

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

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

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

January 30th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

February 14th. (Lancelot's birthday.)

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

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

(Pause.)

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

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

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

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

February 20th. Christopher.

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

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

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