

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

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

March 5th, 1944.

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

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

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

(Pause. I felt music round me.)

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

March 12th. (8 a.m.)

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

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

Afternoon.

(A B.B.C. Concert.)

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

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

Evening.

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

"Cheerio—CHRIS."

March 19th.

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

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

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

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

March 26th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Can you explain ectoplasm?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"So long. CHRIS."

April 23rd.

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

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

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

April 30th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

May 7th, 1944. At Stoke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

May 10th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

May 14th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

May 17th. Christopher.

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

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

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

May 19th. Lancelot.

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

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

May 21st. Christopher.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Good-bye, my own darlings."

PART II

June 16th, 1944.

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

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

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

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

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

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

June 18th.

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

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

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

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

June 21st.

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

July 2nd, 1944. Lancelot.

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

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

(Have they no life beyond their bodily one?)

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

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

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

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

July 2nd. (Later). Christopher.

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

(Lancelot was with me this morning.)

"O, so you have heard from him?"

R. He explained what the crystal laboratories are for.

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

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

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

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

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

"Your loving son, Chris."

July 16th.

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

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

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

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

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

July 23rd. R. Is Christopher here?

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

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

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

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

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

July 28th.

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

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

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

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

"Au revoir. CHRIS."

July 30th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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