



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.

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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?*

"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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"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.*

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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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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