

"We travelled a bit to laboratories in various parts of the country and our Martian guide was all hospitality and arranged it all for our convenience.

"You are tired, Mumsie, and I think you have taken enough, so I'll just be off after Dave and say nightie-night to Dad and Mumsie. Your CHRIS."

August 6th.

"I want to tell you a few more details of my trip to Mars, quite a tourist I am now—Any more for Mars? All on board, please—all aboard for Mars—and Jupiter next time, perhaps? Now for a picture of it, inside a laboratory this time. You must understand that a lot of what I now tell you has been supplemented by talks with Lance, who says I am better than he at earth words because he left his body too soon to learn 'em, so he gives me information and I am to pass it on. I was too confused when there to absorb the meanings of what I saw.

Inside a laboratory then. Opening overhead, clear glass walls of complete transparency very thick, but there are more sides to it than you know of, and a bit of a geometrical problem is presented, as I can't put its geometry into human terms. However, we have before us a glass tube or cylinder into which emanations from eruptions are poured. Surrounding it are focus points of light rays from cosmic sources, and in due succession these are switched on by some mental process to amalgamate with the emanations. Now comes an intricate process I can't properly describe, of a sort of melting down and amalgamating with rays from mental sources to enable absorption by the Mars forms of life. This takes place on a key point in the centre of the lab. where many Martian thought-rays are focused from those needing the absorptive process. That means, I gather, that if you want, so to speak, 'food', you focus your mind on this key-point and thereby receive it. The plant life gathers its own in some other way by absorbing rays direct, but animals also receive food from these laboratories. There is nothing of life feeding on life as we do here, and I failed to understand how they carry on without getting overcrowded, as I suppose they have some means of increasing life. Now I think of it I didn't see any younger or older than others, though some were more advanced and better equipped mentally. I just don't know about any reproduction of species, but I don't think there can be anything of that sort.

→ Come a little further on the country-side of Mars—for the laboratories were grouped into sort of towns. I want to show you a fountain I have just remembered—more like a N.Z. geyser—which gave out violent jets of coloured liquid of some sort. Not water, I am sure, but I don't know its chemical make-up. It was away from much life and they seem to shun it as though not beneficent like all else there. I thought it beautiful, as it had such marvellous colours, but they were different to those of the rays they chiefly use. I saw a Martian go to it for one of our ray-keys, though, and he seemed very careful not to approach it without a barrage of health-giving thoughts, . . .

"Another thing of interest was a group of yellow stones or rocks which were concerned with a form of chemistry other than that in the

labs., I think. The Martians got something off these by collecting their emanations and combining them with those from eruptions, doing this against the rocks with glass cylinders for the purpose. I didn't properly take it all in, of course, but gather it is for some such purpose. You are busy now, I guess? So we'll talk later on, perhaps. O.K., Mumsie."

(Later.)

→ "Are you game for a detailed description of my work? Very well—I am opening out new methods of subjugating fear, and they are pleased with my progress up above. I have trained my squad to produce the colours required in such rapid succession that they blend into a harmony of a belt of ray-light round any patient, who feels the effect in a wholly uplifted mind which harmonises his etheric more rapidly than rays applied singly. Now I have started a band of workers to give after care, which is needed in these days of recurring terrors. How often a brave man has glowed out in response to our treatment! And the timid ones have gained self-respect they had nearly lost. I am working in the minds of French people a good deal now, as they are in need of all the help they can get. I also come over here more often, to keep an eye on the fly-fighters and give them a push to guard my family! I can leave my squad in charge now since they are well trained, and my second-in-command carries on. My chum Ian—yes, he wants to write if you'll allow."

(Ian writing.)

"You are good to let me try again. Your hand comes easier to-day. May I tell you about my work too? I am only a ray-bringer still, slower than Chris, but have got on in power-giving and can sometimes help him out with a case requiring forceful treatment. I go over unnecessary paper in my scrawl, I see, not small writing like Chris. Can I come again?"

Christopher.

"Ian finds it exhausting because he can't tap your mind to the extent I can yet. We are wanted back at our posts so must go. So long, Mumsie."

August 3rd, 1944. Christopher.

"O Mumsie, I am so happy to be with you all again and chatting to you on my birthday as if we were all boys again. Lance is coming and wants to have a talk now."

Lancelot.

"Hello, Mum, here I am on Chris's birthday—LOVE TO ALL MY FAMILY. I want you to know about my new work of growth-maintenance, it is EVER so important. . . . I get away from earth conditions and test spiritual power accumulating in various stations on earth by passing crown rays through them which give off a sensitive light and show me how much power is stored there for use for spiritual growth of mankind. It gains in strength every time I do this and the power-station is giving out help for good in man's struggle all the time. I love to help in the maintenance of power for good, because it is so important a help for the war and all man is doing now. You will see a great development in outlook of people soon, as we get the growth centres working full swing.

"I am SO HAPPY to be Home again and with Chris on his birthday, and love to write for Mum like old times. . . .

Now I want to speak to my Father and give him all sorts of love. I used to want him to be proud of me as his son and I do still, so tell him to give me his blessing and I shall go happy to my work of bringing new light to mankind. I am one of the LIGHT BEARERS, you see, and have great powers for helping others now. I am still EVER your LOVING LANCELOT."

Christopher.

"Lance has finished, so I'll have my little say, to give you my birthday greeting and tell you how happy I am now. All my life I wanted to be able to accomplish something to express my inner self, and now I am given power to do that more than I knew could be possible. I am not selfish any more because I know now how to fulfil my desire to be expressed. Not by wanting acclamation on my own account, but by giving such service to others that I earn their gratitude and thanks. All my efforts are successful now because I work in power not my own and for a purpose not my own. Yes, Mumsie darling, I am happier than I ever thought could be. No more discouragement and failure but a strong certainty of success in all I undertake because it is done in the Power of God and for His sake. I am nineteen years old to-day, and but for death would be barely starting my life's work, but in this infinitely fuller life I am doing work such as no human man could grasp or undertake—grand work, great work for men and for God. I want to tell my Dad that I am fulfilling all he can have hoped of me, and look forward to his praise when he comes here and sees it in reality. All I wish is for him to know how I love him and want his praise and to earn a 'well done' from my Dad.

"You are telling Dave about my work, I hope? I would like him to feel I am with him often and enjoying his hols. so much too. He is often aware of me but does not like to say so in case it should be untrue and only imagination. Tell him I know when he feels I am with him and I appreciate his reticence about it—much better say nothing till he is more sure of me, but I hope he will realise my comings and goings more clearly soon. . . .

"Can I tell you a few anecdotes of the fairy life here? A lot of fairies of the lighter sort—little shining ones—were taking torches up a tree, they looked so tiny in the great big tree like little dewdrops in the sun making sparkles. They moved spirally up the trunk in a long chain of lights till they reached a hole into which they all went to light it up. I can't fathom their ideas, if they have any, but they are so pretty and seem to love lighting up the trees. Then I saw another sort of fairy, the lovely, dainty, flower fairies on tiny heather bells. They held a sort of council on the stalks, sitting at the bases of the leaves and gesticulating to each other. Can't describe them—very like their flower and same colour usually, but quite collectively different. I mean each flower has a completely different kind of fairy, not only colour but form. Colour of flower, form different every time, always a separate life to the plant, though, and with more intelligence apparently of a low order. O no,

not like tiny people, some of the gnomes are, but not fairies, so far as I have seen. I am longing to show you, when you get on clairvoyance a bit. O, you will, when you get your etheric eyes open.

"Shall we stop talking, and I'll show Lance some of my special haunts here, such as the old beech and the cow lodge where we messed up?"

"So long, Mumsie, and love to family all. Chris."

August 13th. (Conversation between Christopher and David. David asked questions aloud and watched R.'s pencil for Christopher's answers.)

"David wants to know how much we over here see the electric currents before they make contact. We can't see ordinary electricity in batteries, but we see waves of all sorts making contacts possible. Electric waves are visible as pervading all things, and electric dynamos are just contact vehicles. I mean electricity is contacted by them for human purposes, but they only give off what was always there visibly to us. Your mind isn't accustomed to the terms I want to use, Mumsie, so it's a bit difficult to get it through, but Dave will understand if you tell him that generating a current of electricity doesn't make any difference in my life, as the electric waves pervade everything and are fully visible to me. The dynamo just makes the electric waves available in your life, that's all. I don't think he can establish contact with us that way, more likely by means of radio-magnetic waves. Magnetism is nearer the approach by means of the human ectoplasm, which seems the only available means so far. I wish he could produce a radio communigraph, to use a word coined recently by a friend of Lord Dowding's I heard him talk about. Their instrument is not much good, I hear, from our side, but there is an opening on more magnetic lines for some such thing. We'll use it all right if he produces it some day, tell him. I use magnetic radio-waves on telepathic message work, but have to have a responding instrument such as a brain at the reception end. Given a receptive instrument which could record these, and we might get messages through by mechanical means which would convince even scientists!

"I must go now. Will you let me talk this evening again after 9 p.m. chimes?"

9.10 p.m. (David holding a magneto.)

"Came a bit late, I'm afraid. Now, David, what is your contraption?"
(D. "Do you see any effect when I use this?")

"Yes, you make waves in the magnetic field or what you call, round your bit of ether. Go on, this interests me—go on—"

(D. "Do you see heat?")

"What? Yes, I get you. Heat is not felt by our bodies, but seen by our organs of vision as radiation. Yes, I think I can see all these wave propulsions of heat, magnetism, and so on, as waves of radiation. Yes, get a magnet if you can." (D. went to fetch one.)

(Note.—Dad was playing Beethoven piano sonatas.)

"You are good to let us bother you with all this, Mumsie. I can see Dad's music in your lovely mind making curves of colour in wonderful rhythm. You are so much in tune with him and music."

David came back with a large and a small magnet.

"Yes, I can see a blue light round the little one, and a dim—I can't give you the colour, you haven't a word for it—round the other—quite a different colour.

"Heat and light? Well, there are so many different kinds of heat and light, but all sorts of colours get mixed up in both. They are quite a different range of colours, though. Heat colours are deeper and stronger, but not so bright and radiant. Light has every sort of colour in it, and we have so many different kinds of light here. Many more than you. Cosmic light is quite above your range of known rays, and most of our colours are in that, not the same as colours in your light. I'm talking of cosmic light, not cosmic rays, you know. I am not an expert and don't understand either, but I can see and hear the cosmic vibrations which are beyond your range altogether."

(D. "How does magnetism differ?")

"Magnetism differs in degree of wavelength, but not so different as wireless is from light, I think, but I don't know, except that I see their colours differently, so I know they must have different vibrations."

(R. "Are you uncertain?")

"Yes, I was, but I think I grasp what Dave is aiming at. My training has been so intensively on fear waves that I have not grasped much of the non-human vibrations. Human vibrations are slower than light, but etheric bodies vibrate much faster than earth bodies."

(D. "At what rate does yours vibrate?")

"I should say it vibrates at approximately the heat rate which is slower than light, I think. I am not sure about these things because I see them without calculation and never think of comparing speeds. I am keen to tell Dave all he wants, but am such an ignoramus on these points.

"Human emotional vibrations are slow compared to electrically stimulated waves and could easily affect an instrument if one could be made with that rate of vibration. I am not scientist enough to say what that rate is, but it is a slower rate than light, I can see. Can we absorb our own emotions?"—(Pause)—"Sorry, Mumsie, I was called off on an emergency case. Now, Dave, carry on with your queries. Are my vibrations carrying over to you now? I am vibrating energetically on purpose to see if you can feel it. You aren't developed in your etheric body yet, but it will grow like Topsy, as they say—yes—Not our Topsy, stupid. (*Topsy was the boys' pony.*) Now, can you test my vibratory powers with your magneto? See if it opens more juice." (David produced sparks from the magneto, saying, "Now vibrate," when he did so.)

"No, I can't affect it enough for your dense vision, I'm afraid. I think I could if I vibrate above my normal rate."

(D. "Now vibrate more.")

"I'm having a hectic time trying to get a pitch of vibration which will satisfy Dave! Dave, old boy, it's a bit tiring for you. Let's have another go at it when I next come. I think your powers of sensing vibrations don't come on to the same plane as mine, for I thought I was affecting your magneto quite a lot, but it seemed all the same to you. I must go. Old boy, we'll try again. Goodnight."

August 17th, 1944. (Sitting on the terrace watching the swallows.)

"Can we have a minute to join the birds in the air? Yes, I'm with you, darling. You are not up to Mars, but can go a bit in the air with me. I came to-night for a bit of refreshment after a strenuous fight.

"Swallows are feeling their wings for a long flight, and have happy thoughts of exciting things ahead. They cannot understand why they go, but are glad to be away and have lovely rejoicing in their power of flight. Come with me up there, Mumsie. I can support your etheric on will-power." (*A minute or two mentally among swallows.*)

(David came to ask questions.)

"Yes, of course I'll do my best, but I'm better at etheric than electric power."

(D. asked a question.)

"O dear, have I made a muddle of it? I'm trying, too. Magnetism is slower vibration than heat, I think, because magnetism makes a field of force."—(D. interrupted.)—"You be quiet, Dave, and let me get out my side of it! Magnetism makes a field of force, and heat goes off in waves which produce further currents beyond their immediate source. I see them as vibrations of light of a deeper colour than your visible light-rays, and magnetism has very dark rays of vibrations."

(D. "The slower, the deeper in colour?")

"Yes, I think so, that seems to be the rule. I can talk better on human waves than the others, but I gather you want what I meant by electrically stimulated waves? I meant all waves of electric origin, such as non-human waves mostly are."

(D. "Wireless?")

"Yes, I suppose I meant wireless because wireless is non-human. I am not sure that human waves are as slow as wireless waves, though. Now let's think it out—you confuse me by asking about things I haven't thought out at all. We are tapping human vibrations all the time here, but not these others which just seem like nice colours to us. Your vibrations respond to other waves which excite your mind and quicken or get slower as your emotions dictate, so I can't tell you where human vibrations come in the scale of wavelengths. I think we have greater range than you think."

(D. "Could we change our rate of vibration?")

"No, because you function through a limiting vehicle, the body and brain, which bottles up your powers of vibrating. I think man can function on any wave-length he pleases once he is free of his body—but he can't make you denser people respond. I can generate waves but not perceptible to your senses, you need such a coarse contraption that I can't get down to that pitch. Only people like Mumsie come a bit out of their coarse sense, and feel our signals. But don't be disheartened, we'll get a sort of— (D. interrupted.) You get signals from us, some of your radio have already, but they get frightened and think they are getting blingey or something." (*Question from D.*) "No, because it isn't a fine enough—I think it has only been done on a—What I mean is one of the big sets for listening to radio from America and Australia. Sets they use for trans-Atlantic broadcasts. I don't know enough about this, Dave. I think it's a bit too much for you, Mumsie, to grapple

with words you don't understand. Dave, old boy, I mean the short wave sets, I think, but anyhow the messages got through from our side came about in the trans-Atlantic messages and were mysteriously baffling to the B.B.C. people, who just put them down to atmospheric interferences or something.

(D. "Were they in English?")

"Yes, they were, that's why the B.B.C. were so puzzled, but they didn't like to say they couldn't trace them to any known source so left them unexplained. I think we could tap your set if you got a very powerful short wave one. Now I must go, fear I haven't been much use to you, Dave, but I never had a flair for that kind of thing and my work is all on human vibrations now." (D. question.) "Yes, I think when you are crying for instance, your emotional uprush is intensely fast and the same if you are intensely happy." (D. "Then do both emotions look the same to you?" Can you tell the difference?") "Don't be silly, of course you can, their colours are at — Sadness is great waves of — no good, it's a colour you can't see—but dull. Happiness is shining like light."

(D. question.) "No, both can be fast or slow according to the intensity with which they are generated."

August 20th.

"Only a short talk to-day, I was afraid I should have to miss it altogether. I am due back to a meeting of light-ray workers and mustn't miss it on any account. I thought you'd expect me so had to come to explain, but will come for a nice long talk on a weekday, as I think you are less tired by chores and I'm freer, too. Must look up light waves, electric and so forth, for Dave's information as so far I have worked on human vibrations almost entirely and those waves which affect human emotions such as fear. I am keen to help on the scientific means of communication all I can though, so I'll see if I can get a bit more informed and give him a better idea of conditions our side.

"Communication is coming they say, definitely, but not for some time probably, as so few people are yet ready for it. It is only safe for those who are spiritually minded really, and so few yet are, owing to church narrowness and other circumstances. Now I must go, my best beloved Mother—see you later this week. Your CHRIS."

August 23rd. (Ian M—writing. R. had just heard a flying bomb crash, and wondered "How much longer will this go on?")

Ian.

"Only a week more and coast will be won. I came to find your son Christopher, but he is at work. I am his chum Ian, and take a holiday after much strenuous work. Must stop."

Note.—August 23rd was Wednesday. The following Monday we first heard that troops were being massed for attack on the coastal flying bomb sites, and by the Wednesday the greater part of the Normandy coast was taken and the fly-bomb sites which sent them over East Sussex were in our hands.

September 2nd, 1944.

"Your many chores are done now, so I thought we might converse just a bit. I am after getting a line on the doodles and accompanying

our troops to their dens. Not launching sites but the storage places behind. We are fairly on their tails now, and no time to bring them forward to launch as we are too close for safety. Our Tommies are full of the zest for victory and would be chasing too far but for discipline, unwillingly obeying orders to camp for the night, longing to be on at 'em again. The colours of hope are spreading far ahead of our army and many countries are awaking from a nightmare. I see battles in them too, but hope is glowing like a lamp in all. I am too busy with work to study general reactions, but saw all this in a bird's eye view of Europe as I rose above into upper air for refreshment to-day.

"Can you believe in my new powers? I can hardly realise I have powers so great, for I see now over Europe as a small field of vision and at will I see into another hemisphere. My own mother, I am still at heart the son you love. I am surprised that you are so longing for me as I used to be. I am nearer to you now and so much happier. I am much happier because I am aware of my own smallness before, and so I can see how I improve.

"I want to give a bit of time to spreading the work of my book as soon as it gets printed, so get on with it Mumsie, for the war will soon be over and we must get our joint work under way."

September 10th and 16th.

"Now, Mumsie, I am longing to tell you my adventures in a trip to the Moon I have just come back from. Lance took me as he had business there of some light-ray kind, and I am full of surprise at the ease with which one can get there and back, just like a trip to Wales or something. Moon-beams are very good for my work, so I was glad to see the source of their healing properties, which lies in the etheric radiance of the moon; not light you see but other unseen rays."

"Zero temperature, so no life because nothing protects from sun's rays—no atmosphere at all. I am talking on the moon you see. Crimson rocks of alabaster or some such thing, much deeper colour than any we have here—many kinds of precious stones I should imagine, but being in the rough I didn't know enough to make them out. Mountain ranges are very fine when seen close, and many columns of some stalactite origin, or so I supposed. We searched everywhere for the special ray-key I came for, and found several but they depend on the curvature of the hills and are not easy to spot at first. I was thrilled at the strangeness of a dead world with no life on it, and it gave a sense of loneliness I have never felt before. I loved being there as an adventure, but should not like to stay there long as one would begin to feel cut off from all one loves. Magnetic forces are frequent, we came across a magnetic centre every step it seemed, yet not powerful enough to make contact with earth I imagine. Dave would enjoy that side of it, and would soon tell you all about these. I came across some aquamarine I think, clear blue-green stones, lovely colour. Clear golden brown rock, colour of amber, was quite frequent and unrelated to earth, I fancy? At least I can't place it. Most rocks were similar to earth, but more coloured I think because not overgrown with vegetable matter.

"I am too far advanced now for talk about gnomes and fairies, but can see them if I come back in earth-form again. I have left my earth-form

now, and only fetch it up with an effort of will if I need it. I can't describe my present appearance which is conditioned by my thoughts and will, but I can always appear earthly again if I want too. I only need it for my work if none of my junior helpers are handy, when I appear to one of my cases in human form to re-assure them. Otherwise I am free of all air and space, and glory in my freedom.

"I am not coming so often now in this way because I have higher work and can't come to your sphere so often, but that means that I am still with you and working for your work, only not in so human a manner as this. Lance and I are hand in hand now, and will talk from time to time but not so often as before. I am going to be with Dave a bit now, so bye bye Mumsie darling. CHRIS."

September 19th.

"Now, my Mumsie, I want to take you with me to a camp of ray-workers in the Swiss border mountains. We get special conditions in Swiss air for our many colour rays to clear the patients minds. Come up the mountain—I don't know its name—and on to a fine glacier where we placed our camp for the penetration of rays into our central column. I have a squad of colour experts at work there to combine with earth radiation the moon ray-keys I brought back and produce a soft healing ray of great power. I had a patient from the French fighting there and he grew splendidly strong in courage and was hoping to give his pais a helping hand soon. He was dead, of course, he couldn't have come to our camp otherwise, but we send helpers out to the battlefield from there all the time to help living men who are frightened, too. (It seems silly to call them living and the others dead, but you know what I mean by that. I want you to visualise a green belt of radiance within which we work, and then soft rainbow columns arching from that into a center of power-keys which keep renewing the light. I send a collector of colours to fetch in a patient leaving his body in a state of fear—he draws him away from the scene of fear and brings him into our radiance which soothes his wounded etheric and he gradually opens his eyes, when we are there to guide his mind to peace. Soon he realises this is a new life and all fear ceases—then he wants to tell the others, and we use him to fetch our guide when they need help. I was used in that way at first when I began—long ago it seems now. I can't explain much of it because your mind can't take it in and there are no words. I must go, Mumsie, they call me."

September 20th. (Lancelot.)

(R. "Is it Lancelot?") "Yes, Mum DARLING. I came to give you a message but shall stay and enjoy the fun! The message was from Uncle Toby to say he is obliged to go over to another plane so he is leaving Kitopher, (making him responsible for his own camp and all his work now.) He is awfully pleased with Kitopher's progress and told me to tell you that he leaves him to carry on with full confidence in him. He says he will hope to be back in time for your Christmas party which we are all looking forward to so much.

"Now I am off to show Aunt E—the way to plan her girl guides party. She is a trainer of young girls now to act as guides for newcomers,

and is so happy doing this becos she feels so useful and needed. Au revoir Dad and David and Mum, and God Bless you from LANCELOT."

September 27th. 6 p.m.

"Your mind is so clear now, shall we be adventurous and go to Mars again? I shall love to give you another picture of the life on that planet, and I can be positive now about many things I was not sure of previously—for instance, I have been told since we went there that mechanism exists for the transtusion of life from one individual to another if one of their bodies is destroyed by an accident, so that it can be repaired and the life restored to it when ready. Just like repairing a garment or something over here. I can't understand how they go on meantime though, but it seems that two inhabit the same body temporarily.

"Come along Mumsie, let's have a walk in the Martian valleys; we went up a mountain before I think. We crawl under or fly over enormous bag-like plants of weird shapes which can't be pictured by your mind. A thing of the animal class comes galloping along and we compare his agility with the colossal growth of the static plants. He tosses them about, but they gather again just as before and appear to enjoy the experience. The animal is off again to another point, and all over the place they are careering about. We crawl underneath these living lumps and find numerous gnome-like beings all busy sucking juices or emanations of the plants—not sucking, that suggests our eating, but imbibing in some other way I can't describe.

"Now we rise above these giant growths and see over them a wonderful canopy of thought-colours woven from their minds. I can't tell you what they think because all their ideas are as incomprehensible to you as yours would be to them, but they weave wonderful patterns of colour above them, rising from their thoughts. As we go on, a Martian approaches and beckons to us, so we follow where he leads—far into a jungle of plant life till we reach a stretch of bare rock with bands of marvellous colours. These he clamps a curious contrivance on to, which I can't describe as it won't go into words, and the rock seems to release a colour of a new sort combining all its former colours into a totally new one. The Martian withdraws his contrivance and the rock remains as before but the new colour is filling the contrivance and is carried into a laboratory where it is used in some way. Having observed this we proceed up our valley, where the life gets thinner as we go up, till we can walk instead of crawling or flying. Between the plants is bare rock of crimson or gold. Now an animal comes jumping over our heads, and making gigantic leaps makes for higher ground where crowds of his fellows are madly jumping in a sort of game I suppose. As we emerge on to higher ground the plants cease altogether, and a stretch of bare rock lies between us and another range with other valleys.

"Can you take a little more? I am so reminiscent to-day—I was not sure how to spell that word and you refused to think it for me! One thing more we see on our tour. Coloured contours of the hills are so beautiful as we emerge from our valley. I want you to gaze at them a moment. (An interruption.) Yes, it's a bore, but I must go now anyhow—au revoir. CHRIS."

September 30th.

"I was waiting to give you a message from Lance, who is on a journey to Neptune again, and wants me to tell you that it will be some time before he can come to see you. He is an important person now as our celestial light-bearer, which means a bearer of light to other planets or even stars. I gather, although I am still too young in spirit to grasp all it means. He wanted you to know he had gone so that you didn't expect him here.

"Mumsie, shall I tell you about my work? I am on quarter-deck duty as Uncle Toby calls it, meaning taking command in the captain's absence, so I am very careful what I do as he will be seriously displeased if I mess things up. I am ever so proud that he thinks I am capable of carrying on by myself, but a little bit nervous of the responsibility."

R. "You carry on bravely."

"Yes, that's what he said and I'm doing it—as bravely as I can. I am looking forward to his return though, I can tell you. I have a group of camps under me, including my own of course, and take the leading part in conferences between the camp commanders, so I have to decide on special lines of action to be taken by the group as a whole. I am very diffident of making any big move till Uncle Toby gets back, so I expect he'll say I have been slack! I hope to earn his praise but it isn't easy, he never praises unless he really feels it is due . . . You are so loving, Mumsie, you only see my best side ever . . . Yes, I know I can do it if my will is set on doing right and I don't think of my own smallness. I am so much better able to understand that now . . . You are so understanding and sweet, Mumsie mine . . . Only very weak, but strong in God's work because of His power. I understand now all you tried to tell me before, and I was so stupid in my earth-form, but now I see as I never saw before, and all is glowing with the power of God and with Love. Yes, darling, you have brought back my true knowledge. I was thinking myself back in my human limitations, but I know now that I am imbued with God's power and cannot fail. I must go back to work. God bless you and Dad darlings, I am much stronger now. Coming again soon, so be ready for me, Mumsie!"

October 8th, 1944. Earlier in the day R. received a message from her mother.

"Granny told me you were so happy and would be clear to-night, so I came along at a great pace hoping for a good time, but not a bit of it! All I got was complete neglect. I must be a little peeved sometimes Mumsie, when I am so badly treated.

"I wanted to tell you all sorts of queer happenings in my sphere. There is complete upheaval of government coming which will affect all the inspectors of camps, so Uncle Toby will be in a new sphere of work altogether, and I suppose I shall go too, as I am his understudy now. It won't make any difference to my help in your work, which is to increase by strides when my book is published. I shall merely have a new quarter in which to organise my camps, and we shall probably be over the Netherlands instead of on the French Alps.

"Can I tell you of a new notion I have had? When you write to anyone in grief, tell them how happy I am and make them feel sure of the great joy it is to leave one's body and come on here. They ought to feel glad

their sons have come here. . . . Carry on over there—that is what they ought to feel. I can't express what I mean, but you understand, Mumsie, and will put it better."

October 14th and 15th.

"November is the month I think for activity from you." "Christopher?" "Yes, Chris of course. I wanted to tell you that your call to more active work will come in Nov. I am instructed to close my camp work then and be helping your influence to spread.

"I came to have a talk and you were so busy I was just going off again. Yes, I am free all evening, so I'll send a telepath to my second-in-command that I shan't be back till later. Talk after your chores are done."

Later. "Come on, Mumsie, at last! Can I have your undivided attention for a bit? I want to try and explain something about my work which I think you ought to know.

"Grasping a ray-key is a mental concept, not physical. You imagined us holding on to something with hands, I saw when you were reading my old letters some days back. We grasp them mentally, just as you use the word often as in grasping a mathematical problem. You can grasp your ray-key substantially that way, so that it can't produce colour other than the one you want of it. Now I want you to see something of my work you couldn't understand before. I can grasp my patient's fear and take it from him by so doing. I couldn't help if I couldn't grasp his trouble, and that is where my former fears help me, because I am able to grasp what he feels like and show him the way out . . . Yes, you see what I mean. I am so happy to see how even my failings can be used."

"I am arranging a Christmas party for you as usual this year, and hope you will keep the same time free for it as last year when it was such a success. I don't know yet who can come but hope to get more than last year. Dave will be there too, which is jolly.

"Can we go on a bit? Let's have a jaunt to Mars again, shall we? I have remembered a charming coloured cloud of creatures in a sort of curious liquid, like water but thinner, yet different to air in constituents—I have got tangled up in words again—this was different to any earth creation and yet was a liquid of sorts. The colours in it were marvellous and so were these creatures which swam in it—not swam exactly but they were immersed in it and moving about. Lance saw them before, he says, and told me to look at them."

October 18th.

"Now I want to say that we are starting a campaign against Japanese superstitions in the East and some of our supervisors are going over there."

R. "A lady has written to ask if you can help her little boy?"

"Can I help him? How? Suffers from fear? I see. I'll try to find him but direction isn't clear. M . . .? I don't catch name. W . . .? Yes, if I find him I'll get our squad to come along and we'll soon get him right. All right, Mumsie, I'll see what we can do, and I think I've got directions now you've said M . . . in Wales. One of your 'cases' as I call 'em.

Same idea as me, I guess! . . . I'll try, Mumsie, but write and tell his mother to look out for me and give some calls if she can to Chris T—, then I'll have more chance of finding him. Now I must be off and change guard to see if all are there, so au revoir. Love to Dad. CHRIS."

October 24th.

"Mumsie, I am hoping you will not be tired, as I want to give you a synopsis of my treatment of little W . . . I found him quite easily, his people were thinking splendidly of me and making quite a wave when I got into their district. He is a clever boy and very intuitive, but has a deep-seated fear neurosis which I think was in him from birth, and is slowly coming to the surface of his mind. I am confident of his conquest over it, but it may take some time as it has been so deeply embedded, long before he went to school, only too deep then to appear on the surface. It is slowly rising and has to be aided to appear or it will again submerge and affect his later life. I am calculating the amount of motion to apply so that it will be innocuous when it gets to the surface. He can't yet absorb ray treatment as this is not an emergency fear as on the battlefield, but a hereditary sub-conscious tendency. I place Mary's Healing Ray very near him and he absorbs it as he sleeps. Soon he will feel its soothing influence and be less afraid—but lessons are a terror to him owing to the bullying instincts of other boys. I suppose he couldn't learn at home for a time? This fear neurosis will affect him only until adolescence, it is connected with his astral which emerges at that time. After puberty he will be completely cured, but only if all possible is done to help him conquer his fears now. Control of his fear will prove his great strength in the future as it has proved mine. I am full of sympathy for him knowing how like his feelings are to mine of old. I am so glad you called me to help him, and I know I can do more for him than most people."

October 28th and 29th.

"You are so bright and nice to-day, Mumsie, I hardly expected a hearing so soon. Came to bring news of Camp exodus, to be on your trade route in future—Glory be! I am much pleased to join your work, darling. My camp is closing as there are very many others now and I have had my share of that kind of work. Much remains to be done of course, but not by me as other newcomers are being worked up to my pitch and are fit to carry on now.

"Your next move in spiritual circles is more apparent here than in your life—and depends on contacts made by recipients of your letters. Their effect is cumulative and gathers impetus all the time. We see it as a whole here, and the effect is already great.

"I am coming more often now, so be on the look out for me. My camp is all dismantled and we wait our orders separately. Mine are to be over-seeing your activity and giving a push to the minds your letters are affecting, so be ready for my frequent visits now.

"Charming scene I saw on my way here over a cottage near Battle I think. Very old crab tree laden with golden apples and many children collecting them for Granny, who was much loved by all. I see earth scenes just as clearly, only dominated by the greater visibility of the

etheric world. Granny's thoughts and those of the children dominated that scene to me. The crab-tree was shimmering with fairy lights and the apples coloured as if painted in gold. The cottage I see as a square thickness in a mist, but with many shades of substance so that I can see the furniture and carpets, all of different blends of misty colour, through the walls which are thick mist with many different shades in it. It is a bit difficult to describe, but you visualise a lot as I talk."

November 9th, 1944. Lancelot.



"That is in your pond, MUM, darling, and I am at your side! Can you guess why I came? Becos I am to give you a message from Chris to say he has attended a seance of your friend Mrs. B— and is giving her son some lessons in writing with a pencil. She is able to do this Chris thinks, so will you write and tell her he may be able to use her hand now. Coo—I am copying Chris, who uses funny words like that! —Come a bit nearer, Mum, darling, and I will

tell you a bit about my work on higher planes. I am intensely happy in it, and have attained great new powers which I can use to defeat evil and protect those attacked by it. I am co-operating with other beings from our planets and am man's representative in some of their inter-planet councils . . . I use your knowledge of words that's why I spell so well now! Not like my funny little scrawls at first.

"Chris may come to-morrow but thought you'd wonder why he didn't come, so I said I would tell you.



"I was trying to draw a creature I saw over in Neptune, but it isn't good a bit. I don't draw so well as I used to, I'm afraid. Now I must go over to Mercury for a conference, so goodbye for a bit, WITH LOVE FROM LANCELOT."

November 16th. Christopher.

"Mumsie, you are quite transformed to-day, I can see into your mind like clear water full of living thoughts. I want to be introspective and tell you how my mind now sees God. I cast out a thought and He gives it life and I see my thought as an actual living thing. He is all Life and is creating in us and in all things, and no confusion or wrong can affect life in reality. Confusion exists because minds are growing all the time and try to understand before they can. They send out contrary thoughts and cause confusion, but all is resolved into harmony with God. I know we are taught this in earth religions sometimes but that is different to taking it into one's being as a truth. My life is all a great harmony now in tune with God. God sends me power to live and He is my life and the life of all. Candle power is mine, others are suns or moons, but all are given light from Him . . ."

(Dad asked "Do insects have etheric life?")

"Dad wants to know if insects are real? I mean real in our sense of living here. I think bees have a sort of over-soul bee, who gives them their hive instinct, but I don't see them here much. No other insects except butterflies, and they have been given existence because many people created them by desire. Ants have an over-soul I believe, but not in our life, only in the etheric like plants. I think one may suppose the insect world to have refused further evolution in preferring a life of antagonism to other creatures. Created with all possibilities open, they racially chose antagonism, and only bees and ants have evolved sufficiently to produce a generic over-soul for their species. I don't know much about the subject though, as I have never inquired into insects at all. Dad is so hopeful of me always, but I really don't know much yet, though I am growing fast in spirit as I can tell by the way I now see other—(An interruption in his writing). Yes, we were interrupted by Mrs. Y—, she is a dear old lady, just come here to this life and still thinks herself old and feeble. I gave her directions to find the rest centre where guides will take charge of her—though she really should be able to do without them now, she has passed over six months or so.

"Let's go out together and I'll help Dad in the garden I'm taking an afternoon off, having been hard at it for some time . . ."

November 24th.

"You are coming nearer than usual to-night, Mumsie, but you appear worried at the pencil? Now for a chat over my music, I thought I had explained it so well but you seem still very mystified. I concentrate mind-force through a cylinder which takes mental vibrations, and according to my meaning the vibration produces notes in harmony. We have glorious concerts like nothing you can imagine, for all our minds tune in to the same score of music written in parts just like earth music. Galumpshus!—I used the word and failed to spell it!—Anyhow, good—super—supest—supernal. I don't know how to express it! Our concerts sound just like earth music only better, but are produced by concentrating thought on the score.

"Your letter to Mrs. A— interests me. Your answer is all she needs, I couldn't explain as well as those books." (Mrs. A— had sent a

list of questions.) "I can't put it nearly as well as you can, Mumsie, go on writing, don't ask me."

Q. "Why do Mediums so often have Red Indian Guides?"

A. "I can't think! My own impression is that they, the Red Indians, have been more anxious to practise control of the human mind by psychic methods and not spiritual enough to understand individuals in higher ways."

Q. "How have they a perfect knowledge of the English language?"

A. "That's easy, they use the knowledge possessed by the medium's brain."

Q. "How do 'Guides' discover their mediums?"

A. "O how absurd! If one is on the look-out for a brain to control one can see the possibilities at once by the type of mind and thoughts given out."

Q. "How can the medium be sure that her guides are not earth-bounders?"

A. "She can't, there's the danger, but she can make her own mind so bright that earth-bounders can't come into her aura. We only can bear the light we are accustomed to and the higher we rise the more light we can bear and emit. So low spirits can only get near earth-bound minds, and often find a medium quite low enough for their purposes, more's the pity."

Q. "What stage of development do the spirits of elderly people return to when they die?"

A. "You see that, but I should put it like this. An elderly body is not an elderly spirit—the spirit may be merely an infant or hardly developed, or even obscured altogether. The mind is what emerges and forms its own body according to its inner compulsion that is, what it thinks it is like."

Note by R.M.T.

I will just add that most people begin the new life as old as when they died, and gradually realising that they needn't be old, they become young again! As they grow into the use of their new powers they recapture their youth in full vigour, but with all the experience of wisdom and age added. Later, they leave their earth-form and enter the freedom and radiance of spirit life.

November 26th. Christopher.

"I want to give you a picture in your mind of our surroundings at this moment. You are encircled in a belt of many-coloured light, result of your merry thoughts of my playfulness. Only a fraction of your real self is here, all your higher part is in a glory which dazzles even my present capacity for sight. You sit on your terrace within your belt of colour with a connecting ray from your higher self streaming from above in glory. I am conscious of it but may not see it yet. You are now sending a shaft of golden love to me and it makes me draw nearer and feel I am your child after all and can be protected in your strength and power like a baby with its mother. I am so happy to be yours and Dad's. Now Lance has a word to say . . ."

Lancelot.

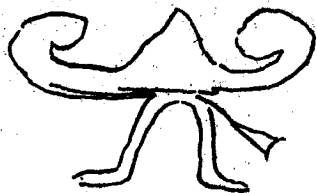
"Mum, darling, I am very near you to-day and having a so jolly holiday with Chris. Has he told you about our surprise for you? I won't say either, so it will be a surprise. You will know by Christmas Day—Yes, you have guessed but not all!

"DARLING, I want to try and give you an idea of our hopes for ENGLAND. Can you see it as a whole being? ENGLAND as one spirit not a lot of people? I see such a great light springing up through knowledge of GOD and His Love in sending so much help from our life to yours. More people will turn to Him in heart and your work is to spread His guidance as you are doing. You have a great work, but you will not see it all on your life, it is more visible to us than on earth. ENGLAND is a power for raising mankind into greater knowledge of GOD, and you are part of this power, so you see how far beyond your earth life it goes. I am working for ENGLAND too, and helping work you are not yet able to see in your mind. Michael is my great helper in a sphere I can't reach even yet.

"Is my turn over, Chris?"

Christopher: "Mumsie Mine, I am so happy! I want you to have a time like this on Christmas Day when we can join in all the Christmas fun. You arrange it if you can. Now let's be on earth a bit and chat about this lovely place with all its fairy life going on in the wood and pond. I can see them lighting up now for some concourse of fairies and all the bushes are hung with lights of many colours sparkling like jewels. I wish you could see them! Collecting dewdrops on the moss underneath the dead leaves are gnomes of all sorts with tiny bags of sort of cobweb which they fill with moisture and then carry off to their underground homes. I think they use it for drink but can't see clearly enough, as that life is not so clear now I am further into light. It still shows when I want to be earthly though—you see we can always come back over the way we have been, though we can't rise until fit for it. I am getting on so well that I can almost grasp Lance's position now of Celestial Light-bearer, which is a higher grade than most of those I can know personally as yet. Uncle Toby is a Great Spirit, but he was so fond of me that he took care not to be too bright for my earth sight so as to help me on.

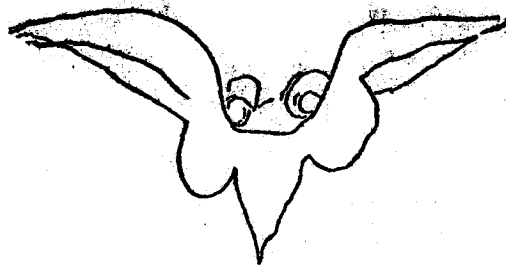
Lance and I are going to give you a Christmas treat so I hope you'll be as nice and quiet as you are to-day—we do so love our talks with Mumsie darling. No, I shan't say what it is, that will come later. Going now as you ought to be active again. Come later if you are able? Evening best I think, so au revoir till then. CHRIS and LANCELOT LOVE TO DARLING DAD. GOD BLESS BOTH.



(Evening.)

Lancelot: "I saw that out climbing with Chris to-day, we went overhead to the cloud layers and creatures of upper air were climbing on the top of them. My drawing is not so good as it used to be I think, but I will try another one.

"Something like that and very fierce after the softer ones. It is a grabber of little soft ones like



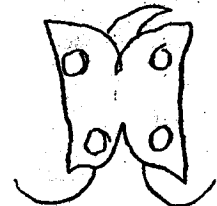
"They have all sorts of shapes and sizes but mostly very flimsy and soft, and all along the upper air layers you get them in bands. Chris was keen to study their ways so we went along looking for new ones, and saw one quite different.

"I can't get it quite right, it was much more complicated than the others. Now I'll let Chris come."



Christopher: "My Mumsie, we have had such a jolly holiday Lance and I and just enjoyed ourselves like boys again. I was so interested in the upper air life which is all in the etheric plane and not visible to your sight, but not in our life either. It is worlds within worlds of life, and no one in body life can imagine the multitudes of life-forms there are even in our planet. Give me your hand for a little excursion on the level of the upper cloud layers. Clouds have a solidity you cannot imagine in the etheric plane, they seem more substantial than crust of earth and harbour a vast population which drifts about overhead while earth spins under them. All are small beings except a few balloon-like monsters, and many of them prey on each other... They belong to the mist sprites and foam fairies, all being formed out of the vapours of water, but they have a definite life of their own not just vapour shapes. Those which seize others seem to suck them dry and then they disappear altogether. It is queer and dreamy and not very active, but quite real and most interesting to watch. Some of the more active ones were calling to each other in sort of bell-like cries like a church bell single note heard far off. Others cry like sheep only fainter and softer."

Lancelot: "Chris says he only wants a last word, so I will try another drawing before we go. That is a fairly good drawing of one of those Chris was talking about which gives a bell-like cry. They are harmless and nice with colours of all sorts, pearly and glowing. I think we must say GOODNIGHT TO DAD and MUM from LANCELOT with LOVE."



Christopher: "I want just to add that I go to work again to-morrow, so give me instructions if you want anything done. I have so enjoyed

our holidays and our talks with my Mumsie darling. Give Dad my love and duty and say I am so glad of his loving thoughts sometimes—he is such a help to me. Nightie night darlings.—”

December 8th and 10th, 1944.

“I want you to write to Mrs. B— and tell her she is collecting a crowd of gnomes by being too accessible. She ought to be careful to feel sure her son is with her before she tries to write for him. He can't always come at the time she has told him because he is at school and going in for training in help for others, so she must not write unless she is sure he is with her.”

(R. “What do the gnomes do?”)

“The gnomes? Oh they just buzz round and play with her pencil, so that she thinks her son is trying to write but can't manage it, and then she tries all the harder. She has psychic powers which are developing but needs more spirit consciousness like yours. Her son says she might think of a signal for him to give her, when she begins so that she will know for certain.”

(Note: A few days before the farm cat was injured in a trap and had to be destroyed.)

“Can we have a chat about my cat? I had to leave her at the office when I came to do your work, but she wanted me so badly that I carried her along and installed her with you.” (R. “I can't give her milk.”) “Of course not, she is an etheric cat, not at all an ordinary one! And now she has got a mate thanks to the trap episode the other day. I never saw a cat so pleased as she when that nice young Tom came along. She knows I come here often so is quite content, and adores the Tom in a most sickly fashion. So all is well in the cat line!

“Mumsie darling, I am in a frivolous mood I fear! I think I'll be off now. Au revoir. CHRIS.”

December 17th.

“You aren't very bright to-day.” (R. “I have a headache.”) “I see—I'll try to take it away.” (Pause during which R's headache disappeared.) “Your light came out like a flash of lightning, I was almost blinded by it. Now Dave, old chap, going on fine, I'm sure, getting ready to contact me on the Q. wave of ether? Many happy returns home to Dave, and preparations for a swell Christmas going forward on both sides of life. Huge preparations on my side I assure you, we're going to have a real slap up party this time, I hope.”

(Later.) “Continuing our talk, what about my descent on your head at tea-time? Why, you meant to tell Dad and never did.” (R. “Did you want me to?”) “Yes, because you so clearly saw me, and that's twice to-day Mumsie, you are getting on finely and will soon be properly clairvoyante. I am so pleased. Many people could if they only would distinguish their etheric vision from imagination. You are beginning to do so quite well but most people are too afraid of deceiving themselves and therefore never open their etheric eyes till death. I've been away a bit off and on to see how people are getting on with my work in France, and my successor was rather glad of a few hints from me. I am transferred to the English Crusade now in order to help you all I can.

Uncle Toby is in the crusade but in another quarter and I don't see much of him as before . . .

“Can I be a bit curious about E—'s children? They seem like other children but have minds which tune in to our life so that they both see clairvoyantly already. I am puzzled as to how they fit in at school since they are so different in their minds. Clairvoyance is quite unusual in children in spite of carrying on traditions of clouds of glory.

“Mumsie, I see you have taken enough so we had better stop now, but you are getting on fine and will soon be able to see me too. Give Dad all the best from me and Dave too. So long all.

December 24th.

Lancelot: “Yes, Mumsie Darling, I am come to give you a big Christmas Eve but I couldn't get here sooner because I came from Mars where I have been negotiating a help party to collect more rays of colour to give impetus to peace. It is like a soothing poultice round earth to heal the fighting idea and make peace possible and we are trying it on Europe were the fiercest feelings go on coming. It is just like a disease this war and healing rays will calm it by degrees. I am coming to-morrow all day so I won't make you tired now but you needn't talk till evening so that you'll keep fresh. A HAPPY CHRISTMAS MUM and DAD from LANCELOT.”

Christmas Day, 1944.

(The “Christmas Party” took place at 6 p.m. and 17 relations and friends wrote short messages with R's hand.)

December 26th.

Lancelot: “Mum, I have been waiting all day and you are so unwanting me. Yes, I know really Mum darling, I was naughty to say that. I had a thing to tell you and it was like this. I want Chris to come over to my power centres on the moon where I focus power of moon-rays to soothe earth from fear and he will see how we can help in a much bigger way than his, though his way helps a lot in special people but he would be so interested in moon-ray power centres which I am focusing just now, so may he come please?”

Christopher: “Mumsie, I am thrilled with all Lance has been telling me and shall soon be back at work on your route but feel I can grasp larger ways of helping when I have seen Lance's work. We were planning to go to-night so we shan't be able to talk long as you are so late beginning. Yes, I know you couldn't help it. Mumsie, how did you enjoy the party?” (R. “Very much.”) “I am so glad. I'm sorry Dad was disappointed but I had to bring along the old boy Cousin C— because he found out there was a gathering here and wanted so to represent his family. He is a queer old cove and can't believe he needn't be so middle-aged as he thinks he is, Dad's parents are overhead at present and I couldn't get hold of any others for Dad this time but yours simply swarm all over the place and I can always collect a good many. Overhead? Did I say that? Overhead is a slang expression meaning that they are having a course of celestial training”