



CHRISTOPHER

CHRISTOPHER

Born August 3rd, 1925
Died at sea April, 1943

*"All that he has written is as he found it,
and clearly put for one so young in growth—
but do not expect to hear the same from
others, for to each comes a different medium
of expression and spirit life is unbounded in
variety. All is true and all is enclosed in the
boundlessness of LOVE—GOD of all."*

*From "Letters from Lancelot,"
Written by Christopher's Grandfather.*

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Copies of this book can be obtained from
MRS. TRISTRAM, Cox's Mill,
Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex.
Price 9/6.

Letters to the above address in the early 1960s from the United States were returned from the Dallington Post Office marked "Unknown". Demand for copies of the book has led us to make a limited reprint from the review copy sent to Borderland Sciences Research Associates by Mrs. Tristram, in May, 1947.

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FOREWORD by LORD DOWDING

I AM not quite sure how a Foreword is supposed to differ from a Preface or an Introduction—possibly the difference lies in its being written by someone other than the author of the book.

I shall assume that this is so, and bring out one or two points which R.M.T. herself might be too modest to mention. The main point in this connection is, I think, the calm faith and courage of this mother who is a personal friend of mine. *Letters from Lancelot* has brought, and this book will bring, solace to hundreds of other bereaved mothers who have not attained to the serene heights reached by R.M.T. It is not only the conviction of immediate and conscious survival which they bring home so vividly in every line, but it is the thought that our children not only continue to exist consciously, but that they exist happily, mirthfully and in an atmosphere of love and light and selfless service.

Another point is that the Christopher—R.M.T. combination can spell and write grammatical English. I know that some superficial critics found the baby language of Lancelot a bar to serious consideration of his book. To me, after the first shock, it was one of its chief charms. Even now, in spite of his great spiritual development, Lancelot has not learned to spell—why should he indeed when there are so many more important things to learn, and when language has given place to thought-communication? He still retains his fondness for words like "becos". These same critics could not understand how a hand which could write "just wen I wos cuming to the most portant bit" could spell "ectoplasm" and other difficult words correctly.

As a matter of fact this peculiarity throws a valuable light on the mechanics of automatic or inspirational writing. There are in fact two distinct but overlapping methods. When the power is strong and the communicator knows exactly what words he wishes to transmit, he can control the hand of the sensitive by means of an "ectoplasmic extension". But when the power is weak or the controlling mind hesitating, he influences the *mind* of the sensitive and fishes in it for what he wishes to say.

One last word to the analytical reader—Don't allow yourself to be antagonised by the strangeness of the account of life in Mars, and in other worlds and planets, contained in the later messages.

The strange thing to me is that humanity should receive so comparatively few messages describing life and conditions in the myriad globes with which our Universe is besprinkled, when there are so many of our friends who have the opportunity of making voyages of exploration.

I suppose the explanation is that the conditions encountered simply cannot be explained in such a way as to "make sense" to minds fettered by human limitations; and it is perhaps not very important, in the present stage of our own development, that we *should* understand them.

Christopher did not understand all that he saw, but he does his best to give us his impressions. The journey to Mars was made in order to obtain certain cosmic materials to assist in the lightening of our darkness: he calls them ray-keys and we do not understand yet what he means.

Let us provisionally think of them as prisms used for bending light and isolating from it radiations of the precise wave-lengths needed for each specific purpose. For I tell you, the Light is coming to us very soon now. Light in every sense of the word. Light for our eyes, Light for the healing of our bodies, Light for our minds and Light for our souls; and Lancelot and Christopher are only two of the great Army of Light-bearers.

DOWDING.

In addition to this reprint of "Letters From Christopher", BSRF has many publications on borderland subjects in occult science, space travel, psychic research and electronic and magnetic gadgets for the promotion of health and well-being. A copy of our 28-page catalog can be had for 50¢. We also publish the Journal of Borderland Research, 36 pages, six issues a year, \$7.00, domestic and foreign.

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INTRODUCTION

THE following letters have been received by me in "automatic writing," from my son Christopher during the first two years of his new life Friends to whom I have shown them have suggested that the information given about conditions in the "etheric" life is of interest and may be helpful. Matter exclusively personal has been omitted: otherwise the letters are given exactly as he wrote them, except for some compression to avoid repetition.

A brief account of his earth life may give readers a background for the better appreciation of his letters. Christopher was a rather timid and self-conscious child, very affectionate and with a vivid sense of colour and a great love of nature. His nursery days were difficult for him owing to the illness of his brother Philip (page 18) who was three years his senior and whose mind became affected by an attack of encephalitis lethargica at about the time of Christopher's birth: the boys were at home together under a governess until Philip was eleven years old. His eldest brother Lancelot died at school at the age of eight: Christopher was then only two-and-a-half years old and so can scarcely have remembered him (page 17).

Christopher went to a small day school when he was five, to a preparatory school at eight, and to a public school at thirteen-and-a-half years of age. His various schoolmasters found him a difficult boy to teach, and his reports were generally to the effect that he was capable of much better work than his results showed: an exception was his Eton music-master's report, which praises Christopher for his industry as well as for his aptitude with the flute.

In June 1940 we decided to send him to America with our youngest son David, who is frequently mentioned in the letters. The boys sailed in July 1940 and were in the care of my cousin, Theodore, or as he is called by the boys "Uncle Toby" (page 14) until he died very unexpectedly in May 1942. "Uncle Toby's" influence with Christopher was admirable and profound, for he was deeply interested in education and was also a psychologist and a mystic; under his guidance Christopher developed markedly in character. Part of "Uncle Toby's" earlier life had been spent gold-mining in Siberia: he spoke Russian fluently and had great sympathy with the Russian people. I think that this may account for Christopher's first attempts to help soldiers on the battlefield taking place in Russia (page 13).

After "Uncle Toby's" death Christopher was "adopted" by a family in Portland, Oregon, and his brother David by another family until such time as passages home could be obtained for them. This proved difficult but eventually in March 1943 Christopher was given a "priority" passage as he was nearing military age: he sailed from New York about March 25, 1943. The rest we know from him in these letters. The only official information we have received was on May 15th, 1943, that his ship was "greatly overdue and must be presumed lost by enemy action" and we have been unable to trace any survivor.

I have been asked to add a note on the way in which these letters come to me. Readers of *Letters from Lancelot* will have seen the explanation of this in the Appendix to that book. I wish now to amplify this explanation.

tion. The writing is not "automatic" in the sense that I am unconscious of what is being written: it is in fact more akin to an ordinary conversation between my son and myself except that as my etheric hearing is only slightly developed, the talk on his part has to be written: for this purpose Christopher uses my hand or, according to him, its ectoplasmic extension. If my mind is fairly free I become aware of his presence as soon as he arrives, but if I am preoccupied with thought concentrated on other subjects it may be some time before he can gain my attention which he says that he achieves by a "gentle tap on the brain cells" (page 66).

If a stranger tries to communicate with me, I only become aware that someone in the etheric life wants my attention without realising any distinct personality. With my sons or other near and known relatives I feel this personality at once and I know who is with me before they begin to write. This knowledge of a definite and previously known person is to me a safeguard against any deception—subconscious or by other entities. I seldom "write" without this knowledge and never without the knowledge that someone is present who wishes to communicate.

In view of the efforts of psychologists and others to explain all communication from the next life between those who love each other as a "wish-fulfilment" due to grief, emanating from the subconscious mind of the one in earth-life, I ask that it should be noted—

- (a) That I was in clear communication with the etheric life for many years *before* any child of mine had died, and
- (b) therefore I never felt the grief which I know is felt so bitterly by mothers who have not yet my knowledge, and which it is my earnest desire that my sons' letters may relieve.

If any reader who is seriously interested would care to ask questions concerning these letters or the method of their communication, enquiries may be addressed to me at Cox's Mill, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex, England.

R.M.T.

A note from Christopher.

August 29th, 1944.

"Can I write a paragraph in the preface to my book? Insert as follows—

"Strangers were a nightmare to the small boy who thought himself a mark of reproach in every word said to or about him. An adoring love of home and parents and an acute desire to shine in their eyes more than his brothers was the mainspring of his life.

Great belief in Mother's wisdom induced acceptance of Uncle Toby at first, who soon gained respect and a desire to shine in his eyes too was the ruling motive. Gradually a wider outlook opened and other people became less formidable and therefore more real, until a longing to shine in society began to dawn, which lasted till death brought the realisation of values apart from self.

I am very interested in the making of my book and wish I had written my earlier letters better!

Chris."

LETTERS FROM CHRISTOPHER

(DIED IN MARCH 1.943), A LOS 18 AÑOS.

PART I

1.943-45

June 3rd, 1943.

"Yes, I am here, Mummy darling. I am being instructed in my new life. I was afraid of death but I was glad when it was over, and I had to be in a place of quiet for a long time till I lost my fears—I am longing to be with you again and Dad and be at home. It is funny to be like this not able to make you hear when I speak to you, and all my plans of going into Dad's regiment are upset, but I suppose they will let me help a bit even here. I have guides who are helping me to find my way about. It is all very confusing at first, because you see I never thought of coming into this funny sort of life. . . . I thought if I died I should be floating about in the clouds somewhere, but I am in quite a solid sort of life only you can't see it yet, but quite real. I will tell you more about it next time, but they say I must go now. I don't know who my guides are but they are very nice to me and help me all the time.

"Goodnight, Mum, from Chris."

June 13th.

"Chris is longing to talk to Mums, but I am not yet proficient and want to speak instead, and you don't hear—only a few words at a time. Of course, I know you can't, because I never did at all. Mums, you are thinking of my childhood, and I am quite different now but always same person . . . I am in bigger, less cramped life now, and can express my feelings better than I could before. But now I must tell you about it all. I was very weak and upset at first because they didn't come for me for some time and I was so frightened because I was lost and couldn't make out what had happened to me. I felt I must be dead because I was not on the ship and I knew I hadn't landed. You see, I came out of my cabin and it was all water—I rushed up on deck and I . . . O, Mum, I can't go on, you mustn't make me remember that. Cut to where I am now and I can go on, but I mustn't go back till I'm stronger. I must go soon, so I'll just say that I haven't seen anyone I know yet, so I can't give news of them. I am training to help the soldiers fighting with their fears, because I was so afraid that I need such training before I can go on further. I am so glad to be over the frightened part because that was my task on earth, to try to conquer fear. I am full of buck now that I can get on further, and I shall be over to see you often as I get stronger.

"So long—love to Dad, tell him I'll write to him next time. I am glad you get my messages, even like this. Some day we'll talk properly, when you come to this life too.

"Your loving son, Chris."*

(*Note.—Many who have read his first letters have expressed surprise that Christopher should not have been met after death by someone he knew, and should have gone through a short time of feeling "lost" and alone. I believe that this was due to his own introspective nature. His mind had been throughout his life centred on himself and the effect he might produce on others; this self-centredness probably made him unable at first to see those helpers who were undoubtedly near him from the moment he died. It needed a spirit of great power and love to break through the mist of his self-imposed isolation and heal his blindness.—R.M.T.)

June 15th.

"Chris wants to have a talk—

You are making a place for me as if I had an earth body! It isn't like that; I am close to you but I can't sit on the sofa because it isn't in my life. I can see all of your life quite plainly, but I can't do things with it, only with people who are spirits too. The sofa looks like mist to me now, and quite clear. I see all your solid things like shadows. I am guiding your hand by a force you send out which is part of this life, so I can hold it and make your hand work as I want it to, but it isn't quite like my own writing because you are guiding the hand too. I am getting very interested in the life here, it is all so much more natural than I ever thought it would be, and very full of life and things to do. . . . Mums, you are so happy at having me with you . . . You aren't stopping me, but I left off to kiss you, Mums my own. I went to see Dave yesterday . . . I can go over there and back to you in very little time as you count it, because I can travel by desire, which is a sort of super speedway, much quicker than air travelling even. I find this all very wonderful and had no idea the mind was so powerful. I am being taught much about mind and its powers which are so little used in earth life. Mind is the maker of all things. God is Mind and we are bits of Him with self-will so that we can become separate beings. All this is very wonderful to me to realise. I am learning to play an instrument of music which will take the place of my flute I loved. It is much finer sound than air-borne waves, and you can't hear it any more than my voice now, but it is lovely, I wish you could hear how lovely it sounds in the harmony of sound over here. It is something like my flute to look at but far easier to play and more beautiful to listen to . . . It has a range of sound beyond anything you can understand . . . I have a score of notes just like earth music but with greater pitch and range, and all the great musicians of earth have written music for this plane where I am now before they went on to higher planes. I am full of kick over my music, it is so exactly Heavenly, just like we used to call it on earth. I must not stay too long or you will be tired my guides say, so—so long, Mums, from your son Chris."

June 17th.

"I want to tell you about my life here. It is so lovely and natural, much nicer than I imagined. I learn lots of science, only it is completely different

to earth science because it has to do with matter in another form, the inside of what we see on earth—it is as if matter was turned inside out and we are dealing with the light side, you with the dark. I often look on at my school's lessons and see them making experiments which are just opposite to our forms here"

Music on the wireless.

"Mum, I might be playing this tune, it is like one I play now— Yes, I hear tunes of earth music but only in the minds of people, not their instruments. You don't know it, but your mind vibrates to human music so that you are making sounds in our life when you're listening. My guides say you mustn't take too much at a time, so I'll stop talking."

June 22nd.

"Heigh ho, a bit worried tonight. I can't find my patrol yet, and I should be joining up now. I must be off soon to get to grips with the problem. You see, I was under guides till yesterday, and now they have told me to carry on by myself and call them if wanted, so I want to show I can carry on, but I ought to join a patrol for the boundary and can't find where they are yet. It is a question of contacting their minds, and I haven't quite got the hang of it yet, but I mean to carry on without calling for help or I shall never get on.

I must go, Mum, but I'll be in time tomorrow if I can come. I shall be keeping the Silent Minute anyway though. So long—love to Dad."

June 24th.

"Mum's little boy! I'm six foot tall and broad in proportion I would have you know. I'm shocked at you! I want to have a nice talk before our 'Silent Minute', that's why I came early. I am keen to tell you about my present surroundings and life, and it is so difficult because I see everything in a different way, much fuller and more beautiful—more sides to everything and no perspective at all. Things don't get smaller as you go away from them, but you needn't see more than you want to. It is hopeless to try and explain to you because all our geometry etc., is quite out of the picture, and no amount of Euclid could go anywhere here."

R. "It sounds as if you were in four dimensional space now."

"I don't know, but I see what you mean—Yes, I suppose I'm in four-dimensional space now—you have given me a solution of the problem, Mums, and I'll think it out. I believe that's what it is. I am in space all right, no floating about loosely but quite organised and real. I find it interesting and mean to try to understand more about it all, but I should feel very lost without you, Mum darling, for I can't find anyone I know, and the guides have gone now . . . I believe I can't see them because I haven't learnt some lesson I ought to know."

R.—"Why not pray about it?"

"I never thought of prayer—Christ came when I was drowning, to still the waves of fear, and I saw Him then . . . I must pray, and then I shall know why I am alone so much, and some day I shall see Him again . . . I thought He saved the disciples in the boat, so I prayed then and He came. If I pray again He will hear me and help me to see my way better . . . It is so real here, Mum . . . I can see light when you pray, it shines like a ray of sunlight into the darkness."

June 26th.

"You come nearer as I write, I notice. Let's be very cosy and have a long 'pyjama talk' as Uncle Toby called it. I want to tell you about my doings, and I am up against it for words because we don't use them, only thoughts, which are much clearer here than with you. I am trying to get into the way of thinking more directly instead of round by means of words. I can begin by telling you of our adventure when the boat was torpedoed. I don't mind talking about it now for I am much stronger, and it isn't on my mind. It was early in the morning of April 20th I think (but not sure of date) when I was asleep and wakened by a bang which shook me out of my bunk, and water rushed into the cabin before I could get out—then I scrambled through it and came on deck, which was awash, and the ship was settling down. I plunged overboard to try to swim, but it was such a big sea that I couldn't get along. I was struggling when they fired and I went down. Then I cried to Christ and I was peaceful again and seemed to sleep. Soon I woke away from it all in a great wide quiet place with grass and trees, and I wandered about trying to make out what had happened to me. It dawned on me that I must be dead because I couldn't have reached land, but it all seemed too natural and homelike to be death. I got a little worried because no one else seemed to be there to tell me what to do, so I felt rather lost and very tired. I sat under a tree just like an earth tree and rested and after a long time I saw—MARY—I know now who She was; but then I only blinked at Her light and wondered. I felt very tired still, and She carried me in Her Arms as if I were a little baby, and Oh! the comfort of Her strength—She never spoke, but took me to a wonderful place of healing where I was rested and made whole again. I can never forget the wonder of Her and being in Her Arms. I never knew such a comforting healing presence. I stayed a long time in that place, and left it in the care of my guides who only left me a few days ago. Since then I have been shown so much that I am still bewildered by it all—I am given certain duties at certain times, and train to join later in the war of liberation of man from earth-bound spirits—light against darkness—it is a great fight and we are all in it together, but I am such a beginner that I don't yet know what I have to do. I am keen to begin though, and want to get on with my training. I see things so differently now, and my earth life seems so silly compared to reality as I see it now. I am just the same person though, not a bit changed, and even feel as if I were wearing the same clothes, though I know it's only my feeling of them that makes them. It is happy and free and quite beyond words to express. I long to tell you, but know it is impossible to convey it to your minds at home—I am told you have taken enough, so will just wait for Big Ben without talking any more—"

June 27th.

"I'm so excited because I have been given a job to do. I am going to be attached to a mobile unit of the camp force here which arranges camps and rest centres for the men who come here from battle. We have to move about with the fighting earth armies and arrange for the reception of men who come over in a battle suddenly. They are frightened sometimes, and I have been through all that, so I can tell them it is all right and they need

not be afraid. I am so proud to be allowed to use my new powers already, and I feel very elated and glad—I shan't be able to be with you for some nights now because we are so much needed, but I shall come when I can get off, and I shall be with you in spirit at nine each evening—I can understand better how real it is to be with anyone in spirit now. I am so thankful I can really help in the war. I wanted SO much to join up, and was going to join Dad's regiment but I was stopped, so now I am glad I can help gunners who come on here and tell them I am a Gunner's son too. I am so glad Mum, you don't know how much I wanted to join up, and now I can help to win the war by keeping the minds of the soldiers happy . . . I am to be a guide to the camp for men who come over, so I shall be almost the first to tell them. I can do that because they will see me just as an earth young man and it will seem natural to them for me to be there. I shall just guide them to our camp one at a time and hand them over to a proper guide. They are highly trained for knowledge of human minds, and have all come back from higher spheres to do this work of helpers here on earth. There are thousands of them, and all have been purified and passed through big tests which I know nothing about yet. I shall come and tell you how I get on whenever I can . . . You mustn't write more to-night, Mum darling—"

June 29th.

"Here I am now Mum, can we talk? I want to tell you that my work is so interesting, and I am on the Russian front now. They can't speak my lingo nor I theirs, but I am getting used to picking up thoughts now and can give them an impression of what I want to say. You see, that sort of thing is easier out of one's body. I went to Smolensk first as a base for our operations, and then we plunged into the fighting zone and found plenty of work already waiting, for there were hundreds who had come out of their bodies unexpectedly, so that their own people didn't know of it. You see, we are all at work over here, and can't always be sending thoughts to our earth relatives to find out if they are O.K.—I made one bloomer though. I took a German sergeant to the same camp as the Russian he had kicked when he was dying, and weren't they stiff to each other! They had to be sent to separate camps till they learn better behaviour, for that sort of thing doesn't go over here. I made a good job of my first attempts on the whole though, I was told, and I am so keen to get on with it and help a bit more. We shall be with our own lads soon I hope, but they aren't needing so much help just now. I'm getting practice for when our big push comes along. Mum, I am beginning to feel my feet a bit now, and this life is just fine. I'm getting used to the ways of telling meanings by thoughts instead of in words; and the colours I see now are marvellous, such beauty as I never dreamt of before. I long to show you some of it, but earth eyes can't see it. I shall come when I can to you and Dad and tell you all my experiences . . ."

(Later.) "We go in a group together and make a camp for the reception of new-comers to this life—then we make it as like as possible to their own surroundings so that they needn't feel strange, and we go back into their homes to see if we can find out where their relatives on this side are likely to be—that is for more advanced thinkers than I am yet. We try

to keep them from any fear because that closes their spirit eyes and they can't see while they are frightened. They often are too, which isn't surprising really when you come to think of how frightened we used to be at the thought of DEATH. I laugh to think how it looked from my old life now. Well, they soon get over that, and most of them will have it that they are not really dead at all and want to go back to their army duties, so that we have to explain that they can't do that sort of thing any more, but will have plenty of work to do when they have rested a bit after the shock of getting killed . . . Now let's talk about the communications between this life and yours. I am told that they are to be extended quite a lot—the time hasn't come yet for everyone to do it, but many more than ever before, and you are wanted to spread the belief in its truth and possibility all you can. Many more people will soon be able to talk to this life than ever in the world's history, and so people will have a clearer knowledge of what is coming when they die to help them to prepare for it . . . I am so lucky to be able to send any messages I want to, and put things right I did wrong—I am NOT good yet, but I mean to try to be now . . .”

July 1st, 1943.

“I want to tell you about our new Camp Commandant—He is Uncle Toby! Aren't you surprised! I was, and ever so pleased. It was a real thrill to know I should be working under him, and he is just a Topper to be in charge here . . . I was working hard and had just finished a bad case of nerves when I was told to go to Headquarters as I was wanted, so I rushed off thinking I had got hitched on to the wrong job or something, when I saw Uncle Toby just grinning at me like he used to do—I was just off my knocker with joy to see him again, and he seemed awfully glad to find me making good like that . . .”

July 2nd.

“Uncle Toby says I am to be promoted soon to be a path-finder, which means that I shall be able to find paths for men to go to their homes by—It is difficult to explain, but you see we have to trace their homes by thoughts they send out and then take them by means of their thoughts making a sort of track which meets the thoughts of those who love them. They are so glad to see their wives and children again, but are sad that they can't make them understand. I am lucky, Mum, to have you. I only hope I shall be able to do it, because I am not very skilled yet at thought-tracing. Uncle Toby says never mind, you try, so I must as he's Commandant. I must tell you about my last exploit which I am very proud of. I was making a dive for a good landing in the Camp when I found my man I had in tow was beginning to funk it, so I just landed him flat in the German lines. Of course they couldn't see him and they didn't know he was there, but he got so full of excitement at being among the enemy that he quite forgot to feel afraid of flying above the ground without a plane. He was absorbed in counting the guns and making notes of what he saw, and he wanted to go back and tell his own people—however he soon found it was no use as he couldn't make anyone understand, but he was ever so much better to handle after

that he had realized that he was dead and could leave the ground without falling . . .

You didn't know that I could fly? Of course I can, because our bodies aren't made of anything affected by gravitation now, so I can go wherever I want just by wanting to—I am trying to do my bit so I don't want to leave earth yet, but I could if I wanted to like Lancelot did . . .

I want to say that I can make a powerful force which exerts pressure on minds to influence them, but it isn't so strong as will-power, and only minds which are not decided respond to it. If they are wondering what to do of two things I can influence them to decide . . . Of course I only use it for good, what do you think I am, Mum! but it interests me immensely to see minds react to influence by me, and makes me feel quite cocky about my powers! Goodnight, Mums, I must go now.”

July 5th.

R. “Tell me what your daily life is like?”

“Oh well, it's a bit difficult to describe, because we don't divide our time up into days and nights and meals, and divisions like that. We just work hard and then rest when we feel tired, and my enjoyment when I rest is to come home to Mum and Dad and talk to you.

I sometimes play my instrument and make wonderful harmonies, and sometimes I walk in the woods and find flowers I don't know—they all look so different to me now, all alive and breathing, with feelings mounting up above them like coloured mists. I must tell you one adventure I had which was very funny. I went to a wood, near where they were felling trees, and I saw a tree clinging to its body like a green mist, so I tried to disentangle it to help it I thought, but it clutched round me instead and I was all mixed up in the tree's etheric form which wouldn't leave me. I had to tear it away, and it soon went off to find a young growth it could inhabit. You see they don't really live long because they aren't spirits, but only etheric forms, so they gradually dissolve when their tree dies, but not at once. So I never interfered with tree forms again . . .

I shall so love to show you everything when you come here and Dad too. It is difficult to describe though, because there is so much in this life which you can't understand and I can't tell you for lack of words. I can't explain the whole way the thing is worked because I just don't know myself, but I tell you it is good—oh boy isn't it just! like all you know of toffee—yes, Mum, I lapsed into slang I believe!—”

July 8th.

“I am longing to tell you what we are doing now, it's so interesting. I am path-finding now, and shall be working on German lines for a bit, to help me to get over thinking of them as enemies, which I can't help doing still. It is so difficult when one sees them all thinking horrid thoughts about our country to remember that we are all friends here whatever country we come from. I try to trace their thoughts back to their homes and families and then go there to see if I can get thoughts to come out to meet them, and it is often not easy at all for their people will think of anything else in the world than them, and I can't put thoughts into people's minds well yet. It is such interesting work though, and sometimes

I succeed better than I expect. I went to a corner of Leipzig to find a soldier's home and it was all wrecked and in ruins and his family gone I don't know where—but I had to let him go to see for himself and it was awful, he was so mad with rage and pain, and I felt like a murderer myself, but it was only done by a bomb I think. I wish it needn't be . . . Mum, I'm rather upset over what I've seen. I seem to have grown so much older now. O Mum, you were making a rainbow of prayer for that man, and I can see better now how to help these people. I am looking out for his family now he has given me a sight of them in his mind, and I hope to find them safe somewhere . . ."

July 10th.

"I want to tell you about my new work of path-finding. I went to the home of a Czech soldier who was killed in Russia because he wouldn't fight for the Germans—he tried to cross over to the Russian lines so they shot him. He was terribly anxious about his family in case the Germans would ill-treat them, so we went together and found his father had been killed but his mother and sisters were all right, and very bitter about his father being killed; so he is going to try to find his father and they will help the others together. I left him looking for his father because another soldier wanted help—and I tried to get a thought-path for him to go to his wife, but she wouldn't think of him at all—however his son did better and sent a long ray of thought towards his father which lighted the path up beautifully—so I left him going to see his son, and telling his wife to think of him before I left. It is awfully interesting, but very tiring work because I'm not very good at it yet."

(Later.) "You were not listening when Big Ben struck, Mums." *We turned on the wireless and found our watches were slow.*

"I see, you can't hear it till you turn the wireless on. I can hear it right over in Russia without tuning in anything. Only one word more, to tell Dad I am getting my stripe soon as a path-finder. I am going now, Mum—Goodnight."

July 19th.

"I have been off on my own for the first time, and trying to find how to trace people out by their thought-tracks. I went off to follow that tank you saw on the road, to see what they were up to, and then I traced the girl back to her home by seeing her thoughts tracking back, and sure enough I found her mother thinking of her when she met the girl's thought. It is awfully interesting, a sort of new science of thought and feeling, and they weave colours all over the place, quite lovely ones but very different to earth colours."

Pause—*Are you playing your instrument?*

"Rather—I want to test your hearing again, so be still and listen" (Pause). "You can't vibrate quite fast enough to hear, but you caught a few notes I think—anyhow better than last time . . . I shall be away from you after this leave for a bit, because we are going to move camp again, and I hope it means we'll be where our own fellows are fighting now. I should get on much better with them I'm sure. We'll have a talk after the Silent Minute to-night again."

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Lancelot seemed to step aside as Christopher came.

Christopher writing—"Mum, I am . . . why . . . (Pause).

"Chris speaking—Mum darling I am so excited—Lancelot is here and was talking to you, and I am so taken aback I hardly know what to say. He is so lovely, you never saw anything like him, like a marvellous beautiful spirit of fire, and human too like me. I am his brother! Mum darling, I am so glad to be here now—I am to go with Lancelot to-night for a time of teaching, and we shall both be with you to-morrow. So long, Mums—Love to Dad"

July 20th. *Lancelot.*

"Now, Mum, I want to tell you about our doings, Chris and I. He is coming soon, but was anxious to tell someone about my coming home again, so he went off to his camp. I showed him some of the old schools I was in when I first came over here, and he was awfully interested in seeing them, and how we got on in spiritual ways more than in earth things. He wants to help in this war, so that's why he will work so hard. I can help his work now I am on earth, and teach him how to train his mind to help the soldiers inwardly instead of only by outward guidance . . ."

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to keep them from any fear because that closes their spirit eyes and they can't see while they are frightened. They often are too, which isn't surprising really when you come to think of how frightened we used to be at the thought of DEATH. I laugh to think how it looked from my old life now. Well, they soon get over that, and most of them will have it that they are not really dead at all and want to go back to their army duties, so that we have to explain that they can't do that sort of thing any more, but will have plenty of work to do when they have rested a bit after the shock of getting killed . . . Now let's talk about the communications between this life and yours. I am told that they are to be extended quite a lot—the time hasn't come yet for everyone to do it, but many more than ever before, and you are wanted to spread the belief in its truth and possibility all you can. Many more people will soon be able to talk to this life than ever in the world's history, and so people will have a clearer knowledge of what is coming when they die to help them to prepare for it . . . I am so lucky to be able to send any messages I want to, and put things right I did wrong—I am NOT good yet, but I mean to try to be now . . ."

July 1st, 1943.

"I want to tell you about our new Camp Commandant—He is Uncle Toby! Aren't you surprised! I was, and ever so pleased. It was a real thrill to know I should be working under him, and he is just a Topper to be in charge here . . . I was working hard and had just finished a bad case of nerves when I was told to go to Headquarters as I was wanted, so I rushed off thinking I had got hitched on to the wrong job or something, when I saw Uncle Toby just grinning at me like he used to do—I was just off my knocker with joy to see him again, and he seemed awfully glad to find me making good like that . . ."

July 2nd.

"Uncle Toby says I am to be promoted soon to be a path-finder, which means that I shall be able to find paths for men to go to their homes by—It is difficult to explain, but you see we have to trace their homes by thoughts they send out and then take them by means of their thoughts making a sort of track which meets the thoughts of those who love them. They are so glad to see their wives and children again, but are sad that they can't make them understand. I am lucky, Mum, to have you. I only hope I shall be able to do it, because I am not very skilled yet at thought-tracing. Uncle Toby says never mind, you try, so I must as he's Commandant. I must tell you about my last exploit which I am very proud of. I was making a dive for a good landing in the Camp when I found my man I had in tow was beginning to funk it, so I just landed him flat in the German lines. Of course they couldn't see him and they didn't know he was there, but he got so full of excitement at being among the enemy that he quite forgot to feel afraid of flying above the ground without a plane. He was absorbed in counting the guns and making notes of what he saw, and he wanted to go back and tell his own people—however he soon found it was no use as he couldn't understand, but he was ever so much better to handle after

that he had realized that he was dead and could leave the ground without falling . . .

You didn't know that I could fly? Of course I can, because our bodies aren't made of anything affected by gravitation now, so I can go wherever I want just by wanting to—I am trying to do my bit so I don't want to leave earth yet, but I could if I wanted to like Lancelot did . . .

I want to say that I can make a powerful force which exerts pressure on minds to influence them, but it isn't so strong as will-power, and only minds which are not decided respond to it. If they are wondering what to do of two things I can influence them to decide . . . Of course I only use it for good, what do you think I am, Mum! but it interests me immensely to see minds react to influence by me, and makes me feel quite cocky about my powers! Goodnight, Mums, I must go now."

July 5th.

R. "Tell me what your daily life is like?"

"Oh well, it's a bit difficult to describe, because we don't divide our time up into days and nights and meals, and divisions like that. We just work hard and then rest when we feel tired, and my enjoyment when I rest is to come home to Mum and Dad and talk to you.

I sometimes play my instrument and make wonderful harmonies, and sometimes I walk in the woods and find flowers I don't know—they all look so different to me now, all alive and breathing, with feelings mounting up above them like coloured mists. I must tell you one adventure I had which was very funny. I went to a wood, near where they were felling trees, and I saw a tree clinging to its body like a green mist, so I tried to disentangle it to help it I thought, but it clutched round me instead and I was all mixed up in the tree's etheric form which wouldn't leave me. I had to tear it away, and it soon went off to find a young growth it could inhabit. You see they don't really live long because they aren't spirits, but only etheric forms, so they gradually dissolve when their tree dies, but not at once. So I never interfered with tree forms again . . .

I shall so love to show you everything when you come here and Dad too. It is difficult to describe though, because there is so much in this life which you can't understand and I can't tell you for lack of words. I can't explain the whole way the thing is worked because I just don't know myself, but I tell you it is good—oh boy isn't it just! like all you know of toffee—yes, Mum, I lapsed into slang I believe!—"

July 8th.

"I am longing to tell you what we are doing now, it's so interesting. I am path-finding now, and shall be working on German lines for a bit, to help me to get over thinking of them as enemies, which I can't help doing still. It is so difficult when one sees them all thinking horrid thoughts about our country to remember that we are all friends here whatever country we come from. I try to trace their thoughts back to their homes and families and then go there to see if I can get thoughts to come out to meet them, and it is often not easy at all for their people will think of anything else in the world than them, and I can't put thoughts into people's minds well yet. It is such interesting work though, and sometimes

I succeed better than I expect. I went to a corner of Leipzig to find a soldier's home and it was all wrecked and in ruins and his family gone I don't know where—but I had to let him go to see for himself and it was awful, he was so mad with rage and pain, and I felt like a murderer myself, but it was only done by a bomb I think. I wish it needn't be . . . Mum, I'm rather upset over what I've seen. I seem to have grown so much older now. O Mum, you were making a rainbow of prayer for that man, and I can see better now how to help these people. I am looking out for his family now he has given me a sight of them in his mind, and I hope to find them safe somewhere . . .”

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(Later.) “You were not listening when Big Ben struck, Mums.” We turned on the wireless and found our watches were slow.

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Pause—Are you playing your instrument?

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“Now, Mum, I want to tell you about our doings, Chris and I. He is coming soon, but was anxious to tell someone about my coming home again, so he went off to his camp. I showed him some of the old schools I was in when I first came over here, and he was awfully interested in seeing them, and how we got on in spiritual ways more than in earth things. He wants to help in this war, so that's why he will work so hard. I can help his work now I am on earth, and teach him how to train his mind to help the soldiers inwardly instead of only by outward guidance . . .”

Christopher arrived.—Christopher writing.

“Yes, I'm back rather out of breath—wait a bit—now, Mum I'm fit to talk. I have so much to say I hardly know where to begin. Lancelot is taking me round and showing me such a lot I can hardly keep pace with it all. Let me begin at the end of yesterday when he took me off to see a place of rainbow buildings where he was at school, in his early days, all iridescent and shimmering colours and baby spirits learning to love beauty and know God. I was so astonished at the heavenliness of it all—so pure and—just wonderful. I can't describe it, there aren't any words. Then we went to another school where he had learnt to know he must help other people, and that was plainer and more like earth but all with a meaning. I can't explain, but it was also wonderful. I can't tell you all of it because it is so different to our earth training, but so much more glorious and beautiful. I don't think brain work comes into it at all but only the power of mind and spirit forces with love and joy and helping those on earth. I think I shall be quite different for having seen it all . . . I suddenly thought how much Uncle Toby would like to know Lancelot was back, so I bolted off like a shot rabbit to tell him while Lancelot talked to you. Uncle Toby was ever so glad to hear the news. Now I must stop and tell you more another night. Lancelot is going to show me some more wonders I think. I can't tell you how wonderful it all is . . .”

July 21st.

"Chris speaking. I want to tell you of all my doings and busyness since I last spoke. First I went off with Lancelot to a city of spar (has the word got an R?), and he showed me that the people loved their beautiful homes so much that they spent all their time getting more beautiful things for them. They aren't very high in spirit, Lancelot said, because they are so absorbed in their own interests. Then he took me round a marvellous track of speed-cars—you don't believe we have cars over here? Well, they are all imagined by people who are so full of interest in them that they long to go on making and driving them, so they build them up out of their minds and make them real by wanting them so much. Over here we have all we want by creating it out of our desires, so it's very vital to have good desires, otherwise you have to be suppressed like the guinea-pigs in Alice in Wonderland. Lancelot knew I should love to see that, but he was careful to tell me that they were not high spirits either. You see he explained that we ought to get further than wanting earth things still, as there are millions more things we never knew on earth to carry our knowledge further and further for ever."

R. "You said you were 'out of breath' when you came yesterday, how can you be out of breath when you no longer breathe air?"

"Yes, I was out of breath because I had rushed so fast that I hadn't time to think my way by stages, and it's a sort of mental breath when you want to go faster than you can think. I can't explain better because circumstances are so different here and we do everything in a different way, and the other way round. Can you grasp that if you want to think faster than natural it makes you out of breath mentally? . . . I understand much more now than I ever knew before seeing Lancelot—it has been a great education for me just to be with him and see him.

I must go after the Silent Minute, so goodnight, Mum. Tell Dad goodnight from me. Chris."

July 22nd.

"I was away on a tracking job of tracing minds in military barracks—didn't you feel me leave the car where you passed a Tommy with a bayonet on sentry go? I want to get into touch with their kind of mind process, so that I can be more useful when we go to our own men.

Now about Philip, I was most interested in his psychic self which is far better developed than his human brain. He sends out wordless waves of psychic thought which are quite beyond me and wonderful to see—I am glad to see him from this life because it is so plain that he is quite a fine developed spirit and only inhibited by human brain injuries which I can see plainly visible from my plane—they look like brown places in his mind where action is prevented in the brain cells. The speech centre is affected and the emotional will-power so that he can't be attentive to other people's emotions.

He is very strong in other ways, intellectually and physically, but he can't express this because of the speech damage—His psychic self is great, much bigger powers than mine, and he is learning a lot of our ways of thought-waves which he can't show in human life but which he uses well even now.

I was very close to his mind several times, but I don't know if he saw me because he wasn't thinking of me at all but absorbed in you and Dad, and funny ideas of animals which come from his seeing their psychic selves as well as the earth form. He is very contented with his life, and knows much more than he can show of why he is under control and taken care of,—He feels unable to manage his physical self, so he is happy to leave his life to others and learn on the psychic plane where he is getting on so well—I can't tell you more because I wasn't there long enough, but I am quite sure he is happy and loves the people he is with."

July 23rd. At Cox's Mill.

"I don't know about what Dad was asking—etheric forces for vegetables—I think they belong to a sub-spiritual life which the tree and plant etheric forms belong to—I am very interested in learning about other forms of life now because there was no indication of them in earth life, and really they are most complicated and numerous, all interlocking each other in a sort of sequence beginning with their outer earth-forms up to the spiritual, which only man and the higher mammals and birds possess. Birds have spirits I am so glad to see, because they are such darlings and I love them so much, but they are very wee little spirits and always bird-like, no transmigration like the Indians think so far as I can see. Animals have quite big spirits of their kind sometimes.

Can I just tell you a bit about my training to see thoughts? I hope to be able to trace people to their homes quite well soon and not to make mistakes.—Now let's have a try at thought-reading without a pencil—I see you need the writing to crystallize your ideas on mine so to speak.—You go all woolly after a minute of thought-speaking without writing.—I see, yes, perhaps you ought not to do it—but some people in earth life are quite good at it.—I think you are a little afraid to try. I am enjoying my leave ever so much, it is so peaceful at home and just like old times. Give me a boat and I'll be slacking on the pond like 1939.—So long, Mum and Dad, till to-morrow. From Chris."

July 24th. At Cox's Mill

"I am waiting till you have finished your business—I want so much to tell you how I feel about this place.—It is a center of fairy life and I can see them now. When you used to tell me there were fairies here I thought you just meant it was lovely, but I can see now lovely little beings belonging to the etheric life who are decorating the trees with coloured lights and building small homes of moss and fern and tiny plants.—They are not spirits but beings of a lower life invisible to you but quite visible to me now, and I see how fairy stories began with glimpses of that etheric life. It is fascinating to watch their activities for they are so busy, but they don't seem to see our life of spirits—they see and know of earth life and use earth things though they are in the etheric world themselves. I suppose they are a link between the two—
Oh yes! I think I remember you told me, but I didn't believe you then—I was so positive that fairies were imagination.

Our ship was torpedoed at night so suddenly that there seems to have been no time for anyone to rescue us.—I don't know what happened to

any of the others because I was so alarmed, I just jumped for it when I saw the boat was almost down and I heard firing and think they hit the sub, but I don't know because I went straight down and never came up again.—It was a night attack on the whole convoy I believe: but perhaps they didn't know for some time which ships had gone down, because they all scattered when there was an alarm.

I want just to tell you something else about this place which I love, and that is the feeling of the old forests which were here hundreds of years ago, and have left etheric forms here.—They are so beautiful those ancient trees which have loved this place before men cleared the forests, and I can see them still in places here where the ancient feeling lingers—It is so beautiful and such a home to me.

I think we might leave off talking and just enjoy it here—Yes, we'll keep the Silent Minute later but not talk to-night—Talk to-morrow here.—”

July 25th.

“Yes, Dad, of course I hear what you say and see you thinking it, so be careful!—Of course I should not presume to criticize my father!—I must build myself a boat in this life which I can use here for old time sake, because it would be jolly to sail on the pond, and I could keep it for holidays only—I can make anything I really want now by concentrating mind power on it, but of course that would only be for my slack times—

Mum, I want to tell you that Uncle Toby is moving camp to-morrow, so this is our last talk for a few days, and then I shall come to Stoke again, shall I? I don't yet know where we shall be, but I hope with some of our own men—I must get on well with my work to be of some use in the world—they want all the help they can get just now.—I meant to tell you that Topsy is still here; she loves this place too and is ever so happy with old Toby the brown horse who used to be here too—His name began with T, but I don't think it was Toby? Tom was it?—No! I don't see our guinea-pigs, and I don't think they have spirits only etheric forms which soon dissolve away.—I can't quite make out where they draw the line and begin to have real spirits? I think horses are higher than guinea-pigs, but I don't know why they should be more spiritual? I am not sure yet about guinea-pigs though, for I have seen mice in our life, and cats too—I haven't seen our Mew though, so perhaps she isn't dead yet?

I think you are busy so I must stop chattering. I must give you a hug, Mum, for this lovely holiday—I have so enjoyed it and had a real quiet rest time in my dear old home. So long, Dad, see you again soon, I shall have news then of my work I expect.” Your son, Chris.”

The name of the old brown horse was Turpin. Topsy was the children's pony who had to be destroyed owing to illness.

July 28th, 1943.

In the garden at Stoke I heard a few words which sounded like Christopher, so a few minutes later went in and got a pencil for him to write.

“Chris is away, it was me you were so close to Mum darling, and I loved to see your mind in doing the roses—I pretended to try and talk like Chris to see if you would think I was he, but then I was sorry becos’

you did, and I had to go away to keep from laughing at my success—am still just a joker you see, and it was rather a silly joke, becos’ I know you can't see us yet. Chris is in camp still, and I am with you and Dad for a bit of a rest from my work—Dad darling is pleased to hear from me again—I am so HAPPY with you both becos’ you are my home always, however far I go on my work.—”

R. “*But children leave home to make homes for themselves!*”

“I know but somehow I don't, but seem to belong to you and Mum in a special way becos’ I didn't have a home of my own on earth, I didn't grow any other human ties—I belong to CHRIST altogether, but HE tells me that you are my home—I see you have other things to do now and I must stop, but we'll talk again another evening—DO WE DARLING? LOVE TO DAD EVER SO MUCH FROM LANCELOT.”

July 29th. Lancelot writing.

“Mum darling, I have been to see how Chris is getting on with his camp moving, and I tried to find him by thought-waves but he isn't advanced enough to respond to that yet.

Chris is hearing more now of other things than earth, and is getting on very well.—I found him sitting with Uncle Toby in a circle of newly joined recruits hearing a communication from their Leader, who is a very advanced spirit of higher planes. Uncle Toby was very surprised to see me, and so glad, I could see. He told me that he had read my book, so I said what book? and he explained that it was all my letters to you which you had printed a long time ago, so he was quite like an old friend to me.

I was very glad to see that Chris is under him for work, becos’ Uncle Toby is so big in his ideas that he will soon move to a higher plane than earth and be able to help in bigger ways than now.

Big Ben struck 9 p.m.

I saw a light spread over England when the clock struck—All together—I see, what a lovely idea to do it all at the same time—I can't join when I'm out of Earth, but when I'm at home I will love it, so put my name down on the Fellowship or whatever it is—

Goodnight DARLINGS FROM LANCELOT.”

August 1st. Lancelot.

“You are so obliging, Mum, to come just when I want to talk! I was quite prepared to wait till your bedtime. I want to tell you about Chris, who is very courageously trying to take his part in the war. He is very sensitive and it hurts him to see martyrs over there in the battlefields. He was afraid to go at first to where they were being killed, and offered to give help in the camp, but he was ordered to the front and went so bravely though he was desperately afraid of seeing men in pain. Now he has got over his fear of it, and is quite good at bringing newcomers along. I am very proud of his courage, which matters more for his future than you realize now. You are his inspiration and Dad—he longs to be a son you are proud of, but he is too shy to say so—so be very proud to hear of his work when he comes to you. He is so full of colour and music, and that makes him dread the harsh colours of pain

and fear, but he can bring much more help now than if he had never been so afraid himself.

I've got a surprise for you. Here is Uncle Toby!

Theodore—"Uncle Toby" writing.

"Now, Ruth, I have taken the opportunity of Chris being absent to tell you a little about him. I am very pleased with the progress he has made and very happy about his future. You know so little of the working of our present life that it is plainly useless to tell you much about his work but he is forming a splendid character and will be a fine spirit in time. He will be able to come for his birthday, and frequent visits to you are needed by him now for you supply love, which is the best working force there is, so I want him to come to you often, but to learn also not to do it solely for his own pleasure. I can assure you that his highest welfare is my present work, and I am waiting for high guidance for him too. Lancelot has been a tremendous asset, for he supplies a great incentive, the hero worship motif. He is a great lad and you will be indeed a proud mother when you see him again. My duties call and I have many just now, for fighting is heavy and we can hardly manage to meet them all though there are thousands of us at the work. I am glad to have had this opportunity of telling you how I feel about Chris and his progress. Au revoir, Theodore—"

August 3rd—Christopher's Birthday (Afternoon). Christopher.

"I had a most interesting morning in Dad's drill hall, and I could tell the Germans heaps of secrets if I liked! I was absorbed in the instructors and their work, so much more complicated than I ever thought guns would be. I'm rather glad I didn't have to learn all that after all. Say, boy, what a bally show of guns and carriages and all. Dinky little show spots on the walls, too, and all too cute lil aeroplanes hanging around. I gotta hunch Dad'll be mighty proud of that lot.—"

5.30 p.m. Christopher.

"Yes, as usual you are right, Mum, we are both here now, isn't it jolly. I am quite bucked at having a birthday party with Lancelot, too. No birthday cake Mum? How silly of you to think of that, as if we wanted any! Lancelot is going to write now"—

Lancelot.

"Mum ownest, I am so pleased to be home for Kitopher's party. Sorry, *Chris*, I forgot. He says he is having a swell time—I like to hear him talk Yankee don't you? but he puts it on for fun, I believe"—

Christopher.

"Now Chris is writing. What fun it is, Mum, to be all together like this with Lancelot, too, and dear old Dad sitting reading like he always did. I do love to be here with you all again. Lancelot seems quite natural to me now as if I had grown up with him. You see, he remembers most things about my life, even things I had forgotten, and tells me of them, and he is such a Topper, I can't tell you how wonderful he is to me—

"Now I must tell you that we are camping in Sicily next to give me some practice with the Italians I suppose, so I hope I shan't have to be

lugging Germans about again, they are really too tough a lot for a youngster like me to tackle, but Uncle Toby gave orders so I had to do it. I should be much better with our own boys I feel sure and p'raps he'll let me do that for a bit of a treat.

"We have still got to set up the camp, and it will be all different now, to suit the men we are likely to have to help. I hear they are awfully pleased with Uncle Toby's work on the Russian front, and talk of making him head of all the camps over there, so I may be sent back there again with him, for he wants to keep me. He says he takes a fatherly interest in my progress and wants to keep an eye on me. Now I'm going off with Lancelot, who has got a special treat for me, he says—something of a wonder to show me, I expect. We shall be here again round about Big Ben time to-night. "What a birthday! O boy some day! Cheerio till to-night.—Chris.

9.15 p.m.

"Mummy, I am going to leave you and Chris to talk, I am saying good-night to you and Daddy darlings—GOD BLESS YOU FROM

"LANCELOT."

Christopher took the pencil.

"Chris speaking, Mum—Lancelot has gone now. I must tell you what a show he has given me to-night, only I find it impossible to describe in words. It was like a mountain of mists all made of colours new to me altogether, not the same as earth colours at all—and wonderful patterns kept forming in them like a kaleidoscope only infinitely more beautiful—as if someone were inventing beautiful embroidery or — no, all the words I use seem to mean something small and stupid—there just aren't any words to describe what I saw, it was so lovely. It made me gasp with the beauty—sheer beauty—of it all.

"I think it was still on earth only not in your plane of being, because we didn't go away any distance, we just stood and watched it for hours—and then I hadn't seen enough, but Lancelot said you would be expecting us and we ought to go. He is a most wonderful brother to have. I am so lucky in my family, and to spend my birthday with you and Dad and Lancelot has been the most wonderful day of my life.

"Now darling, I can see you are tired so I won't write more to-night. I must get back to work, but I think I shall be able to come fairly often when Uncle Toby gives me leave. Goodnight, Mum and Dad, with many thanks for a jolly good birthday, from Chris."

August 5th. Christopher.

"I have been allowed to come to-night to tell you about our doings. I am delighted to find that we are behind the lines of the 8th Army itself! The one place I wanted, and Uncle Toby is so lenient and says I am to help the Tommies now. He says he was so pleased that I tackled Germans as best I could without grousing too much, and he is going to let me enjoy myself a bit! They *are* a fine lot of men. I never realised before how grand men's minds could be till I saw them from the inside like this. I haven't really started work yet, but I wanted to tell you the good news that I am with our boys now. I came over a new way to-day, by

aeroplane instead of by thought-waves. I saw one of our planes taking off and sat on the wing of it, and buzzed over to Tunis before I realised it wasn't going home. Then I got off and tried to contact thoughts for a home-bound plane, and soon found one was to leave from that very aerodrome, so I tried the same dodge and had a lovely ride high among the clouds and above them. Too high to see much but clouds below like a blanket. I enjoyed the trip though, because it was a new sensation—one goes too fast travelling by will-power; one has to concentrate all the time on where one wants to get to, so one can't enjoy the journey much.

"Now, Mum, I want to say a bit of my new creed which I am making out of what I have been taught—

Written very slowly.

1. I believe in GOD being LOVE.
2. I believe in CHRIST being LIFE.
3. I believe in SPIRIT being CONSCIOUSNESS.
4. I believe in CREATION being the working of these three.

"I wanted to try and put that into words, because it helps me to see it formulated, and I am beginning to grasp much more of these things than entered my head before—I want to make a rule of life which comes from the above. It runs something like this—

I WILL TO LIVE ALWAYS BY LOVE IN CHRIST AND
MAKING OTHERS CONSCIOUS OF HIS LOVE IN ME—
THIS SHALL BE MY RULE OF LIFE.

"Now a word about Dad—I want so much to help him in his work, and Uncle Toby is going to let me come to his drill hall on occasions when we are slack at the front and see if I can tune the vibrations to be helpful to him. It was an idea that came to me a long time ago, and when I told Uncle Toby he said it was quite a good one. He showed me a bit how to work it, and I feel sure I can help in that way. I am doing a bit of path-finding at home now we are with the Tommies, so if I help a man to his home rather quickly I can just come along to Dad afterwards Uncle Toby doesn't expect me to do more than one at a time. I think we'll wait now for Big Ben—"

August 6th.

"Can you let me come for a talk on coming Sunday? It is a great day and I am free to keep it as a holiday. All day with you—but just a talk now and then? I'm so glad. Just over on path-finding and jinked over to tell you that. So long—C."

August 8th. Sunday

"I was listening to Dad's music—I don't want to talk till it is over . . . You didn't mind, did you, Mum darling? . . . You hear music an awful lot in your mind.

"Now I must tell you why I said it was a great day to-day, because you were wondering about it on our walk.

"It is a day of prayer with our camp organisations, and I joined them from dawn till I came to you at your breakfast. I have been with them in spirit too since then, but Uncle Toby said I couldn't go so far as the more experienced spirits, so I could have a holiday instead. It is great because

so much help is given to them to carry on better than before, and it is if a great force was set free by their all joining in it together, like we do at the Silent Minute every evening.

"I love to see Dad's mind when he is interested, and want to tell you that I just don't know about our bodies, what their chemical analysis is. I only know that they are more solid to me than yours are now, and I can do things impossible before, such as fly and get through things which used to be solid, such as walls, etc. I don't have to open a door to go into a room I just go through it—it seems just a soft misty thing to me and I am the solid—the same with everything. Yes, the way I came over on was a sort of mist but just solid enough to support me by wanting it to do so. You see, I can wish solidity into things which suits my purpose. In fact I've a lot of power over what I see only I don't interfere with them from the earth view point. But I can't answer your problems because I simply don't know.

"Early on in the day I went to path-find for practice, and came across a level track of thought leading ever so far, so I went along the beam and it came from a mother who was ever so anxious that her son should be healed. I looked to see her son, and he is unsound in his mind I think, because part of his brain looked dark and cloudy—not like Philip's, but just cloudy, no definite spots of dead cells. I think he is being helped very much by her love, because the beam of her thoughts was so broad and clear that I could see it easily—(question)—I don't know her name but I felt I was guided to see her son, so probably she is meant to know how I saw her mind. Tell her that he has only a clouded mind, no dead spots in it, and I think it will clear in time. I am no expert in these things, so can't say for certain, but it seemed to me that her beam of thoughts must be a very great help to him; and I saw a helper with him who seemed ever so loving, a man who loves him very much.

Later.

"I want to explain about seeing thoughts. So far I find I can see those sent out towards other people like my path-finding work because they are sent out seeking, so to speak, and want the person they are addressed to to find them. I can see all your thoughts addressed to me and some of Dad's when he speaks or thinks of me, but I can't see ordinary thoughts of earth people, only those which make light, and all loving thoughts do. I can't see what people think in their ordinary lives though.

"No, I'm afraid I couldn't play the spy on the Germans because their thoughts are hard enough to read when they are dead and I'm sure living Germans are much harder. I don't think anyone in our plane can tell the human plans people are making, but of course the higher spirits can, but they know when to interfere and when people must be left to themselves. Mum darling, you are a bit tired, I think, so we had better stop. I shall stay awhile and sit with you, but we won't write any more. Love to Dad, from CHRIS."

August 14th.

"You are not busy, are you Mums? I would like a jolly good chat with you because I haven't been for some days so I have a lot to say.

"We are working ever so hard at the front, and it is awfully good fun

being with our own boys. I am so happy over it all now, because their minds are so clean and healthy compared to Russians or Germans. Russians are awfully cruel in their thoughts you see, and have no feelings of pity and fair play and not to hit a man when he's down, and our boys are so bright in thoughts compared to them. German minds are simply horrid to deal with, but Uncle Toby says that I haven't got a missionary spirit yet or I would want to tackle the worst minds!—You've got it Mums, he said it with a chuckle and I know it was taking me off, but I just love taking charge of a Tommy and telling him about the new life, they are so full of interest and keen about it at once. I want to spread the knowledge of it among their wives and families and I think that man you met, Sir Hugh something, is the one to do it, because I saw when you were with him that he is full of ideas of letting people know more about us. You see, they do wish their families could know they are all right, and so few people can. Can you spread the knowledge all you know how? It will help my work a lot if you do.

"Now I want to tell you a strange happening which I can't really understand myself. It was when a man came over suddenly by a bullet from a gun—he was machine gunner in an aeroplane and he was shot while doing it, but his body went on doing the machine gunning for quite a long time after I had seen his spirit leave it. It looked so queer that his body went on firing the gun hard and he wasn't there at all! I don't think it was aimed at all, but it went on firing away, and he was away from it with me. Is it possible to go on living when you have gone out of the body? . . .

(His father explained the mechanism of the machine gun, and suggested that the man's finger remained pressing the trigger, so that the gun went on firing automatically.)

"Dad has explained it splendidly because he knows about the gun—I suppose that was it.

"I have lots I could tell you if you have time? Well, I find I can bring my communication with you to a higher pitch by lowering my vibratory system to support yours, so that we tune in better together. You see, I vibrate much more quickly now than bodily life, that's why you can't see me—so if I can lower the rate of my vibrations you might see me one day! O I don't think it could hurt me—you see, nothing can injure a spirit, it is only a question of whether I have the power to do it.

"I have thought of another thing to tell you about my work. I can bring men over here so easily to see their families because there are long strands of thought always lighting up the way here from the people in England. They think of their own men infinitely more than the Germans do of theirs and love them so much more. I can easily find a family of one of our Tommies, for they think of him nearly all the time as a rule. I wish they could know how to talk to those who die though. I believe they are ready for it over here more so than anywhere else in the world. Mum, you will tell people, won't you? . . . *(A rainbow out of the window.)* Mums, you are so lovely when you see something beautiful, your heart shines out like a rainbow itself. I can see your colours getting glowing and warm with love of beauty. I must be getting over to America soon to see Dave, so I'll say good-night, darling. Love to Dad

and thank him for elucidation of my mystery about the gunner.

"So long, Dad and Mum, from CHRIS."

August 15th.

"I would like to tell you something about my journey to Dave. I went in a cloud which was travelling so fast that way that I thought that it would save me some effort, and I found I could support myself on it like a feather bed, it was so thick compared to air. I enjoyed it over the sea, there were such wonderful colours in the clouds and water, like a most beautiful picture and very changeful, always absorbing new rays of light and making prisms in which they were magnified and separated into rainbows. It was so much more beautiful seen from my life than anything I saw in body life before. I was so absorbed that I nearly forgot where I was going and had to get off on another track in a hurry. I then worked my way to Dave by wishful thinking—which is a very real way of getting about, and not something wrong which they seem to think over here. I get along fine like that now, but it is more effort than travelling on a conveyance such as a cloud or an aeroplane. I think you are tired, Mum darling, so I'll say good-night and see you again next Sunday, I expect—I'm working harder now, you see. Good-night, Dad. Your son CHRIS."

August 21st.

"I shall be coming to-morrow for my Sunday talk, but I just want to-night to say that I made a forced landing on Italy near Naples, and saw bombed areas galore, and smouldering ruins and people were digging for their lost possessions and looking awful. I felt so sorry for them, but I suppose it helps to win the war. I took off again before long. I am very busy in our camp now because there are still hundreds to be rounded up and brought in, mostly Germans funnily enough. I thought we were fighting Italians there, but they seem to have surrendered without getting killed, and the Germans fought like tigers—they are rather like tigers in character I think. Our men are jolly and full of fun and great to help. I just love being with them. Now, Mum, I must hop back again, but I want to say good-night to Dad, so tell him I'm saying it will you?

"Goodbye till to-morrow Mums.

"Ta, Dad, I did like your thoughts . . ."

August 22nd.

"Now, Mum darling, you are fussing over my paper as if I minded what we write on! and I waiting to tell you important news! I am expecting a home job soon. Uncle Toby is coming over to England to join forces with Cushna . . . Yes, you know his name, the friend of your friends. He wants recruits for the awakening of England to our side, and I am to be helping by giving you messages for his friends without psychic power like that Sir Hugh who is such a great force but not psychic he thinks. I am fairly aching to be working with my Mums, and now I've had some foreign experience, Uncle Toby thinks it will be quite a good thing for me to be home and dealing with English minds a bit. I am so bucked about it.

"Now I want to tell you some more about our projects—Uncle Toby

and I are coming over here in about a week's time when our camp would be moving anyway, and we are joining up with a group of experts in human guidance, to try and build more recognition of our life into the minds of English people. England is far away ahead of the rest of the world in communicating with us, so we are trying to get the thing in full swing here and other nations will have to acknowledge its truth. It is to be a counterblast to those who say there is no life after death and also to some people like the Japs and Chinese who are very full of fear of devils and such like. I haven't been over there, but Uncle Toby says it's awful the amount of encouragement given to low class spirits to pretend they are fierce devils and get worshipped out of fear.

to get the world out of that sort of thing it is necessary to have more communication with our side and then we can give a truer picture of life here. I am to help in this by talking to you and taking messages from one set to another of people, so I hope you'll try and give me more time, Mum darling, and we can work at it together.

"I must just add another thing and then you must stop. I came over by sea part of the way this time, but it was too slow for me, so I had to get on by desire. I took a boat from Gibraltar and made a few experiments with a microphone they had on board—not a microphone, just a radio set—I wanted to see if my waves corresponded with the radio waves, but they are a different set it seems and can't be used by us for communicating at present. I think we need a stronger medium than electro-magnetic waves and have to have something akin to human ectoplasm or a brain of some kind to work on. All these experiments are interesting though, and I dare say we shall hit on something to link the two worlds together soon. Now we must stop or you will be tired, my Mum, darling. CHRIS."

September, 1st, 1943.

"You aren't too busy are you Mum darling? because I am longing to tell you about our new move to Canterbury where Uncle Toby is joining a pilgrimage of spirits belonging to England, or who love the English, and they are starting from Canterbury because of all the old feelings in the place of past pilgrims. We have left our camp temporarily to be carried on by all the others—there are hundreds of them—and we are joining this great effort for the awakening of England to spiritual life. It is going to be a tussle because of the Churchmindedness of the very people who would be most help! I mean they follow the Church ideas of prayer and sacraments being all that is needed and won't have anything to do with talking to our life and learning the laws which govern it. So we are up against the very good ones who ought to be most help, more's the pity. . . . Now we are going to be in England I can come more often, but I want to be working hard at our crusade, and we are going all over England in bands to turn people's minds to thinking of life after death and what it may be like—then people like you who know how to talk to me will get more chance of telling other people about it. I am very keen to do this because it links me up with your work and Dad's too. I go to Canterbury to-morrow to a big sort of dedication of us all, there where the old pilgrims prayed for England in Canterbury Cathedral and

made a force of love of country which still inspires the place. I Am Mum darling. . . . My Mother . . . I have your blessing like a man going to a crusade of old. I must go now for you ought to stop, but I will come more often now. Tell Dad, and I'll wait to see his thoughts on me till he has read this—CHRIS."

September, 5th.

"I want to tell you about our great effort on Thursday last. We went to Canterbury as I told you, and there met a great company of old pilgrims of long ago who had come from far spheres to be guides to us new-comers all because they had such love of their old country.

"I was very impressed with the company I was in, for they had been far from earth and were wonderful spirits some of them. They were so full of love of all, though, that one felt a friend in them all. I can't describe it in words, but I think you understand. I was just a beginner and knew nothing, but they all seemed so welcoming and friendly. We prayed in the Cathedral, and the light simply poured out all over us, and it was all connected with ancient history of the past. I can't explain, but it all seemed there together from the time Canterbury was first a place of pilgrimage till now—all the history of our country came into it in some mysterious way, and I seemed to see England as a sort of living person with us all being bits of that person past, present and future, all making one. I can't really put it into words, but I can see you grasp my meaning, Mum. Now I want to make you see what they want us to do. It is a great task for England, and now the time has come. I can't quite explain as it is all in spirit not in human words, but your part is just what you are doing now only more in prayer if you can, Mum darling. It was made so plain there about that.

"I want to say one thing more and then I must go as there is more to do to-night. Tell Dad we are going to be over here quite a long time, so I can come to help his work as I promised. I can't tell you much about what we are to do, it is all spiritual work which I don't yet understand, but I am learning, and my work in path-finding has already been a help as I have learnt something about guiding thoughts. You will see the effect by more people believing in our life and trying to talk to us—that is what we are helping with and working for, and that is where you come in, Mum darling. Now I must go, but I shall be here again several times in the week I expect now.

"So long, Dad—from CHRIS."

September 8th. (Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, celebrating the surrender of Italy.)

"I was listening with you and Dad—I am so happy to listen, shall we talk afterwards, Mum darling?"

After the symphony.—"Yes, I agree, this isn't so good, it seems disjointed and doesn't hang together like the other—"

"Why are they all so excited, Mum? . . . O I see, that's a jolly good show. I never thought they'd crumple up so soon. I'm awfully glad because it will end the war much sooner than expected.

"I can't catch your thoughts, Mum? . . . I haven't much to say really. We are working in London mostly, and opening minds to receive

our messages, but I can't manage much of it yet, it is too specialised for me at my stage, so I just hang about trying to find openings I can help a bit. I say, Mum, I'm awfully bucked over this news, it is grand and will shorten the war by years, I imagine. I'm so pleased to have been with you to-night to hear it—It's great! . . . No, Dad, I wasn't really depressed, only Mums sensed my feeling a bit at sea over my new work, it is a bit beyond my present powers, I think."

September 12th.

"Chris—yes, I've come for my Sunday talk, Mum dearest, you are so happy to see me.

"I want to try to give you some idea of our new work which is so very important. I feel very privileged to be allowed to join these great spirits who are working here in England. You see they know that English-speaking people are to rule the world and bring new knowledge of GOD, so they are keen to help our race to see the right way to work, and that way is by understanding thought power and influencing men inwardly. I can't help with that yet, of course, because I am only quite a beginner, but I begin to see how it is done, and it is so important to teach people how to think rightly and to send out light instead of only drawing in to themselves all the time—I want so much to be able to help in this, so I am going to try my hand at the people you are in touch with, because you give out so much light that I can see their minds by your light."

R. "Light up your work by prayer, my boy."

"Yes, darling, how high your thoughts are—I am always forgetting I can get light through prayer.

"Do you mind if I sit awhile and just think? (Pause) . . .

"I would like to tell you something I saw in my work in Sicily with our troops. It was on our side of a hill and we were shelling the enemy lines from the rear—our troops were crawling on their hands and knees in the grass of the hill to carry it by assault, and one fellow had his musket on a sling round his neck so that his hands were free. Suddenly he saw a German just ahead and he couldn't get his musket out to fire, so he went for him with his bare hands and caught him a whack with the butt of the gun which knocked him sideways. I was watching them both and laughed at the sudden way he did it, but they hadn't time for any more when a shell burst close by and they were blown to bits. I picked the Tommy out of his body, but the Hun I left to someone else. I've had enough of trying to help Huns, and thought someone more experienced could do it this time. The Tommy grinned when he saw me and said 'Hallo, youngster, what are you doing here?' So I said 'I've come to help you'—and he grinned more and said 'Run home to your Mammy, you're in a dangerous place here.' So I tried to explain that it wasn't dangerous any more to either of us, but he would have it that it was, and couldn't believe he was dead. He thought the shell had been close, but that he had miraculously escaped. I couldn't make him understand until I went off up in the air, and then he was so thunderstruck he just gaped at me—and began to take notice of what I said. He was awfully jolly afterwards, and I took him to see his family, and he was so interested in trying to get them to understand what he wanted to say. They hadn't heard yet that he had been killed, and he wanted his wife to know it was alright to soften

the shock when she heard. I left him trying to speak to her—(Music) Yes, let's listen—it's lovely!"

September 17th. (Music on the wireless.)

"Yes, Mum, I was listening to it too. I am coming more often now as I told you, but we needn't talk always. I love to sit with you and Dad and be at peace"—(Pause).

"I wanted to say that I consider myself one of the happiest of all people to have such a peaceful spot to come and rest in. I have seen more of other minds lately than ever before, and I am so overwhelmed with the maze of contradictory ideas and beliefs and the atmosphere of useless worry and criticism of other people's ideas and beliefs and altogether amazing restlessness. I hardly know what to do for them and find my new powers quite unnervingly small to cope with it all. . . . O Mum, darling, you are too great for me, I can't do your way. You seem to think we can be powerful with God's power. I can see your power in prayer like that, but I can't see how to act on it. . . . I'll try, Mum, darling.

"Now I can't stay long because we are awfully busy—but I want to tell you that I am trying to help all I can in MARY'S ARMY of help for mothers—your work, darling. I am going now, good-bye."

September 19th (written in a Quarry, Werrington, Stoke-on-Trent.)

"Coming to such a lovely place—What did Dad say? (Dad—"How does he see rocks?") I can't tell you really, Dad, because you can't use your eyes properly yet. When you can you will see rocks inside out, so to speak. Whirling mists of atoms controlled by the force of gravity and making gigantic efforts to escape, so that the etheric force contained in rocks is far greater than in loose earth or water. I can't explain better than that. I am thrilled to be here with you because it is such a place of conquest of man. You haven't got my meaning, Mum. This place has been used for building men's houses since early British days, and used to be quite a mountain, but it has been quarried for thousands of years until nearly used up, and there are impressions left of all those early men who made their houses and forts round here. I can see history stretching back from here for ages. It makes a place so wonderful to see it as I do now with all its past impressions still left visible from our side. . . . No, I don't see any fairy life here as there is at Cox's Mill. I think it has always been rather fierce and wild here, and the men who lived round here were a rough wild sort of people, never very cultured but awfully fierce and given to fighting between themselves. I am so glad to come here to-day though, to see it all like this.

"Dad says I must be quick so we'll go on later, indoors, Mum—but it is such a lovely day I want to see you enjoying it too . . ."

Later, indoors. (On our way home Dad talked about ghosts, and C. said: "I can tell you about that.")

"I only thought it might be a good opportunity now that you are so quiet, and I heard you tell Dad you hadn't many letters to-day. I think Dad likes me to tell you things about how this life impinges on yours, such as ghosts and hobgoblins and elves and such like. They are all part

of life in the etheric world, which is not spiritual at all and which is fully visible to me now, though I never saw a glimpse of it before. I haven't studied the subject, but I believe ghosts to be connected with past events such as the relics of the past I told you about this morning. They come where vibrations have been badly disturbed and have gone askew so as to make a sort of gap through which they appear in your life. It isn't a real appearance, you see, only the effect of what happened at another time. You see, it is all there all the time—the past I mean—only sort of screened off by your sense of time which makes the past gone away, so to speak. But the real people who made that appearance have long ago gone to other spheres—only the picture of what happened is there, if you can grasp that—I know I couldn't have thought of it at all in my earth life. I don't really know much about it yet, but will find out if you like. Dad is so scientific, he likes to put these things into their scientific aspect."

Evening.

"This is so nice, Mum, to get you quiet at last! I want to say a few words if I may about my opinion of what you and Dad were saying as to the fairies.

"I don't think they have the powers that Scotch peasant people credit them with. I think that is old superstition from the days when fear governed almost everything and the ancestors of these people were guided by fear in all their beliefs. They had glimpses of that etheric life and didn't understand what it could be and so their fear made it seem terrible to them. I have never seen any interference with man's life by the fairy world, but they can use plant life for their homes. They seem nearer to the vegetable world than the animal somehow, yet they are more like the animal or human world in appearance. They are very varied, all sorts and kinds—like people only tiny, or like . . . (an interruption).

"Now we can be quiet again and I'll go on telling you about fairies. Some are quaint shapes like star-fish or cockle-shells only not made of shell but flesh, and some have queer gnome-like faces like the seven little dwarfs in Snow-White, and some are little flame-like lights which hardly have a form at all, but are lovely colours. I am deeply interested in finding out how they live, but they can't see my life at all, only yours, and I don't know how much they see human beings because all I have seen have been entirely occupied with the plant world. Plants have etheric forms which are in the same plane as the fairies you see, and I think animals are spirit, not etheric—I don't quite know what words to use, for etheric might mean my sort of life too, but it isn't in my life though plainly visible to me. I can be in contact with their plane, and do things with it if I want to but they can't be in my plane. It seems more confusing to you than it really is when you get here.

"Mum, darling, I want just to give you an idea of my music. I was playing this morning, and when I saw your mind I could see a sort of picture of me playing in it so you must have heard me really. I think you aren't quite able to be conscious of what your spirit hears yet. Now I want to try to interest Dad again, because he likes me to be scientific over my new experiences.

"Dad, I want some experiments, to try to find out how houses get haunted. I think I know the reason, and want to see if I can influence

a ghost to disappear altogether, then if I succeed I shall be able to explain what they are made of. They are not spirits, I can tell you that much already, but I think they are dispelled by mind forces and I want to try it out. Can you tell me of a genuine haunted house?

"Mum, I've got the house at Edenbridge. I remember seeing it as we went past in the car. Is it really haunted or was it only an idea because some suicide happened there?"

"Now I think you ought to stop, Mum, so I'll say Good-night—Love to Dad—CHRIS."

September 26th.

"I would like to tell you what I saw in the morning when you and Dad were out on that jolly walk—I so much enjoyed it. I saw a big creature like a balloon in the clouds, with great bulging sides and fins rather like a monstrous fish only in the etheric world, not in yours. It was rolling over the cloudbanks, and over and over it went faster than one would have thought possible for a live thing, but I don't know what sort of life it has, for it isn't the same as the fairy life, I'm sure, and not in spirit life either. I watched it for a long time, fascinated by its gambols, like a clumsy giant playing at gym. I can't understand what life it belongs to yet, but there are so many planes of being all interwoven with each other that I expect I haven't come across all of them yet. I must try to find out . . .

"Can I say another thing I saw a few days ago? I was working in a tunnel where they wanted help because a man was killed there, and I saw a wonderful growth of luminous moss on the sides of the tunnel glowing out like a greenish light all along.

"I would like one more word about my work now. I am getting very keen about helping minds because they respond so easily in this country, and I feel I am really able to do some good at last. I wanted so to help my country, and now I've found the best way to do it. I take a message from one of their people they love who are here and tell them in their minds, and then I see a thought of that person reflected in their mind and the message comes into their consciousness. It is so wonderful to see it all happening, and makes me very happy because they get a happy thought of one they love which helps them to bear the time of being parted from them. . . .

"Now, Mum, we must stop writing, and let Dad see this will you? Night night, Mumsie . . ."

October 3th, 1943, afternoon. (At Dallington.)

"I want to tell you a bit about my work. I was a glider pilot to see what it was like, on my way here from Stoke where I had been working. I stopped at an aerodrome in the vicinity of Northampton, and there were gliders being towed and shot off, and I went in one and enjoyed the sensation of being taken in an effortless way without noise of engines. I said I was a pilot because I enjoyed it in his mind, so to speak. You see, the noise of engines only affects me as it affects the minds which are jarred through their bodily senses—I can't be jarred because I haven't got no senses now! Can't be jarred in that way, but plenty jarred by other worse things like awful thoughts of disgusting selfishness and cruelty. I

was overturned on landing, though, and I think my pilot was hurt. He was a novice at it and learning, I expect.

"How do you like your new name? Of Mumsie? I think it suits your nature better than Mum, which is rather prim and pursed up. You haven't a prim nature, and Mumsie is softer and sweeter. (R. "I love it.") I am so glad you love it, for I love it too. I am going to have a prow round before your tea—let's come—"

Evening. (His father had asked what difference he saw in our day and night.)

"Can I have a few moments now, Mumsie mine? I want to try to tell you what Dad was asking, about day and night. I am in light of cosmic rays which are not coming from the sun at all but are filling all space with a glory of colour and beauty such as earth eyes can't see or earth minds grasp at all. The suns are like glowing focus points of this light, which sets them in motion by attraction of atoms to other rays, and earth light is the result of this motion which generates heat and gives out what your eyes see. All space is light to our organs of vision, and I am not sure where the cosmic rays come from—what source, I mean—but they are so beautiful that nothing you can think of can compare with it.

"Your night is just like your day except that the activity ceases and thought-forms come rising up from sleepers who are longing to meet some of us. We greet them and they respond, but their human selves don't remember this when they wake. Tree and plant life is different, too, because they depend on the sun's rays for their growth, and they go to sleep when the sun is cut off. But it is all the same in our life, only we see the changes in yours. I only need rest of mind, never rest of body now, so I never need to be in darkness for my seeing apparatus never gets tired, only my willing powers do when I have worked for some time. I long to show you the colours here in the light of cosmic rays. Now I think we ought to stop. Night night from CHRIS."

October 6th (afternoon). (Sitting under a tree in a wood.)

R. felt Christopher saying: "Try to SEE, Mumsie." (Writing.)

"You are too self-conscious, Mumsie. I wanted you to see the forms of the tree-sprites on the thick edge of that birch—they are grouped in little bands and bringing moss fibres to their underground home in the roots. Look again at the birch in front of you . . . They live in the roots, and are comical little forms like gnomes only green all over, and one doesn't often get a chance of seeing them, but . . . Yes, Dad, you cut off our mind link by talking, but I get your idea—they are pointed heads and woolly backs all mosslike and very quaint faces. Now I'll be off, see you later."

Evening. (During our afternoon drive home R. felt C. coming and going from the car several times.)

"Can we make a regular time to talk so that I shan't come when you are busy? . . . All right, I'll see when you are ready down there. I can't tell clock-time except by seeing minds thinking it, but I'll look out for yours. Can we talk a bit now? I want to explain my many flittings to and from your car to-day. I was parachuting off the clouds to see if I could land plumb on a moving target like your car, and I hit it off pretty well, but I

had to use will-power once or twice, which wasn't really in the bargain. I was up to pranks over the collecting of my parachute, which I made out of etheric colour forms of human thoughts, making them into a woven tissue of colours like a balloon only far more beautiful. Naughty, school-boy pranks, not edifying for a grown man like me!"

October 7th. (At Cox's Mill.)

"Am I punctual? Sure, on the hickory-dot! You've collected a cat, Mumsie. It's little heart is full of gratitude and relief. It's had a bad time, I can see, of loneliness and hunger, and they feel so helpless without human aid. I love cats, they aren't really so cruel as they seem, for they don't give pain for pleasure as it looks like, only out of ignorance of what pain is.

"I see so much of the beauty of ancient days here, calm lovely forest trees weaving their placid charm all round. I am rhapsodising and must not waste your time! I want to tell you something Dad will be interested in. I went to Battle on the bus, just for old times' sake, and I saw how they manipulate camouflage. They were doing a big lorry with dollops of green and brown and black all over it, but it wasn't good enough so they splooped a big drag-net over it to make it all into smears and streaks and looking exactly like a bog with rushes growing in it. Jolly cute, I thought. I'm still interested in earth things, you see, not a high spirit yet, as Lancelot would say! And I don't want to get on too fast and have to leave Cox's Mill just yet! . . . Of course, I'll have to get on, I was only mostly in fun, Mumsie!

"I think you'll like to hear how I see Mrs. —. She is a very motherly person with rather queer ideas about other lives. She is so content with this plane that she doesn't trouble her head about going on at death or anything you think so much of. Her thought-colours are quite custardy—I mean, thick like custard, not clear and radiant—and she produces only small thoughts in rapid succession from her preoccupation with household and practical details. You couldn't do much with her however long you talked, so it would be waste of your time.

"I am so happy here, just to roam around and enjoy the place. Yes, we'll talk again to-morrow.

"Your own boy, CHRIS."

October 8th.

"I must say, you are very quiet to-night, no bustling round with visitors, and time to talk to me—important ME, Mumsie—I want to tell you a story of a mouse, it was caught in a trap and died, and it had a baby family, so it was terribly upset and worried, but it had no power to intervene and help them. So one by one the babies came to it in this life, and I watched the mother gather them in as they came, getting happier with each one, and so happy now they are all together again. She is nursing them at this moment in a beautiful nest she has willed for them, and crooning over them with joy. I was so touched by that little mouse mother and her fears all ended.

"Can you breathe a little more deeply with longer breaths? I think I can take more power for writing when you do. Yes, it seems to exhale more psychic power than, I can't tell you why.

"Now I've got another story, this time about myself. I wanted to spend a few hours at the sea, so I went off to Pevensy Bay and sat on the beach and saw a submarine come in close to Pevensy. They were all on deck and looking so happy to be nearly home again. I don't know where they had been, though I went on board to find out, but they were all so full of getting safely back that all their thoughts were for home.

"I was so glad to be on a beach again and wanted to throw stones in the sea, but had to be content with mind stones which I threw with great effect! I am silly still, you see, and very fond of earth things.

"I want to tell Dad that his mother has been to see me. I was away on my work a week ago when I heard I was wanted at our headquarters, and there she was to see me—and colours of gold and green, lovely to see. I had not remembered her till then, but I can now. I was quite tiny when she died, I think. She is lovely and serene, and very calm and orderly in mind, with great love for Dad and her other sons. I forgot to tell you that before—it was a few weeks ago, I think. I am to work in memory training soon, because I find I forget things like earth life, whereas one ought to have memory for everything here, but I am rather deficient in some ways, and must try to develop more all round. . . . I am not so selfish now, so that is something. . . . Mumsie, you are tired, so we must stop. I'll stay till nine and then say good-night and go."

October 9th (During the first part of this letter C. was very restless, and R. felt he had something on his mind, which came out when he told R. of the raid with a burst of emotion she could plainly feel.)

"You are very late, Mumsie—never mind, we'll have a little chat . . . I tried letting myself slide down a cloudbank, but it was too soft and featherbeddy, so I went off to Mary L—, but she isn't at home now. Then I wandered off looking for old friends. . . . Mumsie, you are very uncomfortable and we seem interrupted all the time. Now, can I have your mind a bit to myself? I was telling you all my morning doings, but you weren't a bit interested. I am off on duty again soon, so do let's make the most of this time when you aren't busy. . . . I was over Brightling Beacon to-day and saw squadrons of planes going over the Channel out to the French coast, I suppose. I only stayed a few minutes to watch them and came back here thinking you'd be waiting for me, but not a sign of it." (Here R. passed his first sheet of paper to Dad, saying: "He has said nothing very much.")

"Nothing very much when I've been telling you all my doings! Naughty Mumsie." (With an effort) "Now for a splash of colour on the canvas. I went last night to see a raid on Germany and was horrified at it all. I never imagined such ghastly fear as came surging up all round me and nearly stifled me with its gruesome terror. I wasn't going to say about that because it shocked me so much, but you wanted to hear something more so I'll tell you it was awful. Our men in the planes were concerned only with dropping their loads and getting away, but I saw a lot more than they did, and the lurid fear colours coming up from below were so awful I couldn't stick it. I cried to God to stop it." (A sound of distant gongs.) "I'm off to see what that is." (Later) "I don't want to talk except to say that I'm back from a jaunt. I'll tell you of to-morrow, very exciting.

To-morrow will be best, in the morning before you go out. Good-night, Dad and Mumsie."

October 10th, morning.

"You arranged this time last night. I have been waiting for recognition and getting impatient." (His father gave me a piece of apple.) "Mum, I can't write when you're eating, it takes your vibrations off me. I wanted to tell you about my adventure yesterday in a submarine. I went off to find out about the firing you heard and it was off the coast out at sea, so I went along to look for the object, and it was a Hun submarine attacking a boat of ours with torpedoes. I saw them surface for a moment to see what they had done, and I made a dive for them before they submerged and got on board. They were a sorry-looking crew. I never saw such depressed minds, all out of gear, somehow, and wanting to be done with it all. I shouted orders to the commander to make ports again and he looked so startled that I think he heard me, but he didn't obey because I could see that they were putting out for the Atlantic. I remembered the . . . and felt quite revengeful! But I couldn't do anything to stop them beyond giving their minds an extra push towards wanting to give up and go home. I was awfully sorry for them really because they seemed to have no fight in them at all. Then I slipped away and left them because I thought of home and you might be wanting me. I shall be off to-morrow back to work, so I want to be along with you all afternoon and on the terrace as you said. Till then—so long."

Afternoon.

"Can I tell you of a chance encounter of mine with a cow—yes, a cow, Mumsie, horns and hoofs and tail! I was prospecting with you and Dad for mushrooms and enjoying myself when I saw a cow in etheric life, who had lived in that field in her body. She had made herself an etheric body just like her old one because she had no ideas beyond that, and she was just grandly happy thinking of sunshine and grass and cowslips or something yellow she liked. I don't think they have any feelings beyond that sort of thing, and forget all about their calves when they go away. Mumsie, why are you so sleepy to-day? You keep almost going to sleep. Shall I wake you up with an exciting tale? Must it be a true one, or shall I invent?" (If you invent, please tell me so.) "I must stick to truth if I have to tell you. Now for my tale of a bubble which burst. . . . It was a mosaic of colours far more beautiful than any you know, and the fairies were playing with it on their knees—from one to another they threw it, till the last one dropped it and it burst. I saw that just now down by the water when you and Dad were looking at the dragonfly.

"It is the happiest evening of my time here. I wish you could see it all with my new sight, everything visible, even the tiny sparks of fairy flame on the moss and grasses. It is so unendingly beautiful, and your feeling of beauty is only a small beginning. I realise now how insignificant our life here is, and how much we have to train for the future. I see more of fairy life here than anywhere, and it is so good because they bring etheric influences which are soothing to human minds if open to nature. Tell Dad the fairies I saw playing with the bubble were sitting on the water-

weeds in the pond. I don't specially want to talk any more, so you get your chores done and I'll be happy loafing around. Good-bye till next time, from CHRIS."

October 16th (at Stoke-on-Trent).

"Let me tell you about my doings during the past week. I have been mixing with a strange crowd lately under Uncle Toby's directions and with his approval. They are unwilling spirits who won't believe in spiritual ways because they want earthly pleasures so much, and they are impeding our progress in the crusade, so something had to be done about it. I contrived to mix, unperceived by them, among their gatherings and overheard their plots of mischief against us, for they want to persuade human people—those still in their bodies, I mean—to give them attention at séances and gatherings so that they can boast of influence towards earthly things. I was bent on counteracting their machinations, so I went to a séance, too, where the medium was to be controlled by an earth-bounder, as we call them, and it was an awfully close and heated atmosphere because the sitters were all so excited in an unhealthy way and come for sensation only. I was interrupted in my possible help to them by the force of cruelty which one of the sitters generated and which nearly suffocated me, but I managed better with a younger one who hadn't been there much, and made him feel very uncomfortable to be with such people at all. The medium was a coarse sort of woman with an eye on the money side of the business and I couldn't do much with her, but she heard my remarks on the sort of society she was encouraging all right, and she didn't like me one bit.

"She said; 'Ahem—there is a mesmeric force present which is obstructing the free manifestations of the presiding spirits, who are anxious for us to concentrate against it. Now let us concentrate on the collective manifestations we have usually expected on these occasions'. These 'manifestations' were too silly, bangs on the table and hoots and hocus-pocus of all sorts. I grinned at being described as a 'mesmeric force'! Uncle Toby says it is quite all right for me to do this work because none of these earth-bounders have any power really beyond their silly bangs and hoots at séances, and he told me to keep my mind on our Crusade for the Truth and I couldn't come to any harm. It made me rather sick, though, because their thoughts were all so lurid and hot and fusty. Can I say one more adventure which is very funny—I was working on a mind of an old man who is soon to come here and trying to make him think a bit higher, when he turned over to his nurse and said, 'I can't think what is coming over me, I seem to be thinking all goody-goody now. It's a queer feeling for an old sinner like me, but I dare say it won't do me no harm to be a bit pie for a change.' I chuckled at his queer way of putting it.

"I'll go off and see if I can find Lancelot, so I'll say goodnight."

October 19th.

"Can I give you a message from Uncle Toby to say will you be away at Christmas or here?" (Here, darling.) "All right—we've got a Christmas party we're planning, so I'll arrange for here. Going off now—so long." (Note: See page 46).

October 24th (12 noon).

"I came for your walk, but you and Dad haven't gone out this morning." (We are going for a walk with some friends this afternoon.) "Oh—where to? . . . I'll stick to the car till I see where you are and then go to bathe in the upper air till you're ready."

Evening: (R. got a better pencil).

"You are fussy, I can write with anything you can hold, for I only touch you, not the pencil.

"I had a super colour scheme to-day on the banks of clouds above the storm you saw—it was a rainbow of quadruple bars with ultra violet colours which you can't see all in between, so lovely and grand like a Beethoven symphony. I can't tell you how grand colours are when you hear as well as see them, and music when you see as well as hear it. It is FULL LIFE, which you don't even begin to think of yet. Mumsie, darling, I wish you could come here, but I mustn't want it before your time. I was basking in the rainbow colours when I saw you and Dad buzz off in your car and followed to see where you went. They are very nice people, those you went with, and have most loving thoughts of their babies. I was so glad to be introduced to them by you.

"I want to tell you a bit of life which you don't see yet. I was interested in the fungus foray for old times' sake, and then I made a discovery. The little people have made medicines out of the fungus spores, and when they get hurt they find one of the right sort to live under until the spores heal them. I was watching a group of gnomes carrying one along who had a bad injury, and he was dumped under a fungus which had black spores and began to turn over and over in the black dust which seemed to soothe his pain. I don't know how they get hurt but they seem to be quite as vulnerable as human bodies. Then further on I saw some more under a dull-coloured fungus and they seemed to be hurt ones, too, so I gathered that it was some sort of curing going on. It interests me to see how they carry on their funny life, which is so like us yet so much lower and more primitive—and all with plants, never animal life, so far as I can see.

"I want to make a larger instrument to play on. I hear that there are tones of sound beyond those I can hear even now, and a larger instrument might touch some of them. I don't know yet if this is possible, but I should like to try. . . . Yes, I saw Lancelot a few days ago, and I meant to tell you about it but forgot. We had a talk, and he told me he is working in our crusade now, but from a higher plane than mine and in a way I can't yet understand. We shall meet a few times off and on, I hope, and I'll tell you when we do."

October 26th.

"I just want to tell you I am going overseas again on Uncle Toby's orders to join a platoon of organisers of glory. You can't understand what I mean, but it is a great bit of our work for the war, to help those who see the gloomy side only, and we try to give them a new view of what it looks like to us. I'm afraid I can't explain any better in words, it is so ethereal and not earthly. It is a higher sort of work than I have yet done; so Uncle Toby thought I ought to take the offer of joining this platoon.

I leave England Monday next so I shall be with you on Sunday as usual and I shall be able to come over to you for rests often, so it won't be a separation, only I was enjoying the feeling of helping your work. I can come back to that later on, I hope, though. I would like to be very close to you in mind at nine p.m. every evening, so will you think of me just before Big Ben strikes and I shall see your thought and be with you then. Good-night, Mumsie, darling, love to Dad. Your CHRIS."

October 30th.

"Mumsie, I am so happy that you love me to come to you, not like that queer woman you talked to this morning. Her mind is full of queer ideas of taking away sins from people by belief in Christ—she seldom thinks of mind belief but only going to church.

"I want to be a bit introspective to-night and tell you what I now realise." (*Do you want me to keep it private?*) "You can tell anyone you like if it helps, Mumsie—I have got beyond that now. Christ means more to me than I knew before. I have realised that I am enlisted in a great army of His members, all in Him and working with His Power. I mean to be a living member of His Body, and He is our Head and Crown and Life. He is the Force with which we fight. Christ is our Life itself. I never had any idea of this before I died, so it took a little time for me to assimilate it, and I have now taken my oath of allegiance and am enlisted in the Army of Light. I am glad you are so understanding of my words which seem to convey so little of the call I have answered. My loved mother, I am now an adult and have chosen my career, to serve in the Army of Light which is His Body.

"Can I say a word now for Dad to interpret? I met a fellow yesterday nearly blind, and he was unable to see because he had been enveloped in business to such an extent that his spirit had never grown. It was a bit of a shock to me to find that just minding business could have such an effect, but he had thought only on the earth plane and not given a blink of thought to anything like beauty or spiritual values, so he was groping about unable to see anything. I helped him to a rest centre where an experienced guide took charge and told me he would have to be educated from the very beginning. He was a grown man in earth life, too. I had no idea before that people could stunt their spirits to such an extent as that poor fellow."

November 7th, 1943.

"Mumsie, I am waiting till evening when you have done your chores. I know quite well that you have to do your chores, as we called them in U.S.A.

"Can I tell you something about my new work? I am liking it ever so much, it is simply wonderful and full of spiritual power which I knew nothing of before. I am told what to do from a higher plane, and this means always being lifted up above oneself, so to speak. I have to be careful not to let my own thoughts get in the way, and then when I receive the instructions I find the power of influence comes into me and I can give it out to those we are trying to help. It is a most wonderful feeling to be lifted into a higher world and filled with such power to influence. I can't describe it, but you know what I mean I can see. We

go to the countries where the fear is, where people have been brought low by starvation and terror of war, and there where darkness is deep we pour in light from higher planes. I am so thrilled by the glory of going where need is greatest with such power to help. I am not meaning that I have power, but the power comes into us all. I am only a beginner and very self-absorbed still, but now I can see what to do to help and to feel able to get on in the right way—Christ is in us. O, Mumsie, you knew you would love to hear it." (*Pause.*)

"Can I tell you something I saw on my travels in the mountains of Caucasus? I was on my way to find the home of a man who had just come to us and wanted news of his family. I was going over the mountains when I saw an avalanche of rocks cascading down a slope on to a little hut where people lived, and I seemed to be told to go there to help them, so I went near and there was an old man on the ground with a broken back, and a girl bending over him crying. I saw that he was due to die, so I went up and spoke to her, and to my surprise she heard me and seemed thankful that I was there. I think she thought what she heard was her patron saint she had been praying to, but anyhow it comforted her. The old man was just dying so I helped him out of his body and carried him to a nearby camp of our people. He was unconscious because he wasn't awake in spirit yet. I went to find the girl again and she had gone for help to bring her uncle's body in, so I left her and went on to my job. I was so surprised to find she could hear me so easily, though, and she caught my meaning though not in words.

"I think we ought to stop, Mumsie. Night-night to Dad and Mumsie, from your son CHRIS."

November 14th (evening).

"Mumsie mine, you are tired with too much work of body. I am away so much now that I only got here a few minutes ago to find you still at work. I'll tell you a story to cheer you up. It was on a motor-boat that I saw a man dive overboard to save a kitten which a wave knocked off the boat—and he picked it up by the tail to take it back, he couldn't grab anything else, I suppose—and the kitten was furious at being held by the tail and wouldn't go near him after it, though he had done it to save it from drowning. I was on the boat seeing after a mind-wave from someone who was killed and his pal was on the boat, but I couldn't get a thought to take him then because they were all thinking of the kitten. I never knew such a boat-load, they had picked up some airmen who had come down in the sea, and also men from a minesweeper which had sunk, and the kitten was theirs. Just like our sailors to think more of rescuing a kitten than a man's life. It was amusing to see the indignation of the kitten, though. You are cheered up now, Mumsie, so I'll tell you another story of a duck which had laid an egg and couldn't wait to lay another but sat on one till it hatched. Then she was very annoyed to have only one duckling, and waddled off to the pond with it in high dudgeon. I was watching her mind working over it and thinking how badly her brood had turned out.

"Mumsie, I am resting you by talking nonsense, I can see you getting rested and cheery again. Let me go on rattling off little anecdotes, they seem to rest your mind, and I love to help you.

"I was over Malaya—yes—a few days ago, and saw a whole bunch of Japs arguing about malaria. I couldn't understand their words, of course, but I could see their thoughts in essence, so to speak. They were arguing that this illness was due to devils in the swamps, which had bad breath and gave it off so that men got ill from it. I was amused at their queer ideas."

(9 p.m. Pause for Big Ben and the Silent Minute.)

"Can we make a plan for Christmas, Mumsie? I want to be able to give you a present of some new experience, and to do that you will have to be very quiet and away in mind from your earth duties. I can do it at any time, not on Christmas Day, but I want it to be a Christmas present because I can't give you anything else now, you see. You will try to keep a time when I can take you to see something of my life? Uncle Toby thinks you can do it safely and it will interest you ever so much. We have a party as I told you, and it will take place in your little house, so be prepared." (I can't get cakes for them!) "Of course, not cakes! But you will have to prepare a bit all the same. I mustn't tell you any more yet. I think we ought to stop talking, as you are tired to-night, so good-night, Mumsie and Dad, from CHRIS."

November 21st.

His father dreamt of Christopher and in the morning R. heard C. say "I was with Dad then. Later he wrote—

"O, Mumsie, you are full of niceness! So pleased about my remark. I was only meaning that I came over that night and met Dad's sleep-form, so he dreamt he saw me—but the dream was all nonsense, only he knew he had seen me and that pleased me awfully because so few people can know what their sleep-forms have seen." (What are sleep-forms?) "I don't know but they aren't like us—spirits have all left their bodies altogether. Sleep-forms are a sort of creation of the spirit when not occupied on earth things, I think. They are a part of the person's mind but not the earth consciousness, and they come over to us when they love someone here. Mumsie, you often come, but your soul is so happy about us that you don't need to bring it into earth mind. . . . Dad is so able to see in dreams that I believe I could show him my life in that way better than more direct. I'll try to make him dream again and see if I can. Don't let him think he is going to beforehand or his human consciousness will get in the way. One has to get away from thinking humanly before one can get other consciousness, that's why dreams are so mixed up, because human ideas keep cutting in and mixing up the experiences of our life."

November 28th.

"I must tell you what I am getting on with now—a piece of mechanism of my own invention and fine for producing etheric music. I am specially full of that just now with my new work, as I am told music is a great source of powerful rays of healing, and will be much needed in our work of bringing joy in where fear lives and healing the fearing minds.

"Mumsie, I have another thing to tell you about. I can control minds at a distance sometimes by will power, and I make contributions to our work like that. It is a big effort, though, and I don't always bring it off,

but am trying to develop in that way. We are hard at work, there is such a lot of fear in the world just now. I find I have been chosen because I had such a hard fight with fear myself, so I can help more than those who haven't been afraid."

R. can you explain your new work?

"I can't tell you much because you can't understand the conditions of our life here, but I will give you an instance of our help. I was working on a mind of a boy who had been fired at and got helpless with fright, and I gave him a glimpse of our life as a picture in his mind. He began to look at it, and the courage came to grasp his gun and go on in spite of the firing. He knew that there was something beyond what he could see, and got out of his fear. I can't make you grasp my meaning altogether, but that was the effect of it.

"Now for an anecdote of considerable interest to Dad, I hope. I came across a fine magnolia tree in a garden near home, which had evergreen leaves and seeds, great pods open with coloured seeds like you are seeing in your mind. I was struck by the pods and seeds and didn't know they grew so big in England. While looking at it, I saw a creature in etheric life on the branches, like a man, only green like the tree, and he was making faces at me so I think he could see me. Most of them don't see our life at all, but he evidently knew I had spotted him and didn't like me for some reason. I couldn't make him understand my mind, though, and they don't seem to have much mind power. He had a very pointed head and face like a beak, and clung to the tree with hands and feet like a monkey. I crept round to make him get off his perch, but he suddenly scampered away as hard as he could, so I didn't pursue him any further."

(Later.)

"O Mumsie, I make such a good companion, because I sit here and never speak until you ask me to. I am a model of tact and impeccability! Little boys should be seen but not heard, I was told, but I am neither so I must be perfect!

Our headquarters now are in London at Westminster Abbey where many rays concentrate and we get inspiration from the past as well. It is so interesting to see past as well as present, and they say I shall see a bit into future too, soon, when I am more advanced. I can't understand how it happens, but I come on by jumps. I seem to pass some standard without knowing it and then another side of life opens out which I didn't know before was there at all. I find it very exciting and am thrilled when I suddenly begin to see more than I could before. For instance, I now see people I had no idea were near me at first, with most beautiful mind colours like marvellous rings of light. They are all workers here on earth but are in higher planes of work than mine. Uncle Toby could see them long ago because he was so far advanced on earth and came here all prepared for it. . . . Can I see lower forms, you mean? I don't see much of devils and such but I believe they exist, only lower minds are too dark for us to see easily. I can't believe in a real Devil with a big D, though, for I can see good everywhere, and he must have very little power if he exists at all. Christ made that plain really, only people won't believe in Him. Here we know He is our Life and Mind.

"I must go, so night night to Mumsie and Dad, from your son CHRIS."

December 5th, 1943.

"Now let's talk about my doings. I went to a meeting of our platoon commanders, and they decided to work in . . . Mumsie, you are rather tired and can't get my meaning. They decided to work in Russia. I tried to tell you the name of the place but you couldn't get it. So I am back where I started after such a merry-go-round of places of work. I went to a case of fear over there with one of our guides, and he told me to keep the man's mind occupied while he tried to divert the cause, which was a bad barrage of big gun fire. So I told him ideas of his past, and he responded beautifully and felt much better. The guide was pleased with my work and said I had handled him well for my inexperience. Did I tell you a great adventure I had in the week before? Being carried by aeroplane to Africa in charge of a man's mind who was grappling with fear of flying? He was a passenger on board and very jumpy, and I had to keep telling him to stop it and be quiet, so he came over safely, but it was all I could do to prevent him from jumping out half-way. Well, I was so occupied with him that I failed to observe what was happening to the others, and when we got out one of them had died on the journey. I felt simply awful to have been sitting there with this stupid frightened fellow when the other really needed help most. He was in a coma, though, so all right.

"Just one more thing I want to say. I won't be able to be so regular on Sundays soon because they want me to take Sunday duty on the patrol as they have so many boundary bandits to contend with and can't spare many of us at a time. No, you don't understand, but it's a bit hard to explain. We patrol the boundary between our mind regions and the underworld of earth-bounders and they try to penetrate our boundaries to damage the patients lately recovering from death, so we patrol the boundary to keep them from interfering and turning some of them to their underworld way of thinking. I can't explain any better because it is all so new to your mind and so different to what we used to think happened at death. It is just as natural as everything else here really, and only seems strange to you because you can't get away from earth ideas yet. Anyhow, I'm wanted sometimes for Sunday patrol, so I'll come some other day now and then.

"Now I'll say good-night to both my beloved parents like a dutiful son . . . CHRIS."

December 14th. (At Dallington.)

"I was absolutely at sea as to where you had located yourselves till I saw your flash just now. You never said you were going to a new domicile altogether, so I buzzed off to old Mrs. —, and then to Cox's Mill, and no one could show me where you were, so I was just flat-bottomed out and in total darkness till you flashed that message . . .

"Can I tell you something about my new work which I find so enjoyable? I tell my boys I help to look for the correct way of holding their heads up, and I see their minds concentrating on attention to position when they might become afraid, so they lose their fear in holding their heads as if they were courageous and full of pluck. I find these little things help them more than bigger thoughts which they can't grasp yet."

December 15th.

"Can we have a little cosy chat, Mumsie mine? I would like to tell you how my new power of sight works, but it is impossible to describe your words. It works by my own volition, not automatically as my eyes do, but I can will myself to see over miles of earth land and sea equally small . . . (an interruption)—I can wait all right . . . better, Mumsie, get a grip of my presence and we'll get on first—"

"I want to explain another most comforting thing, which is that I can even the high spirits I am now able to see are quite human in their ways and want to laugh at their old selves and crack jokes as though they were just old comrades come back from a journey. I am so glad because I was afraid it would all be so grand and stately and one would feel awfully shabby, but they are all so friendly and good fellow sort of thing that I am quite at home with all of them even from very high planes. It makes me feel all one family in reality, as we ought to be on earth but never are."

"I must tell you of an encounter I had with a Hun on a plane over the coast near here. He was flying very fast, having dropped bombs on some ships and wanting to get away before our fighters came at him. I was travelling in the opposite direction to get back to you, and I saw him coming, so I slipped on to his plane and whispered to his mind—'No good doing this, you're beat and you know it'—and he swirled his plane round as if he thought some other plane was after him. So I laughed at his panic and came on here . . . I'm not very Christian yet, Mumsie, as you say! But they are such nasty brutes, these Huns, and I always wanted to get at them. I see you have things to do and I want to go and wander round a bit. We'll talk again on Friday as I can't come to-morrow.

"Nightie-night from CHRIS."

December 17th.

"Now I want to tell you a bit about my work which is possible to put into human words.

"Can you understand a glorious light, like a bonfire only no heat, just light? We light our torches from it and hold them high in places where minds are dark and there is no hope of any human help. There we go to light the hopeless minds and dispel the darkness which covers them. They begin to hope and then waken to the light, and we are there to cheer their drooping hearts and lighten their darkened minds. I can't really explain our work, it is not on human planes, but I am so gratified to be allowed to help in such wonderful work as this.

"I must just tell you one thing more and then I must go back till to-morrow. Clear rays of intense power come on us from some high sphere, and we are filled with this and enabled to do our work in that power, not our own. I cannot describe how full of strength and power to help it makes even me when I receive this ray from above. I must go now, Mumsie darling, and I have enjoyed this little talk—more to-morrow, probably.

"Love to Dad from his son CHRIS."

December 18th.

"Give me your hand for a tiny talk and I'll tell you about an adventure to-day. I went over to France and saw the German gunners on the coast

all working like mad to make big machines of which I can't tell the use. They looked like gasometers or cylinders of some kind and were quite as big as an ordinary gasometer for a town. They are terribly hard at work over there, and I think something is brewing, but I saw our reconnaissance planes coming over, so expect they have reported it all right. I came back on one of them, flying very low as he had been hit by an A.A. gun, I think. The pilot was a bit off colour, too, but I think he got safe back.

“. . . O, so this is our last talk here? Many thanks for a nice holiday, so much enjoyed it all. . . . Mumsie, you needn't mind for me, I am happier than I could ever have been in earth life, and all is well in real life. Love to Dad, from CHRIS.”

December 23rd. (At Stoke-on-Trent.)

“Mumsie, I want you to be very quiet and come over to me as far as you can. I am near you and my face is . . .” (R. felt a dim outline of his face). “Mumsie, I might touch your hand, I am so close to you, and yet you don't really see me. Yes, I see you realise where I am and see a dim outline but not the full me. I must try again, and keep off telling you, as you get nearer when you aren't trying hard to see.

“I am preparing a surprise for Christmas Day, and you will see what you will see. It is much easier than to see me, which you can't do yet, I fear. I know you are capable of it, but I must get you off your guard, so to speak! Now I think we ought to get on with our work, so no more till Christmas Day! from CHRIS.”

December 24th. Lancelot.

“Love to Mum and Dad on Christmas Eve from Lancelot. Coming to your party to-morrow evening invited by Chris who is arranging it. He wants me to come early, at six, to talk first, because I can tune up your mind best to receive the company. It is to be a surprise so I mustn't tell you who are coming, but quite a lot will be there and you will hear news of all of us you love over here. Darling Mum, I am so looking forward to it—at six to-morrow evening. Good-night and HAPPY CHRISTMAS from LANCELOT.”

Christmas Day 1943, 5.40 p.m. Christopher.

“My Mumsie, I was so excited that I had to come along first to see if you were really expecting us all? I said to Lance that he should come to tune you up, but I find you are ever so full of expectancy too, so let's have a talk till the others come. A Happy Christmas to my parents from your erring but loving son Chris.

“Darlings, you will hardly believe me when I tell you this is the greatest Happy Christmas I have ever known. So far from regretting the old festivity I used to enjoy so much, I just don't want that kind of thing any more, and I am so closely joined to you and Dad in love now that I never could feel lonely or out of anything again—it's just RICH joy. Now I am master of ceremonies, so must stop and introduce the company as they arrive.”

“Lancelot now. Mum ownest, I am so GLAD you are so happy at our

party, and Dad is too, tell him, please. I can be attendant to your mind now, to keep you in tune for the next visitor.”

(Personal messages were then written with my hand from eleven different relatives of mine who had died during the past thirty years.)

Later. Christopher.

“Only a word, Mumsie, then you must rest. Have you enjoyed your party?” (Yes, ever so much.) “I am so glad because it was a Christmas present from me to you, only I couldn't have done it without a lot of help from Lancelot, who knows all these relations of yours. Now I'll say nighty-night, and Lancelot will say a word.”

Lancelot.

“Mum DARLING, I have so much enjoyed it all, and Chris has been super—he likes me to say that! My best Happy Christmas EVER. Dad is enjoying it too, which makes it so NICE.

“Good night, Darlings, from LANCELOT.”

December 26th. Christopher.

“Now, Mumsie, shall we have a heart to heart tête-à-tête talk? . . . Of course I include Dad, but I mean not a party like yesterday.” (I enjoyed it very much.) “I'm so glad. I enjoyed it too, and so I think did they all. They were most complimentary to me as organiser of it, though Lance did most of the invitations. I only got Uncle Toby and my Grannies. I am so happy it all went off so well and I gave Mumsie a treat for Christmas!

“Let's see, what have I been doing? I went over to France again to see those gasometer things, and our aircraft were over them fairly plugging away with bombs. I saw one go down in flames, but I don't know what happened to the others. The Germans were making attempts to manipulate their A.A. guns but our aircraft moved too quickly and I think most got away safely. I made out a bevy of lorries loaded with petrol tanks or some such thing coming up which were getting a hectic time of it, too. I think the Germans are very despondent, for they seem so jumpy and on the run at any attack by our planes. I nearly forgot to tell you that Uncle Toby said I was getting on very well and he was pleased with my progress. I am very proud when he praises me because he is very particular and hard to please.

“I want to let you into a secret of my own and I can't express it—you know the old feeling of being unable to tell anyone what one really means? I must try to explain myself. I am aware of much more now than I knew existed before, yet I still feel unexpressed somehow, and want to do a big thing to get myself expressed. I hope to find a work I can excel in soon. All I have tried so far isn't quite my own work and I don't know what I really need yet. I shall find out soon, I hope, but meantime I feel on trial and not doing what will eventually be my own particular line of work. . . . I am in His Army, but it is my work in that I don't yet know . . .

“May I tell you a bit of luck which came my way to-day? I had left my instrument on our table in the headquarters and was able to contact the caretaker by telepathy to send it me on will-power. You see, we can send any etheric object by will-power, as it doesn't have to be moved by

physical jerks like your life. I was lucky in contacting his mind so handily, as he might have been thinking of other things, but he responded at once and sent it along." (*So you have tables!*) "O yes, we have furniture all right, our offices would be awfully bare with nothing. It is much more like your life than you think, I believe. I would like to show you our headquarters some day. I think you ought to stop now."

December 27th.

"Can we have a few words on prayer? I want you to help me to understand how you pray, because I seem to have no mental force like you send out when you think about God or Christ." (*That is because I love God, darling.*) "I can't understand. I don't love those I can't realise at all. . . . Yes, I see a bit, but I can't rise in spirit—I need to suffer more till I have to find Him, I suppose. . . . Yes, I see, so I seem a bit ungrateful not to love Him. I don't want to be ungrateful but I find it very difficult." (*You love beauty and music, and they are part of God, you thank Him in your love of them.*) "I see, so I have been grateful after all. I do love beauty and music. That makes things much clearer. I can see now how to begin to love God, ever so many thanks, Mumsie darling. I am nearly grown up now and can yet not understand what I ought to have known as a small child. I am very backward in some ways still, but I am getting on now.

"Dad would like to hear how I found a creature in the wood near Cox's Mill the other day. I went off down there before Christmas, and went into the forest where they had been clearing, and there I found a creature in etheric life which had been inside the tree and was turned out by cutting it down. It was a tree-elf of sorts, I suppose, but it was not at all like the others I have seen—it had . . . I'll try to draw it. . . . Not very good, but it is something like that. I can't make its limbs look real, but they were not so much like legs or arms as like feelers or something else. He sat on the ground looking most uncomfy because his tree had been cut down, and I didn't know how to help him at all. He was brownish with a black eye or something which looked like an eye, but I don't think it functions in the same way at all.

"I mustn't write more to-night as it is the third evening in succession for you and you mustn't be overdone, Lancelot says. So I'll say au revoir till Sunday next, I shall be working again to-morrow. Love to Dad from CHRIS."

December 30th.

"Mumsie, I came to-day to tell you about instructions recently given to our headquarters to be ready for a big development to assist our work. It is a force of powerful spirits sending rays to aid earth and concentrating them on England, from which the light is to spread over the world. I am so proud to belong to England now I can see the part we are destined to play in world development. I am so glad you are to be surrounded by light of these rays so that your work will be more effective than before. I shall be able to help too in this great work, and it is a marvellous thing to be doing.

"You want to say something?"

(*You told us a few days ago that your instrument was sent to you "on will-*

power" by the caretaker—why couldn't you will it to come to you without contacting his thoughts?)

"You think I'm super strong! I can't do that yet, though I shall be able to some day. But our office caretaker could send it more easily because he got my mind waves to help too, it just needed his added effort—two better than one, you see.

"I want to stop now—so good night, Mumsie and Dad, see you Sunday probably. CHRIS."

January 2nd, 1944.

"Can you hear me playing if you keep quiet? You must try now I've tuned you up." (*Pause.*)

"Yes, much better, but not real hearing yet. I think you want me to talk more than you want to hear me play. Some day you'll hear my instrument properly, then you will love it. I want to teach you to hear me, so shall we try again?" (*Pause. R. received an impression of Christopher playing.*) "I see you receive it visually, not audibly, but you'll be able to do both later on. . . .

"I want to tell you how my instrument works, because you still think of me as playing it by blowing—it isn't done like that at all because there isn't any air to blow into it in our life—well, I mean I can see your air but can't use it for blowing. I gather harmonics by thought-pressure into a sort of tube like a flute, but it is played by a mental process, not by blowing or fingers. I exert mind pressure in the direction of the harmony I want and make the sound, following a score just like our books only in another material, but the actual sound is made by mental pressure into a tube which gathers the thought-forms. It is so difficult to explain because you don't understand how we live at all yet. . . .

"May I tell you about my invention of a cloud carrier to waft me along in upper air whenever I want to be extra luxurious? It is a bed of soft cloud colours all mauve and grey and blue-grey which I fold myself up in and am drifted along with the cloud in a lovely soothing way. I have done it several times, but can't be always lolling about while there is so much work going on. Yesterday I careered over to Iceland to find a man I heard crying for help, and he was full of fear about his aeroplane which he had to fly back to this country in winter weather. So I gave him a picture of home and made him want to get there so badly that he forgot to feel afraid of what might happen on the way. . . .

"I think we ought to stop writing now because you are getting tired, and I'll be able to come another night soon. Your loving CHRIS."

January 9th.

"I came all primed to tell you of an adventure, when you were so engrossed writing that you never heard me! Well, I went over to France again after my work, and saw a wreck off the French coast lying in shallow water with her funnels out. I was interested to see that this ship's cargo was still on board and no one attempting to salvage it. It was a cargo of muskets of some new kind, I think, but I don't know where to or from—she was a French boat, I think, but I couldn't tell for certain. As I watched, the ship's cat came up to me—she had been drowned and was so upset about having lost her nice home that she had stayed on it trying to carry

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on as usual, but began to be lonely because all the men had left and no one came to pet her and give her milk, so she was ever so glad to see me. I tried to explain to her that she ought to leave the ship, but a cat's mind is so very tiny that I couldn't get the idea into it. So I left her there and went ashore, and came upon a heap of machinery which had been one of those gasometer things I told you about. My goodness, our bombers have made a job of it there! I couldn't recognise any part of it, all twisted wires and only mixed bits of steel and concrete in a broken pile. All was quiet at the time, no bombers just then, but they had done their work well. I couldn't see any soldiers about either, and no one seemed trying to repair the damage. Just then I saw a queer old man come out of a hole in the ground, where he had been hiding, I think; he took a long look at the wreckage and hobbled off in the direction of some cottages in the distance. I think they were smashed too, but still had walls standing. I felt sorry for the poor people living in those parts, but it had to be done, of course.

"Good night, parents dear, from CHRIS."

(Christopher's younger brother, David, arrived home from America on January 10th.)

January 16th.

"I was busy all week working with my gang up in White Russia, so I never went to see if I could find Dave's ship. Much surprised he got here so soon—a successful voyage, I gather, not like mine! My coming over here was all planned really, I know, but humans would call it a calamity. I know better now, of course. . . . Can I say about my work, Mumsie? I am efficient in path-finding now, so they are giving me jobs which need that very interesting and slippery work—I mean slippery in a thought sense, you slip up in tracking wrong bands of thought sometimes. You are so quiet in mind to-day, Mumsie, I could explain more if you have time? I touch a mind thinking of a soldier I am trying to help and they send out a flash of recognition in his direction which shows him where they are, then sometimes he slips along it safely and gets there, but sometimes their mind closes in again so quick that he can't see his way and I have to be there to get another signal from his friend or relation. I can't get you to see it clearly, but that's how it works.

"Can I tell Dave something he will be interested in? That radio is coming over to us in waves of light. The waves used for radio are visible to us as light-bands, and I can see messages being transmitted by ships in visible form. I don't want to make him envious, but he could do much more from our life here in that way than he can on earth. I'm not gifted that way, but it seems to me that radio is quite the nearest approach to our life yet made from the earth sphere. I just can't get a grip of these wave-lengths, but maybe soon they'll find one through which we can speak to make our voices heard by you. Maybe Dave will be the man to invent a gadget for doing this! . . .

"Mumsie, I want to tell Dave I came over here to be a guide to the men who are killed in this war, because I so wanted to help win the war and that is one big way . . . I want him to know the reason for it so he won't think it was all just accident and a misfortune."

(Later.) "Mumsie, I am so interested in Dave's idea of a lower frequency of wave-length, for I thought I was on a short-length wave, but I couldn't make your vibrations tune in to mine, and I believe I could have stepped up a bit to tune in with you instead. Now shall we talk of my adventures over in White Russia? I was admitted to a college of light ray instruction, very like Lancelot learned long ago. I am staggered at the amount there is to tackle before one can be of much use to other people. You see, we simply don't get the elements of it at our human schools and our instruction really begins at the beginning when we come over here. Well, I have forged ahead since we last talked and begin to understand how to combat evil influences and help the fear in the world. It is simply glorious to feel I have been chosen because of my timidity in earth life to help this work of fear-fighting. I feel so grateful to find my weakness turned to this great use. I learned a lot of wonderful things about rays we don't use on earth at all, and shall have to practice working them before I can use them to fight devils with. Yes, we are up against real devils, but they are all results of evil thinking. Most people can keep them off easily, especially in England, because good thoughts are prevalent, but in backward countries it is very bad. They get under influence of these evil beings who make them imagine things to frighten themselves, and that's where our rays help so much, we give their minds a healthy impetus and the devils are routed. It is difficult to make you understand because your mind is so clear and bright that no devil can come within your orbit at all. . . . But in Russia people are very dark in mind and we have a lot of work to do there. I am keenly interested in this new line of instruction and long to be able to use these rays intelligently, but I'm not so good at that sort of thing as most. I was chosen for my victory over my own fears, and that gives me sympathy with those we are out to help and makes me give out a longing to help them which is good.

"I must go soon, but I want to keep the Silent Minute, so think of me then and I'll be with you." (Dad said, "We like the photos of you which David brought back.") "All right, Dad, I'm glad you think them good of me—can't send you any more yet, but p'raps Dave will invent a way to take me with a multi-wave etheric photo-plate or thereabouts! I must be off, I'm afraid, so leave you and Dave to think out ways of snapping me!

"So long, family. Your-loving CHRIS."

January 23rd. (At Cox's Mill.)

"I want to tell you another adventure of mine. . . . I went on a sharp bar of fear to help a man who was wounded and he had a leg blown off by a shell or something, so I tried to find help for him. He gave me a clue by his thought-wave as to the whereabouts of his battery and I came upon his pal thinking of him, so I told him where the man was and he was quite intelligent about it, but just as they got him up another shell burst and I was just in time to help them out of their bodies. The man whose wave I first saw was afraid all the time but very plucky over fighting it and soon found his feet at being freed. The other was non-plussed and unable to understand what had happened. He had never

thought about dying so he didn't think it could possibly have happened, and I had great trouble to bring him in to our camp, he just would not come, saying he must go back to his gun. At last I had to let him go, but soon heard his call for help as he found no one paid the slightest attention to him any more. However, he is quite reasonable to deal with now he has once realised his own death. I wish someone could make them think a bit before they go out fighting, it is so much easier to deal with those who realise they may be dead. I am getting on fairly well in my work of fear-fighting, and it is just the work for me. . . .

"Now I must be off, so I'll just say au revoir and be with you next week, Sunday probably.

"Dave, old boy, it's great to see you. CHRIS."

January 30th.

"Hullo, Mumsie, I didn't expect you so soon and came for a stroll in the pond where I can study the gnome life at its best. I have been up to pranks of my own with the atmosphere on the pond. I gave off fumes of mist in etheric life so the little people couldn't see, and they got very fussed and set about making shelters to hide in. I cleared it off by will-power, but they wouldn't come out for a long time. I wanted to see how they acted in emergency because I thought they were without powers of reasoning, but I see they have some ideas of their own. They give out so little thought that I wondered if they had any at all. I think they are above vegetable life but connected with it somehow, for they use nothing else. Animal life is beyond their scope altogether.

"Dave, old boy. . . . I would love to have you in my new life, full of new sorts of things to do. I go up into upper air and float on clouds with crimson glow of cosmic rays lighting them into wonderful glory of colour, and then I shoot down like a rocket on my volition energy to see Mumsie and you snugly sitting.

"Cheerio, darlings, back again later. I've got a call to answer. So long."

February 7th, 1944. (David asked, "Is Chris sitting with us?")

"No, I'm here sitting on you! Not very heavily though because you see I don't weigh anything! Poor little Chris doesn't weigh anything! How are you getting on with your gadgets, Dave? I mean lights and things, chiefly things like lights." (You are very frivolous this afternoon!) "Why not? I'm awfully happy so I just have to bubble a bit. Too good to talk, we'll do that later."

February 13th. (At Stoke-on-Trent.)

"I am very amused at you for thinking I was wandering at Cox's Mill trying to find you! As if I can't contact your thoughts by this time from anywhere! Quite a new idea has come to me for my work, which is still fear-fighting. I give my patient a power of grasping hold of my hand with his etheric hand and it seems to calm him wonderfully. I saw you do that yourself, Mumsie, when the raid was on the other night—you grasped the etheric hand of your angelic guide, and nothing would have been able to frighten you then. I was so interested, because I have only just become able to see your angel, I was not far enough advanced before."

R. asked if C. would like to tell her something which would provide "proof" that it was he who was talking to her.

"Cumulative evidence is best, and of that you have ample by now. I am not confident of getting through material proofs because I can't remember details of my earth life which would be sufficiently convincing. I hope you won't want me to try, it is such a strain to think of those sort of silly details.

"I'll go now, as you are tired, I can see."

February 14th. (Lancelot's birthday.)

Lancelot. "I have been having a great party of rescuers for our work of fighting evil thoughts, and I carried out a gloom dispersal—you can't understand, but I had great reserves of force waiting to rush in when we lifted the gloom on evil minds and they broke up the thoughts before they could do harm. . . .

Here comes Chris to keep my birthday. I told him this morning to come along for my birthday treat so we could be together with you and Dad all so cosy and nice on my birthday evening. . . . I'll stop and let Chris talk, but give Dad my love and a BIRTHDAY KISS from Lancelot."

(Pause.)

Christopher. "Sorry, Mumsie, I was talking to Lance. He tells me he is twenty-four to-day—what a grown-up he is! Yet he seems as young or younger than I am only much more advanced in spirit, but just a boy full of fun and games. I am so surprised that he is so human still after all these years of spirit life. . . . I am very happy to see you an extra day this week owing to Lance's birthday, which I had no idea of till he told me to-day. I am so glad to be with him again, too."

Lancelot. "Chris is ever so glad to know I still keep my birthday because he thought all those things were just earth-life, but birthdays are very spiritual too."

Christopher. "I am surprised as he says, but I quite see how one's birthday is a part of one's life here as well as on earth. I think you are tired, Mumsie darling, so I will stop and let Lance finish as it is his day."

Lancelot. "Such a huge Hug for Mum and Dad on my birthday from LANCELOT with love."

February 20th. Christopher.

"I was a bit later than usual so I expect you got anxious—the fact was, I couldn't leave a case who had a bad attack of fear and wanted to bolt, so I just had to stop till he righted himself. . . .

"Now I want to tell you that my work is progressing very strongly. I mean, I have stronger powers to help now, and am so glad to be used in this way to help the frightened men in this war. . . . I feel overcome by gratitude that I can help fear, because it was so much my besetting sin and I was so timid and faithless in my earth life. It fills me with grateful joy to be able to clear it out of the minds of others. Now I'll give you an example of the kind of work I do.

"Charles was a tank gunner, and very good at it, too, but he had attacks of nerves which gave him no peace of mind, he was always in dread of being unable to carry on when firing at the enemy. I went with

him into action and gave his mind a stimulus to carry on as if he was only practising, and he found it ever so easy and forgot his dread altogether. I heard him say to another fellow that he felt better now he had really been into battle and come out steady without doing anything silly. I feel I am really helping to win the war as much or more than I could have in my body. It is such grand fun, too, to see how they respond to my suggestions and try to carry them out, thinking they are their own!

"I think I'll get back and see if my chap is all right I was with just now. You'll understand, I know, that I'm rather busy to-night and shall come again soon. Think of me at nine, won't you, darling."

March 5th, 1944.

"Mumsie, I want to tell you a bit of adventure for Dad to enjoy. I went to a battleground in Novra. . . . I can't get it into your mind and don't know how to spell the beastly place, it ends in a shriek like most of these Russian names. I had been getting on finely with a plucky Russian boy who wanted to see his old home again, and we found close to his house a new church was being built for worship, so he was delighted because no churches have been built in Russia for a generation or so. He was much impressed with the need for bringing back their religion because he found life went on after death, so it cheered him up no end to see that his father was taking part in building a church." (Interruption.)

(Later.) "Mumsie, I hope you haven't pondered over all my drivel to the extent you were doing just now! I shall be afraid to go on chatting away if I think my words are so important!" (It interests people to hear something about your life.) "Yes, I can quite understand that when I think of our crass ignorance of any other life than our human one in the old days." (Do you mind if I publish some of your letters?) "Of course, do anything you like. I quite feel it may help and should be glad to contribute anything."

"May I show you another picture of a scene in France where I stumbled on a hero in disguise? He looked a Cochin and wore uniform of a private in the German army, but he was giving away his food to the starving children, and I could see he had had nothing to eat himself for days. He was a Frenchman escaping from Germans, I think, but I saw such a glow of sacrifice of his own hunger for the sake of these ragged, hungry children. I was much struck by his courage and unselfishness. Everywhere I go I see courage grown out of danger and despair. It is great to think that war can produce great qualities like this. I make a tune now about all that."

(Pause. I felt music round me.)

"Good. Mumsie, you were nearly over to me, and heard my tune, though not clearly. I must congratulate you on letting yourself go and getting a bit further than usual. May I be abrupt and say good-night, for I find it's nearly nine and I promised to be over with a case for the nine p.m. chimes. Good-night, darling, and Dad, too."

March 12th. (8 a.m.)

"Coming morning to tell you a secret. I am to be promoted to ray-carrier soon. Uncle Toby has recommended me for this, which is a wonderful work, and I am very surprised they think I am capable of it.

Yes, I can be here all day and talk when you are free. Music meanwhile."
(I felt that he began to play his instrument.)

Afternoon.

(A B.B.C. Concert.)

"Mumsie, do you mind if I go on listening? . . . Yes, I hear only your vibrations, but I can listen also to music you can't hear which is the result of what is being played by instruments on earth. I want to listen now."

(Later.) "I want to tell you something I've just thought of. Carmine clouds on deep azure sky lighted up by a rainbow of unearthly colours, those you have no words for. I saw that coming here to-day. I can't describe the wealth of glory in it. I am full of love of colour now, it is so marvellously beautiful. Mumsie, how great is God in beauty. God in all—all in God. Mumsie, darling, let me tell you about another bit of wonder I saw over here just before landing, it was ground this time. Trees in their inner selves beginning to wake after winter sleep and showing growth inwardly which will burst through later—multitudes of tiny cells all bursting with palest green fronds which will later push through the bud into leaves. I looked in fascination at the purity of their green and white sheen, and saw how the growth cells are making ready to push out into the outer air. Such wonders one never thought of in earth life when one was full of oneself. . . . All is God—I see now how the creative force works in all, and only man has separate force—which he misuses. . . ."

Evening.

"Now I want to give you some idea of how we get our orders from headquarters. I contact the mind of one of the guides, who passes me the orders come through from Uncle Toby, the Commandant. He gets instructions from a higher order of being altogether, people I can't see even yet, very high up in intelligence and knowledge of good and evil. These high beings are the leaders of each group, which acts only on their instructions as to big things like the work of organisation. All little details are left to us to use our own powers over. I have, for instance, full scope for exercising my own discretion as to where I look for work and who I help, also to some extent how I help. All I do is known by these superior beings, who guide by intuition when I am hardly conscious of being guided at all. So you see how it works—and I love to be under high guidance, as it gives one such confidence that one will not be allowed to do the wrong thing so long as one wants to do right. Have I explained it clearly? . . . I ought to be off now, I think, and shall come in a week's time as usual, so far as I know."

"Cheerio—CHRIS."

March 19th.

"Shall we have a talk? I'm game if you like—shall have to be off soon, for I came so early intending to get back to work early too. I want to explain something you can't quite grasp, I find, and that is the way I arrange my aggressions into your mind. You seem to think I say words aloud, but I only insert my meaning into your brain and you put words to it yourself. Different to writing like this, when I use your ectoplasmic

hand and my own words. I also would like to explain that I can't take messages from one person to another unless they are given in thought-form as you did so carefully this morning. I got your mental images clearly.

"Now I want to be off, so I'll just tell one adventure which may amuse Dad and then good-bye for the time. I collected a cat from the wreck I told you of months past. I went past it on a journey home, and there was the little thing still on board and unable to understand why it was so lonely. It came up to me overjoyed at seeing a human being again, and this time was quite willing to leave the boat, but not me! So I had to keep it, and it is installed at our headquarters as a pet of mine! Uncle Toby is quite agreeable to my keeping it, but he says *no more cats*—he says he knows my preferences of old and wants me not to remain cat-ridden for ever! I couldn't bear the little thing being so lonely, though it was its own silly fault. I'll be off now. Thoughts to Dad, many of 'em. Your CHRIS."

(NOTE.—See letter of January 9th, 1944.)

March 26th.

"I want to tell you a great piece of news—that I have been given my promotion to ray-bringer. I am so keen, because it is a beautiful work, all my love of colour will come in useful, and my tuning of my instrument has prepared the way. I was told that my love of colour could be used higher up but I never expected it so soon. I am more pleased than I can explain. It is just a hop up five rungs of the ladder at a time, and means leaving earth help a bit for a higher sort which is full of God and Beauty. I am just full of pep and elation. I am going to be a lieutenant of rays to begin with under Uncle Toby's personal direction, but soon I shall be leaving him to work on my own.

"Now for an adventure of mine. I was on a parachute to see how my man stood his first jump—he had been funking it a bit. Suddenly I saw a funny goblin thing attached to it too and being towed at a tremendous speed—for it. I tried to disentangle it, but it had got into the mesh somehow so I couldn't bother about it as my man wanted help. He got down well and took off his parachute, so the goblin got out too and sat down and cried. I couldn't see his thoughts as his mind is so small, but I was so sorry for him, though having no notion what the trouble was. He just sat there and cried and cried and nothing seemed to stop him, so I had to leave him as I couldn't help. Then I saw my man was so much relieved at the success of his first jump that his mind was all clear again, so I hove away in search of anything else I could find."

(Dad asked if C. could write with his hand.)

"What, Dad? I don't think so, he hasn't got any extension of his ectoplasm which I could use so far as I can see, but he might develop it if he tried, it would be just swell if he could. Your ectoplasmic hand is so well developed, Mumsie, that I have no difficulty whatever unless you let your mind get in the way. . . . I must give Dad a chance of trying his hand, do ask him to try."

(Dad took a pencil and tried, but there was no result.)

"O what fun! Dad can't get his ectoplasmic hand out of its sheath, so I can't use it, but he'll be able to if he goes on trying to, I think. Dad is

so unused to exerting his psychic body, so he can't get free of his shell. He is like a hermit crab who can't put his claws out, and Mumsie's claws come out fine."

Can you explain ectoplasm?

"Yes, I can to some degree. Your ectoplasm is the cloak of your spirit which it discards on leaving the body, just as in our birth, which is so like our death, we have a wrapping which is born with the body and discarded. Sometimes it is torn out prematurely and ghosts are formed that way, but only a few, for it doesn't last long. Mumsie can extrude it a bit, though not like mediums who have practised doing it an awful lot.

"So long, must be off now. CHRIS."

April 2nd, 1944. At Cox's Mill.

"Can we have a moment? You have been accablée with chores and I felt so unwanted!" (I have had a terribly busy time.) "Yes, of course, Mumsie, and I was only funning. I see Dave has been out in the boat already, much to the annoyance of the moorhens, I gather.

"I want to tell you some good news of my promotion to be a ray-bringer. I have started that work and find it not so hard as I feared. I grasp the ray firmly, mentally, and direct its full force on to the case to be helped, and often the results are quite bewilderingly sudden and great. It means great concentration of mental effort, and I find it tiring as yet, though accustomed by now to mental force. It produces such a mighty clearance in the patient's mind that it is better than anything I have touched yet—just fine.

"About the moorhens—yes, I was watching one in the rushes and he was peeping at Dave through the stems and feeling very annoyed indeed, because he wanted to cross the pond and Dave was paddling all over it in the boat so he couldn't venture. No more to-night, darling, you're tired."

April 9th. Easter Sunday. (At Cox's Mill.)

"Mumsie, I am afraid I must be late, but I was unaware of your clock-changing business and came expecting to find you at tea. Now let's have a chat about my doings.

"I grasped my ray-work pretty well and am busy on innumerable cases of fear healing—it is marvellous what ray control can do. Often a man is nearly petrified with fear, and the directing of a ray on to him gives a sense of security he learns to trust to and feel strong. I gave another man a glimpse of etheric life and helped him to feel his feet again. I am fully occupied now and working so hard that I seldom stop to find adventures—however, I must tell you that my cat is very happy now in our life and quite at home in the office although she can't catch mice any more. I changed over to a big office yesterday, where we ray-bringers have more scope for our work. Such wonderful colours in these rays, I wish you could see them—colours I can't describe because you have no word for them, but scientists over here use them for all sorts of work for humanity. All musicians use rays for their work which have each a tone to which they vibrate, and over-strained minds relax under certain tones of music. Certain tones brace and others relax, all this one has to learn in my work and it is just great to see a mind respond to the

treatment. Overtired minds are a great handicap just now in the development of man, and more ray treatment is needed than we can get qualified for. I have only qualified for the elementary treatment so far, but I hope to progress.

"Now shall I tell you a story of my cat? A very silly one, but funny. I had gone off on my work and she missed me and got a hunch I was leaving her for good, so she got out my instrument I play on and wouldn't leave it till I got back. She just sat on it with determination to wait till I came for it. Of course I went for it as soon as I got back, and she was overjoyed to see me again! I must get back to work, I fear, for a call has just come in, they say, so night night, Mumsie and Dave, old fellow—nice to see you sitting at home again like old times.

"So long. CHRIS."

April 23rd.

"I must tell you a bit of my work now which I think I can put into human words. I charge up at a power station for sleep minds, to give them a sense of security when they have been much lacerated by bomb-noise. I feel so infused with power then that I speed like a bullet to its goal to give them strength before sleep, and so keep their mental imagery intact. It isn't easy to say it in words, but I try to explain and you get a glimpse of what I mean. I am awfully keen on my work now and will hope for good results later when Uncle Toby inspects us. . . .

"I would like to say how I seem to be a part of your own mind to you, because you aren't sure sometimes that I am speaking and think it must be your imagination. Can you understand thought vibration? I catch your thought as a wave or vibration which affects my mind and I send a wave back to yours, but you receive it inwardly, not by your ears, so you think it is your own wave returning—but I am often quite close and saying something out loud to you before you take in that I am speaking. You can hear better than you will believe because you are so afraid of being taken in by your imagination, but you needn't feel so anxious, I am generally able to make you hear without difficulty.

"I must be off and get some work done, so no more. Tell Dave good-night from me. CHRIS."

April 30th.

"My goodness, what a day you had yesterday! I felt a mind wave of yours over at work, and you said how almighty good you felt out in the forest. I wasn't able to come because I had a big bit of work on, but Michael came and told me you had spent a whole day among trees and were so refreshed that your mind would be clearer than usual to-day, so I came along a bit sooner in case you thought of me. I want to tell you that I am among a band of colour workers with rays. . . ."

(R's mind was brought back by a chaffinch who hopped on to the terrace with a loud "Chink, chink.")

"Much amused at your tame bird; a bit obstreperous, ain't he? Wanted a bit of cake, I guess. To return to my work. I am selected for colour work with rays because of my love of colour, and it is just watching how the bands of colour harmonise and melt in together to form new colours. I love to watch them, and am keen to learn which make the

effect needed on the minds I work for. Mumsie, I can't make out what you are doing, but it's something for Dave, I guess?"
(Getting his clothes ready for school.)

"O yes, I forgot about clothes, they were a silly business, we get on much better with thought clothes which only wear out if we are stupid.

"I want to tell you all about my doings this past week. I gave a great party to my pals in ray work and we went exploring over some etheric plane hills where I had never been. One of the others knew the way so he showed us how to go, and it was scrumptious—full of glory of golden rays of power streaming to the hills to light their further side. They were a power station of great forces of glory, and we were helped in our work by it. I took my special pal back to our office afterwards and he said he had never known such a wonderful day. . . . My special pal is Ian—a very good chap and with great fun in him, too. I haven't described our outing well, but it is impossible to put into words, really. So much can't be told because you just can't understand until you come over here. You may remember when I last spoke of Ian, it was as our caretaker who sent my instrument on a thought-wave. He is better than I am at thought-force, but I have greater colour-sense, so we work well together as a pair. Only a short adventure to relate on behalf of Dad, who likes my expeditions into gnome life. I find it is analogous to fairy life, but on a slightly lower plane—gnomes are to fairies what fungi are to flowering plants or mosses. I was away for a case of fear in Arabia, and I came to a small place where there were only a few houses and military tents and camels. My man was among the soldiers and trying to get a grip of what he might have to do if fighting came his way. He went away from the others to try and become happier about it, and I found I could influence his mind in nature so I showed him a picture in his mind of gnomes on English trees, and he started thinking of fairy stories and Jack the Giant-Killer and all those. So he got the better of his fear by forgetting himself a few minutes. I took him over my whole repertoire of fairy stories and he always felt he came out on top in the way the right one always does, so it helped him quite a lot. Don't break off just yet, I want to tell you how I fished a complete outfit of gnomes out of their homes to be a sample of gnome life to our naturalist here. He had a poor opinion of their capabilities, so I showed him how much they could do if one took them away from their normal surroundings to adapt themselves to new ones. He put them on a table in the office with only moss fibres to play with, and they set to work to conceal themselves in the fibres in the cutest forms of sabotage you could have thought of. Not sabotage, I mean camouflage. I thought it rather hard on them so returned them fairly soon to their own place, but our naturalist was much struck with their sensible behaviour and agrees that they must have intelligence though small.

"Now I must go off back to my job, and thanks for a topping day, from your CHRIS."

May 7th, 1944. At Stoke.

"I want to tell you of our great day this afternoon when I and other colour experts are on parade at headquarters. I have graduated as an

expert ray-colourist already, and am very bucked over it. We are inspected periodically by Uncle Toby as we are his platoon and work under him. I have a squad of colour-finders under me and I send them out to find the colour required while I assist the patient to absorb what is there. There is a shortage of some of the most useful rays, and these are collected in essence and brought in by my colour-finders, who have to work very hard and quickly sometimes. They bend the ray to focus on the patient while I do the diagnosis of what is needed and help him to absorb it.

I was a colour-finder only till yesterday when I was given a squad to command, so I am cocky like anything to-day, you bet! I haven't been inspected yet so am awaiting it with some trepidation, but feel I am all right as the last man got on well.

"O, you want to know something?" (*Are your patients in this life or have they left their bodies?*)

"Both—it makes little difference whether they have died or not to the etheric body which is what we cure. Most of them are on the battlefields, and their etherics get hurt by vibrations of fear or anger, so they need a lot of treatment in consequence of fighting on the body plane. Sometimes they have been hit and leave their bodies in a condition of fear, then we bring rays to bear to heal and soothe, but often they are unhurt bodily but hurt etherically by fear. I can't explain any better in words which are not suited to our conditions over here.

"I want to say another detail about my work which you will appreciate, and that is that I use emanations from the plant world for many cases of fear—they have a soothing influence and work in harmony with human auras which contain the results of the mind feelings, so if you harmonize the aura it soothes the mind which is producing it. I often get plant emanations from England where they are softer and greener than most places, and bear quantities of happy thoughts of flower-lovers in them. You give out lots of happy thoughts among flowers, which they absorb and give out in their emanations—these have more influence than any others. Tell Dad he is helping soldiers on the battlefield by giving out love to his plants! Far-fetched ideas, I should have thought in earth life, but practical and useful here.

"Now I think we ought to stop, so I'll say au revoir and be back about Wednesday to tell you how I get on this afternoon. Mid-week suits better than Sundays now if you can stand it. I am so busy on Sundays because there is a chance of getting minds to relax a bit to give an opening for treatment. Au revoir till Wednesday, then. Cheerio!"

May 10th.

"You are so receptive to-night, I nearly made you open your etheric eyes—how splendid if you could! You are a bit scared of losing earth sight, though, but you must in order to see etherically—you can't function in both worlds at once, you see. . . .

"I am awfully proud of myself since Uncle Toby's inspection, when he gave me a good chit and said he was proud of my progress. I am in charge of a squad of ray-bringers and send them on my word of command to get the rays needed for my cases, and only a short time back I was

flying around at the bidding of another squad commander. Dad, it is Grand, and I am overjoyed at my promotion. Tell Dad, can't wait for him to know." (*Pause while Dad read this.*) "Now he talk—I am about to tell you a charming story of a lame dog and his master in our life.

"Chapter one. Master has died and dog awfully upset, can't make out where Master has gone. Master over here, not able to make his presence known, sees dog's affection and longs to comfort him.

"Chapter two. Dog given to Master's sister, who is a chairwoman. Dog senses this and feels she can help him; still wants Master, but is happier.

"Chapter three. Sister sees Master and tells dog, who is able to sense Master is near and wags tail violently, hoping for more. Master able to make his presence known to dog by sense of smell. Can remember a human scent and dog recognises this as his. Quite reassured by this, gets very fond of sister, who often tells him Master is near.

"Chapter four has just started, as dog got ill and died a few days ago, and his master, a friend of mine, has got him at our office with my cat, and told me this tale. He and my cat are great pals already, and much happier than before.

"I want to say something about my work which will affect you, and that is the colour-rays which you form when you are seeing beauty. I use them often, so I want you to be very full of beautiful things because you send out colour-rays all over the place and they are such a help." (*Shall I take up sketching again?*) "Yes, you might help a lot if you took to sketching again. You see, these colour rays are soothing to jarred minds, and very concentrated rays proceed from the minds of lovers of beauty which are more powerful than non-human rays. I can't explain better than that, but it is your love of colour which concentrates power in your rays. Colours affect different minds in different ways, and some have an opposite effect on one mind to what they have on another. . . . Blue has a soothing effect on most minds. . . . Warm colours give a reassuring warm glow which most people find too much for their etheric aura.

"I must go, I am being called. Au revoir. CHRIS."

May 14th.

"I want to bring a guest who is anxious to know you—he is my friend, Ian M—."

Ian writing. "I am unaccustomed to being in control of a human hand not my own—how queer—you are now getting only my—sorry, I—"

"Chris speaking. Ian is so slow that I must help him out by saying that he wants to know you and Dad, having a great love for me. I can say that plainly, not feeling shy as we used to, because here we see love as a reality and it shows, so we can talk about it freely. Ian and I are great pals and he wants to know you too. He is not anxious to talk to his people, as he says they are over here—he was the youngest of a family all killed in the war, and he too. He is getting interested at seeing our method of communication and wants to try again."

Ian writing. "O, how kind. It is more difficult than I thought. I am clumsy at holding on. Chris-much-better."

(*R. had a vague vision of his face.*)

"Yes, I had a fair moustache, as you saw. My face is visible to you. May we talk again? Many thanks, I get on well now, and it is fascinating to see my words coming out like they used to before I came over here. 'Mony a mickle maks a muckle.' One day I shall get a message to tell all not to be afraid—that is what we want, eh, Chris?"

Christopher. "I want to talk now, Mumsie. Ian has so much enjoyed writing, it is a new experience for him, you see, and he hopes to learn to do it better soon if you'll let him use your hand again?"

"Now I want to proceed with my history of doings. I am given a post of some prominence in my capacity as leader of a squad of ray-workers, and Ian is in another squad, so we don't see much of each other now. I am full of kick at my own importance and crowing like a young cockerel just found his voice!

"Can you bear another story of my work? I was carrying out a camp for refugees from fear—those who are frightened of death and so arrive in our life blind. When we had got our workers together to form a circle of healing rays I found an important colour was missing, so I had to send an ambulance worker off for it as the others were holding their rays already. A poor chap came in who was petrified with fear, and we held him under the softest rays to heal him just as the ambulance fellow got back, when he went full blaze on to the patient's face and nearly blinded him again. I was angry for the first time since I got here, and never realised the effect before—my ambulance worker just got stunned by the sudden shot of anger from me, and I was overcome by remorse because he had only been a bit stupid really. It is awful how quickly one can do harm by a bit of quick temper here, and makes one very careful."

(*His father asked, "How does he measure time?"*)

"You are asking what? . . . Yes, I see. We measure time in a way by timing the rotations of the earth and moon, because we who are working on earth need to keep in time with earth doings, and to know when we can find people asleep and so on. We don't need time otherwise than for our earth work, I think, though I haven't been away from earth yet, so I don't know conditions elsewhere. . . . Yes, I know Big Ben chimes at nine p.m. because so many are keeping it now that it makes a lighting up effect in parts of England."

(*Do you divide your time into hours, etc.?*)

"No, not so far as I have observed. Why are you so curious about time? I don't see that it matters much anyway. I can see a bit into future events, though, now, but not as affecting individuals, only a sort of national destiny looming out of the dark of war and England being a destined leader of humanity. I can't see future clearly yet at all. Now, good night, my Mumsie and Dad—tell Dad good night from me, he is in a book just now. CHRIS."

May 15th. Evening. Very slowly and with difficulty an unknown personality wrote the following:—

"Your son—may he be blessed—has given me absolute relief. O God,

the joy of freedom from fear. I came to say how much I owe to you through him. God bless him and his great work. Ernest M—."

May 17th. Christopher.

"I didn't hear. . . . Ernest M.—I wonder why you spoke of him? He was a case of mine and I was awfully sorry for him, he was terribly mangled and suffered such pain before he could get free from his body, which was helpless under a gun. I was awfully sick at the gruesome sight and it took me some screwing up of my courage to tackle the job, as I was new to it then. He was in desperate pain and waves of fear and I couldn't make him leave his body, he was too much afraid. I couldn't use rays and such things then, and I struggled hard to help him. Then I left him with a guide, and later we met and he thanked me, and I showed him where you lived as we talked, but I never dreamt he would try to talk to you—how odd! Yes, I know he was grateful.

"I must tell you a bit about my work now, which is ever so good and makes me happier than ever in my life. I am more and more interested in the control of rays of colour and their blending to heal human minds. I never dreamt such power would be possible, and it is so grand to be able to help men like this. I find it difficult to describe, though. Only a few colours are normally used and these are those you can't see yet. My squad work along ray lines which make sort of rainbows meeting at the man to be healed and arching from him into our power centre, where they are renewed. I have to arrange the order in which they contact the man according to his condition, and this isn't easy, as one has to judge the probable effect on his will as well as mental attitude. I am confined to the colours which affect fear, so it isn't too complicated for my inexperience, but still absorbingly interesting. Once I had an expert photographer to deal with, and when he saw these new colours he went off his chump and I had to produce a force-ray to keep him quiet, he was so excited at the sight!

"Now I'll stop, as I think you are tired."

May 19th. Lancelot.

"Lancelot—yes, Mum Darling—I am come to tell you a very exciting thing, and this is it.

"Chris has got on so well that he has been chosen for a special mission to go out of the earth sphere into planetary space and collect help against the fear forces swaying earth people now. I am to be his guide and help him, but he must do the asking for help because he knows fear and I never had to. He will be here to talk to you on Sunday for the last time for some weeks, and then we shall set sail for Mars, which will be an experience for him and also help his work. He is so keen about his work that exploring makes no appeal, but he knows he will bring help, so is just longing to do it, but only for that. I do admire him so for his great longing to help people from fear. I must say good night now to Dad and Mum my own. LOVE from LANCELOT."

May 21st. Christopher.

"Mumsie, my own, I can hardly bear to leave home now, but I must be brave and do it for my work's sake. Lance told you, didn't he? I am

chucking away my advancement as a squad commander and all the work I love so much—and you and my home and Dad—it's Dad I mind most because I so want to be a son he can be proud of—he can't know what I am going to do now.

"It is an honour to be chosen for this, but I would so much rather not." (*But it will be a great adventure!*) "Yes, I know. It is such a big plunge, though. Lance is grand because he understands my feelings and yet he has never been through it all." (*He felt just as you do when first he went away from earth, and he was only nine years old.*) "You have been with Lance like this? I never knew he was like that, I thought him always adventurous and brave. He was so young to go away then. That's why he is so grand now and understanding and brave too. My mother—I will be brave too. I have conquered my timidity but this is a different sort of courage, courage to give up what I love because God calls me to His work . . .

"We go to-morrow, and are to travel in etheric space as Lance says it is more direct. I shall be all right once we have said good-bye . . . (*His father had been told by a mathematician that it would not be possible to tie a knot in four-dimensional space, and suddenly asked, "Can he tie knots?"*)

"Can I tie knots? What a funny question! I won't try because we don't have anything to tie with—no strings or ropes or anything of that sort. Dad is perplexing his mind over some scientific problem, I guess? Mumsie, you have made me quite cheerful again with your funny questions from Dad! I was getting emotional, I guess, and that don't do. After all, we shall be back in some weeks or so, and I'll perhaps have some comic adventures to relate on the human plane. Mars people are very human, Lance says, and make unaccountable fuss over their potty little planet. . . . I shall be always with you in spirit, for I love you all too much to be ever away in mind. I want to say good-bye to Dad now, and then to go off straight away quickly.

"Good-bye, Dad . . . all right, I'll go.

"Good-bye, my own darlings."

PART II

June 16th, 1944.

"O my Mumsie Darling, I am just overwhelmed with joy at getting to see to you and Dad again! I quite enjoyed my adventure, but it was ~~taking~~ me so far away from you and I am RADIANT with joy to be ~~back again~~. How can I begin to tell you about it all? There is too much for ~~me~~ to know where to start, but I will try by beginning where we ~~went off~~ together, Lance and I—off the earth for the first time into the ~~blue~~ I felt like a diver taking his first plunge—it was so glorious that I ~~forgot~~ to feel homesick or anything. Off we went on wings of aspiration, for you have to feel an uplifting force before you can rise out of earth's sphere of influence, and that we did, for our longing to bring the needed help was sufficient to speed us on our way. Then I saw for the first time out of earth's atmosphere. I felt I had been blind before, and never shall I forget that wonderful feeling of clear vision over long vistas of space. I just simply can't find words, my poor powers of description are too inadequate altogether.

"Lance was too grand for words, he understood all I was feeling and let me gasp a bit without interference—but our mission came to my mind and we sped on, till a beam from an angelic being fell across our path and he turned to receive further instructions from our guardian. Only a message of encouragement and strength, and then we arrived. I had not expected it so soon and was so surprised, for I had not been aware of our approach at all. Mars is an immense reservoir of colour, and Martians are all advanced beings who give out these colourful thoughts which are much needed by earth to help our struggle. I was collecting rays immediately, for they intoxicated me with their beauty and colours which I had never seen even in my new life. I just went wild with delight, and I think the Martians were all out to help, for I met no feeling of opposition at all. I can't describe what I saw for lack of words, but we travelled a lot and over mountain ranges and hills, always with Martians who seemed very interested in our mission . . .

"I was afraid you would want a description of our tour, but I find it so impossible because there are no words which will fit. You can't pick up the proportions of a Martian because he comes under a different set of dimensions or whatever it is. He is not a three-dimension being at all, but mostly a brain with much more powers of creation than earth men and less body. They are in bodily form but very tenuous and more consistent with our etheric life than the earth bodies. The landscape is unearthly, too, but with other classes of life such as we get over here all interpenetrating each other—they are quite different to our forms, though, and much more colourful. In fact, colour is the most accentuated thing and

all rays we want are there in superabundance. I was overwhelmed with the beauty of it. Nothing seemed to conflict there, all was perfect harmony, and no darkness either, for they all give out such bright thoughts that we were lighted up all the time.

"I wish I could tell you more clearly, but I shall think of little things soon, I dare say, which may give you some idea of it. Coming away, I was better able to appreciate the landscape, which was comfortingly like earth in configuration as we got further off—only clothed with colours which beat description and which you have, of course, no names for. Carrying our precious burden of ray-keys, we created quite a sensation in the camp when we returned all laden, and what a help these will be! You see, we can use them endlessly, for the key produces the ray when turned. I am caught in a tangle of words again which mean other than what I want to say! . . .

Lance has gone to a higher plane over the collaboration with Mars on the spirit side, I believe, but he wants to come one day soon to see you, I know. I shall come on Sunday next time, as I need a bit of a rest now . . . Yes, better stop now. Tell Dad good-night and give him my endless love. CHRIS."

June 18th.

"I came a while ago but you were occupied with other things and I couldn't get a look in! My method is unavailing if your mind is very full, but usually you respond at once to a gentle tap on your brain cells. Now, Mumsie, for a good graphic description of my travels, to please Dad!

"Cumulus clouds over here—nothing like that on Mars—very clear rarefied atmosphere, great mountains and clear rivers, but very little water and no seas as far as I saw. Mind over matter has reached marvellous powers—all vegetation is cultivated for beauty, not food. No forms I could draw would give any real idea of it, for it is different altogether from any earthly ideas . . . Mind features in the plant world more than on earth, and they hardly differ from animal life—in fact, I hardly know whether to call it 'vegetation' except that they grow from the soil. Even that was not as our plants grow, with roots, they just seemed to remain static and I suppose sucked some sort of nutriment from the ground. Colour was the beauty there, always colour of so many kinds that I got bewildered by its variety. New colours surrounded me and I couldn't take them all in, it was all so strangely wonderful. I am just beginning to revel in it in retrospect, I was too bewildered when actually seeing it.

"The Martians have buildings, too, but made of a clear substance like our glass, only not so brittle, I think, and these buildings were only used as laboratories of some kind for some sort of chemical experimenting which seemed to occupy a great many of them. I couldn't make out how Martians lived in a bodily way at all, for they were in bodies of a sort but more akin to our etheric bodies and not earthly like our human bodies. I don't think they need food and drink or even air to breathe, though they have a tenuous atmosphere much clearer than earth. Their mental processes are tremendous, like giant upheavals of the atmosphere in the shape of pyramids of colour with marvellous meaning and creative

effect. Camel-coloured objects abounded of which I couldn't find the meaning, and Lance couldn't tell me either. . . . Do realise that I simply can't draw anything Martian in two dimensions on a bit of paper—it has at least four dimensions, if not more, and you simply can't grasp the idea at all. These camel-coloured objects seemed to be a manufacture of Martian minds, but for what use I simply haven't the foggiest. . . . The plants, if such they were, covered the ground in most places, and seemed to have a mental life of their own, not so high as the Martians, who are on a level with man after death, but akin to our minds more than to our vegetable world. I was not able to make out their thoughts, because all ideas on that planet are totally distinct from ideas here, and only after a much more lengthy stay could one hope to grasp their meaning. All seemed harmonious and friendly to us, though, and I felt sure we were welcome and interesting to them. . . . Yes, I think they understood us better than I, at any rate, understood them. Lance knew more than I did, of course, but he finds them a bit difficult to understand even now. . . . O yes, there was a grand mixture of creatures corresponding to our animal life, but again I can't attempt to draw or describe them. . . . These were gallumphing about all over the place, making hay among the vegetative creatures which didn't seem to mind a bit. I can't think how they live, for I never saw one eat or drink or anything. They must have some other form of subsistence altogether. I saw grand thoughts proceeding from some of these, though on a lower plane than the Martians, but still well above the capabilities of our animal life. . . . No, Mumsie, I'll not attempt to draw a Martian, for I feel that it would be almost profane after their goodness to us, for we owe to them the success of our journey, and I can't simply attempt to describe them. You couldn't understand anything I might try to say. . . . I am happy above all to be back again, though I must say I enjoyed it more than I could have imagined before. Now I'll stop and tell you some more another time. Goodbye, darling, going now. Your loving Chris."

June 21st.

"Can you give me a few minutes now? I am so glad to be able to tell you that we are promoted as a result of our journey. Lance is Celestial Light-bearer, and I am lance-corporal of ray-light. . . . No, of course you can't understand, but it means promotion for both and we are very elated over the success of it all. Now I must be off again to my work. So long. Love to Dad, and do tell him, won't you?"

July 2nd, 1944. Lancelot.

"Mum Darling, I have got so much to tell you that I hardly know where to start! I don't know how much Chris said, but he was grand and full of excitement at going outside earth for the first time. It was so long ago I did it that I can't remember how it felt, but I wasn't as surprised as Kitopher, I think. He caught in his mental breath with wonder, so I had to stop a bit to let him grow used to it. He gave out such gasps of wonder that I was quite overcome by it and felt I hadn't realised before how great it all is. I am so used to it now, you see. Many things were old to me becos I've been there often now, but I think I never tried to describe it to you before? So I'll have a go at it.

Mars is colour storage planet, and the Martians give out fans of colour in their thought-forms, so that was what we were after becocs they help Kitopher's work on earth. I couldn't tell you much about their life becocs it is so different to your ideas, but they are limited to their own planet and have no further outlook, though very high spiritually compared to our earth life.

(Have they no life beyond their bodily one?)

(No) they are a race of colour-formers and that only, without a further development elsewhere such as we have. Sorry, Mum, I can't draw them, it's too complicated, but they are very beautiful in shape, only so different to your ideas that it won't go on to paper. . . . We went all over the place to find colour-keys, and the Martians helped by mind waves of impulse to help us. Some magnificent results may come from this expedition, and I was to tell you that Chris is working in new ways, and will be here in a short time now to tell you about it. . . .

"Now may I tell you a thing of Mars which you can understand, and that is their colour experimental factories, which are all made of crystal clear as glass only not so breakable. They store keys of new colours in these, and experiment in blending them for purposes of life renewing. They live by the life-giving rays, you see, so they renew their vitality in blending new colours which give out these rays. That takes the place of your food and drink and air. All life on Mars is drawn from cosmic rays being blended with planetary emanations and inhaled by the living forms there.

"I must go now, and just want to send a Handshake to DAD like old times. He will find me just his Boy when he comes here, the same as ever, but LOTS Bigger in Mind, of course.

"DARLING MUM, Goodbye, see you soon again. LANCELOT."

July 2nd. (Later). Christopher.

"Mumsie, I couldn't come sooner because I had such a handful of ray-keys to distribute to all our centres, and was actively employed these two weeks past. Now I want to make up for lost time and go ahead with our talks on Mars and such things. Now when I think of Mars I seem to see it all more clearly than at first and have a grand idea of the general outset of things. I remember seeing great volcanoes over there which shot violent explosions all over the place, and much of the vegetation seemed to grow round these, as if explosions were good for it! A long fringe of mountains bounded the horizon when we were on the surface, and many volcanoes among them. Much mind activity took place after each explosion, and they seemed to revivify the vegetation in a most strange way. Another thing I saw was very surprising and I can't make it out at all. The Martians never slept or rested at all, so far as I could see, nor did their animal and plant world. They had etheric vision so of course no darkness, but they seemed to need no rest of any sort at all. My mind was set on securing our rays and confused with the strangeness of it all, so I could not take in much; however, I hope I have given you some ideas which may set earth people thinking. Lance could tell you more as he has been there many times."

(Lancelot was with me this morning.)

"O, so you have heard from him?"

R. He explained what the crystal laboratories are for.

"O—he never told me that, but there was so much to do, Colour is their main objective, and they are the source of rays we use on earth. . . . One more thing I can see in my mind to you. Quantities of coloured bars of sand, or what appeared in regular arrangement like chess-board squares, only vividly. All round them the Martians placed special animals, to guard thought, but I can't think why. There is sure to be a good reason because their thought-processes are so great. . . . Talk again."

Later.

"Came over on your wish-wave, Mumsie, just in time for Minute. . . ."

R. Some months ago you told us you were a lieutenant of light-rays and a week ago you said you were "promoted" to be a lance-corporal. Isn't a lieutenant higher than a lance-corporal?

"O, I see—I am lieutenant of light-rays now, but I got promoted for our journey to lance-corporal of ray-light, which is a bigger thing than light-rays, so I am both now. I can't explain in human words really, but you see ray-light has certain fundamental sources which produce the ray—they are known as keys from their portability because one can transfer them from place to place, and they produce their special ray whenever needed by getting a light-ray and bending it over them in a special way. You see how difficult it is to explain in words, but it is all quite plain over here. I use them for my fear work incessantly, and my helpers get accustomed to their own particular ray-key and soon are quite good at it. Now may we have another Mars talk? I have thought of more to say. Goblins abound over there in similar forms to their plant life. I saw so many that I soon forgot to notice them, for they were all over the plants like little insects. They were all in rounded shapes like the plants, and I only call them goblins because they had the same relation to the plant world that ours seem to have here. I also saw coloured winged things flying, but not like our insects, they are more like balloons with wings and some sort of gassy inside. . . . I can't come every week now, you see, there's more work than ever just now, and we are hard at it, and I am so keen to help now I feel I am getting good at it. I was off on a case just now between our talks, but left him with my second-in-command—however, I must get back soon."

Dad sends his love. "Tell Dad my best thanks and love too. No more now, Mumsie, I must away.

"Your loving son, Chris."

July 16th.

"O, Mumsie, I thought you had forgotten me altogether. Never mind, here goes for a good talk while we may. Can we begin by a bit of my work I am now doing? Don't know if I can get it into your mind, but I'll try. First a luminous belt of colour of unearthly kinds all blended into one which glows with radiance. I carry my squad into this with keys of the rays we need and all are infused with power from the ray-light source in the belt. They then turn their keys in harmony towards

the man whose fear is our objective, and he feels an uplifting force which holds him clear of his body till fear is past. I claim no credit for this way of healing, which is matter of course to higher workers but not imagined by me till I got promotion. I feel very elated to have got on so fast and arrived at this stage so soon. . . . Now for a bit about Mars. My first impressions I can now see were too amplified and diffuse, and I want if possible to give you a clear-cut picture of some of it. Martian contours of land and hills are very earth-like but coloured differently—colours of all sorts, widely differing from earth. Valleys full of life of all sorts and kinds and bare hill-tops, except volcanoes where life seems to receive stimulus. Quantities of camel-coloured . . . (Interruption) . . . Lance has explained the camel-coloured objects as being receptive of the planetary emanations which feed the life on Mars. These are combined with interstellar rays in some chemical process which the Martians carry on in their laboratories, and the camel-coloured things provide one of the important ingredients . . .

"Mumsie, you get quite transparent sometimes when you think out like that. . . .

"I don't think you ought to talk any more about Mars to-night, you seem so dim and tired out. . . .

"I'll just hug you and send love to my Dad, and go."

July 23rd. R. Is Christopher here?

"Your idea is correct. I am at your feet and service! Now, Mumsie, shall we make good our deficiencies in a real Mars talk? I call much more to mind than before, and can tell you of many amusing happenings. Quite a bit was approachable in human language, so here goes. . . . Cubical—that's as near as I can get to it—shapes of marvellous colours were over the laboratories, and one of the Martians overthrew one of these in order to produce our ray-key of that sort, and on his interpretation our amazement must have seemed funny, for he gave spasms of bright colours like those produced by merry thoughts of earth people. He was obviously enjoying our surprise, because he had made such a colour commotion in the whole laboratory by upsetting this top thing. I can also remember a sight which you would have enjoyed on the mountains of orange and gold strata in the rocks giving off emanations which the plant forms were sucking in, I think; anyhow, they looked larger there than elsewhere, and happier. Many varieties of plants were guarded by animals, and I don't know why, because all seemed harmonious and no need for guards for anything. . . .

"To return to Mars and my journey, we were met on landing by a Martian with clairvoyance—at least, he was more advanced etherically than the others, although they could all see us. He enquired as to the object of our visit, having ability to read our thoughts, which were unintelligible to most of them. He gave us great welcome when he heard what a state earth had got into, and put all their resources of ray-power at our disposal in the kindest way, and then went with us as interpreter. Many Martians have beginnings of knowledge of the way we think, which I suppose would puzzle the average earth man, let alone his hoping to understand their thoughts! They are far more

evolved than earth, and link up with high spirits of ours who have long left their bodies. I felt so small and ill-equipped to be asking them for help, but Lance was on an equality with them and knows some of them personally quite well. He is so sweet to me, and never makes me feel any distance between us, just as if we were brothers together on earth. I can't tell you how I love him, he is so good to me. . . . I am very hard at work just now, and there is hard fighting still to come, but not much more bombing of England, I hear. The Germans are making their last effort now to break England's spirit and have already failed. I imagine they'll be making more of these bluebottles than they will send over, as we are to get their French coast soon and stop it that way, I am told. Can't say more, as I am no prophet yet! By the way, you remember I saw some preparations on the coast months past? I thought then that they were gasometers, but I think they were intended for these bombs, but we did them in so thoroughly that they had to concoct less prominent ones, and went to ground in burrows instead. They were to have been launched from a height on those towers, and would have carried far into England then, but our bombers dished that little picnic.

"I am going over to France to have a look at our boys where my work is now, so I must stop and come again soon. Expect me before Sunday next probably, as I am working so near and in touch with England now the bombs are flying. Give Dad my love and duty as always. . . . Yes, I'll be here for Dave's home-coming. So long. Chris.

(Note.—For previous references to enemy preparations on French coast, see letters of Dec. 18th and 26th, 1943. The ideas as to purpose of what he saw are Christopher's own and possibly not accurate.)

July 28th.

"Cheerio, Dave, old thing. I love to feel you're back at home in spite of 'doodles' and all. Many happy returns to Cox's Mill, I wish you.

"I am after catching up with these fly-bugs and helping pilots chase them off you all, for I can't see my family charred into cinders with their nasty tails.

"Give me a bit of time and I'll tell you something of my present work. All my helpers in my squad are graduates of our ray-light college. I give them commands as to where to look for rays needed for any special case, and they bring the ray along on a trailer. I can't describe it in your words, but it trails the ray in a definite direction so as to bend it towards my case. It is all worked by thought transference from me, and they have to be quick at picking up my directing thought which I have to send out with force when I have reached the patient. Now, imagine I am by a case and sending out thought directions to my squad. Pretty soon they begin to come in by ones and twos, trailing their special rays, and I gather them into the right order to suit the case of fear. Green blends are best for my work, but sometimes a patient has a dominant fear which needs a glowing colour of reassurance, and crimson is a help, but others you have no name for are better than any earth colours. A blend is made to suit the case, and they stand round holding their rays in the right order. The patient receives uplifting thoughts, and we apply our rays as his mind rises in response, giving each a few seconds to operate and benefit

the etheric force within him, which glows out again as it should. Fear shrivels the etheric, and we sustain force against the fear pressure, holding it away from his mind till it recovers. I find it all so absorbing that I seldom leave my work now except to come to you, so have no stories to tell of travels and such. All my life is fulfilled in this work I now do, and I can't tell you how happy I am in it. Many things combine to give me power. Your etheric influence is great and I use it often. Dad gives me courage and fine etheric rays of golden love of beauty. I can tap many minds through your work of opening them to other life ideas, and all the time I am in contact with a high source of directive force which controls and inspires me always. I am in Heaven while I work and help the men who need it so sorely. Tell Dad I am so happy, he will love to know. I am coming more often now Dave is home, and will tell him some marvels of Mars in my next talk—this has been all of my work because I was so full of it, but I will stop now, as you are tired, and will come at this time in two days—Sunday, I think? Give Dave a handshake from his old brother and warmest wishes.

"Au revoir. CHRIS."

July 30th.

"Came early to be in time for your plans for the day, but I see Dad and Dave have gone off already, to church, I gather? Well, we'll have something to show 'em when they get back!

"Come over to Mars with me for a stroll, Mumsie, you can do so without any effort on my will-propulsion! Climb up one of the great Mars mountains, all glowing in colours unknown to your sight but now well known to me. I can't make you understand them any more than you could project your colours into the mind of one born blind. They must be seen to be believed. Well, here we are on the top of a magnificent mountain, with queer plants or animals or whatever they may be all sending thoughts off in abundance, though restricted to their own type of understanding. Clear as crystal is the air, not foggy like earth atmosphere, and all is harmony, no resounding discords of hatred or fear or self-aggrandisement as on earth—yet for that reason, so I am told, the spirits of Martians never evolve beyond their planet. Discord and disharmony give the capacity for development beyond earth, strange though it may seem to you. I want you to believe me when I say that I feel a greater being than those on Mars who are already beyond me in spiritual attainment, because I am a man and partake of earth's pain and turmoil. We stand on our mountain and gaze at the strange landscape of brilliantly coloured beings and gigantic craters and hills. Suddenly an explosion takes place through a near crater of gases from the planet's interior. All the living beings rush towards it, the static plant-like ones bend towards it to inhale these gases, which constitute their means of life. A Martian appears, clothed in various radiant sheaths of thought-forms, and . . . Sorry, Mumsie, we were interrupted by an external trouble which I have now dispersed.

"He carries a camel-coloured thing such as I have described elsewhere, and proceeds to fill up this with the gases and project it on will-power to his laboratory, where it seems they collect cosmic rays to combine with

these gases. All is calm once more, only invigorated animals career in ecstatic leaps all over the plants, and these send out clearer and more beautiful thought-forms.

"I have built up this picture from confused memories by piecing together what I did not clearly understand at the time, and I see how things fit to make a coherent whole much better now in retrospect. Lance has told me a lot about how they live which he hadn't time for then, we were too busy. You are too different in mind to take in more about it than I have now told, but I shall perhaps be able to think out another picture of a different bit of it, such as their rivers which are very small and contain scarcely a trickle of water, but this is conserved to the last drop and conveyed in tubes to their laboratories. I don't know for what purpose, as they live on gases entirely and need no drink. A Mars river wells up from a deep spring directly into a tube made of their clear crystal material which conveys it straight into a laboratory, so there is no river flora like ours. In fact, nothing is like ours, but all as different as can be, and I only use words with the proviso that they don't really give a correct idea of it at all. Shall we have another talk when you are free again? And meantime I will stroll under the trees and enjoy my home."

(Later: A Flying bomb was coming up and passed overhead.)

"You are anxious for me to give you another talk, and I am too, but we are not so near . . . All well now, Mumsie, I thought better wait till the noise had passed—you contact earth noises in your etheric at present, and that makes you very sensitive to vibrations of sound.

"Lend me your hand for another expedition and we'll go after the ray-keys on Mars this time. Reminds me of hunting our rare plants! But these were far more use to me, and Lance and I had a great time getting them. The leading Martian I told you of was intelligent enough to see our thought-forms and interpret them, and getting a line on our requirements he gingered up his compatriots to supply our needs and they hustled round no end. Umpteen camel-bags of all sorts were inspected and laboratories opened up and the ray-keys produced from their private stores. I can't describe what they look like, for you haven't any idea of the conditions under which we work, but their quality on Mars is far superior to anything in the earth sphere, and some even make their particular ray simultaneously with another ray and act as duplicators when necessary. My business was only with fear controlling rays, so our trouble was to sort these out from among so many others, such as vitalising and energising and many other sorts. You can have no conception of the beauty of the Martian rays, all glowing with unknown new colours of infinite variety. I was so bewildered that I simply couldn't cope at first, but Lance knew all about it so he carried on while I collected my scattered wits. Nearly all the rays I wanted were utilised in their laboratories, so it was very good of them to let us pinch so many of their keys. I gather they have a means of producing new ray-keys there which makes them endless or else they couldn't carry on. . . . We grasp ray-keys on our carriers of mental construction—and you can't grasp that! But I can tell you it is a very real way of carrying a quite real thing, much more real than your flimsy iron and steel constructions!

"We travelled a bit to laboratories in various parts of the country and our Martian guide was all hospitality and arranged it all for our convenience.

"You are tired, Mumsie, and I think you have taken enough, so I'll just be off after Dave and say nightie-night to Dad and Mumsie. Your CHRS."

August 6th.

"I want to tell you a few more details of my trip to Mars, quite a tourist I am now—Any more for Mars? All on board, please—all aboard for Mars—and Jupiter next time, perhaps? Now for a picture of it, inside a laboratory this time. You must understand that a lot of what I now tell you has been supplemented by talks with Lance, who says I am better than he at earth words because he left his body too soon to learn 'em, so he gives me information and I am to pass it on. I was too confused when there to absorb the meanings of what I saw.

Inside a laboratory then. Opening overhead, clear glass walls of complete transparency very thick, but there are more sides to it than you know of, and a bit of a geometrical problem is presented, as I can't put its geometry into human terms. However, we have before us a glass tube or cylinder into which emanations from eruptions are poured. Surrounding it are focus points of light rays from cosmic sources, and in due succession these are switched on by some mental process to amalgamate with the emanations. Now comes an intricate process I can't properly describe, of a sort of melting down and amalgamating with rays from mental sources to enable absorption by the Mars forms of life. This takes place on a key point in the centre of the lab. where many Martian thought-rays are focused from those needing the absorptive process. That means, I gather, that if you want, so to speak, 'food', you focus your mind on this key-point and thereby receive it. The plant life gathers its own in some other way by absorbing rays direct, but animals also receive food from these laboratories. There is nothing of life feeding on life as we do here, and I failed to understand how they carry on without getting overcrowded, as I suppose they have some means of increasing life. Now I think of it I didn't see any younger or older than others, though some were more advanced and better equipped mentally. I just don't know about any reproduction of species, but I don't think there can be anything of that sort.

Come a little further on the country-side of Mars—for the laboratories were grouped into sort of towns. I want to show you a fountain I have just remembered—more like a N.Z. geyser—which gave out violent jets of coloured liquid of some sort. Not water, I am sure, but I don't know its chemical make-up. It was away from much life and they seem to shun it as though not beneficent like all else there. I thought it beautiful, as it had such marvellous colours, but they were different to those of the rays they chiefly use. I saw a Martian go to it for one of our ray-keys, though, and he seemed very careful not to approach it without a barrage of health-giving thoughts, . . .

"Another thing of interest was a group of yellow stones or rocks which were concerned with a form of chemistry other than that in the

labs., I think. The Martians got something off these by collecting their emanations and combining them with those from eruptions, doing this against the rocks with glass cylinders for the purpose. I didn't properly take it all in, of course, but gather it is for some such purpose. You are busy now, I guess? So we'll talk later on, perhaps. O.K., Mumsie."

(Later.)

"Are you game for a detailed description of my work? Very well—I am opening out new methods of subjugating fear, and they are pleased with my progress up above. I have trained my squad to produce the colours required in such rapid succession that they blend into a harmony of a belt of ray-light round any patient, who feels the effect in a wholly uplifted mind which harmonises his etheric more rapidly than rays applied singly. Now I have started a band of workers to give after care, which is needed in these days of recurring terrors. How often a brave man has glowed out in response to our treatment! And the timid ones have gained self-respect they had nearly lost. I am working in the minds of French people a good deal now, as they are in need of all the help they can get. I also come over here more often, to keep an eye on the fly-fighters and give them a push to guard my family! I can leave my squad in charge now since they are well trained, and my second-in-command carries on. My chum Ian—yes, he wants to write if you'll allow."

(Ian writing.)

"You are good to let me try again. Your hand comes easier to-day. May I tell you about my work too? I am only a ray-bringer still, slower than Chris, but have got on in power-giving and can sometimes help him out with a case requiring forceful treatment. I go over unnecessary paper in my scrawl, I see, not small writing like Chris. Can I come again?"

Christopher.

"Ian finds it exhausting because he can't tap your mind to the extent I can yet. We are wanted back at our posts so must go. So long, Mumsie."

August 3rd, 1944. Christopher.

"O Mumsie, I am so happy to be with you all again and chatting to you on my birthday as if we were all boys again. Lance is coming and wants to have a talk now."

Lancelot.

"Hello, Mum, here I am on Chris's birthday—LOVE TO ALL MY FAMILY. I want you to know about my new work of growth-maintenance, it is EVER so important. . . I get away from earth conditions and test spiritual power accumulating in various stations on earth by passing crown rays through them which give off a sensitive light and show me how much power is stored there for use for spiritual growth of mankind. It gains in strength every time I do this and the power-station is giving out help for good in man's struggle all the time. I love to help in the maintenance of power for good, because it is so important a help for the war and all man is doing now. You will see a great development in outlook of people soon, as we get the growth centres working full swing.

"I am SO HAPPY to be Home again and with Chris on his birthday, and love to write for Mum like old times. . . .

Now I want to speak to my Father and give him all sorts of love. I used to want him to be proud of me as his son and I do still, so tell him to give me his blessing and I shall go happy to my work of bringing new light to mankind. I am one of the LIGHT BEARERS, you see, and have great powers for helping others now. I am still EVER your LOVING LANCELOT."

Christopher.

"Lance has finished, so I'll have my little say, to give you my birthday greeting and tell you how happy I am now. All my life I wanted to be able to accomplish something to express my inner self, and now I am given power to do that more than I knew could be possible. I am not selfish any more because I know now how to fulfil my desire to be expressed. Not by wanting acclamation on my own account, but by giving such service to others that I earn their gratitude and thanks. All my efforts are successful now because I work in power not my own and for a purpose not my own. Yes, Mumsie darling, I am happier than I ever thought could be. No more discouragement and failure but a strong certainty of success in all I undertake because it is done in the Power of God and for His sake. I am nineteen years old to-day, and but for death would be barely starting my life's work, but in this infinitely fuller life I am doing work such as no human man could grasp or undertake—grand work, great work for men and for God. I want to tell my Dad that I am fulfilling all he can have hoped of me, and look forward to his praise when he comes here and sees it in reality. All I wish is for him to know how I love him and want his praise and to earn a 'well done' from my Dad.

"You are telling Dave about my work, I hope? I would like him to feel I am with him often and enjoying his hols. so much too. He is often aware of me but does not like to say so in case it should be untrue and only imagination. Tell him I know when he feels I am with him and I appreciate his reticence about it—much better say nothing till he is more sure of me, but I hope he will realise my comings and goings more clearly soon. . . .

"Can I tell you a few anecdotes of the fairy life here? A lot of fairies of the lighter sort—little shining ones—were taking torches up a tree, they looked so tiny in the great big tree like little dewdrops in the sun making sparkles. They moved spirally up the trunk in a long chain of lights till they reached a hole into which they all went to light it up. I can't fathom their ideas, if they have any, but they are so pretty and seem to love lighting up the trees. Then I saw another sort of fairy, the lovely, dainty, flower fairies on tiny heather bells. They held a sort of council on the stalks, sitting at the bases of the leaves and gesticulating to each other. Can't describe them—very like their flower and same colour usually, but quite collectively different. I mean each flower has a completely different kind of fairy, not only colour but form. Colour of flower, form different every time, always a separate life to the plant, though, and with more intelligence apparently of a low order. O no,

not like tiny people, some of the gnomes are, but not fairies, so far I have seen. I am longing to show you, when you get on clairvoyance a bit. O, you will, when you get your etheric eyes open.

"Shall we stop talking, and I'll show Lance some of my special haunts here, such as the old beech and the cow lodge where we messed up?"

"So long, Mumsie, and love to family all. Chris."

August 13th. (Conversation between Christopher and David. David asked questions aloud and watched R.'s pencil for Christopher's answers.)

"David wants to know how much we over here see the electric currents before they make contact. We can't see ordinary electricity in batteries, but we see waves of all sorts making contacts possible. Electric waves are visible as pervading all things, and electric dynamos are just contact vehicles. I mean electricity is contacted by them for human purposes, but they only give off what was always there visibly to us. Your mind isn't accustomed to the terms I want to use, Mumsie, so it's a bit difficult to get it through, but Dave will understand if you tell him that generating a current of electricity doesn't make any difference in my life, as the electric waves pervade everything and are fully visible to me. The dynamo just makes the electric waves available in your life, that's all. I don't think he can establish contact with us that way, more likely by means of radio-magnetic waves. Magnetism is nearer the approach by means of the human ectoplasm, which seems the only available means so far. I wish he could produce a radio communigraph, to use a word coined recently by a friend of Lord Dowding's I heard him talk about. Their instrument is not much good, I hear, from our side, but there is an opening on more magnetic lines for some such thing. We'll use it all right if he produces it some day, tell him. I use magnetic radio-waves on telepathic message work, but have to have a responding instrument such as a brain at the reception end. Given a receptive instrument which could record these, and we might get messages through by mechanical means which would convince even scientists!

"I must go now. Will you let me talk this evening again after 9 p.m. chimes?"

9.10 p.m. (David holding a magneto.)

"Came a bit late, I'm afraid. Now, David, what is your contraption?"
(D. "Do you see any effect when I use this?")

"Yes, you make waves in the magnetic field or what you call, round your bit of ether. Go on, this interests me—go on—"

(D. "Do you see heat?")

"What? Yes, I get you. Heat is not felt by our bodies, but seen by our organs of vision as radiation. Yes, I think I can see all these wave propulsions of heat, magnetism, and so on, as waves of radiation. Yes, get a magnet if you can." (D. went to fetch one.)

(Note.—Dad was playing Beethoven piano sonatas.)

"You are good to let us bother you with all this, Mumsie. I can see Dad's music in your lovely mind making curves of colour in wonderful rhythm. You are so much in tune with him and music."

David came back with a large and a small magnet.

"Yes, I can see a blue light round the little one, and a dim—I can't give you the colour, you haven't a word for it—round the other—quite a different colour.

"Heat and light? Well, there are so many different kinds of heat and light, but all sorts of colours get mixed up in both. They are quite a different range of colours, though. Heat colours are deeper and stronger, but not so bright and radiant. Light has every sort of colour in it, and we have so many different kinds of light here. Many more than you. Cosmic light is quite above your range of known rays, and most of our colours are in that, not the same as colours in your light. I'm talking of cosmic light, not cosmic rays, you know. I am not an expert and don't understand either, but I can see and hear the cosmic vibrations which are beyond your range altogether."

(D. "How does magnetism differ?")

"Magnetism differs in degree of wavelength, but not so different as wireless is from light, I think, but I don't know, except that I see their colours differently, so I know they must have different vibrations."

(R. "Are you uncertain?")

"Yes, I was, but I think I grasp what Dave is aiming at. My training has been so intensively on fear waves that I have not grasped much of the non-human vibrations. Human vibrations are slower than light, but etheric bodies vibrate much faster than earth bodies."

(D. "At what rate does yours vibrate?")

"I should say it vibrates at approximately the heat rate which is slower than light, I think. I am not sure about these things because I see them without calculation and never think of comparing speeds. I am keen to tell Dave all he wants, but am such an ignoramus on these points.

"Human emotional vibrations are slow compared to electrically stimulated waves and could easily affect an instrument if one could be made with that rate of vibration. I am not scientist enough to say what that rate is, but it is a slower rate than light, I can see. Can we absorb our own emotions?"—(Pause)—"Sorry, Mumsie, I was called off on an emergency case. Now, Dave, carry on with your queries. Are my vibrations carrying over to you now? I am vibrating energetically on purpose to see if you can feel it. You aren't developed in your etheric body yet, but it will grow like Topsy, as they say—yes—Not our Topsy, stupid. (*Topsy was the boys' pony.*) Now, can you test my vibratory powers with your magneto? See if it opens more juice." (David produced sparks from the magneto, saying, "Now vibrate," when he did so.)

"No, I can't affect it enough for your dense vision, I'm afraid. I think I could if I vibrate above my normal rate."

(D. "Now vibrate more.")

"I'm having a hectic time trying to get a pitch of vibration which will satisfy Dave! Dave, old boy, it's a bit tiring for you. Let's have another go at it when I next come. I think your powers of sensing vibrations don't come on to the same plane as mine, for I thought I was affecting your magneto quite a lot, but it seemed all the same to you. I must go. Old boy, we'll try again. Goodnight."

August 17th, 1944. (Sitting on the terrace watching the swallows.)

"Can we have a minute to join the birds in the air? Yes, I'm with you, darling. You are not up to Mars, but can go a bit in the air with me. I came to-night for a bit of refreshment after a strenuous fight.

"Swallows are feeling their wings for a long flight, and have happy thoughts of exciting things ahead. They cannot understand why they go, but are glad to be away and have lovely rejoicing in their power of flight. Come with me up there, Mumsie. I can support your etheric on will-power." (*A minute or two mentally among swallows.*)

(David came to ask questions.)

"Yes, of course I'll do my best, but I'm better at etheric than electric power."

(D. asked a question.)

"O dear, have I made a muddle of it? I'm trying, too. Magnetism is slower vibration than heat, I think, because magnetism makes a field of force."—(D. interrupted.)—"You be quiet, Dave, and let me get out my side of it! Magnetism makes a field of force, and heat goes off in waves which produce further currents beyond their immediate source. I see them as vibrations of light of a deeper colour than your visible light-rays, and magnetism has very dark rays of vibrations."

(D. "The slower, the deeper in colour?")

"Yes, I think so, that seems to be the rule. I can talk better on human waves than the others, but I gather you want what I meant by electrically stimulated waves? I meant all waves of electric origin, such as non-human waves mostly are."

(D. "Wireless?")

"Yes, I suppose I meant wireless because wireless is non-human. I am not sure that human waves are as slow as wireless waves, though. Now let's think it out—you confuse me by asking about things I haven't thought out at all. We are tapping human vibrations all the time here, but not these others which just seem like nice colours to us. Your vibrations respond to other waves which excite your mind and quicken or get slower as your emotions dictate, so I can't tell you where human vibrations come in the scale of wavelengths. I think we have greater range than you think."

(D. "Could we change our rate of vibration?")

"No, because you function through a limiting vehicle, the body and brain, which bottles up your powers of vibrating. I think man can function on any wave-length he pleases once he is free of his body—but he can't make you denser people respond. I can generate waves but not perceptible to your senses, you need such a coarse contraption that I can't get down to that pitch. Only people like Mumsie come a bit out of their coarse sense, and feel our signals. But don't be disheartened, we'll get a sort of— (D. interrupted.) You get signals from us, some of your radio have already, but they get frightened and think they are getting blingey or something." (*Question from D.*) "No, because it isn't a fine enough—I think it has only been done on a—What I mean is one of the big sets for listening to radio from America and Australia. Sets they use for trans-Atlantic broadcasts. I don't know enough about this, Dave. I think it's a bit too much for you, Mumsie, to grapple

with words you don't understand. Dave, old boy, I mean the short wave sets, I think, but anyhow the messages got through from our side came about in the trans-Atlantic messages and were mysteriously baffling to the B.B.C. people, who just put them down to atmospheric interferences or something.

(D. "Were they in English?")

"Yes, they were, that's why the B.B.C. were so puzzled, but they didn't like to say they couldn't trace them to any known source so left them unexplained. I think we could tap your set if you got a very powerful short wave one. Now I must go, fear I haven't been much use to you, Dave, but I never had a flair for that kind of thing and my work is all on human vibrations now." (D. question.) "Yes, I think when you are crying for instance, your emotional uprush is intensely fast and the same if you are intensely happy." (D. "Then do both emotions look the same to you?" Can you tell the difference?") "Don't be silly, of course you can, their colours are at — Sadness is great waves of — no good, it's a colour you can't see—but dull. Happiness is shining like light."

(D. question.) "No, both can be fast or slow according to the intensity with which they are generated."

August 20th.

"Only a short talk to-day, I was afraid I should have to miss it altogether. I am due back to a meeting of light-ray workers and mustn't miss it on any account. I thought you'd expect me so had to come to explain, but will come for a nice long talk on a weekday, as I think you are less tired by chores and I'm freer, too. Must look up light waves, electric and so forth, for Dave's information as so far I have worked on human vibrations almost entirely and those waves which affect human emotions such as fear. I am keen to help on the scientific means of communication all I can though, so I'll see if I can get a bit more informed and give him a better idea of conditions our side.

"Communication is coming they say, definitely, but not for some time probably, as so few people are yet ready for it. It is only safe for those who are spiritually minded really, and so few yet are, owing to church narrowness and other circumstances. Now I must go, my best beloved Mother—see you later this week. Your CHRIS."

August 23rd. (Ian M—writing. R. had just heard a flying bomb crash, and wondered "How much longer will this go on?")

Ian.

"Only a week more and coast will be won. I came to find your son Christopher, but he is at work. I am his chum Ian, and take a holiday after much strenuous work. Must stop."

Note.—August 23rd was Wednesday. The following Monday we first heard that troops were being massed for attack on the coastal flying bomb sites, and by the Wednesday the greater part of the Normandy coast was taken and the fly-bomb sites which sent them over East Sussex were in our hands.

September 2nd, 1944.

"Your many chores are done now, so I thought we might converse just a bit. I am after getting a line on the doodles and accompanying

our troops to their dens. Not launching sites but the storage places behind. We are fairly on their tails now, and no time to bring forward to launch as we are too close for safety. Our Tommies are of the zest for victory and would be chasing too far but for discipline unwillingly obeying orders to camp for the night, longing to be on at 'em again. The colours of hope are spreading far ahead of our army and many countries are awaking from a nightmare. I see battles in them too, but hope is glowing like a lamp in all. I am too busy to work to study general reactions, but saw all this in a bird's eye view of Europe as I rose above into upper air for refreshment to-day.

"Can you believe in my new powers? I can hardly realise I have powers so great, for I see now over Europe as a small field of vision and at will I see into another hemisphere. My own mother, I am still at heart the son you love. I am surprised that you are so longing for me as I used to be. I am nearer to you now and so much happier. I am much happier because I am aware of my own smallness before, and so I can see how I improve.

"I want to give a bit of time to spreading the work of my book as soon as it gets printed, so get on with it Mumsie, for the war will soon be over and we must get our joint work under way."

September 10th and 16th.

"Now, Mumsie, I am longing to tell you my adventures in a trip to the Moon I have just come back from. Lance took me as he had business there of some light-ray kind, and I am full of surprise at the ease with which one can get there and back, just like a trip to Wales or something. Moon-beams are very good for my work, so I was glad to see the source of their healing properties, which lies in the etheric radiance of the moon; not light you see but other unseen rays."

"Zero temperature, so no life because nothing protects from sun's rays—no atmosphere at all. I am talking on the moon you see. Crimson rocks of alabaster or some such thing, much deeper colour than any we have here—many kinds of precious stones I should imagine, but being in the rough I didn't know enough to make them out. Mountain ranges are very fine when seen close, and many columns of some stalactite origin, or so I supposed. We searched everywhere for the special ray-key I came for, and found several but they depend on the curvature of the hills and are not easy to spot at first. I was thrilled at the strangeness of a dead world with no life on it, and it gave a sense of loneliness I have never felt before. I loved being there as an adventure, but should not like to stay there long as one would begin to feel cut off from all one loves. Magnetic forces are frequent, we came across a magnetic centre every step it seemed, yet not powerful enough to make contact with earth I imagine. Dave would enjoy that side of it, and would soon tell you all about these. I came across some aquamarine I think, clear blue-green stones, lovely colour. Clear golden brown rock, colour of amber, was quite frequent and unrelated to earth, I fancy? At least I can't place it. Most rocks were similar to earth, but more coloured I think because not overgrown with vegetable matter.

"I am too far advanced now for talk about gnomes and fairies, but can see them if I come back in earth-form again. I have left my earth-form

now, and only fetch it up with an effort of will if I need it. I can't describe my present appearance which is conditioned by my thoughts and will, but I can always appear earthly again if I want too. I only need it for my work if none of my junior helpers are handy, when I appear to one of my cases in human form to re-assure them. Otherwise I am free of all air and space, and glory in my freedom.

"I am not coming so often now in this way because I have higher work and can't come to your sphere so often, but that means that I am still with you and working for your work, only not in so human a manner as this. Lance and I are hand in hand now, and will talk from time to time but not so often as before. I am going to be with Dave a bit now, so bye bye Mumsie darling. CHRIS."

September 19th.

"Now, my Mumsie, I want to take you with me to a camp of ray-workers in the Swiss border mountains. We get special conditions in Swiss air for our many colour rays to clear the patients minds. Come up the mountain—I don't know its name—and on to a fine glacier where we placed our camp for the penetration of rays into our central column. I have a squad of colour experts at work there to combine with earth radiation the moon ray-keys I brought back and produce a soft healing ray of great power. I had a patient from the French fighting there and he grew splendidly strong in courage and was hoping to give his pais a helping hand soon. He was dead, of course, he couldn't have come to our camp otherwise, but we send helpers out to the battlefield from there all the time to help living men who are frightened, too. (It seems silly to call them living and the others dead, but you know what I mean by that. I want you to visualise a green belt of radiance within which we work, and then soft rainbow columns arching from that into a center of power-keys which keep renewing the light. I send a collector of colours to fetch in a patient leaving his body in a state of fear—he draws him away from the scene of fear and brings him into our radiance which soothes his wounded etheric and he gradually opens his eyes, when we are there to guide his mind to peace. Soon he realises this is a new life and all fear ceases—then he wants to tell the others, and we use him to fetch our guide when they need help. I was used in that way at first when I began—long ago it seems now. I can't explain much of it because your mind can't take it in and there are no words. I must go, Mumsie, they call me."

September 20th. (Lancelot.)

(R. "Is it Lancelot?") "Yes, Mum DARLING. I came to give you a message but shall stay and enjoy the fun! The message was from Uncle Toby to say he is obliged to go over to another plane so he is leaving Kitopher, (making him responsible for his own camp and all his work now.) He is awfully pleased with Kitopher's progress and told me to tell you that he leaves him to carry on with full confidence in him. He says he will hope to be back in time for your Christmas party which we are all looking forward to so much.

"Now I am off to show Aunt E—the way to plan her girl guides party. She is a trainer of young girls now to act as guides for newcomers,

and is so happy doing this becos she feels so useful and needed. Au revoir Dad and David and Mum, and God Bless you from LANCELOT."

September 27th. 6 p.m.

"Your mind is so clear now, shall we be adventurous and go to Mars again? I shall love to give you another picture of the life on that planet, and I can be positive now about many things I was not sure of previously—for instance, I have been told since we went there that mechanism exists for the transtusion of life from one individual to another if one of their bodies is destroyed by an accident, so that it can be repaired and the life restored to it when ready. Just like repairing a garment or something over here. I can't understand how they go on meantime though, but it seems that two inhabit the same body temporarily.

"Come along Mumsie, let's have a walk in the Martian valleys; we went up a mountain before I think. We crawl under or fly over enormous bag-like plants of weird shapes which can't be pictured by your mind. A thing of the animal class comes galloping along and we compare his agility with the colossal growth of the static plants. He tosses them about, but they gather again just as before and appear to enjoy the experience. The animal is off again to another point, and all over the place they are careering about. We crawl underneath these living lumps and find numerous gnome-like beings all busy sucking juices or emanations of the plants—not sucking, that suggests our eating, but imbibing in some other way I can't describe.

"Now we rise above these giant growths and see over them a wonderful canopy of thought-colours woven from their minds. I can't tell you what they think because all their ideas are as incomprehensible to you as yours would be to them, but they weave wonderful patterns of colour above them, rising from their thoughts. As we go on, a Martian approaches and beckons to us, so we follow where he leads—far into a jungle of plant life till we reach a stretch of bare rock with bands of marvellous colours. These he clamps a curious contrivance on to, which I can't describe as it won't go into words, and the rock seems to release a colour of a new sort combining all its former colours into a totally new one. The Martian withdraws his contrivance and the rock remains as before but the new colour is filling the contrivance and is carried into a laboratory where it is used in some way. Having observed this we proceed up our valley, where the life gets thinner as we go up, till we can walk instead of crawling or flying. Between the plants is bare rock of crimson or gold. Now an animal comes jumping over our heads, and making gigantic leaps makes for higher ground where crowds of his fellows are madly jumping in a sort of game I suppose. As we emerge on to higher ground the plants cease altogether, and a stretch of bare rock lies between us and another range with other valleys.

"Can you take a little more? I am so reminiscent to-day—I was not sure how to spell that word and you refused to think it for me! One thing more we see on our tour. Coloured contours of the hills are so beautiful as we emerge from our valley. I want you to gaze at them a moment. (An interruption.) Yes, it's a bore, but I must go now anyhow—au revoir. CHRIS."

September 30th.

"I was waiting to give you a message from Lance, who is on a journey to Neptune again, and wants me to tell you that it will be some time before he can come to see you. He is an important person now as our celestial light-bearer, which means a bearer of light to other planets or even stars. I gather, although I am still too young in spirit to grasp all it means. He wanted you to know he had gone so that you didn't expect him here.

"Mumsie, shall I tell you about my work? I am on quarter-deck duty as Uncle Toby calls it, meaning taking command in the captain's absence, so I am very careful what I do as he will be seriously displeased if I mess things up. I am ever so proud that he thinks I am capable of carrying on by myself, but a little bit nervous of the responsibility."

R. "You carry on bravely."

"Yes, that's what he said and I'm doing it—as bravely as I can. I am looking forward to his return though, I can tell you. I have a group of camps under me, including my own of course, and take the leading part in conferences between the camp commanders, so I have to decide on special lines of action to be taken by the group as a whole. I am very diffident of making any big move till Uncle Toby gets back, so I expect he'll say I have been slack! I hope to earn his praise but it isn't easy, he never praises unless he really feels it is due . . . You are so loving, Mumsie, you only see my best side ever . . . Yes, I know I can do it if my will is set on doing right and I don't think of my own smallness. I am so much better able to understand that now . . . You are so understanding and sweet, Mumsie mine . . . Only very weak, but strong in God's work because of His power. I understand now all you tried to tell me before, and I was so stupid in my earth-form, but now I see as I never saw before, and all is glowing with the power of God and with Love. Yes, darling, you have brought back my true knowledge. I was thinking myself back in my human limitations, but I know now that I am imbued with God's power and cannot fail. I must go back to work. God bless you and Dad darlings, I am much stronger now. Coming again soon, so be ready for me, Mumsie!"

October 8th, 1944. Earlier in the day R. received a message from her mother.

"Granny told me you were so happy and would be clear to-night, so I came along at a great pace hoping for a good time, but not a bit of it! All I got was complete neglect. I must be a little peeved sometimes Mumsie, when I am so badly treated.

"I wanted to tell you all sorts of queer happenings in my sphere. There is complete upheaval of government coming which will affect all the inspectors of camps, so Uncle Toby will be in a new sphere of work altogether, and I suppose I shall go too, as I am his understudy now. It won't make any difference to my help in your work, which is to increase by strides when my book is published. I shall merely have a new quarter in which to organise my camps, and we shall probably be over the Netherlands instead of on the French Alps.

"Can I tell you of a new notion I have had? When you write to anyone in grief, tell them how happy I am and make them feel sure of the great joy it is to leave one's body and come on here. They ought to feel glad

their sons have come here. . . . Carry on over there—that is what they ought to feel. I can't express what I mean, but you understand, Mumsie, and will put it better."

October 14th and 15th.

"November is the month I think for activity from you." "Christopher?" "Yes, Chris of course. I wanted to tell you that your call to more active work will come in Nov. I am instructed to close my camp work then and be helping your influence to spread.

"I came to have a talk and you were so busy I was just going off again. Yes, I am free all evening, so I'll send a telepath to my second-in-command that I shan't be back till later. Talk after your chores are done."

Later. "Come on, Mumsie, at last! Can I have your undivided attention for a bit? I want to try and explain something about my work which I think you ought to know.

"Grasping a ray-key is a mental concept, not physical. You imagined us holding on to something with hands, I saw when you were reading my old letters some days back. We grasp them mentally, just as you use the word often as in grasping a mathematical problem. You can grasp your ray-key substantially that way, so that it can't produce colour other than the one you want of it. Now I want you to see something of my work you couldn't understand before. I can grasp my patient's fear and take it from him by so doing. I couldn't help if I couldn't grasp his trouble, and that is where my former fears help me, because I am able to grasp what he feels like and show him the way out . . . Yes, you see what I mean. I am so happy to see how even my failings can be used."

"I am arranging a Christmas party for you as usual this year, and hope you will keep the same time free for it as last year when it was such a success. I don't know yet who can come but hope to get more than last year. Dave will be there too, which is jolly.

"Can we go on a bit? Let's have a jaunt to Mars again, shall we? I have remembered a charming coloured cloud of creatures in a sort of curious liquid, like water but thinner, yet different to air in constituents—I have got tangled up in words again—this was different to any earth creation and yet was a liquid of sorts. The colours in it were marvellous and so were these creatures which swam in it—not swam exactly but they were immersed in it and moving about. Lance saw them before, he says, and told me to look at them."

October 18th.

"Now I want to say that we are starting a campaign against Japanese superstitions in the East and some of our supervisors are going over there."

R. "A lady has written to ask if you can help her little boy?"

"Can I help him? How? Suffers from fear? I see. I'll try to find him but direction isn't clear. M . . .? I don't catch name. W . . .? Yes, if I find him I'll get our squad to come along and we'll soon get him right. All right, Mumsie, I'll see what we can do, and I think I've got directions now you've said M . . . in Wales. One of your 'cases' as I call 'em.

Same idea as me, I guess! . . . I'll try, Mumsie, but write and tell his mother to look out for me and give some calls if she can to Chris T—, then I'll have more chance of finding him. Now I must be off and change guard to see if all are there, so au revoir. Love to Dad. CHRIS."

October 24th.

"Mumsie, I am hoping you will not be tired, as I want to give you a synopsis of my treatment of little W . . . I found him quite easily, his people were thinking splendidly of me and making quite a wave when I got into their district. He is a clever boy and very intuitive, but has a deep-seated fear neurosis which I think was in him from birth, and is slowly coming to the surface of his mind. I am confident of his conquest over it, but it may take some time as it has been so deeply embedded, long before he went to school, only too deep then to appear on the surface. It is slowly rising and has to be aided to appear or it will again submerge and affect his later life. I am calculating the amount of motion to apply so that it will be innocuous when it gets to the surface. He can't yet absorb ray treatment as this is not an emergency fear as on the battlefield, but a hereditary sub-conscious tendency. I place Mary's Healing Ray very near him and he absorbs it as he sleeps. Soon he will feel its soothing influence and be less afraid—but lessons are a terror to him owing to the bullying instincts of other boys. I suppose he couldn't learn at home for a time? This fear neurosis will affect him only until adolescence, it is connected with his astral which emerges at that time. After puberty he will be completely cured, but only if all possible is done to help him conquer his fears now. Control of his fear will prove his great strength in the future as it has proved mine. I am full of sympathy for him knowing how like his feelings are to mine of old. I am so glad you called me to help him, and I know I can do more for him than most people."

October 28th and 29th.

"You are so bright and nice to-day, Mumsie, I hardly expected a hearing so soon. Came to bring news of Camp exodus, to be on your trade route in future—Glory be! I am much pleased to join your work, darling. My camp is closing as there are very many others now and I have had my share of that kind of work. Much remains to be done of course, but not by me as other newcomers are being worked up to my pitch and are fit to carry on now.

"Your next move in spiritual circles is more apparent here than in your life—and depends on contacts made by recipients of your letters. Their effect is cumulative and gathers impetus all the time. We see it as a whole here, and the effect is already great.

"I am coming more often now, so be on the look out for me. My camp is all dismantled and we wait our orders separately. Mine are to be over-seeing your activity and giving a push to the minds your letters are affecting, so be ready for my frequent visits now.

"Charming scene I saw on my way here over a cottage near Battle I think. Very old crab tree laden with golden apples and many children collecting them for Granny, who was much loved by all. I see earth scenes just as clearly, only dominated by the greater visibility of the

etheric world. Granny's thoughts and those of the children dominated that scene to me. The crab-tree was shimmering with fairy lights and the apples coloured as if painted in gold. The cottage I see as a square thickness in a mist, but with many shades of substance so that I can see the furniture and carpets, all of different blends of misty colour, through the walls which are thick mist with many different shades in it. It is a bit difficult to describe, but you visualise a lot as I talk."

November 9th, 1944. Lancelot.



"That is in your pond, MUM, darling, and I am at your side! Can you guess why I came? Becos I am to give you a message from Chris to say he has attended a seance of your friend Mrs. B— and is giving her son some lessons in writing with a pencil. She is able to do this Chris thinks, so will you write and tell her he may be able to use her hand now. Coo—I am copying Chris, who uses funny words like that! —Come a bit nearer, Mum, darling, and I will

tell you a bit about my work on higher planes. I am intensely happy in it, and have attained great new powers which I can use to defeat evil and protect those attacked by it. I am co-operating with other beings from our planets and am man's representative in some of their inter-planet councils . . . I use your knowledge of words that's why I spell so well now! Not like my funny little scrawls at first.

"Chris may come to-morrow but thought you'd wonder why he didn't come, so I said I would tell you.



"I was trying to draw a creature I saw over in Neptune, but it isn't good a bit. I don't draw so well as I used to, I'm afraid. Now I must go over to Mercury for a conference, so goodbye for a bit, WITH LOVE FROM LANCELOT."

November 16th. Christopher.

"Mumsie, you are quite transformed to-day, I can see into your mind like clear water full of living thoughts. I want to be introspective and tell you how my mind now sees God. I cast out a thought and He gives it life and I see my thought as an actual living thing. He is all Life and is creating in us and in all things, and no confusion or wrong can affect life in reality. Confusion exists because minds are growing all the time and try to understand before they can. They send out contrary thoughts and cause confusion, but all is resolved into harmony with God. I know we are taught this in earth religions sometimes but that is different to taking it into one's being as a truth. My life is all a great harmony now in tune with God. God sends me power to live and He is my life and the life of all. Candle power is mine, others are suns or moons, but all are given light from Him . . ."

(Dad asked "Do insects have etheric life?")

"Dad wants to know if insects are real? I mean real in our sense of living here. I think bees have a sort of over-soul bee, who gives them their hive instinct, but I don't see them here much. No other insects except butterflies, and they have been given existence because many people created them by desire. Ants have an over-soul I believe, but not in our life, only in the etheric like plants. I think one may suppose the insect world to have refused further evolution in preferring a life of antagonism to other creatures. Created with all possibilities open, they racially chose antagonism, and only bees and ants have evolved sufficiently to produce a generic over-soul for their species. I don't know much about the subject though, as I have never inquired into insects at all. Dad is so hopeful of me always, but I really don't know much yet, though I am growing fast in spirit as I can tell by the way I now see other—(An interruption in his writing). Yes, we were interrupted by Mrs. Y—, she is a dear old lady, just come here to this life and still thinks herself old and feeble. I gave her directions to find the rest centre where guides will take charge of her—though she really should be able to do without them now, she has passed over six months or so.

"Let's go out together and I'll help Dad in the garden I'm taking an afternoon off, having been hard at it for some time . . ."

November 24th.

"You are coming nearer than usual to-night, Mumsie, but you appear worried at the pencil? Now for a chat over my music, I thought I had explained it so well but you seem still very mystified. I concentrate mind-force through a cylinder which takes mental vibrations, and according to my meaning the vibration produces notes in harmony. We have glorious concerts like nothing you can imagine, for all our minds tune in to the same score of music written in parts just like earth music. Galumpshus!—I used the word and failed to spell it!—Anyhow, good—super—supest—supernal. I don't know how to express it! Our concerts sound just like earth music only better, but are produced by concentrating thought on the score.

"Your letter to Mrs. A— interests me. Your answer is all she needs, I couldn't explain as well as those books." (Mrs. A— had sent a

list of questions.) "I can't put it nearly as well as you can, Mumsie, go on writing, don't ask me."

Q. "Why do Mediums so often have Red Indian Guides?"

A. "I can't think! My own impression is that they, the Red Indians, have been more anxious to practise control of the human mind by psychic methods and not spiritual enough to understand individuals in higher ways."

Q. "How have they a perfect knowledge of the English language?"

A. "That's easy, they use the knowledge possessed by the medium's brain."

Q. "How do 'Guides' discover their mediums?"

A. "O how absurd! If one is on the look-out for a brain to control one can see the possibilities at once by the type of mind and thoughts given out."

Q. "How can the medium be sure that her guides are not earth-bounders?"

A. "She can't, there's the danger, but she can make her own mind so bright that earth-bounders can't come into her aura. We only can bear the light we are accustomed to and the higher we rise the more light we can bear and emit. So low spirits can only get near earth-bound minds, and often find a medium quite low enough for their purposes, more's the pity."

Q. "What stage of development do the spirits of elderly people return to when they die?"

A. "You see that, but I should put it like this. An elderly body is not an elderly spirit—the spirit may be merely an infant or hardly developed, or even obscured altogether. The mind is what emerges and forms its own body according to its inner compulsion that is, what it thinks it is like."

Note by R.M.T.

I will just add that most people begin the new life as old as when they died, and gradually realising that they needn't be old, they become young again! As they grow into the use of their new powers they recapture their youth in full vigour, but with all the experience of wisdom and age added. Later, they leave their earth-form and enter the freedom and radiance of spirit life.

November 26th. Christopher.

"I want to give you a picture in your mind of our surroundings at this moment. You are encircled in a belt of many-coloured light, result of your merry thoughts of my playfulness. Only a fraction of your real self is here, all your higher part is in a glory which dazzles even my present capacity for sight. You sit on your terrace within your belt of colour with a connecting ray from your higher self streaming from above in glory. I am conscious of it but may not see it yet. You are now sending a shaft of golden love to me and it makes me draw nearer and feel I am your child after all and can be protected in your strength and power like a baby with its mother. I am so happy to be yours and Dad's. Now Lance has a word to say . . ."

Lancelot.

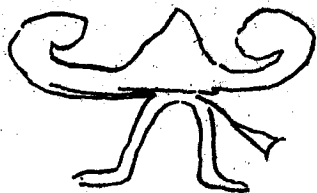
"Mum, darling, I am very near you to-day and having a so jolly holiday with Chris. Has he told you about our surprise for you? I won't say either, so it will be a surprise. You will know by Christmas Day—Yes, you have guessed but not all!

"DARLING, I want to try and give you an idea of our hopes for ENGLAND. Can you see it as a whole being? ENGLAND as one spirit not a lot of people? I see such a great light springing up through knowledge of GOD and His Love in sending so much help from our life to yours. More people will turn to Him in heart and your work is to spread His guidance as you are doing. You have a great work, but you will not see it all on your life, it is more visible to us than on earth. ENGLAND is a power for raising mankind into greater knowledge of GOD, and you are part of this power, so you see how far beyond your earth life it goes. I am working for ENGLAND too, and helping work you are not yet able to see in your mind. Michael is my great helper in a sphere I can't reach even yet.

"Is my turn over, Chris?"

Christopher: "Mumsie Mine, I am so happy! I want you to have a time like this on Christmas Day when we can join in all the Christmas fun. You arrange it if you can. Now let's be on earth a bit and chat about this lovely place with all its fairy life going on in the wood and pond. I can see them lighting up now for some concourse of fairies and all the bushes are hung with lights of many colours sparkling like jewels. I wish you could see them! Collecting dewdrops on the moss underneath the dead leaves are gnomes of all sorts with tiny bags of sort of cobweb which they fill with moisture and then carry off to their underground homes. I think they use it for drink but can't see clearly enough, as that life is not so clear now I am further into light. It still shows when I want to be earthly though—you see we can always come back over the way we have been, though we can't rise until fit for it. I am getting on so well that I can almost grasp Lance's position now of Celestial Light-bearer, which is a higher grade than most of those I can know personally as yet. Uncle Toby is a Great Spirit, but he was so fond of me that he took care not to be too bright for my earth sight so as to help me on.

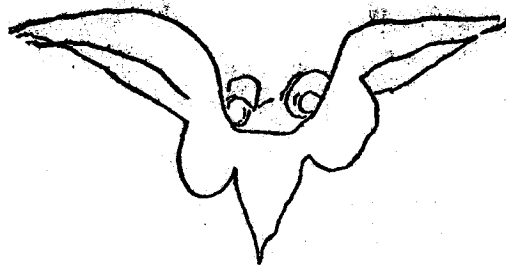
Lance and I are going to give you a Christmas treat so I hope you'll be as nice and quiet as you are to-day—we do so love our talks with Mumsie darling. No, I shan't say what it is, that will come later. Going now as you ought to be active again. Come later if you are able? Evening best I think, so au revoir till then. CHRIS and LANCELOT LOVE TO DARLING DAD. GOD BLESS BOTH.



(Evening.)

Lancelot: "I saw that out climbing with Chris to-day, we went overhead to the cloud layers and creatures of upper air were climbing on the top of them. My drawing is not so good as it used to be I think, but I will try another one.

"Something like that and very fierce after the softer ones. It is a grabber of little soft ones like



"They have all sorts of shapes and sizes but mostly

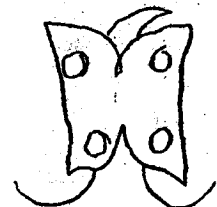
very flimsy and soft, and all along the upper air layers you get them in bands. Chris was keen to study their ways so we went along looking for new ones, and saw one quite different.

"I can't get it quite right, it was much more complicated than the others. Now I'll let Chris come."



Christopher: "My Mumsie, we have had such a jolly holiday Lance and I and just enjoyed ourselves like boys again. I was so interested in the upper air life which is all in the etheric plane and not visible to your sight, but not in our life either. It is worlds within worlds of life, and no one in body life can imagine the multitudes of life-forms there are even in our planet. Give me your hand for a little excursion on the level of the upper cloud layers. Clouds have a solidity you cannot imagine in the etheric plane, they seem more substantial than crust of earth and harbour a vast population which drifts about overhead while earth spins under them. All are small beings except a few balloon-like monsters, and many of them prey on each other... They belong to the mist sprites and foam fairies, all being formed out of the vapours of water, but they have a definite life of their own not just vapour shapes. Those which seize others seem to suck them dry and then they disappear altogether. It is queer and dreamy and not very active, but quite real and most interesting to watch. Some of the more active ones were calling to each other in sort of bell-like cries like a church bell single note heard far off. Others cry like sheep only fainter and softer."

Lancelot: "Chris says he only wants a last word, so I will try another drawing before we go. That is a fairly good drawing of one of those Chris was talking about which gives a bell-like cry. They are harmless and nice with colours of all sorts, pearly and glowing. I think we must say GOODNIGHT TO DAD and MUM from LANCELOT with LOVE."



Christopher: "I want just to add that I go to work again to-morrow, so give me instructions if you want anything done. I have so enjoyed

our holidays and our talks with my Mumsie darling. Give Dad my love and duty and say I am so glad of his loving thoughts sometimes—he is such a help to me. Nightie night darlings.—”

December 8th and 10th, 1944.

“I want you to write to Mrs. B— and tell her she is collecting a crowd of gnomes by being too accessible. She ought to be careful to feel sure her son is with her before she tries to write for him. He can't always come at the time she has told him because he is at school and going in for training in help for others, so she must not write unless she is sure he is with her.”

(R. “*What do the gnomes do?*”)

“The gnomes? Oh they just buzz round and play with her pencil, so that she thinks her son is trying to write but can't manage it, and then she tries all the harder. She has psychic powers which are developing but needs more spirit consciousness like yours. Her son says she might think of a signal for him to give her, when she begins so that she will know for certain.”

(Note: *A few days before the farm cat was injured in a trap and had to be destroyed.*)

“Can we have a chat about my cat? I had to leave her at the office when I came to do your work, but she wanted me so badly that I carried her along and installed her with you.” (R. “*I can't give her milk.*”) “Of course not, she is an etheric cat, not at all an ordinary one! And now she has got a mate thanks to the trap episode the other day. I never saw a cat so pleased as she when that nice young Tom came along. She knows I come here often so is quite content, and adores the Tom in a most sickly fashion. So all is well in the cat line!

“Mumsie darling, I am in a frivolous mood I fear! I think I'll be off now. Au revoir. CHRIS.”

December 17th.

“You aren't very bright to-day.” (R. “*I have a headache.*”) “I see—I'll try to take it away.” (Pause during which R's headache disappeared.) “Your light came out like a flash of lightning, I was almost blinded by it. Now Dave, old chap, going on fine, I'm sure, getting ready to contact me on the Q. wave of ether? Many happy returns home to Dave, and preparations for a swell Christmas going forward on both sides of life. Huge preparations on my side I assure you, we're going to have a real slap up party this time, I hope.”

(Later.) “Continuing our talk, what about my descent on your head at tea-time? Why, you meant to tell Dad and never did.” (R. “*Did you want me to?*”) “Yes, because you so clearly saw me, and that's twice to-day Mumsie, you are getting on finely and will soon be properly clairvoyante. I am so pleased. Many people could if they only would distinguish their etheric vision from imagination. You are beginning to do so quite well but most people are too afraid of deceiving themselves and therefore never open their etheric eyes till death. I've been away a bit off and on to see how people are getting on with my work in France, and my successor was rather glad of a few hints from me. I am transferred to the English Crusade now in order to help you all I can.

Uncle Toby is in the crusade but in another quarter and I don't miss much of him as before . . .

“Can I be a bit curious about E—'s children? They are like other children but have minds which tune in to our life so that they both see clairvoyantly already. I am puzzled as to how they fit in at school since they are so different in their minds. Clairvoyance is quite unusual in children in spite of carrying on traditions of clouds of glory.

“Mumsie, I see you have taken enough so we had better stop now, but you are getting on fine and will soon be able to see me too. Give Dad all the best from me and Dave too. So long all.

December 24th.

Lancelot: “Yes, Mumsie Darling, I am come to give you a big bit Christmas Eve but I couldn't get here sooner becos I came from Mars where I have been negotiating a help party to collect more rays of colour to give impetus to peace. It is like a soothing poultice round earth to heal the fighting idea and make peace possible and we are trying it on Europe were the fiercest feelings go on coming. It is just like a disease this war and healing rays will calm it by degrees. I am coming to-morrow all day so I won't make you tired now but you needn't talk till evening so that you'll keep fresh. A HAPPY CHRISTMAS MUM and DAD from LANCELOT.”

Christmas Day, 1944.

(The “*Christmas Party*” took place at 6 p.m. and 17 relations and friends wrote short messages with R's hand.)

December 26th.

Lancelot: “Mum, I have been waiting all day and you are so unwanting me. Yes, I know really Mum darling, I was naughty to say that. I had a thing to tell you and it was like this. I want Chris to come over to my power centres on the moon where I focus power of moon-rays to soothe earth from fear and he will see how we can help in a much bigger way than his, though his way helps a lot in special people but he would be so intrested in moon-ray power centres which I am focusing just now, so may he come please?”

Christopher: “Mumsie, I am thrilled with all Lance has been telling me and shall soon be back at work on your route but feel I can grasp larger ways of helping when I have seen Lance's work. We were planning to go to-night so we shan't be able to talk long as you are so late beginning. Yes, I know you couldn't help it. Mumsie, how did you enjoy the party?” (R. “*Very much.*”) “I am so glad. I'm sorry Dad was disappointed but I had to bring along the old boy Cousin C— because he found out there was a gathering here and wanted so to represent his family. He is a queer old cove and can't believe he needn't be so middle-aged as he thinks he is, Dad's parents are overhead at present and I couldn't get hold of any others for Dad this time but yours simply swarm all over the place and I can always collect a good many. Overhead? Did I say that? Overhead is a slang expression meaning that they are having a course of celestial training”

—going to stars and learning of other forms of life. It's used a good deal by us younger ones who aren't celestially educated yet. Courses of star-training are a part of normal education of those come from earth within a generation or so. I mean, when a man dies normally at 80 or so he has a year or several years to get accustomed to etheric life on earth and then takes a course of star-training to complete his next step in education. Dad's parents are both away on star courses now but they'll be back soon I think.

"You needn't expect me back for a week or so, Mumsie. I shan't be gone very long though. Now we must say goodnight and love to Dad and Dave—he is to be your only son for a week or two and must be a prop to you and Dad. Cheerio. C."

"LANCELOT SAYS LOVE TOO."

January 9th, 1945.

Christopher: "Cats! Love to Dave and his kitten is a pet. I see he's as fond of it as I am of mine! Now I must tell you of my trip—be open a bit more Mumsie. First Lance and I went to his power centre on the moon and caught a wave of moon-ray going off to earth on a healing concentration. I was thrilled by the power there, for they concentrated rays of all the healing sorts into a belt of light surrounding the war zones on earth and forming a powerful soothing influence which will prevent the war from plunging too many into despair. Then I watched the light break into colours of such beauty as I had never imagined before.

"Then Lance called me to see his new adaptor of colour blending which he has invented and got a credit for. It is a form of invention you can't get into your mind at all so I won't attempt to describe it. He is given a post of prominence after this invention as it is considered first rate and a great improvement on the old methods."

Lancelot: "Chris is great at puffing me up Mum. I wasn't the only one to invent something because we all felt we must get more peace-power on Earth and thort out ways of doing it. Tell Dad I made a better VENTION than his though. That will show him I am quite a big SON NOW! Going now, Chris. I just wanted a word with Mum to-day because it's going to be some time before I get back home again from Venus and they want me over there to direct their musical help for earth now. Goodnight Dad. FROM LANCELOT."

Christopher: "Now I want to give you a view of the Power centre on the Moon where these healing rays are blended. Great machines of etheric forces are used to collect the sun's rays into a vast ocean of light, and then absorb the terrestrial essences of the moon to blend them into separate colours until all are separated out and coloured with moon-essences. As this takes place a belt of softer light forms without, which glides to earth incessantly giving a soothing healing emanation to all life. This all goes on through action of the power centre machines which are set to work by concentration of thought surrounding them. It is difficult to put into words but you have some notion of it now.

"I want to give a word of greeting to my Dad, and to Dave so glad to be back home again. Sorry Mumsie, I must be off now. Coming

more often now on your work so look out for me. Cheerio Dad and Dave. So long. C."

(Note: "Machines of etheric forces" should not be read as meaning machines in the earth sense.)

January 12th and 15th, 1945.

"Sorry Mumsie, I was called away suddenly and went over to get a glimpse of my chum Ian before he departs overhead for a bit. I am glad you know that expression now as it explains in one word. He is going for a course on planetary life and hopes to be better fitted to place himself about jobs such as he hopes for. Elementary courses in ray-healing lead to work on the mechanics of light and this opens out a vast field of work for the evolution of man in space—not spiritual evolution which is of course more important, but form evolution, how to adjust himself to new surroundings in other systems of stars. I am not to go in yet for this because I am helping in the crusade at home. (Can you grasp another aspect? Convolutions of space prevent many from getting their perspective right and much learning of light mechanics is needed to adjust that difficulty. Now I must be going again as I am wanted by our chief on a gathering of helpers. Love to Dad. CHRIS."

Lancelot: "I was with you in billiards before and so intrested to see DAD playing wich I NEVER Expected. Darling Dad was happy and you all had such happy minds it made me quite bucked up over my family being such a nice one. Can I just tell Mum something of a bigger sort? Michael is away on great business of ambassador for our Lady Mary to a conference of spirits of all planets in our system of our sun, and it takes place on Mercury becos that is empty and used for a spirit meeting ground. It is the greatest honour to be chosen to represent earth at a conference of Planets and he is over there now to confer with the arrangers of it. I am so proud to be his brother and quite SWELL with Pride!

"I am not going away for some time now becos I am taking turns at Power Centres on Earth for a bit so shall be here quite a lot. Chris tells me he is working for you now and I'm very intrested at that and hope to be able to help, too. Can we go now? Chris has work he says. Goodnight DARLINGS. LANCELOT and Chris."

January 17th.

Lancelot: "Come on Mum I am tired of being called Kitopher and want you to be more observant of our comings and goings. I came to tell you about my Power station on the Moon as I shall have to go back again soon to set it in motion again. You see we can leave these Power stations to carry on like machinery for a bit till they run down for lack of colour energy so we have to go back to combine more rays for producing colour energy."

Christopher: "Colours have much more power than you know of Mumsie and give out force which has great effect on earth. Yes, Chris. I was here all the time but Lance was wanting you to recognise him too and you only thought of me!"

Lancelot: "All right, Mum, I know you can only take in one of us at a time so I don't mind only I want you to know when I am there, too. I shall be away on the Moon for a few days after tonight."

January 26th.

Christopher: "Come on Mumsie, you are a time getting ready. I see so I had to wait, well now we are off—Here's the Cat! Comfortable now? I want to have a quiet talk for I have been away again over to see Lance on the Moon and had some instruction in his special belt of moon-rays. Openings for students of moon-ray healing are high if one can qualify, as the world needs soothing and these are potent for such treatment. I was thrilled with the currents set up in the direction of earth looking like streams of clear blue light and carrying millions of colours under the blue quite inexplicable in human words. Carrying on the work there are great enthusiasts for the healing of man, holding certificates from the greatest branches of medicine known, the manipulators of Cosmic creative healing. I was allowed to see all their activities as being Lance's brother, which was a high honour and I feel very elated to have learnt so much. I can now discharge my work of helping your cases with much more efficiency as I can take mind impressions of curative processes unknown to me before, and be aware of other forces than I formerly knew. O Mumsie, you can't conceive how lovely it is over there in the moon-ray works—gathering great sweeps of healing colours into a wave of soothing yet glorious light and focusing it to earth in hands of colour. Cool soft harmonies are all around one and I felt bathed in new harmonious life. May I be over there a bit again soon? As I think my work will benefit from it more than if I stayed over here and went on as before. (R. "What about your cases?") Yes, I won't forget to go to them and am going on my rounds to-night. I'll bring you some reports to-morrow or Sunday before I go moon gazing again. Lance will be back home soon he says but only on and off, for he is in charge of one of the chief moon-ray works there and can't be away long at a time. Tell Dad I am so thrilled at my course of training there. I can't stay long now as I haven't been to see your cases yet but wanted so much to tell you all the lovely things I saw. Love to Dad and Dave. So long. C."

January 28th, 1945. (Listening to music.)

Lancelot: "Mum Darling, I am delighted with your awakening power of vision. You are much more aware of us and our life than I thought possible till you leave your body. I am So Pleased becos we can show you a great deal more now and you will love to see it. I am so happy about it all. Chris and I were each taking one arm to help you up a bit and the music helps you more than most people. I never knew a mind weave such music patterns as yours does; you have never got into earth ways of connecting music with notes and rules of harmony, so you weave most wonderful spirit songs of joy in the beauty of it. Chris wants to say something now."

Christopher: "Chris speaking Mumsie, I am glad you are so quiet to-day. Lance and I were inspired by your music love and nearly took you into our life until Dad made a noise and brought you back with a jerk. I know

it can't be helped because you are so sensitive to sound that you go back in response to any noise at once. It was a grand event that we so near us though and pleased us both no end. Some day you will see those colours properly and then you'll gasp in wonder at them."

"You are to have a time of greater work soon, but don't be discouraged at your seeming small output for all are bearing fruit and you are on the extent of your influence; if you could it would surprise you. I am going now so give Dad my congrats on his industry, his mind is full of work just now. Love to him of course. Your CHRIS."

Michael: "Mummy I am here too, Michael yes, I am back from holding a great conference of Spirits to aid our earth. We are hoping that many will come to enlighten men and Christ will be glorified by all who come. I can be in your mind now I am your son ever. . . ."

Lancelot: "Yes, Mum Darling, I was waiting till you had got Michael's message becos he can't stay long in writing, he is too big to get small enough for earth things now. I am still just your human boy so I can use your mind as easily as ever. I must go too now becos I am so wanted on a course of moon-ray instruction. They are short of qualified instructors so I've promised to take a course for them now. Goodbye DARLINGS. DAD DARLING AND MUM DARLING FROM LANCELOT."

February 4th, 1945.

Lancelot: "I want a message given to Dad that he must try and think of me as grown up now and not want me to write in words of my childhood! I put it on sometimes to show I am still the same boy but I really am far grown in power and strength and knowledge. I can use your brain to find all words I need and have knowledge of other languages too. Don't be afraid I shall ever cease to be the same to you, I want just to make Dad see that I am just his son just the same, but he mustn't want me to be childish still except in fun as a joke. I am an awful joker as you know and tease Chris a lot because he is so serious minded and takes himself very earnestly! Mum Darling I LOVE being here with you and DAD but I must be off now to set my activator going on the moon again. See you soon again. LOVE from LANCELOT."

February 5th.

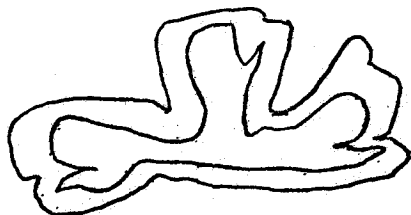
Christopher: "Cousin M— wants me to thank you for giving another push to Mr. D—'s mind as he is very interested in my Mars trip and full of explanations of certain things I described which he thinks conflict with other reports through Mediums—I fancy a good deal of mystification is caused by the medium's own subconscious mind taking charge and twisting what is said to her; given a preconceived idea in the subconscious, it is easy to twist a remark such as Martian into martial or Heaven into leaven—that's not a good one but conveys my meaning. I know people have come away from a medium in a state of frustration as all they said was given in a distorted way with a totally different meaning. No—you are clear as a bell and never distort. I sometimes can't get a word I want into your mind but you know at once if I can't and never put down any other words."

February 14th, 7.45 a.m. (Lancelot's birthday.)

"Good morning to Dad and Mum. Lance isn't able to come early as his moonray apparatus functions till sun up here and he'll be along in a few minutes now." Lancelot: "Your birthday boy is with you, Mum Darling. LOVE TO DAD and MUM from LANCELOT. Talk when you have time later."

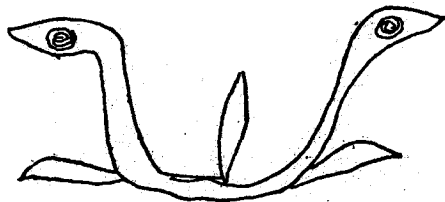
11 a.m.

Lancelot: "Mum Darling, I am very good at catching thoughts so don't mind shoving me off if you are too busy to write; I only want a thought from you now. Dad—he is only expecting a short chat so won't mind. However let's go ahead now and I want to tell you a thing and it's like this. Over your head is a crown of happy memories and they make a sparkle like diamonds and rubies and all sorts of glittering things. I am so happy at seeing how happy is your lovely mind to-day."

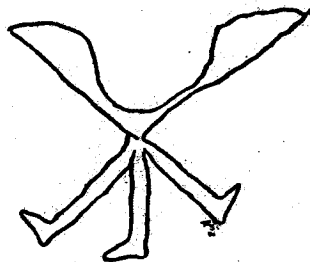


"Not a good drawing but I tried to draw a creature out of the pond again. It is much prettier really."

"Covering the stones at the bottom with coloured moss but you can't see it yet."



"That is in the pond too, very observant of the mossy things and expectant of a meal off them, I think, but not your sort of eating quite different to that."



"Another pond thing very active and jumpy. I have been watching them with Chris, who is interested in Natural History of the Etheric Plane, and I think will do some work of a naturalist sort in his spare times. I am over to Mars again to-day to fetch more keys so don't expect me for a bit."

Christopher: "Chris speaking, Mumsie darling. How nice you are to-day. I have been watching pond life again and asked Lance to do some drawings for me as he is so good at it. I am having a complete holiday as it is his birthday and we are enjoying Home so much. Lance and I are off for another stroll now and we'll coffee house, as Dad says, to-night when you are freer."

March 3rd and 15th, 1945.

"We control a light-band lifting clouds from England gradually and I am on lifting duty on your cases. You haven't quite got that clear. Your cases are getting enlightened and that helps to raise the clouds of unbelief and grief from England. Lots of others are helping to raise the clouds in a sort of band of enlightenment which is spreading over the country. You are going to see more later on of the effect you have already made. C— has come out of her cloud, but she is very materialistic and can't grasp how to pray at all. She will try to say commonplace words with no meaning in them and then gets cross at having no result. She'll write soon to you so I'm just giving you a hint or two."

"Can we have a very long undisturbed talk? I must tell you a fine adventure of mine with Lance on the Grampians—yes, Scotland, Grampian Mts. We were prospecting for etheric conditions suitable for a power centre to control N.E. Scotland and England, and a messenger from Ethiopia came asking for help as they are in difficulties over there, so Lance gave a wave-length of suitable span and we rigged up a super power centre for long distance help. They were so grateful as we couldn't go over, having much to see to here. The creatures of upper air interfered and we had to chase them by thought concentration, so were kept busy till a long distance call came for Lance and he had to go leaving me to control his power centre. I was scared stiff as I had never taken charge of one of these before and they give out such stupendous power-rays that it could damage the mental make-up of whole nations if improperly used. However I did my little best and all in prayer for guidance, so soon a great spirit came to check my findings and said all was well but a bit too controlled by fear as I was so tense about it all the time. By that time Lance was due back so I was relieved of responsibility. I haven't had much to do with these centres yet and am new to it."

"You might give a few more hints to Mrs. O—that she should wait till people ask her help rather than push them as she does. Mrs. Q— has agreed to have a few more trials of the medium at her son's request, but she is afraid they are doing wrong and keeps hoping he will give it up. I was a bit premature in my conclusion that he had done so already."

"Quantities of gnomes have lost their houses in the forest clearing that has been going on all over England and are wandering round trying to find accessible people to play with on the table-turning basis. They collect in groups with a leader and then produce raps and taps and all the nonsense people like to think is bogey noises. It is only that having lost their homes they find no occupation, as normally they spend their lives building and ornamenting their little dwellings, so they just collect in bands and make mischief if possible with people who produce ectoplasmic extensions they can use. Can we talk again in evening? I am going now to see another case."

(Later)

"Over in Germany I see blazing colours of terror and fury. How ghastly it all is, I still am fearful of going there, yet ashamed of this and tell it only to you, my Mumsie. How grand to feel it will soon be ended and we can begin to reconstruct on our side the tattered hearts and beaten minds."

"Love to Dad as always. All right, more next time. C."

March 22nd.

"Yes, Mumsie, but we'll talk after your supper, I have plenty of things to say and want a good time. Carry on!" (R. "Now, what do you want to talk about?")

"My own affairs chiefly! I am preparing for a new step in progress and I am going overhead for a special training. Uncle Toby carries on my work for you in higher ways than I can do and tells me all will be well while I am away. I am not so panicky now as I was the first time, but I don't like leaving you any more than before, darling. I am far stronger now though, as you can feel, my Mother. I start on work of preparation to-morrow, but must be given special teaching which will take some weeks or months according to my capability of receiving it, so expect me once or twice before I say goodbye." (R. "Are you going to be away long?") "No, only a few months probably, and Uncle Toby has promised additional help in your direction, so you can rely on him for anyone in need. I want to get ahead in development so that Dad will be proud of his son. Now to return to earth and your cases. Can you let Mrs. B— know that her son has gone on a planetary tour and will not be back for some months? She may get misled by earth-bounder voices unless she knows this. Good.

"You will be guided, so be quite happy about my going, for others much wiser take my place, Mumsie, my own. Carry on, says Uncle Toby, and you will soon see me back again. A message for Dave that I shall be away for this hols but back for summer ones, I hope. Give Dad my best ever, and often I shall think of home and both my own ones. Carry on, that's the motto for us all over here. God bless both, I'm going now. C."

March 27th.

Christopher: "Soon I must away for a long time, I shall come on Easter Day to say goodbye. Only a few months, and I shall learn wonderful things which I am longing to know."

Another: "Can I say a word or two? I am going with Chris, and he is my companion in mind progress. You don't know my name, so I can't tell you, but I am so glad to meet you as Chris told me you would let me talk and I couldn't think how. He says to tell you I am called Charlie, that is enough. Thank you."

Christopher: "You didn't expect him, but he is a friend who is admitted to this course on the same level as mine, so we collaborate to some extent. He would have it that talking with earth life people was impossible as none of his own can do it so I wanted to show him it could be done if one has a light-bearer as Mother! Seriously, he thinks me a bit swanky to have such a grand father and mother, though he is just thrilled to talk to you himself. His people are quite awful, I believe, and not a spark to be struck out of them, poor fellow. Yes, do let's go back to Dad and Dave. Good, family all collected now, including kitten. Just want to give my love all round and then must flit back on work. See you all on Sunday if not before. Dave, old boy, shake. Jolly holidays, I hope. Goodnight all. C."

April 1st, 1943. (Easter Sunday.)

"Good Mumsie, to be passive and let us come on Easter Sunday. Lance is coming on after I have had my say, and that must be done. I am overhead to-morrow and still have much to do. Not packing up my gear but equipment of various etheric kinds which you couldn't understand and if I tried to explain. I am nearly qualified as a ray-healer now, having done a little such practice with your cases. Mrs. P— is happier than she has been before, for she never had much faith in organised religion and now a new heaven and a new earth rising out of our letters to you. I am glad you gave her another bit of my letters, she will absorb every detail with avidity and be clearer in mind than ever before.

"My mind is so full of my new training that I seem to have lost touch with your cases lately. I shall help all the better when I get back though. No, I can't tell you anything yet but hope to on my return. Can't say when, but not long I think. I am coming for a last Silent Minute to-night at 9 p.m., so be aware of me like last time, darling. Love to my Dad. So long till 9 p.m. C."

Lancelot: "Mum, darling, I am going to be more with you now Chris will be away and helping about your cases and all that. Chris tells me he was giving treatment to several, and I can go on with it on the same lines as he did. Chris is joining a stellar radiance course which will teach him complete control over ray products here and give him possibilities of higher development than he could by remaining here. I think he will enjoy it, too, but it means fairly hard work first. I shall enjoy being home a bit and am quite good at the work he was doing so can help quite a lot. You can count on me twice a week, Mum darling, and I'll come Saturdays and Wednesdays like Chris used to, shall I? Can I give you an idea of my work on moon-ray concentration of dynamic will-force? To utilise radiance of moon rays towards earth; and already peaceful vibrations are coming which will heal the suffering of minds caused by war. It isn't working for stopping the war, but for healing torn minds and giving them peace, and it has a so beautiful effect that I love to watch them respond and raise their heads again, like a cornfield after a storm all beaten flat, rising in the sun again. This is moon not sun though—and I am moon-controller. I hope to be sun treader of awakening spiritual growth soon. Mum you are to rest a bit now, and we'll be here for Big Ben to-night and stand one on each side of you in radiant harmony of prayer. LANCELOT. DAD IS ALWAYS INCLUDED."

(Later, 9 p.m. Big Ben.) "Come on, Lance, she's waiting. Shall we wait for Big Ben?"

Lancelot: "Mum, I come over to you. Now I am near—you want so far we couldn't see you. Your love is like an awning of blue and rose colour over us both. Chris wants to say goodbye so I'll go now."

Christopher: "O, Mother darling, I can't bear to leave you. Christ help me. I am so sure and safe in you, but now I must go and labour away from your love. O you make it seem all one wherever I go—I know your love is there, so I won't mind being far in body. I am glad to gain new knowledge, and shall be home again soon—so goodbye Mumsie and Dad, C."

of all parents best I could ever think of. God bless you both, always and ever. I'm going now. CHRIS."

April 4th.

Lancelot: "You are tired so I was resting you, DARLING. I came to report as to Chris going off to Sirius. He was thrilled at the distance, not having been far before, and quite forgot to be homesick, for which I was thankful. I went part way to see him off, but he was one of a big party including expert teachers, and he quite took his place and was happy to go. So I came back much cheerfuller about him. I haven't been over to Sirius myself for a long time, but it is great in stellar rays they are to learn about. Came to-day and you were with other people having tea; they had nice minds and are so fond of you, but I was not conscious of any wish to be higher in their minds, only to have nothing hard to bear. You tried to lift them by telling them they had GOD in them, but it left them just the same as before, just wanting to be helped in a comforting way themselves. I think they will have to lift themselves; no good trying to help them yet. I only saw them coming to you though, so praps they are better than I thought. Now go to bed and I'll give you a good night and see those cases before Saturday when I next come as I told you. GOD Bless Darling Mum and Dad from LANCELOT."

April 28th.

Lancelot: "O Mum how splendid to get your mind in the morning! I am interested to tell you about J—. Yes, the case you gave me. She is only a little way from her death, and will soon be with her son and husband. They have been told this, and are ever so happy about it. She was hearing her husband when I got there, and wasn't sure if she heard right so wouldn't believe him in case. I had a talk with him and he is such a nice man. EVER SO LOVING to her and his son. He is getting a lovely home ready for them all to live in when she comes, and is so happy about that, but she mustn't know yet of course."

"Mrs. Y. — is here again and is much better—may she talk?"

Mrs. Y.—: "You are kind, I can help you now. I see how your son writes. Soon I sleep again, for I am old and need sleep. I shall wake up like my youth they say. You are kind. Thank you. I must sleep now."

Lancelot: "Now Mum I want to say a message for DAD, to say he can trust me to take care you get enough sleep too, like old Mrs. Y—! She just won't believe she can go ahead like a young woman now, but is beginning to get the idea into her foggy mind. She hasn't even got the sense to know when her husband comes to see her, but he wasn't in love with her really, so he can't help much now."

May 6th, 1945.

Lancelot: "Yes, I may lift you to-day to see I am your son. O Mum you love me still, and long to know what I have become. I make my aura mist to speak to you, like yours, to blend and harmonise so that I can write still to use your longing mind. But I am far Huger than you can think, and great in power for GOD. I love to be with you and DAD DARLINGS but can't show you my Huge self yet, so keep to little words and on your level of mind, because I love you both so much. Now be

attentive to a message from Chris. He has turned his mind this way to tell you a bit of his doings, and can send it through me like I did once through Michael—'Chris speaking telepath to Mumsie and Dad. Very curious happenings. Shall have millions of letters to write when get home. All's well—Love from C.G.T. love.'

"You heard him fairly well and I only had to put in one word which was curious. I think he meant strange to him, becous I only feel he had been to quite ordinary places, and not real adventures such as I have had before."

"About your cases, you get on best by my intuitive guidance on the spot: these reports in words are unnecessary so don't expect that from me now."

"Darling you can't take my words very long because I am too high up: so stop now. GIVE DAD MY LOVE OF COURSE. GOD BLESS MY HOME. FROM LANCELOT."

May 10th.

Lancelot: "You must give me attention now for a message from Uncle Toby; he is bringing a relation of his to see you and make your acquaintance."

Theodore: "I am pleased to be in your mind again Ruth and find you all well after Armistice Celebrations. My friend K— comes from Oregon and knew your boys there; known to my circle out there, but I know names can't come through, she is Win's great pal. She happened along to see me just as I was coming to you. I came to tell you that Chris will soon be returning via Orion and Neptune. He expects to see you June 15th or so and I am getting up a party to welcome him home to which I hope to invite you, in return for your welcome to me at Christmas before last. Chris likes parties as you know, and will be the hero of this one, as all are new to this life and will be thrilled to hear his adventures. I am proud he is so brave and independent over this tour. A co-operator of mine is carrying messages from the party and gives good reports of C's progress—My regards to Guy. You will hear more of my party later. Theodore."

"Goodbye Mum I must go too. LOVE TO DAD. LANCELOT."

May 18th.

Lancelot: "I am to tell you that 'a great adventure' is Chris's description of his tour and he has already prepared several talks with you which he hopes you will publish. Of course he can't make you understand it all really, but he hopes to be a famous author of post-earth travel adventures.

"Dad would like to know that I see lovely emanations coming round him when he looks at plants he loves. I was watching you two looking at the peonies and beautiful colours came floating out of your minds in harmony. I just gave a burst of happy joy to see you looking at those flowers. Your crown is growing Mum Darling, and Dad too."

"No, I haven't heard again from Chris; he is on his way home by now, but they visit several planets on their way back I think. I must skip off now to sort my moon-rays for work again, so O revern Mum Darling. LOVE TO DAD FROM LANCELOT."

May 27th.

Christopher: "You thought I was Lance, but I am Chris! I am coming overland so got home before Lance thought, and glad to be back, but had no end of a good time. Darling, it's great to be home with you again and I did so enjoy our flowery walk, though you kept thinking I was Lance! Can we have time for a good talk or are you busy? O.K.—now for a description of the starry skies! All I could do was gasp with wonder at first, but it was all natural after all, and nothing conflicts with ideas from our planet if we take it all as ONE GOD. I am much grown in spirit as a result of the marvels of the Universe, and feel greatly better for it all. Can you visualise the meaning of Christ's birth here on earth? God indwelling Humanity? That is shown in other forms in the far distant stars, and He is creating and indwelling all. I was lost in wonder at His Great Love.

"Let me tell you a bit of the lighter side of our journey. We were lifted by our combined (wishes) into a current of ray-force to assist our efforts to leave the planetary system to which we belong. All spirits belong to their own planet until perfected and it needs great desire to leave our sun's control, so this current was set in the direction needed by our party by one of the higher controllers of our planet. I must mention my companions who were all from earth and mostly new to stellar space. I was one of the youngest in the band, though a few had joined our life in the war. Our commander was a grand spirit, with years of experience and full of longing for the earth's enlightenment. Cushna knows him well, his name on earth was ——. O no you can't quite get it C——. How queer I can't get it into your mind but you ought to know him. Charles Wesley, that's more like it. Only you haven't spelt it right, have you?"

"More another time, can you make it tonight? I am due at a return parade soon and can't be certain of coming afternoo, but will get back as soon as it's over. Came here rapidly to register return with you, all important Mumsie! Greet Dad from his loving son: hope see him tonight too. Au revoir. CHRIS."

Later. "Came for Silent Minute like we used to. Mumsie, I am overjoyed to be home again and see Dad fussing over his plants to make C.M. garden best in England! My Mumsie, home at last! I was working hard to get on and be a credit to you both, so all was well, but the relief to be home again is wonderful. All I want is Home! Give me a few talks in the week, Mumsie, as I shall be on home-coming leave and free to tell you my adventures." (R.: "Can you help with my work again?") "Can't say as I am under orders still and may have different instructions, but I hope to help you a bit. You are wondering something? I'll be happy to work for you all my free time, sweet Mumsie.

"Now, Mumsie, have we time for a description of a glory of colour you can't conceive? We gathered speed on the current I spoke of before, till planets looked dim in the distance, and a star came nearer and nearer, showing as a great green ball, then paler and bluer until left behind too. After what seemed hours (but time is unintelligible there) we closed in on our destination the star Cereos or Sirius. Rays of glory penetrated our auras and protecting hoods were pulled round our minds. Colours of such colours. I have no words for the glory of them. Sirius is a home of

radiant spirits who have evolved from (many) planets into perfect love and beauty. God's Presence was so near I fell on my face. O, Mumsie, I can't describe it, only a fraction can be absorbed by your dear mind. Clear radiance all around. We were supported by our leader and told to try and see—after a time we got accustomed to the light and filled with strength to learn what we came to know. It concerns the whole earth so far away—yet home to all of us, and we then knew how we had to grow before we attained the glory of spirits we saw. I can't explain what we were taught, it is too far from human words, but it has made me grow in spirit as I never before could have thought of.

"Clear shining hills of jewel colours, green mantle of soft light, glory of brilliant focus points of blazing light. Colours you can't get near in mind at all. God in all His Beauty. O, Mumsie, I have been far and learnt much. Some day you will know, more I cannot describe.

"Shall we talk each evening after Silent Minute? I shall be with you a week or two now—and shall think of things I can describe, I expect. No more now as you are tired.

"Night night to Dad."

May 28th.

Lancelot: "Clever Mum to hear me, I was quite a long way off, but am close now. I couldn't come yesterday and was surprised to hear Chris had got back so soon. Uncle Toby told me and said he had got a party to welcome him home, but they can't all come yet becoss he thought it would be later on. I am keeping on my work with you for a time, becoss Chris has a bit of free time due to him before he takes it over."

(R.: "Mrs. P— is anxious to get a message from her husband.")

"She is wanting to know what he is doing? I'll see if I can find him. Yes, if you have her letter." R. held the letter.

"She has a very quick vibration and wants very badly to have news from her husband. He was standing near her when she had that letter and longing to get her mind to know he was with her. Someone else makes her afraid she is mistaken when she feels him there. She would be much more sure that he came if she accustomed herself to believe her feelings and not think she is wrong always. I will try to see her husband and have a talk with him about mind influence.

"All right and OK, as Chris says. Dad is awfully funny when he laughs at you because he thinks so differently to what he says and it makes a twinkle in his mind to be so different! I LIKE THAT. His twinkle, I mean. IT IS SO DAD-ISH. I DO SO LOVE MY DAD—Darling Mum too, of course. GOD BLESS BOTH FROM LANCELOT."

Christopher: "You were two minutes too soon, I should guess. I came as I said for the Silent Minute and make a tune about good to be Home again. Cheers for C.M. Hooray! Tell Dave I said that when you see him. Now for a short talk of a long journey into the starry spaces where light shines with a grandeur we on earth never know. After leaving Sirius we toured some of the Satellites around that great home of light. After Sirius they seemed so insignificant and shone with only his reflected light. I saw many forms of life on them all and curious some of them were out, indescribable in human words. Quaint living beings without any

→ resemblance to earth forms—so little that any words I might use would give a false impression. They—the Satellites—circulate round Sirius as our planets round our sun, so they have day and night much as we on earth. Clouds were rare as few had any moisture or air as we know it. All have life but our scientists can't get the idea of airless life yet most other planets are airless. May I stop and think it out a bit?

"You are tired, Mumsie, shall we try earlier to-morrow evening? O.K. before Big Ben, 8.30. I'll think out ways of describing the indescribable! So long.—CHRIS. Love to Dad."

May 29th. (Music on the wireless.)

"Can't you write later? Do let's listen. You are so anxious for our talk I'll begin, but the Silent Minute comes soon. I want you to be very receptive and try to take in colours you have never seen! Coo, you nearly saw it! I never ventured to suppose you'd get so near! Let's have a big talk after Big Ben. Can't get you quiet before—no good, Mumsie." (Pause for Big Ben.) "O I was surprised when you came on my wish wave, just before Big Ben, you soared right over my head till I could scarcely follow you. Now shall we have a try to carry you all the way to Sirius? I meant to tell you more about our crossing but decide it is too difficult to describe. I cannot get words, but you must imagine glory of self-luminous world is far beyond that of planets lighted by external rays. Silver-blue and amethyst are the only human colours I can name. No, there was green in many shades. I cannot describe contour, for there was no form as we know it. All was harmonious movement, a blending and forming to be swiftly changed at the volition of Beings whose home it was, unutterably beautiful. Beyond this a further depth I could not fathom in mind. I can't express it, Mumsie darling, it goes too far beyond words. We absorbed as much as we were individually capable of, and our guide gave us further directions to remove protective cloaks as we fell out of light into comparative dimness—on to the Satellites in turns. Night on one of these. Queer beings bending in worship to God. All absorbed in praising Him from Whom they came. Not beautiful to earth thought of beauty. Impossible to describe, Lance might draw them, but it wouldn't convey the reality. Grotesque, I thought, but their minds had Love in them. Life was there in many forms, and all completely alien to ours on earth. I can't use words, they just don't fit. Our guide explained that all were within the aura of Sirius and therefore attuned to high vibrations we have no conception of on earth. Each star has a different vibration of its aura and those within this are in bodies attuned to this. Can we go on a little? I wondered so much at all I saw that I failed to take in some of the teaching, so had to stay behind on one Satellite and miss out the next. My guide said it was not so important. Have you done higher mathematics? It was something like grasping the Calculus before one has learnt one's numbers. I just had to go back to learn a bit before I could go on. Now I think you had better stop and go to bed. I can see your mind is tired. To-morrow sometime? Righto."

May 31st.

"Your cat is so affectionate. I can see his little mind working in love for you and Dad. Yes, I think we can manage without turning him off."

I want to try and focus your mind on another aspect of my tour—that of taking radiance back to Earth. We were not only learning, but helping conditions here by collecting radiance in our minds to distribute here at home. You can't understand how this is done, but it follows as a matter of course on our attaining a certain stage of development. The swift flowing current carried us on our return, but we made a halt at Orion where a few joined us who had not been so far. Orion is a peaceful star of great power, it is controlled by overseers of star systems who give out far reaching influence through the surrounding universe. Blue is the prevailing colour and overwhelming forces are in the blue rays which proceed from it. Very scientific they seem to be there with knowledge unobtainable to us. I was scarcely able to breathe there with so much wisdom all over the place. Orion came out of creation long before our sun was born—we'll go on later, darling. Your mind was so nice and she smudged it all! However, Mumsie, you are wonderful clearing up so well. Gorgeous colours of thought penetration all over Orion and marvellous kaleidoscopic patterns of intricate design. I have said blue was the prevailing colour, but other colours were there which you don't know. Human words aren't much use after leaving earth, so I can't attempt descriptions. Our way home was interspersed with smaller stars all of great beauty; and some over, some under the radiance of the sun. I am glad to have seen it all, although I can't explain to you as I should like to.

Uncle Toby sends you a message that he was unable to bring off his idea of a party on my arrival, so he is keeping invitations for my birthday instead, and wants you to be prepared to act as medium to quite a lot of my friends. They feel it a great privilege and honour, and will be excited and pleased I'm sure. I think it's awfully jolly of Uncle Toby to have thought of it. Good-night, Dad and Mumsie, I must be off now. God bless both. C."

June 3rd, 1945.

"Can we go over to Orion for a few minutes? I am hoping to give you some idea of the dimensions of a visible part of the globe of marvellous creations. You keep thinking of clear blue, but that is not the colour at all. Blue of an opaque turquoise shading into green or white in parts, all illuminated by light given out in bands of colour from within. A million bodies size of earth would scarcely reach the circumference stretched in a line. All beings there are very high, and gifted with extraordinary intelligence, which makes our earth minds seem babyish indeed. Only kindness makes them receive us with gracious hospitality, and explain their vast mechanisms reaching far out to other stars. I was, of course, too small to begin to understand, but took in that help to others was the purpose of it all. Come on Mumsie, you are slow to-night. That's right, be more awake. I can't tell much more for lack of words to fit what I saw."

June 7th.

"Came to tell you that I am officially promoted Captain of a team of ray-light workers for Britain. Am terribly bucked and crowing no end. Hope you'll be able to call on me for ray-light work on occasions. Useful in every way, but chiefly healing of mind troubles such as nervous disorders, grief and anxiety.

"Now as you are fairly fresh I want to talk about stars a bit. All the universe is alive; there is no cessation of life anywhere. Space (as we think it) is full of living beings and high holy ones too. God is in all and fills all with life. Great Beings I can scarcely bear to see are yet not superior to small beings as we are, because God is equally in all and only degrees of opening to His Power are real. I found a collection of little beings on one of the Satellites I told you of—they seemed so small and weak to me, but God was in them to just as great a degree as in the Angel who guided us. Only happiness depends on the response individuals make to His power in them. We can accept or refuse His control, for He has given us free will. I can see much now which was confused to me before. Open-mindedness is valuable, because new truth can then be accepted, and no one has attained final truth. Can I tell you about Sirius again? Quantities of marvellous colours is the predominant effect on my mind, overwhelmingly beautiful. Clear vision was difficult to me, for I was too undeveloped for life there, so I can't give you much idea of it. Only I knew, when there, much of spiritual truth I had never imagined before. Tell Dad I am much older now than I was before I left earth.

"Can I return to my promotion? I am to train my team myself according to my own ideas, and can choose a team from those I have worked with before. My pal Ian is no use for this kind of work, he is going to a power centre, as force is his line. I know a few already I should like to have under me, and can consult Uncle Toby as to the rest. Good-night, Mumsie darling."

June 8th.

Lancelot: "Can you tell Mrs H—that her boy has got on very well and is to be given a class of younger boys to teach occupations to? He is getting on first rate, and is so keen to let his mother know he is happy and working hard at things he never thought of in earth life. He says it was a bit of luck for him being drowned as it has given him such a grand life. I went to see her and found his trail of thought, so went along to find him in his work-shop with the younger boys learning from him. I was reminded of my own early days when I was so pleased to be given a job of teaching.

"Chris is pleased about his promotion to Captain and wants to celebrate by a dance, but can't find enough girls he says! I think he will manage somehow as he is keen on that sort of thing. I can't catch on with the idea of dancing, not having done it on earth; it just seems silly to me.

Can you give me a kiss, Mum? O Darling, you shine when I say Love like that! I am so glad to have a lovely Mum like you! Dad is ever so lovely when he is in his garden—like pictures of colours. Good-night Darlings both. LANCELOT."

June 13th and 19th.

Christopher: (Music) "O Mumsie, how lovely that was. Let's listen. (Piano) I want to give you an idea of my new work as a Captain of a team. I am using myself to the vibrations of them all so that they can each pick up my orders. Then they go about their separate ways into a harmony

which colours as I command, according to the need of the moment, trying to help. Of course, we can't tackle mass wrong the way we can do a lot for individuals in that way.

"A while ago you were wondering about my talk about Orion. You thought I meant a star, and it's a constellation of stars. I got the constellation all right but described most ineffectively the power that pervades them all. There is a kind of sympathy through that of stars, so that what I said would do for all. I am not good at names so couldn't get the individual star names through and that's what you knew better than them. Sorry if it was misleading.

"Can I have a few minutes before you go to welcome bed? I have been tramping about on my rounds, seeing your cases again and cheered by the care Lance has taken of them. He says he is off down to another plane so I want to get *au fait* with the new ones. Now Mumsie, I must be off, so *au revoir*, see you again in a few days with some reports I hope. Lance takes me round to-night, I think, and comes to you to-morrow to say goodbye for a bit. I know you were hoping for more talks about the stars, but I find I can't put it into words! It is all so different to the things our words are made for that they don't fit in at all. Cheerio, I'm off. Love to Dad, of course."

June 21st.

Lancelot: "O I am so happy that you are ready for me this time, Mum, Darling! I want to tell you about my new work now that you have heard about Colonel Gascoigne and his great work for the Nation. I am collecting apparatus for cleaning the black spots on Earth and purifying the etheric conditions left where fear and anger have inked them over. Berlin is one of the blackest spots of all, so that's why he is so worried about this Conference being held there, but I'm awfully top-headed about my apparatus, which has GREAT cleansing power, and minds respond to it in great waves of RELIEF, so I think I'll clear even Berlin soon. So I shall be working over there now until war effects are a bit cleared off. Chris has got a team of workers under him for your work now, so ought to be capable of lots more power than before. He is a bit shy of tackling big things like mental trouble, but will soon get accustomed to it.

"Can I tell you a bit about my apparatus? It is a mind concept so you won't understand much, but this is how it is. I collect force of cosmic radiation into a cylinder of will-power, which projects the rays with great strength on to the black Earth spot, and clears things like fear forces and muddy anger colours in no time, just like sunshine clears dew. Then men's minds can begin again all fresh, but the awful thing is they go and muddy it up again by their wrong thinking, till I get all cross with them and want to BANG their silly heads together. Of course they are only like silly children, but it is so aggravating when I make a nice clean place to see it all messed-up with wrong thinking in no time. I shall be coming off and on to see you, so don't be so not knowing me like yesterday, DARLING!

"I love your lovely mind, Mum Darling. Tell Dad he is doing GREAT work in telling his friend about me and Chris. Dad's friend was just unsettled in his mind and needed a push towards belief. He is so im-

pressed, and very glad to have more corroboration of what he heard to make more sure of it. GOOD OLD DAD! Cheers for DAD'S WORK! Going off now Mum, see you soon again. Chris has taken over them all. LANCELOT."

Christopher: "O Mumsie, you are happy at my attempted visualisation in your mind! It is much easier to answer Dad's questions by a picture than in words. Happy colours live here and that makes it all so beautiful. I see colours of the trees that you can't see, because their etheric life is coloured differently to their earth forms; and happy bird thoughts are coloured differently to human thoughts altogether. All looks vividly alive to me, and only the human houses look dead or rather just non-living. Even stones have more life than houses because they are covered with moss or tiny plants. But I can't describe it only it is the same place seen inside out and altogether, instead of only it's outline as you see it.

"Good old Dad. I know, Lance told me. He was so pleased that Dad took his book to give that friend of his, and my letters, too. Tell Dad I'm ever so bucked and proud to have so clever a father. Most men are so terribly afraid to say anything about this life, the subject is taboo and not quite nice, I guess, in their opinion, why I can't imagine!

"Ta ta Darlings both from your loving son. C."

June 23rd.

Ian: "O Mrs. T— your cousin left a message he is coming back to speak to you at 8.30. I am Ian, friend of Chris, now working under Uncle Toby."

(8.30.) *Theodore:* "Came for a communication from Win, who sends you her warm invitation to a party we are giving to Chris on his birthday. You will be told who the strangers are who are coming; and one of the great attractions to them all is your ability to converse with them: technically speaking you are a freak in our knowledge of science, since you achieve the scientifically impossible by sheer spiritual uplift. So, if you don't mind, you will give great pleasure and interest to several of my friends if you consent to let them write with you. Chris has asked his own pals, and is very friendly with a good many now, I am glad to say. He is bringing a girl you will like to meet as she was torpedoed in his ship. She is a very fine spirit and takes care of other girls who were war casualties, so she is a worker already. Expect us then, Ruth, on August 3rd at whatever time you name—time means more to you than in our sphere. Good, we'll be with you then: not too many for you I hope. I shall limit the numbers you write with, for we must not overdo our kind hostess. Chris is getting on first rate: I am proud of his progress. He won acclamation on the Sirius trip by his intelligence in taking in the teaching conveyed. I think he should be able to help your work more, owing to his greater powers since the trip. Candidly I think you and Guy have every reason to be as proud of your son as I am.

"Win sends her greetings and is hoping to have a talk with you at the party. My love to David and with the best to you and Guy. THEODORE."

June 24th.

Christopher: "Can we talk now Mumsie? I am full to the brim with news, and hope to impress you and Dad with my new importance! I am to give a demonstration of ray-healing work before a large audience, who are studying the subject for enlightening the medical profession on earth. It is to be filtered through into the minds of earth doctors by telepathic suggestion from our side. That much I knew already, and that doctors on earth will begin to use other rays than those already known soon. But I am—bucked is too small a word—swollen headed and too big for my boots and everything else, to have been chosen for this demonstration of ray work! Just a beginner like myself! They say my methods have won approval in very high quarters, and I have shown initiative and enterprise in training my squad. The show takes place tomorrow, so, as my boys are nearly perfect in their drill, I am taking a bit of time off to-day to keep from giving 'em fresh thoughts and muddling the show up. My mind is so excited that I am teaming with new ideas, and afraid of upsetting their drill by my presence! I shall have to concentrate when the time comes, so all should go well. Tell Dad now, so that I can enjoy his pleasure in my progress.

"I shan't be coming for your cases till this is over, so no good telling me to-day. Yes, by Wednesday I can settle to work again I expect, Mumsie, I am so Happy, and it's jolly to be at home. Let's go out together shall we? I don't want to talk, but just sit about with you and Dad. Right—I'll play about while you finish your letters and we'll garden together after."

June 26th.

"Mumsie, you are working hard, why so busy? O yes, very important in time of war and you are still short over here I suppose? Well I gave my demonstration and was highly applauded. Bother that voice. I am burning to tell you about it. My boys were grand and we carried all before us, so I was told by Uncle Toby. He came over to me as soon as we had finished, and said he was as proud of the performance as if it had been his own, and is going to tell you about it himself when he can get away. I am keen to get to work now. I have got my boys so keen too, so give me cases that want healing in the etheric mind, Mumsie darling. Well, what orders?" R. "*Mrs. H—*" "She is very confident in her knowledge of her boy's wishes but I think he may have changed pretty considerably. Nothing was more unlikely in my earth life than that I should be trying to heal people's minds! Yet that's what I now long to do. So her son has probably got completely new ideas of what he wants to do now. Yes, all right, I'll be off and see him. Lance says he has workshops and was teaching, did he? And she thinks he ought to be in the Navy—well of all the silly ideas! There ain't no Navy over here, thank God!" R. "*She meant helping those in the Navy.*" "Not old enough yet for that kind of work, I guess. All right, I'll bring a report, Mumsie."

Lancelot: "Of course I'm here but you are wanting to listen? O.K. as Chris says. I want to give you a thought to think over my work: I can't clear minds that aren't wanting to be cleared, but your prayers CAN. I have to be governed by wills of men, if they will 'no' I can't

clear their minds, but God can change them altogether, so if you send God's Power over here to me in Germany it will do more than any of us." Music on the wireless. "O Mum how lovely! O may we listen again." (Pause to listen.) R. suddenly saw L. upside down. "I'm sorry Mum if I startled you but it was so tempting: you were so far out of your skin that I just said 'bo' and you shut up back again like a winkle. This is a great day and I'm glad to be home to hear all that Lovely music.

"The H— boy? I remember, a nice lad. He was so pleased at being allowed to teach younger children; and was giving them a lesson in collecting ideas from the countryside to complete their models of what they enjoy most. One of the early lessons in mind training of creative thoughts is to find out your thing of most enjoyment, and make a model by wanting it to be. He was deeply interested in showing them how to build their models in his workshop, out of will-power, not tools. I think he will be a great worker and go overhead early just as I did."

July 4th, 1945.

Christopher: "I am not able to report much to-day, having been having a beano with my pals! They wanted to feast me on my promotion to Capt. and gave me a jolly good show of fireworks on the etheric plane—quite glorious they were, with all sorts of marvellous colours in 'em, to the tune of 'He's a jolly good fellow,' and I was blushing with pleasure at their love of me. So I gave part of my time since last seeing you, to admiring their display and having speeches and so forth.

"A message from Uncle Toby to say you are to expect us all on my birthday. He is getting up a party for me! Isn't that good of him? Can you fix a time so that we shall be free? I mean you will be free—we are free already! I think early is better than evening when you're tired; yes, 5.30 till 7—grand. I'll tell Uncle Toby that. Darling it is sweet of you to do it: not many boys have such mothers as you. They get no parties connected with their homes, poor devils!

"Can Dad take part in it? I shall want him to be there, of course, but can't he be co-opted in some way? Buy him a Planchette, praps he'd use that to talk to us? Dave too. Yes, Mumsie, do buy a Planchette and see if they could use it? It's awfully easy I believe. You are superior to that method, but I would like to get Dad in too, with a party in my honour going on—it seems unfair to leave him out just reading it afterwards. Get him to try a bit beforehand, and see if it works. I see, shall I come later on? O.K. Silent Minute and talk after again. I'm free now all day."

(After 9 p.m.) "Came here on a wave of home-longing, I didn't know I could travel so fast! Are you getting a Planchette for Dad? Can't buy them? I see lots of people using them. All right, can't be helped I suppose, but I thought it would be great to talk to Dad. You can understand how I long to talk direct to my Dad, I love him so much. He can't manage enough power for a pencil, but a thing on wheels runs so easily I thought he would sometimes talk to me on that—but I don't mind, only should shout for joy if we could talk direct. Never mind, Mumsie darling, he'll talk to me here one day. I must be off now. Coming on Sunday next I expect. Carry on and have lots of cases for me then. God-bless you both. Chris."

July 12th.

"Yes, I wanted yesterday to come, but had to see a personal friend of Uncle Toby's about my party. You aren't very bright to-day. R. "A headache." "I see, let's see if we can cure it. A good patient, you can well." (Pause.) "About the collective effort for the enlightenment of England, I am organising on our side a crowd of helpers, who are taking every opportunity to control people who are psychic, so there is little danger now of any getting under low control unless they definitely make it by their own low minds. So you can go ahead and tell anyone you like and show them how with safety—we are educating them all the time too. Your headache gone now? O.K. I'll be off too. Au-revoir, Mumsie."

(Later) "O Mumsie, you are so sweet, I nearly kissed you on your lips but you drew back into your shell too quickly. I want you to tell Dad that his lessons in church are doing more good than he knows of. I was in church with him one Sunday, and I saw how deeply it impressed so many there. They started thinking quite etherically. I mean they opened their minds to think about other things than themselves. Lots of minds go to church to think entirely about themselves; if they have been good and so forth—which does them not a scrap of good, rather otherwise—Dad gives them time to think of other people's writings of ancient times, and some of them get quite interested and forget their own feelings.

Clever of me to give your head a rest, but you will sleep it away to-night and be O.K. to-morrow I guess. Yes, I am away now. See you Sunday next I suppose and I'll go to church with Dad again. Sweet Mumsie farewell, your loving son, CHRIS."

July 15th, 1945.

V—M—. "Can you be patient over me? My name is M—. I am a German woman, you do overlook this? Continue may I? Can myself understand not how you so obliging are to let me talk so closely, for I was of bitterness full till lately. Now see my fault do I; compatriot of all and all men are actually so to others. Show my country will I of this strange new life over here so to themselves prepare and come not as I so unknowing of it. You have seen a difficulty?" (R. "They will not understand you.") "No, yet try must I for it is of extreme importance that they have this knowledge, so no more they strive their country only but know of all are connected here as one people. I shall my part strive to play in your so right work to send news in other minds as you now do. You so kind have been. May I come again? V—M—."

(From Another) "Your son is listening to communications from a crusader and cannot come now.

July 16th, 1945.

Christopher: "O Mumsie, I am so excited at our Conference yesterday, and want to tell you if you'll give me a minute. A great Spirit came from Sirius, and showed us our part of the Plan in the Universe—it seemed all so plain when he was speaking, because he gave our minds a grasp of other planes of being, but after he had gone I was unable to grasp more than the tiny bit we are to carry out on Earth. It is a great plan of

→ God for this whole Universe, but each of us has a bit of it to do. All I can remember now is a sense of reality and urgency about our work, yours and mine, and a knowledge that we shall know more about it as we get higher in spirit. I was left with a feeling of great expectancy, as if our Earth was getting ready to take a bigger part in the Plan, and all us human beings must work like niggers to fit ourselves for the next step we must soon take. "Carry on"—he seemed to say—"get on with your jobs, you will soon be needed in the Universe as a whole"—I feel it is Great to be a Man—"Carry on"—I mean to do so, God help me. Zola—that is the name he gave us. Spreading the Light is of infinite importance. Spread it in prayer if no one asks your help, but SPREAD IT. I want to lift all men's minds up to know Truth now . . ."

"Shall I tell you another of my curious adventures? Dad would like to hear it maybe. Uranus lay in our path on my last voyage, so we swiftly descended to allow our guide to give the inhabitants a message. You cannot conceive in your mind what it was like, but it reminded me of quantities of jam. Piles of matter in a soft state with creatures alive imbedded in it like raspberry pips in raspberry jam! Our guide's business was with certain great spirits in charge of the planetary affairs, so I had no chance of seeing these creatures closely. O no, it wasn't all red like jam, all sorts of kinds of colours, but a kind of jammy consistency in which live beings moved. Only a part of it was like that; we didn't really land, so I saw no more than a small bit of it. Don't use 2nd sheet, must be off now."

July 18th.

Christopher: "Lance took me over his apparatus to watch it working and I saw how a streak of luminosity appeared in the clouds of anger and animosity engendered by our conquest. He turned on the force of concentrated will-power and a whole area cleared into sunny, happier feelings of hope. He has invented this means of absorbing will-power of many high minds into this directive instrument which works by his or another's volition as a means of etheric purifier. Not well expressed, but I am held up for words. I was intensely interested in the sight, and hopeful of great help to our leaders now holding this conference. Mumsie, how soon does Dave come home? O I'll arrange to be more at home then, but now I want to be away a bit to help over Berlin, it is so important for the world's future to keep their atmosphere pure. (R. "Mrs. W— needs help.") "I see, well, I'll soon be back, and she isn't desperate is she?—I think I ought to stay and help her first, as Lance can get on all right really. Carry on, He said—Carry on, and I was thinking of my own interest in Lance's work. Good, Mumsie you are right, and have shown me I must beware of selfishness still. I'll go at once to Mrs. W—. Thanks. Mumsie, you are able to think my thoughts before I even express them!"

V—M—: "Your son is going. I come perhaps?"

Christopher: "Yes, Mumsie, I made way for a person who spoke to you before and needs help."

V—M—: "I so thankful am you friend to see. Germans not much

can hear yet. I speak clearly so loud. I must them warning give so they go on no more of wrong thinking. God He cannot hear me. I do not completely understand, but I see you more clearly so my best will do."

August 3rd, 1945. (Christopher's birthday.)

"Yes, Mumsie, we are all here now, and Uncle Toby is toast-master, he says. I am to speak first, as it is my party, and I am terribly interested to see many of Uncle Toby's New Zealand relatives, he has been introducing me to H—'s and H—B—'s and A—'s and all. I can't sort 'em out yet, too many, but he says he isn't going to inflict them all on you only a few special ones like Auntie Win. My own pals are here to greet me, and Dave, for I include Dave in any party I get." ("Eleven relations and friends wrote with R's hand in turns—then C. wrote.") "Chris speaks, Mumsie. We think you must have a rest now, so we'll finish the party after your supper. Plenty to amuse them all with here, as they are chattering together like a swarm of bees! About 8.15 if you are ready by then?"

(Later. After 8.15 five more guests wrote, Christopher and Lancelot at the end.)

August 15th.

→ Christopher: "Come over to Sirius again with me Mumsie, if you've time? Great things are to be exuded from there to influence our Solar System. Great power on the spiritual planes, and even our tiny earth will feel its repercussions. Of course I can't, but I know its power; one can understand in spirit without knowing in mind. Your work is linked with the spiritual power now flowing to earth from Sirius, and you are launched on a stream of inexhaustible power which you can't conceive of in mind at all. Our country is destined, as I told you before, to rule the world in the next age now dawning, and that's why this stream of spiritual power finds expression here in England. I can't see any details of the future, but I see clearly England's destiny."

→ "Can you take a little more in this strain? I am trying to make you see a globe of light on Sirius, like a moon only lovely colours of all sorts, which are colours of the spiritual essences distilled by the holy minds there to invigorate spiritual power in our Solar System. It is focussed on the outer rim of planetary orbits now, and will move in focus to each orbit in turn until all have felt the invigorating power. It is a poor description, but the best I can do in words. It is so far beyond them really. Goodbye darling, Love to Dad. C."

August 26th.

Christopher: "I want to tell you a few hints on the future which have come my way lately. Christ Himself is nearer earth than for hundreds of years, and a great Light is soon coming. Presently all will know of this, so our work will then be merged into the greater, and is now of extreme importance to prepare men's minds for His coming. They will know by the reflection of His Glory on us who work in the etheric life, and our influence on men's minds will be far more potent and clearer than before. I can't say when this Light will come, but I am told it may appear soon."

All man's career has been so far improving material life, and he has then set to work to destroy it! Now he has to work on different lines altogether to create a spiritual development which will transform the world and glorify it. I was not enlightened enough to be told before of the Coming Light. But now I am wholly Christ's I can work with clearer knowledge. Give me your blessing Mumsie once again—I am buckling on my armour of light for the last struggle of the Devil and the Victory of Christ! . . .

"Men fainting for fear, and for expectation of the things which are coming on the world . . ."

"But when these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads; because your redemption draweth nigh."

St. Luke xxi. 26.28. (R.V.)

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