

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, and will come more often now. Tell Dad, and I'll wait to see his thoughts 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 'Hullo, 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 Pevensey Bay and sat on the beach and saw a submarine come in close to Pevensey. 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 guns.) "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 etheric 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.