yet I have a body still. If that young girl was right, this must be the body she spoke of, I suppose.”

Then an access of frenzy came over him, and he stood up and shouted, “Ahoy there! Is there no one in this infernal wilderness? Ahoy!”

But there was no answer except the silence, which was

eloquent as any voice could be. He listened awhile and then murmured, "Alone; and in eternity!" and sank upon the ground once again and, burying his face in his hands, wept long and loudly.

Long days, weeks and years seemed to go over him as he sat there. The silence had the effect of swallowing everything into its gigantic mouth. It swallowed time, and all reckoning was quite in vain. He had shouted loudly, and wept loudly, and yet in his ears he only heard the voice and weeping of a very weak child, as if from a great distance. That is what lent despair to his thoughts when he had cried, "Alone; and in eternity!"

At last he arose and, without aim, stumbled on and, as he went, he noticed that the ground had begun to rise. This at least was a variation to the awful monotony, and he welcomed it not a little.

Presently he heard a faint sound, and hurried on in the direction from which it seemed to come. He lost it again, and again it returned; by which he surmised that he was no longer on an elevated path, but in a kind of valley, and that the surrounding hills or cliffs shut off, or admitted, the passage of sound according to their formation and disposition. As a matter of fact, he was only partly correct.

He came at last to a place where a very faint light showed upon his right hand. He turned towards it eagerly and found it proceeded from a path which ran through a cleft in a cliff which, unknowingly, he had been approaching at an angle.

He turned down this pass between the overhanging rocks. On his left the cliff soon fell away and he became aware that he was standing upon a ledge of rock with the cliff behind him faintly illuminated by a ruddy glow which had its origin in the plain below him. At first he could not clearly see what kind of country it was on which he gazed. But presently his eyes became more used to the elusiveness of what answered for light, and he was able to get some idea of the panorama.

Friday, January 31st, 1919. 5.40 to 7.30 p.m.

He sat there long, looking over the scene lying before him. From the foot of the cliff on which he reclined to the horizon of low-lying hills it was one undulating plain. Here and there he saw a

The Outlands of Heaven

tower, or a few scattered buildings, as if an attempt had been made by some community to establish a town. In every case failure seemed to have been the end of their efforts. A few scattered, stunted trees, a pool of dull-coloured water, or a cluster of rocks, were characteristic of the landscape. All was in semi-darkness, and yet there was no mist to obscure. What was visible was seen in sharp outline, but yet dimly. Only here and there was a more pronounced glimmer of light to be observed, as where some fire burned, or where some building was lighted from within. But such light as there was only served to emphasize the gloom of that truly desolate region, and was faint and ruddy. There was not a ray of clear light anywhere to be seen.

As to the sky, that was blackness, as if the great void of infinity held nothing in its abyss but dark emptiness.

Paul felt the same oppressing sensation of threatening from without, and shrinking from within, as had assailed him when upon the mountain pass. And yet he shrank more from the darkness behind him than from the lurid horror of the land which lay before down there below. He arose at last and began to descend towards the lowland.

I will not stay to describe that descent. It was mostly made in the bed of what, in some fertile region, would have been a mountain watercourse. But, although water dripped from the black rock here and there in the course of his descent, yet it was evil and brackish and spread a slimy film wherever it came. From this, fungus grew, which seemed to partake more of the animal and less of the vegetable substance than is the case on earth. It also rotted into a sodden, spongy mass, and gave forth a fetid stench which was almost overpowering.

So he made his descent, and at length came in view of the plain once again. Turning a sudden corner of rock, he saw before him a cleft and, beyond that, the more level ground. He hastened forward and emerged into the open country.

Here he paused and, observing to the right, at some little distance, the glow of a fire, he turned towards it and soon arrived within the radius of its flickering light.

Now the scenes he was destined to witness in this land of darkness are such as I cannot relate in all the horror of their

squalor, blasphemy and shameless impurity.³⁵ What I do give you has been given to me. I have not been there myself. But those who have, described it as being too intensely wicked and shameful to relate to any, like myself, who have not undergone the necessary training for such missionary work as those devoted souls undertake for love of their fellow men and women.

What they do give, however, as they tell me, they give with deliberation and with purpose. It is that those among you on earth who are living dainty and delicate lives, regardless of their obligations to their poorer brothers and sisters, may read what kind of life awaits them soon and surely. Selfishness is cruelty; cruelty is a denial of love; and Love is God. That is why such as these suffer so terribly when they come over here.

Having quite frankly stated the purpose of those who are giving this to me to hand on to you, my friend, I will continue my narrative. Whether those who shall read accept it or reject it is not my burden or yours. Write it down as I am able to transmit it to you, toned down and modified as it is, both as to its horror and its anguish. Those who are able to receive it will receive it. Those who are not able to do so will know some day. This much even I know who sign myself— Kathleen.

At the foot of a high cliff there was a crowd of people gathered in front of a platform of rock. It stood about five feet high and was some dozen yards square. On either side there was a fire burning which threw the stage into semi-relief. Upon the stage stood a man and woman facing the audience. Their faces were crafty and cruel, and their restless eyes darted glances here and there in never-ceasing motion, as they addressed their audience. One would speak a few sentences, and then the other would take up the theme.

Before them the people lay or sat upon the ground listening; and an onlooker might observe that, although their faces bore a look of fear, suspicion and apprehensiveness, yet they were clearly unable to depart from the spot. It was as if a magnetic bond was about them and held them together in sympathetic evil.

³⁵ One suspects that in 1931 folks were not as inured to violence and porn as is the case today. However another similar book, received by A. Farnese and published in 1901 and called "A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands" is far more graphic.

The Outlands of Heaven

As Paul drew nigh and stood on the outskirts of the crowd, the woman was speaking, the man taking up the cue with her alternately thus:

“And yet it is not of the scientific of which we would speak to you, but rather of the ideal. Science, as you know, is orderly, and this is a disorderly land; that is its glory. For in order there is no freedom. Disorder is free.”

“She speaks not of her outer garments, ladies— and, in especial, gentlemen—which fastidious persons might, quite unjustly, describe as disorderly. It is of the inner of which my sister, my wife, or by whatever honourable office you would name her, is seeking to expound to you its aesthetic beauty. That is the freedom of which she speaks. Freedom of mind begets freedom of action and—well, need I say more to the present idealistic audience who so well know how that freedom may, or should be, used?”

“And yet, although you know this so well, both in theory and in practice, my confreres, example is better than all theory; and there is a newcomer, I have just noted, on whom our experiments have not yet been made, and who should afford some fresh points worthy of observation.”

Then the man bowed in Paul’s direction and, pointing to him, said, “It is you, sir, whom the lady addresses, and you will no doubt observe that it is a lady who addresses you. You will not refuse the invitation of so refined and beautiful a creature who, as you observe, is waiting to receive your salutation. Come straight hither, sir. The crowd will not mind your walking over them. If they do it will not matter. They are used to it—quite used to it, I assure you.”

As this discourse had proceeded Paul had not failed to mark, beneath the affected formality and elegance of address, the underlying note of cynicism and evil suggestion, with a sickening sense of nausea.

But when the man thus addressed him directly, he was horror-struck. For while they had been speaking it had come to him with increasing conviction that these two were evil, and maliciously evil; also that they were the two dominant spirits of the whole of that company of, perhaps, a thousand or twelve hundred souls.

He further realized that he was numbered with them; that

he was powerless among them; that his once imperious will was turned to water, with no stability in it, and no shape in it, now that the vessel which once had held it was removed. It seemed as if, his material body and its environment having disappeared, the spiritual body was too weak to contain a powerful brain and strong will, whose activity would have shattered it into pieces.

He, being new to the place and its evil powers, hesitated to obey the summons. On which the woman addressed him direct, "Come hither and mount this platform. You have a public duty to perform for the benefit of the community into which you are to be initiated. Come, and come quickly!"

His last shred of self-respect vanished with the last shadow of his independence as he hastened forward and, arriving at the stage, was lifted upon it by those who were nearest. They handled him roughly and, as the two speakers stepped apart from each other, those who held him took the obvious hint and literally threw him into the centre of the platform.

I do not give you in detail what then ensued. No publisher would publish it, and no one would read it without feeling it was unnecessary. I give you the proceedings in outline merely.

Paul was informed that he was to play the part of model in an anatomical lecture. That had been his line of interest in his earth life, and he would now, no doubt, be not the least interested among those who should listen to the wisdom of these two very learned idealistic scientists. This was explained to him by three assistants as they stripped him of every rag which had clothed him, and bound him naked to a stake which was fixed into the rock a little to the rear of the centre of the stage.

Then the lady proceeded to deliver her lecture, while the man illustrated her points, from time to time, on the body of Paul. In order to do this he used two tools. One was a sharply-pointed lancet with a long handle. With this he indicated the precise spot in Paul's anatomy of which the woman was speaking. He did this by plunging it deeply into the flesh.

When some internal organ was mentioned he used the other implement. This was an immense scalpel, with which he cut open the body and laid the flesh aside in order to exhibit the organ discoursed upon. In these operations the man and woman took turn and turn about.

But while the torture thus inflicted was terrible enough,

The Outlands of Heaven

the fact that, so far from his losing consciousness his intellect became more alert as his bodily suffering increased, added agony to agony.

The crowd below frequently cheered the speakers with a weird kind of howling noise, in which the note of fear was very easily detected, while the lecturers proceeded with their discourse.

The like of it he had never heard before. Every sin in his life seemed to be known to them. One after another, they brought them forth and, with ribald words, couched in mock-scientific phrases, and with an assumed courtesy, laid bare his innermost thoughts, his secret deeds, sins long ago forgotten and, as he had thought, lost in the void of the past. These were now, with shameless relish, revealed in detail in his hearing before the public audience who cheered and howled.

As each item was reproduced and recited to them, it was explained that these acts were the direct result of a certain action of one bodily organ or another, or the combined action of two or more. All these points were illustrated by the eager use of the lancet or scalpel.

I leave you to imagine the possibilities inherent in such a subject dealt with by such lecturers as these, and before such an audience.

In the end, lacerated and wounded in a hundred places, but without emitting one spot of blood, he was carried, still conscious and acutely suffering, to a cave in the cliff. Here he was thrown down upon the stony floor and left to recover as he was able.

Chapter 24

At The Old Chateau

Saturday, February 1st, 1919. 6.10 to 7.20 p.m.

While Paul lay in the cave thoughts came to him of a kind he had never had before. His recent experiences were such as he had not pictured when, on earth, the life beyond intruded itself upon him from time to time. He asked himself now what he had really imagined that life would be, or had he ever really believed in the future beyond the grave. In his present confused and embittered frame of mind, he could not bring his faculties into focus. He was bemused and conscious only of his awful loneliness in the midst of people of whom he knew nothing except that they were cruel and evil. He had not, at that time, grasped the fact that all was the result of perfect order working out in sequence of cause and effect. He had lived a life utterly selfish in principle. Now he was left with that self for company, and his loneliness emphasized the fact. As he had sowed, so he was reaping. That one great fact burned itself into his brain, and he turned from it in his utter misery.

He began to speculate on the kind of body it was on which those torturers had wrought their will so cruelly. It was too dark to see any wounds, but he felt himself carefully over with a practised hand. He found none. His body was whole and unwounded. Yet he had suffered intense agony while on the platform, and remembered the grinning crowd and their delight at his writhings.

He was suffering still. But it was rather a curious kind of suffering. It was what he would have described as bodily, and yet the seat of it was not in his body; it was in his brain. And yet again, was not that the case with bodily suffering in earth life? He theorized on the matter and got as far as postulating that the body he now had must be the medium of contact between the flesh-body and consciousness.

He could get no further. He had lost his old strong intellectuality and was fatigued bodily, mentally, spiritually. So he lay there helpless, alone, lost in a region shut in on every hand by

The Outlands of Heaven

darkness; a land to him unknown and full of terrors.

He was roused out of his reverie by the appearance of someone standing outside the cave entrance. He lay quite still, fearing another monster might be seeking to hurt him. He watched the figure, alert and ready to do battle if necessity should arise. Thus he presently saw that it was the figure of a woman, and that she stood with her back to him, looking out over the plain.

There appeared to be no difference between her and the other women he had seen, except that her dress reached well below the knees and was a little more full and shapely than those others.

Assured he had nothing to fear, he crept slowly and silently to the entrance, and then rose and advanced to the right of the woman as she stood there. But although she must have been aware of his approach, she made no sign, and continued gazing across the plain, still and unmoving.

He advanced a little more until he was able to get a perfect side-view of her face, and started back with an exclamation of surprise and pain. It was Monica.³⁶ He uttered her name in a subdued voice; but she did not answer. He went closer and saw that her eyes were full of tears. Then she bent her head and covered her face with her hands and wept.

“Monica,” he repeated. His voice was subdued.

He felt a certain awe in presence of one who could weep in that accursed land. So he knelt on one knee, laid his arm across his thigh, with his hand hung downward and, bending his head nearly to the ground, instinctively did reverence to this young unhappy girl who he had so cruelly wronged.

Presently he heard her speaking.

“Paul,” she said.

Her emotion was but partly subdued, and her voice was full of sadness. He could not raise his face to hers. He felt that, in spite of all the sin she had waded through, yet in her presence he was abashed and ashamed, as if he stood, with all his guilt, before the Madonna herself.

But she now turned and came near to him, and stood over him. Thus he noticed that the robe she wore was of somewhat finer texture than his own and those of the people he had met.

³⁶ See Glossary pg 267.

Also, unlike theirs, it had no tear and, more noticeable still, it showed a faint narrow hem of embroidered bramble with thorns, done in violet.

Beneath this her feet showed many scars, and her ankles and legs were bruised as if she had come on a long journey in a country she did not know, and in the darkness.

His selfish heart lost a little of its great bitterness and resentment with which his late treatment had filled him and, in its place, came one tiny ray of pity. He was much surprised, moreover, when she spoke again.

“Paul,” she said. “I have waited for that. I could not proceed until that came.”

At this he raised his head and asked, “I don’t understand.”

“No,” she replied; “not yet; but you will some day. Did you not feel just one wee thought of kindness as you looked at my poor wounded feet?” And when he made no reply in his bewilderment, she continued: “That enables me to proceed with my mission. I came to seek you.”

“Me?” That was all he could utter.

“Yes; that is my present mission. I was sent to seek you, and I have found you. I came when you were over there.”

She pointed towards the torture-stage, now forsaken, and seen only in dark outline at the foot of the cliff. He glanced that way and asked in a voice full of fear: “Where have they gone? Where are they now?”

“They have climbed the cliff to what they call their Cathedral. It stands a little way inland, on the tableland; and they have gone to hold a Thanksgiving service there.”

“A Thanksgiving service in this accursed land? Why, Monica” he broke off in confusion. There was something in the utterance of her name which felt like sacrilege.

But she replied: “Yes, call me still Monica, while I have that name. I am told I may have another soon, if all goes well—if all goes well,” she repeated, as if lost in meditation and filled with a wistful sadness, the reason of which Paul could not understand.

“I was going to ask you what the Thanksgiving is about,” he said.

“You have heard the saying—I will not name the One Who said it, here and now—that there is joy among the Angels over one sinner repentant?” He did not answer, but listened eagerly, and

The Outlands of Heaven

she continued, "So also, Paul, the obverse is true: there is fiendish joy when one sinner comes to his own place down here, and is annexed by the inhabitants as one of themselves."

She paused, and he bent his head lower still as she said, very quietly and sadly: "You are that sinner, Paul."

Monday, February 3rd, 1919. 6.10 to 7.28 p.m.

When Paul had thoroughly grasped the significance of her reply, he put to her a question: "You mean that there is a Festival to be celebrated in my honour?"

The state of his mind was, at that moment, a strange one. He loathed the region itself. But he felt that here might possibly be a means of at least partial escape from those terrors which he felt around him. He endeavoured to persuade himself that what he had passed through had been a kind of test; that he had endured it with at least some credit, and that these people were about to make some amends for his sufferings.

But his hopes were dashed from him by Monica's reply: "Not to your honour, Paul; but to your greater dishonour, unless"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you have the will to resist."

"Monica, I feel that my will has been pulverized. But tell me some more about this affair. First, what of the Cathedral you mentioned? Have you been within it?"

"I have been within the porch; but no further. I once stayed awhile when passing, for I heard noises proceeding from the interior, and I wondered what was afoot there."

"Well, tell me what happened. I want to know more about it."

"I will tell you as we go on our way."

"But where do you want me to go?"

"Back to Albert, who is waiting to renew his mission with you."

"Monica, I would rather go to the devil himself than return to that blithering fool. It seems to me have at least found a chance of something exciting here, and I am not at all sure, now that they have got their torture-test over with me, that I shall not be able to make a few friends among them. I don't love them, but I think they promise some sport, anyway."

Monica paused awhile and then replied: "Paul, when first I came here, I had thoughts very similar to those you have just expressed. My previous life seemed to urge me to throw in my lot with them. But, as I stood at the great door of that Cathedral and watched what was going on within, I reasoned it all out, made my resolve and turned away, determined, wherever I might have to wander, whatever I might have to endure, to break, once and for all, with those poor vile wretches and their evil life.

"Listen. I cannot tell you all I saw there; but I will tell you enough to give you some idea of what they do.

"They call it a Cathedral. It is a very large building, somewhat Gothic in character. But there ends all likeness to churches as we knew them on earth. There is an arcade on either side of the nave, formed by two rows of gigantic carved nude figures, on the one side of men, on the other of women. Their legs extended form the arches. The altar is raised high at the east end. It is a large table spread for feasting with some cups, flagons and other vessels. Here, during the so-called service, sit the most powerful of both sexes in the colony. The nave also is filled with tables similarly furnished.

"Above the altar is a large Latin Cross inverted. At every Festival they crucify a person on that Cross, head downwards. The sexes furnish the victim each in turn. Beneath the table there is a door, and a flight of steps leads down into the earth. The passage enters this cave at the further end. You did not notice it because the cave itself is deep and the exit to the passage in dark shadows."

She paused awhile and allowed her companion to think on what she had told him. He was silent; so she added, "The last victim was a woman."

The truth flashed on him suddenly and, with an oath and cry of fear, he seized her wrist, and, in a whisper, inquired: "Do you mean that they will soon be seeking me in this cave for their next victim?"

"That is so. That is why they threw you there."

In his fright he assumed a threatening manner, and bade her haste to lead him away from the vicinity of the cave-mouth to some place of safety.

She did not reply, but led him along the front of the cliff for some distance, and then turned to the right and made for the open

The Outlands of Heaven

plain. They passed between two low hillocks and turned leftward where a gully deepened into a ravine along which he heard the noise of a torrent dashing along the narrow bed below the path on which they walked. He could just see her robe as she walked a little ahead, and so was able to follow without mishap. At last they came suddenly to the open country once again, where the water dispersed itself into small streams, and lost itself in the expanse.

Here she paused, and Paul said roughly: "Now, look you here, Monica, my girl. You've got to get me out of this. I don't mind their way of life so much, if only I can insure myself against their cruelty. Now, you seem to know the country fairly well. You've been here longer than I have. Show me where I may live without being bullied and tortured, and I'll try to settle down till something better turns up."

"Albert still awaits you," she said.

A sudden fury seized him and, with a curse, he caught up a broken branch which lay near and rushed upon her, aiming a blow at her head which should have felled her to the ground. He was surprised, however, to feel an arm suddenly extended above his head from behind, while the hand grasped his wrist and held it immovable in the air; his left arm also being seized in a strong grasp, so that he was unable to stir.

He was held thus for some minutes, his captor preserving silence. At length, trembling with fear, he dropped the weapon. Still he was held in that irresistible grip. Then he felt himself being slowly turned about and, at last, released, and face to face with the lady he had met in the hut on his arrival.³⁷

She looked upon him not unkindly, but sternly and steadily, as she said, "This poor lamb has fought the fight of a lion. You helped her headlong into this region of gloom and sorrow. But she has overcome the death which is the fate of those who dwell here, and has begun the ascent towards the Borderland, beyond which lies the Land of Lesser Gloom and, beyond that, the region of Twilight Brightening into the Dawn. She has a long way still to go, and the road is toilsome. But she who won in that hard battle is able for the journey.

"She was given her choice to proceed, or to linger here. She knew you were coming over and, although she has no love for

³⁷ "Sister." See Glossary, p. 268.

you above others, yet in pity she asked to be permitted to wait, if by any chance she might be of help to you, to save you from the worst. That help you have refused by your hardness and selfishness. It is but self you consider; you fear for self, and seek for self alone.

“Monica has done what she could. She must now leave you lest ill befall her from the contamination of your company; for she is not immune from temptation yet. Brave as her fight has been, and great her victory, it is not final, nor complete.

“You now shall find, of your own leading, what way they go who go your way. There are those who may be purified only by fire.³⁸ When you are so purified I will show myself to you again.”

Then she went slowly and, taking the ample folds of her mantle in her hand, she threw it over the head and shoulders of the trembling girl and, putting her arm about her, said softly, “Come, dear”; and they departed, leaving Paul once more in solitude.

Tuesday, February 4th, 1919. 5.45 to 7.30 p.m.

He stood watching them depart into the gloom, and then sat down upon a boulder to think on his position. It was a rather hopeless situation in which he found himself. But he had made one great discovery.

He had found that the region was not all black solitude. Parts of it at least were inhabited. The people were not altogether desirable. Still, if they could live there, so could he. Further, that horrible blackness of hell, that utter, terrible darkness had been left behind, and there was a modicum of light; only a little, but that was a relief. And the inhabitants seemed to have mastered the problem of adding to it by artificial means; for he had seen fires.

There did not appear to be any very strict code of law established in that quarter. But, in some respects, that was an advantage. He remembered, with a grim smile, how often, in his earth life, he had been compelled to circumvent the law. Monica, for instance. That had been irksome. There was to be no more of that kind of trouble now.

³⁸ This is not to be taken literally.

The Outlands of Heaven

There was one thing he must do, however. He must, at all costs, train himself back into his old habit of domination—bullying, if you will. If he could do that he stood a very fair chance of becoming feared, if not respected. Then he would turn the tables on those coarse blundering fools. He would become the torturer instead of the tortured. But a refined torturer, whose methods should awake admiration by reason of their ingenuity. He rather relished the idea as he sat there alone shaping out his future. He was startled out of his reverie by a noise of singing. He arose, but could not tell from which direction it came until he climbed upon the rock on which he had been sitting. Then he noticed that, in the plain on the other side of a hillock, which had hitherto shut in his view, there was a large mansion. Here and there the windows were lighted, and there were lights among some trees which formed a small grove at a little distance from the house. It was part of an attempt made by the residents to create a parkland, but the trees were rather bare-looking, with little foliage, and the gardens overgrown with weeds.

It was all in keeping with the perpetual twilight in which the whole country was shrouded. Nothing could grow to perfection, and the artificial light, however it was produced, was everywhere dim and flickering.

Very cautiously he rounded the hill and made his way towards the company who sat beneath the grove. He managed to get within a few yards of them and paused behind the trunk of one of the outermost trees to reconnoitre. He saw that there were gathered in a circle a band of men and women to the number of a score or so. They were witnessing a performance being enacted by a woman who stood on a pedestal about six feet high, placed in the centre of the ring. She was enacting the part of pantomime, such as delighted the Romans in the days of their decadence.

So absorbed did he become in the performance that he failed to notice a figure descending the flight of steps from the mansion. It was a woman long past middle age, but bedecked with tawdry finery and tinsel jewelry, and with painted face, and hair done high and tied with bright-coloured ribbons. She aped the resilience of youth in her springy walk, and was altogether hideous in her poor attempt at grandeur and beauty.

She did not join the circle, but skirted round it unobserved and came close behind Paul, as he stood peering round the tree at

the proceedings. Softly she laid her hand upon his arm and he started and turned upon her, in doubt as to whether a friend or enemy were at hand. But she smiled upon him, and then cast down her glance demurely, as she awaited his salutation.

“Madame Blescombe!”³⁹ he cried in amazement.

“Why, yes; but surely you came hither with intent, did you not?”

“I came here with no intent, Madame,” he said with some severity; for he knew her character only too well—as she knew his—and he mistrusted her motive in seeking him now.

“Did you not know, my dear, that this is my Chateau, and these my grounds? Surely my friend of old days has come to renew his acquaintance with my hospitality. By the way, I hear you have now a new name—the other was not good enough for the society hereabouts. Well, my dear Paul, come and I will show you my home—and company.”

“Madame,” he said, “I distrust you. I have reason, as you will understand, if you will search your memory.”

“That, my friend, I do not choose to do more than I can help. Now and then it is brought back to me—the old life—by such a meeting as this, for example. And while we can meet as old acquaintances, yet I am glad to call you by a new name—it serves to veil the past in some little measure. For which reason I should take it as a kindness, on your part, if you would call me also by the name I bear in this country.”

“And what is that?”

“The Countess; the Countess merely. And now come, and I will do you the honours of my poor home. You will understand, my dear friend, that although the house has some pretension to dignity, both in size and appointment, yet this country is not a rich one and we all have to live in, more or less—shall I say?—straitened circumstances.”

“I see.”

“At any rate, you will see presently,” she replied, with a mirthless laugh. “Now come; I will make you known to these friends first.”

She then hailed those who sat with the others and, with elaborate mannerisms, aping the grand mode of the old nobility,

³⁹ See Glossary page 267.

The Outlands of Heaven

introduced him to each member of the circle as she led him round.

They were all dressed in rags, but these were so arranged as to parody the ancient style as near as possible, and the speech and gestures were suited to their assumed characters. But beneath each and every exterior there lay coarseness, sensuality, loutishness, which peeped out and betrayed itself in every word and glance, even in those attitudes which they assumed in their endeavour after some classical and graceful pose. But all this veneer was in vain. The within shone through its outer covering and stood confused.

Last of all, he was led to the pedestal and introduced to the performer. On the arrival of the Countess the attention of her audience had been distracted, and she had ceased her posturing. She now sat with her feet dangling from the small platform, elbows on thighs, and hands quietly clasped between her knees, waiting until the ceremony of introduction was over.

She was looking intently at him as he approached, as if uncertain of his identity. When he was within three yards of the foot of the pillar she suddenly realized that she was correct in her surmise.

She scrambled up, stood for a moment on the platform to gain her balance, and then leapt off her perch, alighting with her heels full in his eyes. The force of her spring bore him to the ground, and, before he could rise, she was down upon him, her knees on his chest and her nails buried in his scalp, as she bit first his ear, then his cheek, using teeth and nails like a frenzied young tiger.

The crowd did not interfere. It was to them merely an interlude, quite impromptu, and interesting in its novelty. So they reclined and conversed together, following the details of the fight with a languid interest meant to be polite and dilettante.

By and by Paul managed to throw off the girl, and kicked her body some few feet away. Seeing she intended to return and renew the fray, he repeated this operation from time to time until her naked body rolled beyond the circle and down a small slope into a ditch, where she was left to recover alone.

The victor of such a contest, it might be thought, would have displayed some sense of shame. Not so. He saw in the faces of his audience what was expected of him and played to their lead. He bowed, as a conquering knight might bow who had met his man

in the lists. And they clapped hands daintily, and applauded him victor.

The Countess sealed their approval by coming forward and apologizing for the ill manners of the pantomime.

“She is young,” she explained, “and ill used to our society. And,” she added, with a leer, “she once was pretty, poor thing. She must have mistaken you, my friend, for someone she had met before somewhere— sometime—somehow.”

The three adverbs were spoken with a pause between, with each one a stab of memory plunged into the heart of this newcomer, who strode along by her side with proud and defiant mien. He had won his footing to their respect and deference, and he was determined to maintain it before them all.

Meanwhile the girl lay in the ditch, mud-stained and sobbing in her misery of shame and loneliness. The party had gone, and the twinkling lamps, which had decked the trees, were out. Distressed and wearied with her hardships and her late exertions, she at last fell into a state of coma.

Then, in the silence, there came out of the darkness, which enshrouded the plain, two figures.⁴⁰ One held her left hand raised forward, and on the palm was a globe which emitted a soft golden light. The other followed where she saw the light lead the way until they came and stood over the prostrate form.

The leader spoke in sad, quiet tones. “She has suffered enough. The last necessary episode has been played. She has met him, Monica. We will take the poor erring lamb with us and tend her well.”

She paused and looked wistfully at the form lying there unconscious, and murmured to herself, “Yes; of such is the Kingdom, even of such as you, poor fragile flower. You shall have careful tending, sweet soiled lily as you are, and you shall be all white once more, some day.”

Then she looked up into the blackness above her in silent prayer. And while she prayed there came speeding through the air a small company of men whose garments were so bright that the gaunt trees of the woods stood out clearly in their rays.

They came swiftly and, before Monica could realize what was happening, both she and the girl were taken up and wafted

⁴⁰ “Sister” and Monica. See Glossary pg 267 and 268.

The Outlands of Heaven

away from the scene. She lost all sense of location. She only saw around her a company of strong, good faces and beautiful forms radiant with light which was all about her, and in which she travelled as in an enclosed pavilion.

Wednesday, February 5th, 1919. 6 to 7.20 p.m.

It is not our intention to pursue the history of Paul as he descended lower into the darkness of the hell-world. We have given you enough to indicate, as a sign-post, the way he went; and the manner of life there obtaining we have shown you. It is unnecessary and undesirable that we should further analyse its ingredients. They are not savoury. It suffices that those who read should have knowledge of the broad outlines of life as it is in those regions of gloom. There are worse and darker realms than that of which we have spoken. Our object is missionary in your world, as our quest has been in this of spirit. If what we have portrayed, eked out by that faculty of imagination which all possess in varying measure, has not deterrent force sufficient, then the reader would not be bettered were we to enlarge on the greater wickedness and horror of life in communities of lower grade.

For a long season Paul remained in darkness. He went from one evil state to a worse until the limit of his frenzy was bottomed and then, with much travail and agony, he retraced his steps to that place where Albert awaited his coming.

But he came a broken soul, all his arrogance gone, all his pride flattened, tired out with evil-doing, despair, a gleam of hope, testing, struggling, backsliding, a flicker of sorrow for his sinfulness, penitence, more of testing and trying, sacrifice and labour and, at last, return to that same dim land from which he had fled, hoping to escape the payment of his debt, the reaping of his sowing. Abject he came, at long last, but of more acceptable temper than that with which he first had come. Then he came from the environment which surrounds and deludes and blinds so many men of talent and riches in the earth life. Now this same man came from the depths of that abyss where he had found his real place in God's great family. He came ready to take the lowliest position at the feet of one whom once he had treated as a spoil-sport little to be accounted of.

(There are a few questions I would like to ask you, I

Kathleen, if I may. First, I noticed a difference in the style of the above from that of previous sittings, I think.)

That may be so. There is no special reason for any marked difference. Sister is taking rather more part to-night in the actual transmission of the message. That is all.

(Why is she doing that?)

While the narrative part was in process of transmission she had to stand aloof more or less, in order to get *en rapport* with those conditions by which she came into contact with the events of those darker regions as they stand in our records.

She had, as it were, to go there in order that she might, with the help of our little band of workers present here, reproduce in your imagination—or what is sometimes called interior vision—the scenes which we were at the moment describing. That done, she has been able to relax the tension necessary to do that and to turn her mind more wholly on the message itself as it is handed on through us to you.

As you seem to be interested in this matter I will put it in another way: Hitherto her back has been turned to us and we have seen her face in a mirror. It is that reflection we have handed on to you. She has now, for the time being, laid aside the mirror and turned her face our way. We give you now, not the reflection of her countenance, but the picture direct. Or for “face” you may substitute “mind.” Do we make our meaning clear, my friend?

(Yes; I think you do, Kathleen. But why do you now speak in the plural?)

To continue the use of our image of speech: While her back was turned to us it was necessary that our party distribute the work in hand among themselves. Some looked at the mirror and read it carefully. Their reading they handed on to another section, turned, half of them towards the mirror, and half towards myself. These sent the message to me and I transmitted it to you. Now we all face towards you, and Sister is nearer to you and to us than she has been previously, because she has not to go to that spot where the mirror will catch the rays—shall we say the infra-red?—needful for the reading of the records, in order that they might, in turn, be read by our band from their reproduction in the varying expression of her countenance as seen in the mirror. The mirror shows her the scenes to be described. It shows us her countenance.

(Thank you. I understand this, of course, merely as an

The Outlands of Heaven

analogy. But it helps me to understand something of the matter, anyway. Would you, please, tell me who is she of whom you have spoken as "Sister"?)

She is identical with the lady who came to the help of Monica and, with Monica, to the rescue of the poor pantomime of whom we told you last night.

You are wondering after her proper name. We will call her Sister: it will suffice.

I see in your mind another question. I will answer it here. She is one who has charge of several Rest Houses on the Borderland between the region of gloom and that of twilight. You might, perhaps, call it the entrance-land to the hells; a buffer state, or neutral land, between the depths and the surface, but far away from the Summerland⁴¹ nevertheless.

(Are there in your band some who lived on earth a long time ago?)

No. You ask that because of the old-fashioned wording which slips through here and there—"withal,"⁴² for instance. As a matter of fact, that does not actually come from this side. We are now using what store of words we find in your mind, and that is one which, with others, was left over by your previous communicators, some of whom date their earth life some centuries ago. Leader is one who does so.⁴³

(Talking of olden times, why do the people of Madame's Chateau ape the old French nobility? Mme. Blescombe could not have been of those times, for you told me she knew Paul on earth, and he is evidently modern.)

That is so. Sister is taking up the answer in somewhat direct fashion. It is direct through me—if that is not a contradiction: —

It is not many buildings which stand in that dark world for a

⁴¹ Summerland is known to spiritualists by that name, and it is at the top of the First Sphere, but in these earlier volumes would be called the second sphere. As explained in those volumes, a different numbering scheme was used.

⁴² In "The Life Beyond the Veil," Vols. I to V. G.J.C. has removed all these words to make it easier for modern readers and replaced them with modern equivalents.

⁴³ Leader of the band of communicating spirits mentioned in previous volumes.

long time. That Chateau is an exception. Those who founded it were what you would say "thorough-going" in their convictions, and they clung to them when they came here. The Chateau took on their demeanor. Is not that so in your English? My meaning will be clear, I trust. So the house stood firm when many who had founded it, and laid out its surroundings, had departed, some up and a lesser some down. New people come continually. Some pass by. It is not to their liking. Some stay and inhabit. Very well. Years pass and the old fashion still remains, but lingers, dragging along.

Then comes Madame Blescombe, of great force, and sees the Chateau. It brings into her heart the old fame of her house, of which she has great pride; but it is a wicked pride. She is of great force, however; and so she reaches back and, out of the centuries past, she grasps the coronet and, lo! she is Countess.

She it is who has revived the old mode, the grand manner. It is not grand, but a trivial and empty show. But that is illusion to cover deeper misery. Ah, my friend, you will know one day, when you come to us here, how greatly to be pitied are they who shall have forgotten to understand what the great things are, and the little.

I thank you for so kindly writing for me, and the Good God shall bless you, and Kathleen also, in your service. My friend, I thank you. Good-bye.

(Kathleen, am I speaking now to you or to Sister?)

Sister has ceased her direct message. She still stands near. But it is I who am writing now.

(You are laughing at me, aren't you?)

I am sorry; yes. I tried to hide it from you, but you felt it filter through, somehow. I was amused at your surprise when you were writing for Sister.

(Is she French, or what?)

She is Heavenly now, and of no nation. But when she came into such direct touch with you, and also with those old French times, perpetuated in and about the Chateau, it tintured her phraseology. Not much, but just enough for you to notice.

You must understand she has done a great deal of work in that neighbourhood, for it is a numerous colony which seems to appeal to newcomers, who join it in great numbers.

Also the Countess is an antagonist not to be despised; powerful, unscrupulous and cunning. She is also cruel, but not

The Outlands of Heaven

entirely so; and in that flaw there is a streak of gold which will one day win through the gate out of the Valley of Death. She is not quite perfect in evil; there is a faint ray of kindness in her heart. This will save her; but not yet.

(I asked you of Sister, and you have told me of the Countess.)

Sister was Breton; not French.

(Thank you, Kathleen.)

Good-night, my friend; and remember we have more of Paul to give you yet.

(One last question: What did you do with that poor girl who was kicked?)

They left her at a Rest House on their way to the Twilight Country. She was not in a condition to be taken higher then. That was the beginning of her reclamation. Since then she has progressed much and is now beginning to accompany missions of help to others, other lilies broken, faded, soiled and crushed. By tending them she also is regaining her own sometime loveliness.

Chapter 25

In The Grey Lands

Thursday, February 6th, 1919. 5.45 to 6.40 p.m.

At the foot of the hills which may be viewed from the borderland between the regions of gloom and of the twilight, there is a recess. It runs into the range a little to the right of the cleft through which the valley finds exit into the brighter plain beyond.

In this recess there grow large ferns and coniferous trees, not very large, but of more comely aspect than those in the netherlands. Bracken also grows there and, after journeying through those tracts of gloom of which we have told you, it is a spot of refreshment and peace for the weary ones who progress that way towards the uplands which lie beyond.

In this area there stands a large Church. It is not of stately aspect, nor is it elaborate of design. But it is clean and comely, and within it the light is perpetual.

This light proceeds from a large Cross above the Altar with which those are in contact who send their influence across the hills from the colonies on the other side. In this way the interior is illuminated; not equally, for there are patches of shadow at the west end, as you would call it, and, here and there, some alcove where those spirits who are still unaccustomed to so much radiance even as this may retire for meditation and prayer until they become strong enough to join the general congregation.

There are no aisles; it is all one large, open space except for the niches, or alcoves, of which I have spoken.

There is a Chancel raised a little above the nave and, in the nave itself, some few yards from the south side of the Chancel arch, stands a roomy pulpit. There is little more furniture in the Church.

(No organ?)

No, my friend. No music is possible on that side of the hills; conditions do not admit of that. You may see for yourself some day. Music is of harmony and well-poised vibration. That region is

The Outlands of Heaven

not so far advanced as to provide vibrations of such a character as is required for the production of music.

Nor do the congregation sing. It has been tried a few times when some minister had charge of the proceedings who was one of the more progressed; one of the inhabitants of that region. But the result was a failure. They did their best, poor things; but the discord was painful, even to some of that dull-sensed company. So singing is rarely attempted now.

The Church is used for instruction and an elementary effort after worship; but teaching is the main work which goes on there. That is found more helpful than anything else to those who meet from time to time to rest there from their toiling, and to receive refreshment to enable them to go forth again in their endeavour to progress away from the darkness toward the light.

Ask your question—or, do not trouble. I see you hesitate; and I know what is in your mind. The answer is, yes; you have helped there yourself on more than one occasion.

(I can only think of one instance which might be one to which you refer. That was in my sleep-time.)

In your body's sleep-time. You do not sleep. You have been there several times; but the memory faded on your return to earth-consciousness.

Do you remember, when you awoke one morning, hearing a long-drawn, weird and wailing Amen?

(Yes; I shall never forget the awful hopelessness of that Amen.)

That was a second instance. I can well enter into your description of it. But had you heard some of the sounds which torment the ear in the deeper hells you would be able to detect in that Amen more than one ray of hope.

Again, do you remember a friend writing to you to say she had met with a minister on one of her journeys into those grey lands?

(Yes.)

You were there at work when she saw you. That makes three times.

(On the occasion first referred to, I was in the pulpit teaching them the truth about the Apostles' Creed, I remember. But the whole Church was in gloom except for a few yards around the pulpit. Yet you say the light in that Church is perpetual.)

On that occasion the light from the Altar was shaded, or, more properly speaking, suppressed, for the time being, so that the congregation might be the less distracted from you and your teaching. Nor was it re-illuminated for some time after you had been called away again; or that would have driven much of your sermon from their minds. They are of so feeble a character that it is necessary to deal most carefully with them; so frail are they in their hold on anything elevating. So the Church was kept in semi-darkness until they had dispersed.

At certain rare intervals those who are ready to make their journey through the Gate into the uplands beyond are brought together there. Then the building is illuminated to its full capacity, and one from a higher sphere comes and stands in the Chancel, and his own native light helps the brightness of the place. He speaks to them lovingly and helpfully, and they get their first glimpse of what the people are like those who live beyond the hills, and among whom they themselves will one day be numbered.

The beauty of such a visitor is a great joy to them, and they gaze on his form as if he were a god, instead of an angel from one of the lower Heavens.

Sometimes the angel is of one sex, sometimes of the other, according to the company there assembled, and the nature of the work in hand. If the majority are women the angel is usually one of the Mothers who have charge of the Rest Houses, or the Children's Homes.

On these occasions, as on all in that Church, proceedings are quite informal. There is no ritual there; and speaking on the part of the congregation is not only permitted but encouraged. Especially are they encouraged to ask questions. Methods have to be adopted to the low status of those who form the assembly.

At our next meeting I wish to tell you of one of these services. It is with that intent I have given you this description to-night.

Friday, February 7th, 1919. 5.45 to 7.20 p.m.

The congregation was a larger one than usual, for word had gone forth that there would be present no less than three visitors from beyond the hills. I will describe the service briefly; it will give you an idea of what is the highest form of spiritual exercise in that

The Outlands of Heaven

drear land.

Before the Altar stood an old, venerable-looking man. His beard was white, and reached to the girdle encircling his long robe of a colour which I would describe as deep cream colour. That is as it appeared to the audience. None of the visitors, as they manifest themselves in those regions, are seen by the inhabitants in their normal condition, either as to form, features or clothing. You must bear in mind that the account I now give you is from the viewpoint of the congregation, as they saw things; as they were meant to see them.

To the rear of him, on the north side of the Altar, stood a young woman, in garments of like material and, over them, a shawl. Similarly attired was another woman, a little older, who stood on the south side of the Altar. On the Altar itself stood a model of a dwelling-house.

The Missioner, by which name we will call the old man, spoke to the congregation in this way:

“You may be glad, my children, that you have so far progressed as to be able to come together like this to meet us who have journeyed from beyond the Gate. You are not so far from that Gate yourselves at this moment and, when you have worked a little longer, and are able to remain in such nearness permanently, then we will see if it is not possible to lead you through to the other side.

“Meanwhile, I have a few rather interesting things to show you. I brought them with me for that purpose, so that you would be able to picture for yourselves, to a certain degree, what life is like there.

“I can assure you it is well worth working for, very well worth it. Even just a short journey from the Gate the people have houses like this and, mark you, many of those people have come, not direct from earth life, but from this land where you now live. This is not a very happy country to live in, is it? Ah well, never mind that; live in the future, and you will soon be able to go there and, after a time, to come back and help your mates whom you have left behind.

“Now, isn't that worth a bit of patience and endeavour?”

“Yes, it is!” shouted out a man in the congregation.

“Damn well worth it, too!” added another, more enthusiastic.

“Very well,” continued the Missioner. “Now, that’s the sentiment I want to see amongst you—but unanimous. I’ll tell you why. Those two brothers have shown by their words a very decided streak of altruism. Now, there must be some here who remember what altruism means.”

There was a pause of silence when this invitation was given while the audience did a very strenuous bit of mental exercise. Now let me digress here a little in order to explain.

Many in that crowd, when in the earth life, were men and women, not only of refined tastes, but of considerable culture. Let me tell you a few who may, or may not, have been there on that occasion, but whom I knew as inhabitants of that region, and who have been, from time to time, to one of the gatherings held in that Church. Some have now progressed; others are there still.

Here is a short list: A financier who dealt with millions sterling; a colonel of cavalry, with a country seat ancient and beautiful; a doctor of divinity; three doctors of medicine; a lady who had a fine mansion a few miles out of town, and whose town house was the centre of politics and art; she was one of the leaders in a philanthropic effort to raise a fund for the building of a sanatorium for indigent society people; a millionaire who left many large bequests to charity; a number of lesser lights in earth life, but intelligent, educated people. In addition to these, rulers and princes are there, and legislators, some still remembered and honoured by the people of earth.

To such as these the Missioner spoke in simple terms such as would be suited to a Sunday School class of junior children, and yet keeping in mind ever as he spoke the experiences through which they had passed.

The truth is these people had, while on earth, spent their time in assimilating the wrong kind of knowledge, or knowledge employed in wrong ways, or from wrong motives. Their refinement also had been outward and not spiritual refinement, which is saintliness. The consequence was that when they cast off their earth bodies and came over here they found themselves as little children in real knowledge—for they had to begin to unlearn nearly all they had counted worth knowing—in body weakly and unsightly, and in mental endowment bemused and bewildered.

When they had somewhat recovered from their initial perplexity, some were of such strong character that they were able

The Outlands of Heaven

to do one of two things, according to their choice: either to face the situation honestly and admit their errors with more or less humility, or to adopt an attitude of defiance, and deliberately set themselves to become great in evil. These latter eventually become the rulers of the dark regions.

Those who choose more wisely are helped in their endeavour to banish what store of knowledge they have into the background of their minds until, having progressed sufficiently to be beyond the probability of backsliding, they are gradually encouraged to bring it forth again, viewed now in right perspective and motive.

There are, however, no cast-iron rules in the matter. Everyone is endowed with free will which is never taken away; and, if the will be free, you cannot bind it by rules and regulations.

What I have given you above, therefore, is the general condition of affairs in which, from time to time exceptional cases arise and break all precedents.

When the Missioner mentioned the word "altruism" he was applying this principle to his hearers. The word lay in the back of the brains of not a few but, between it and the present moment, there lay a whole series of bitter experiences in the hells, which had obliterated their earth life from their memories; for there is no altruism in the deeper hells. Now it was being called forth, here and there a little; and not so much or so vividly as to create a danger of relapse—a very real danger at that stage of progress, and a difficulty perpetually present in the mind of those who work among them.

To return to the Church. One arose and, with an air of pride, gave an explanation of the word. The Missioner took it up and skillfully used it in his teaching. Then he pointed to the model of the house of which he had spoken previously, and which was standing upon the Altar.

He told them that the house was such as they would inhabit when they had made the next stage of their journey toward the land of brightness. There were many homes like it, some already completed, others nearing completion, and which would be ready before his hearers were, so that they would be able to take up their abode in them when they arrived.

"Who builds them?" cried one of his hearers. This was what the speaker had been angling for, and immediately he seized

his opportunity.

“Well,” he said; “there are several classes of people who build those houses. But the delightful thing about it all is that they do not build them for themselves. They have their own houses to live in and, between their other regular duties, they employ their spare time in erecting these for you. That is really what came to my mind when the brother yonder uttered his exclamation.

“These builders find some of their greatest pleasure in that same altruism, as these houses bear witness. The longer they live in their bright land the more they realize the pleasure of doing something for others who, as they know, will not be able to repay them.

“Of course, I need hardly mention Who it was Who taught that, both by His life and words. So these friends come towards your country, until they arrive beyond the Gate there, and there they do a spell of building, and return home, to come again when they have a bit of leisure.”

“Damn good sort they must be, too!” cried out the enthusiast who had spoken before. He stood up to make his remark the more emphatic. Just in front of him was a woman who had not lost her veneer of affected puritanism. She turned, looked at him and very markedly turned back again and settled herself down, with a shrug of the shoulders which was very significant of her disdain.

The man, who was bubbling over with eagerness, had looked at her with a delighted grin upon his face, expecting her approbation. But he saw her disgust and, in doubt as to what had happened, looked from her to the Missioner, like a perplexed schoolboy, his smile becoming uncertain, and then flickering away.

Seeing the whole episode, the Missioner said, “I fear, my friend, you were rather emphatic, and that lady was a wee bit startled. Your words were somewhat spontaneous, weren’t they? But the sentiment itself was such as to do you credit. I would like to talk it over with you after our meeting, if you will walk a little way with me toward the Gate as I return. You will not be able to go very far, I think. We shall see, anyway. But I do think you will be able to go farther than you have done before. And I am wondering if I might not perhaps manage to show you just a glimpse of those houses in the distance.”

The smile had returned to his face once more, and he

The Outlands of Heaven

replied, "Well now, that's what I call real kind. And, Missioner—not to interrupt you too long—what about *her*? It mightn't do her any harm if she could come and have a look at them—brighten her up a bit, so to speak."

"Well, your thought is a kindly one; but I fear she could not bear the journey yet awhile. After a little, perhaps; but not just yet.

"But I may add this: I think I shall not have much difficulty, after all, in taking you where you will get a very good view of those brighter homes."

Monday, February 10th, 1919. 6.10 to 6.50 p.m.

The man who had created this diversion was a horse breeder in a large way in the earth life, a man of great wealth. To see him now his friends of those old days would have been somewhat surprised. He turned about and surveyed the audience with a smile and the attitude of a pleased schoolboy.

Then he sat down well contented. He was of a nature unprogressed rather than malicious—a low type of the human species. There are many such. They do not descend to the lower hells on leaving the earth. They just go to their own place; which is where we have seen him, on the borderline between light and shadow.

Here they are very unhappy for a time, but the same lack of spiritual conception which places them there acts also as a counter-irritant. They soon begin to adjust themselves to their environment, and find more or less of ease because it is in sympathy with their own character. So long as there is no active hatred, or other wickedness in their hearts, they make progress, slowly but steadily, and in that find satisfaction.

They are incapable of any great good or any great evil. They are, of course, of higher intelligence and spiritual content than even the highest of the animals; but they are among the least developed of humankind.

They may have been sharp-witted enough in earth life to have grown rich. That, however, avails them here very little; and I have known a definitely wicked man, once he has paid his debt in the darker hells, repented and turned toward the light, to make more rapid progress than such as these.

An intelligent horse, with his many endearing qualities, has much in common with the nature of such as he of whom I have just spoken. Indeed, it was that fact that first turned him towards that animal in affection and, later, enabled him to convert his affection into much gold.

The Missionary resumed his address, his theme being the brighter conditions of life beyond the hills towards which he endeavoured to lure them. With this object in view, he showed them the articles which were used in the life of that land.

He showed them baskets of fruit which grew in the more advanced provinces of that region, books which were written by spirits in the spheres beyond, but made and bound there in the Land of the Dawning, pictures of scenery, and of ceremonies enacted there.

All these he used as models in an object-lesson very skillfully; answering their questions with patience and geniality. They thoroughly enjoyed it, and, when the time came to disperse, and then only, did he touch on a deeper theme. He asked them to kneel while he made a short simple prayer, and then dismissed them with his blessing.

While they were dispersing he conversed with the two women who had stood by the Altar during the meeting. Presently one turned aside and left the Chancel by a side-door, returning shortly with Albert. To him the Missioner said a few words, and he left the Church by the great door through which the congregation had made their exit. In a few minutes he returned, with another man whom he led up the nave and placed before the Missioner.

This man was Paul, but greatly changed. His face was furrowed and full of sorrow; but there was no longer arrogance there, nor frenzy. These had given place to despair, and utter prostration of mind which, at this time of his return, was just giving place to humble, almost pathetic, dependence on the guiding of others.

He had gone from one madness to another more mad, and had drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of his defiance of the good. At last he had found that nothing there availed to satisfy his innermost nature, and he began to weary of the horrible life of the hells, and then to long for respite from the continual torture it inflicted.

At last a glimmer of light entered into his soul. He seized

The Outlands of Heaven

and held on to the gleam, and, at the proper time, help came and he was guided by some invisible influence to the place where, at the head of the valley, Albert awaited him. He was lodged in the same hut to which he had been assigned on his first entrance into spirit life, and it was from that lodging he had now been brought.

Tuesday, February 11th, 1919. 5.50 to 6.50 p.m.

Paul knelt before the steps at the top of which stood the Missioner, and buried his face in his hands, with his forehead upon the ground. For a time they remained thus, Albert standing beside his charge.

At last the old man spoke in a voice at once soothing and invigorating: "My son, you have paid some of your debt due to your own highest nature. I want you to know that. It is not to God to Whom you have made recompense. We who come from the brighter spheres know only a little of Him Who in Himself encompasses infinitude. But we have learned so much as to know this at least: that it is not possible to make recompense to Him of Whom is all that is, and we His children. That was presumptuous. As you go from one form to another higher in the school of instruction, you will come to understand that nothing else would suffice other than that which you have endured, if you would one day come to be truly yourself as you are potentially even now.

"Know this also; that you who have learned humbly through great pain and anguish of evil are capable of endeavours as great in the service of the Good. For to you have been given such talents as are not found in the characters of many who pass through this twilight land.

"It is therefore I may speak to you as I may not speak to those who have but lately listened to me here in this place so gladly. They are young children in capacity, and so must be dealt with in tenderness. You are of another sort, and I speak to you as man to man. Rise to your feet, my brother, for it is time for you to put out your strength for the work you have to do."

For some short time Paul knelt in silence. Then slowly he arose and stood before the Missioner, who continued, "So intense has been your suffering that, in your fight to become freedman, you have not noted the changed aspect which has come upon you. When first you entered this life of spirit you were small of stature.

Compare now your height now with that of Albert.”

Paul, who was standing side by side with his companion, turned and looked at his shoulder, for he was still ashamed to look upon his face. This doing, he found that he was but a little shorter in stature, and that his limbs were almost as well developed. Then he raised his eyes to his face—greatly daring, and yet afraid. But when he saw that face brightened with a smile of glad joy and forgiveness, he could withstand no longer. Slowly he turned to him; slowly he raised his hands and laid them one on each arm; slowly he slid his hands up to his shoulders and, bending forward, laid his head, as a tired child would do, upon the bend of Albert’s neck, and fell to weeping.

Albert did not stir, but let him rest while the old man looked upon them in silence; into whose eyes there came a gleam of great love, as a mother looks upon her babe asleep, and stirs not lest she awakens him out of his dreaming.

At last Paul drew apart and raised the left hand of the other to his lips, holding it there for a moment; then he quietly released it, turned to the Missioner and awaited his further direction. No words were spoken between the two friends; both understood, and all was well.

Then the old man spoke again, “And now, Paul, you shall go forth with your friend, who will instruct you where you next shall go, and also of your first duties. May our Father give you His strength, for it is His work you have to do.”

So they went down the nave and into the open, and here they turned to the right and walked along the path which led to the road. This was the highway of the Valley. It passed through the distant group of huts where Paul’s lodging had been, traversed the Valley and, passing through the Gate of the Hills, emerged into the Land of Dawn beyond.

Neither spoke as they went and, when they reached this highway, they paused, still full of thought, and silent. Paul waited for his friend to lead the way; but Albert stood there waiting also.

At last, seeing the other in doubt which way to go, he said, “Well, Paul, my friend, which way—left or right?”

His companion looked to the left, which led to the settlement from which he had come; and to the right, where the brighter glow came from beyond through the Gate, and touched the hilltops on either side of it.

The Outlands of Heaven

At last he turned to Albert and said, "Once I trod this road before—and lost myself in the awful darkness. It was in defiance of your advice I went that time. I failed to reach this far. I must have turned off somewhere soon after I left you, and strayed into the bylands. But this time you have brought me safely almost to the Gate itself. We came at great speed also."

"And do you think you are able to continue onward through the Gate and endure the greater light beyond?"

"I will do my best—if you will lead me, Albert," he replied.

So they turned to the right, and along the broad highway. And as they went, the light became more mellow and, when they entered the pass between the hills, there were small shrubs and mosses and, here and there, a little stream beset with ferns. No stately trees were there, no beautiful flowers, but it seemed to Paul, after his long sojourn in those deep hells, as if the Gate they were approaching must be that of Paradise, and the road they trod the Avenue of Bliss.

Chapter 26

The Land Of The Dawning

Thursday, February 13th, 1919. 5.50 to 6.40 p.m.

As they proceeded, the cliffs which bordered the highway on either hand took on a more verdant aspect. The vegetation which grew there became of a more luxuriant kind, and the light brightened with every step of the way.

At last they came in view of the Gate itself, through which they would pass into the brighter country beyond. It stood at the top of a rise in the road, and, as they went, they could see only the hills which lay at a great distance from the Gate itself. Of the intervening land they could see nothing.

While they were still some few miles away Albert said to his companion, "Paul, I have been to that Gate once before and was enabled then to take a view of the country beyond. I was then still unfitted to travel further. They who keep the Gate told me I should pass through when another should come with me. Meanwhile I was enjoined to be careful of my progress in order that, when the glad time came, I should be able to spare a little strength for my friend, who would not be quite so strong as I. Then we should be enabled to pass the Gate together. Let us rest awhile, and then we will continue our journey onward."

So they found a moss-grown ledge of rock, and sat down side by side together. Paul was very happy in anticipation, but a little excited, and even disturbed, in mind, because of the uncertainty of his ability to adjust himself to the new conditions which awaited him beyond the brow of the hill, where stood the Gate of the Pass. So they sat in silence. And as they sat there Paul put out his hand and, taking that of his friend, laid it on his knee and held it there beneath his own. Albert felt the pressure, and it expressed a sense of growing humility and gratitude on the part of Paul. And as they so continued they grew together in affection; all enmity had departed and forgiveness on the part of the one responded gladly to the silent entreaty of the other. So absorbed were they that they did not notice the approach of a woman from

The Outlands of Heaven

the direction of the Gate until she paused and stood before them.

As they lifted their eyes, she said, "So I have found you as I had been hoping to find you, my two poor sufferers. But that is over now, and peace has followed hard upon the heels of reconciliation. You notice the results, do you not?"

They looked at her in surprise, not understanding her. Then she laughed gladly and right heartily, as she stepped forward and, taking each by the arm, raised them to their feet and turned them about to confront each other.

"There," she said. "Now what do you think?"

They had both continued to gaze upon her in their surprise at her coming, and doubt as to her purpose. Still looking inquiringly into her face, Paul said, "Sister, I am thinking that, for a young woman, your grip is only equalled by the quality of your muscles."

At this she laughed the more, and addressed the other:

"Albert, my son, can you not find something to say just a little more to the point than your friend's remark?"

"Well," replied Albert, "he is certainly right, Sister, and I can quite understand Paul's surprise. You see, he interprets your age and experience by your appearance, which is that of quite a young girl. He is not aware how long you have been here, nor the fact that your proper Home is some spheres beyond. That is why he is surprised at your strength."

"My good friends," she answered, "what dullards you both are! Look at each other, and not at me, and tell me what—oh, at last you catch my meaning. Well?"

"Sister," answered Albert, "I can scarcely put it into words, but certainly Paul's dress has changed since we came from the Church yonder."

"Yes," she replied; "I was much amused that neither of you had noticed it. Let me explain to you. You did not imagine you could enter into respectable society in the rags you wore over there, did you? I want you to realize that beyond the Gate the people are quite different from those among whom you have lived hitherto. The dress you at present wear consorts with theirs, and you will be able to mix with them now on equal terms."

"What made them change like this?" inquired the still perplexed Paul.

"They have been changing ever since you made your

decision when, on coming to the highway, you took your courage into your hands and turned hitherward. As you go forward on your way from strength to strength you will learn that the clothes you wear express the correspondence you are able to make to your environment. That is the scientific way to speak of it.

“In other terms I would express it thus: Your robe is made of the vital exhalations of your individuality and embroidered with your aspirations after further holiness. The present result is the effect of the climax you have attained as you came on this last journey of yours; the crown of your repentance and endeavours after the good.

“But now we must be going, for friends await you a little way ahead, and will be hardly patient of our delay if we tarry further. Let us go forward together.”

Friday, February 14th, 1919. 5.55 to 7.0 p.m.

The Gate stood on the brow of the hill up which the road mounted from those darker regions which lay away to the west. As the roadway rose towards this gap the cliffs fell away until, when the Gate itself was reached, there was but a wall of rock on the north side of the highway some five or six feet in height.

On the south side stood a bluff, about a hundred feet high. But when the Gate was passed this ceased, for the road here gave on to an open stretch of parkland which dipped down to a valley. Through this valley a broad river ran from the north and wound round into the hill country, disappearing among the woods which grew right up to the rocky boundary as it stretched away on either side of the Gate.

The Gate itself was simply the gap formed by the rocky walls of the highway. But it was flanked on either hand by a high tower where watch was constantly maintained. The object of these Watch Towers was two-fold. That on the south stood on the summit of the bluff, and was in touch with the far-stretching region of the Land of the Dawning, and also with that smaller hilly shire which lay between it and the Church to the west and south.

The other kept watch over the highway, and also those dark regions which stretched away to the north and west, where Paul had wandered for so long a season.

The Outlands of Heaven

This is by far the larger of the two structures, and the work which is done there is very strenuous, and not a little difficult. Of all the millions who inhabit those drear lands below, the history and present location of each is registered. So it is known what help is needed in any district, and also the most competent way in which such help can be given. It was from this Tower that Sister was summoned when she was sent, at one time to the help of Monica, and at another time to the Chateau.

(Do you mean that the Tower is in touch with all the hells, however deep?)

No, no. There are other stations in the further regions of anguish; and those are in contact, not with either of these Towers, but with Councils of very powerful Officers in the Higher Spheres.

The work here is just local, and concerned only with the region of which we have written. It is a very extensive one, nevertheless, and has a large, if mostly scattered, population.

(Any towns?)

No; those are further away, and in a still darker sphere.⁴⁴

In this land of gloom there are communities, some numbering a few hundreds, others a dozen or so. But there are no large towns.

(Why?)

Because here the people are varied in character in a greater degree than is the case with those who gravitate lower and further away. This is, as you would probably describe it, one of the upper hells. It is where those go who are bad, but who have in them such redeeming features as will enable them to turn towards the light without the necessity of still more deeply descending into the darkness. The more pronouncedly evil go further away and, because there is not so much mixture of good with the evil in them, they are able to band together—to pool their wickedness; perhaps you will understand what I mean.

But here the blends of good and evil in the individual soul vary so much in the nature and proportion of the ingredients that they find little material of so substantial a nature as to make co-operation possible. So, instead of eternities, these people spend but a few years in this region. That suffices for what amount of frenzy there is in them to make its folly manifest; they

⁴⁴ There are two sub-spheres of hell, and it seems this is a reference to the lowest or darkest of the hells.

tire of it all, become utterly weary, and begin to long for better things. Paul and Albert are good examples of the class of whom I speak.

(How long do the people remain there?)

I speak, of course, according to your earth time, as I have spoken of the locality in terms of the compass. Their probation usually lasts from one to seven or eight years. Some have been there a hundred years, or even longer. But such cases are rare in this particular country. In the lower hells there are those who have been there for thousands of years. When eventually they are rescued they do not pass through this district. They go by another way.

But we have spoken enough of the darkness. Let us turn now to the Dawning.

Paul was lost in admiration of the scene before him. There were islands dotted about the river's course on which were kiosks and summer-houses, and on one larger island a music pavilion. Here was an orchestra which made music that floated over the lawns and flower-gardens and houses, and bathed all in a flood of melody. It brought a sense of restful content to the two weary newcomers who stood there rapt in ecstasy. So great was the contrast, and so sudden had it been sprung upon Paul, that he forgot his companions and stood rapt in silent wonderment.

At last his lips moved, as to himself he murmured, "Yes, God lives."

It was the first time that Name had been on his lips since he had left the earth life. He paused for a few moments, still in a deep rapture of solemn meditation; then added: "—and loves."

Then he remembered he was not alone, and, as he turned to Sister, she noticed there were tears in his eyes.

"Paul," she said, "you are thinking this is Heaven. My poor tired friend, to you it must seem so. But, believe me, this is not even Paradise. It is but the Land of the Dawning. The light to you here is mellow, and the air is full of peace. But over yonder hills there are beauties far greater than any you see here. This is but a resting-place for pilgrims such as you. It is not your Home."

"Do you live here, Sister?"

"No; no one lives here permanently. They rest and pass on to brighter places beyond the hills; or wait here for some friend with whom they may journey onward in company.

The Outlands of Heaven

“Now let us go down towards the Gardens, and I will introduce you to some of those we shall find there.”

They descended and, at the foot of the rise, they found a large stretch of parkland and gardens intermingled. There were lawns, groves, shady recesses, beds of flowers, and wild flowers growing among the trees and in the wooded vales; streams of water also where ferns grew and, here and there, a dwelling-house.

They turned down a by-path, in the wood, which was flanked with thickly-growing bushes on either hand. Suddenly they found themselves opposite an open pavilion, which stood back a little from the road, with a path, a few yards in length, leading up to its open entrance.

Here Sister paused and bade the two men wait while she went within. When she returned, she led by the hand two women, who came forward with radiant faces, and took each her husband within her arms.

“And now,” said Sister, “go forward together. The light brightens over the horizon yonder. Peace lies beyond the hills, and there I will meet with you once again.”

The End of Book 3

Glossary for Paul and Albert

Paul, a doctor of medicine, dies suddenly one day on returning from his round of visits, and finds himself lying on the floor of a hut in the gloomy Borderland of the Afterlife; a neutral land, between the region of gloom and that of twilight. His shrunken body, ragged clothes and clouded mind reveal the sordid soul he so cleverly concealed while on earth. He is met by Albert and Monica, two of his victims, and by Mme. Blescombe, a vicious associate of former days. With them is "Sister," from a higher sphere, who has charge of Albert and Monica. She explains to Paul that his future relationship with them, and theirs with him, will largely determine their destinies. He is committed to Albert's care, but no sooner do they begin their journey than he rebels against the guardianship of the man he has wronged. In a fit of frenzy he leaves the road they are treading, and plunges defiantly into the darkness.

After a mad career through the horrible life of the hells he returns, weary and broken, to the hut where Albert awaits him.

Mme. Blescombe, while on earth, had kept a gambling club at her Chateau in France, having squandered her father's fortune left to her at his death. She had never married, preferring her free life of vice and swindling; gambling, blackmail and bribes for various shameful services had been her means of livelihood. The doctor was always a welcome guest in her circle. On their first meeting in the Borderland he shrinks from her, because the inner woman is revealed by her aspect. But after his mad revolt he finds himself in the neighbourhood of her Chateau, where, amongst her coterie, she is called "Countess". She welcomes him, and he joins her circle of friends. The reasons why she has assumed the title of "Countess" are given by "Sister", where other affectations of the mock-genteel order, amongst the members of that community, are also explained.

Monica, during her earth-life, was lured into vice by the doctor, and had been in the darkness since her passing-over. At first her agony was sharp, but that soon passed into a state of continuous sadness and remorse which, in its turn, blossomed into

The Outlands of Heaven

repentance. Brought by the bright ones into contact with Albert, their reckoning with Paul (the doctor) begins at their entrance into his hut. She follows Paul into the wilderness, whither he plunges headlong in his defiance. She meets him again outside the cave, where he has been flung after torture, and tries to lead him back to Albert. Paul turns upon her in a fury and tries to fell her to the ground; but he is forcibly restrained by "Sister," who takes Monica away, and leaves him to his self-inflicted fate. She and "Sister" take charge of the poor pantomime, the girl whom Paul brutally kicked insensible.

Albert, during his earth-life, sustained a bad accident to his face, and was attended by the doctor. This doctor (Paul) was secretly intriguing with Albert's wife, and saw an opportunity to lessen her esteem for her husband. Accordingly he purposely bungled the treatment of the case, with the result that his patient became permanently disfigured. Paul, therefore, is terrified when he meets his victim in the Borderland. Finding himself in Albert's charge, he defies him, breaks away, and wanders through the dark hells. Albert patiently waits until Paul returns, when he takes him to a Church near the hut, in which those of their condition may find rest and guidance. There they meet a Missioner, a visitor from a higher sphere beyond the hills, who points out the progress they have both made, and blesses them for their future work. On leaving the Church, in a short time they arrive at the road where they had parted company earlier in the narrative. Bitter experience has taught Paul humility. He now puts himself under Albert's guidance. So instead of turning aside, he accompanies Albert along the broad highway that leads to the pass between the hills.

"Sister," born a Breton on earth, has charge of several Rest Houses in the Borderland. She visits Paul, after his passing-over from earth into this gloomy region, and consigns him to Albert's care. During Paul's mad rebellion she rescues Monica from his fury, and takes charge of the poor girl he had ill-treated at Mme. Blescombe's Chateau. When Paul and Albert have met again and once more begun their journey toward the Land of the Dawning, "Sister" meets them as they sit resting by the roadside. She opens their eyes to the improvement in their appearance—the result of endurance and repentance—and guides them into the Land of the

Dawning. There Paul and Albert are reunited to their wives in happy reconciliation.

Recommended Reading

Over a 15 year period I have discovered a great number of extremely valuable revelations from spirit. Anyone who decides to research spirit communications will discover there are literally hundreds of these, if not thousands. And there can be substantial differences between some of them. There are good reasons for this.

As a trivial example, accepting that humans do not change on passing through death, and accepting that there are literally thousands of opinions on life after death on this side of the veil, it's very clear that you need to be sure that you are reading the words of spirits who are honestly communicating what they have personally experienced, and are not speculating on things they have not experienced, but which are based on what they believe.

In the series to hand, Rev. George Vale Owen was very fortunate to have his mother on the other side, someone whom he could trust, and indeed her communications are always absolutely limited to that which she knows of. She then found others to come, of higher estate, and hence he was able to reach more advanced spirit beings.

The recommendations I make here are in similar vein to *The Life beyond the Veil*. None of course are identical, each has unique Truths to share, and some are undoubtedly more valuable than others. Some are certainly far more advanced in their teachings. All however can be obtained at low cost as Kindle eBooks and many as free pdfs.

The Padgett Messages.

These messages were received at the same time as *The Life beyond the Veil*, (TLBTV) but have remained in obscurity for many years, partially because they were only published from 1941 on, and took over 30 years to publish the fourth and last volume. These started similarly to TLBTV in that James Padgett sought to communicate with his deceased wife. His wife and his grandmother started the messages to later have higher spirits add their input. These were orchestrated by Jesus and his apostles and are typically of a more religious nature than TLBTV. However they

The Outlands of Heaven

also have significant details on life after death, and in particular the structure of the heavens, and the spiritual paths that are available. Most valuable of all is the careful explanation about what it means to be reborn of spirit, and how precisely to achieve that. This is experiential, not intellectual. You do not become reborn of spirit by learning anything. The messages are contained in four volumes, entitled "True Gospel revealed Anew by Jesus" and can be found on the new-birth.net website.

The Judas Messages.

In 2001 a follower of the Padgett Messages started to receive messages from Judas Iscariot. Although not completed, these have a great deal on information on the life of Jesus as well as a number of spiritual topics. The book refers to the Padgett Messages and can be considered a progression of them. The book is entitled "Judas of Kerioth" and can be found on the new-birth.net website.

Trilogy by Robert James Lees.

Robert James Lees completed three volumes, and these have some unique information. In these three volumes we follow a single spirit in his progression, and as a result they span 40 years. The volumes are: "Through the Mists" (1898), "The Life Elysian" (1905) and "The Gate of Heaven" (1931). The very title of this last book confirms the information in both the Padgett Messages and The Urantia Book that the heaven Jesus was talking about is not where spirits initially find themselves. The volumes can be found on the new-birth.net website.

Anthony Borgia and Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson.

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson was first ordained as a Church of England cleric but converted to Catholicism and wrote many books. He was devastated to discover almost all his dogma was without any basis and set about communicating with Anthony Borgia who he had known as a child.

These books are some of the most detailed accounts of life after death. They are literally packed full of facts and remain

probably the most informative available. Although the Monsignor had a lot to say about religious matters, he largely kept these comments to two of the six books. The books of a religious nature are: "Facts" (1946) and "More Light" (1947). The books covering the facts of life after death are: "Life in the World Unseen" (1954), "More about life in the World Unseen" (1956), "Heaven and Earth" (1948) and "Here and Hereafter" (1959). These volumes can be found on the new-birth.net website.

Other Books.

There are a number of other valuable books on life after death that I have summarized on this web page.

<http://new-birth.net/other-stuff/books-we-love/books-on-life-after-death/>

This includes a very small book I wrote which can be considered a short summary of what we know about life after death. It is entitled: "Getting the Hell Out of Here."

Geoff Cutler. Sydney, Australia.