

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

October 30th.

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

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

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

November 7th, 1943.

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

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

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

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

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

November 14th (evening).

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

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

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

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

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

November 21st.

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

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

November 28th.

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

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

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

R. can you explain your new work?

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

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

(Later.)

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

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

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

December 5th, 1943.

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

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

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

December 14th. (At Dallington.)

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

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

December 15th.

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

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

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

"Nightie-night from CHRIS."

December 17th.

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

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

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

"Love to Dad from his son CHRIS."

December 18th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

December 24th. Lancelot.

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

Christmas Day 1943, 5.40 p.m. Christopher.

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

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

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

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

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

Later. Christopher.

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

Lancelot.

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

“Good night, Darlings, from LANCELOT.”

December 26th. Christopher.

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

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

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

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

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

December 27th.

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

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

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

December 30th.

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

"You want to say something?"

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

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

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

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

January 2nd, 1944.

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

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

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

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

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

January 9th.

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

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

December 27th.

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

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

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

December 30th.

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

"You want to say something?"

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

power" by the caretaker—why couldn't you will it to come to you and contacting his thoughts?)

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

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

January 2nd, 1944.

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

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

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

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

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

January 9th.

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

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

"Good night, parents dear, from CHRIS."

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

January 16th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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