

—going to stars and learning of other forms of life. It's used a good deal by us younger ones who aren't celestially educated yet. Courses of star-training are a part of normal education of those come from earth within a generation or so. I mean, when a man dies normally at 80 or so he has a year or several years to get accustomed to etheric life on earth and then takes a course of star-training to complete his next step in education. Dad's parents are both away on star courses now but they'll be back soon I think.

"You needn't expect me back for a week or so, Mumsie. I shan't be gone very long though. Now we must say goodnight and love to Dad and Dave—he is to be your only son for a week or two and must be a prop to you and Dad. Cheerio. C."

"LANCELOT SAYS LOVE TOO."

January 9th, 1945.

Christopher: "Cats! Love to Dave and his kitten is a pet. I see he's as fond of it as I am of mine! Now I must tell you of my trip—be open a bit more Mumsie. First Lance and I went to his power centre on the moon and caught a wave of moon-ray going off to earth on a healing concentration. I was thrilled by the power there, for they concentrated rays of all the healing sorts into a belt of light surrounding the war zones on earth and forming a powerful soothing influence which will prevent the war from plunging too many into despair. Then I watched the light break into colours of such beauty as I had never imagined before.

"Then Lance called me to see his new adaptor of colour blending which he has invented and got a credit for. It is a form of invention you can't get into your mind at all so I won't attempt to describe it. He is given a post of prominence after this invention as it is considered first rate and a great improvement on the old methods."

Lancelot: "Chris is great at puffing me up Mum. I wasn't the only one to invent something because we all felt we must get more peace-power on Earth and thort out ways of doing it. Tell Dad I made a better VENTION than his though. That will show him I am quite a big SON NOW! Going now, Chris. I just wanted a word with Mum to-day because it's going to be some time before I get back home again from Venus and they want me over there to direct their musical help for earth now. Goodnight Dad. FROM LANCELOT."

Christopher: "Now I want to give you a view of the Power centre on the Moon where these healing rays are blended. Great machines of etheric forces are used to collect the sun's rays into a vast ocean of light, and then absorb the terrestrial essences of the moon to blend them into separate colours until all are separated out and coloured with moon-essences. As this takes place a belt of softer light forms without, which glides to earth incessantly giving a soothing healing emanation to all life. This all goes on through action of the power centre machines which are set to work by concentration of thought surrounding them. It is difficult to put into words but you have some notion of it now.

"I want to give a word of greeting to my Dad, and to Dave so glad to be back home again. Sorry Mumsie, I must be off now. Coming

more often now on your work so look out for me. Cheerio Dad and Dave. So long. C."

(Note: "Machines of etheric forces" should not be read as meaning machines in the earth sense.)

January 12th and 15th, 1945.

"Sorry Mumsie, I was called away suddenly and went over to get a glimpse of my chum Ian before he departs overhead for a bit. I am glad you know that expression now as it explains in one word. He is going for a course on planetary life and hopes to be better fitted to place himself about jobs such as he hopes for. Elementary courses in ray-healing lead to work on the mechanics of light and this opens out a vast field of work for the evolution of man in space—not spiritual evolution which is of course more important, but form evolution, how to adjust himself to new surroundings in other systems of stars. I am not to go in yet for this because I am helping in the crusade at home. (Can you grasp another aspect? Convolutions of space prevent many from getting their perspective right and much learning of light mechanics is needed to adjust that difficulty. Now I must be going again as I am wanted by our chief on a gathering of helpers. Love to Dad. CHRIS."

Lancelot: "I was with you in billiards before and so intrested to see DAD playing wich I NEVER Expected. Darling Dad was happy and you all had such happy minds it made me quite bucked up over my family being such a nice one. Can I just tell Mum something of a bigger sort? Michael is away on great business of ambassador for our Lady Mary to a conference of spirits of all planets in our system of our sun, and it takes place on Mercury becos that is empty and used for a spirit meeting ground. It is the greatest honour to be chosen to represent earth at a conference of Planets and he is over there now to confer with the arrangers of it. I am so proud to be his brother and quite SWELL with Pride!

"I am not going away for some time now becos I am taking turns at Power Centres on Earth for a bit so shall be here quite a lot. Chris tells me he is working for you now and I'm very intrested at that and hope to be able to help, too. Can we go now? Chris has work he says. Goodnight DARLINGS. LANCELOT and Chris."

January 17th.

Lancelot: "Come on Mum I am tired of being called Kitopher and want you to be more observant of our comings and goings. I came to tell you about my Power station on the Moon as I shall have to go back again soon to set it in motion again. You see we can leave these Power stations to carry on like machinery for a bit till they run down for lack of colour energy so we have to go back to combine more rays for producing colour energy."

Christopher: "Colours have much more power than you know of Mumsie and give out force which has great effect on earth. Yes, Chris. I was here all the time but Lance was wanting you to recognise him too and you only thought of me!"

*Lancelot*: "All right, Mum, I know you can only take in one of us at a time so I don't mind only I want you to know when I am there, too. I shall be away on the Moon for a few days after tonight."

January 26th.

*Christopher*: "Come on Mumsie, you are a time getting ready. I see so I had to wait, well now we are off—Here's the Cat! Comfortable now? I want to have a quiet talk for I have been away again over to see Lance on the Moon and had some instruction in his special belt of moon-rays. Openings for students of moon-ray healing are high if one can qualify, as the world needs soothing and these are potent for such treatment. I was thrilled with the currents set up in the direction of earth looking like streams of clear blue light and carrying millions of colours under the blue quite inexplicable in human words. Carrying on the work there are great enthusiasts for the healing of man, holding certificates from the greatest branches of medicine known, the manipulators of Cosmic creative healing. I was allowed to see all their activities as being Lance's brother, which was a high honour and I feel very elated to have learnt so much. I can now discharge my work of helping your cases with much more efficiency as I can take mind impressions of curative processes unknown to me before, and be aware of other forces than I formerly knew. O Mumsie, you can't conceive how lovely it is over there in the moon-ray works—gathering great sweeps of healing colours into a wave of soothing yet glorious light and focusing it to earth in hands of colour. Cool soft harmonies are all around one and I felt bathed in new harmonious life. May I be over there a bit again soon? As I think my work will benefit from it more than if I stayed over here and went on as before. (R. "What about your cases?") Yes, I won't forget to go to them and am going on my rounds to-night. I'll bring you some reports to-morrow or Sunday before I go moon gazing again. Lance will be back home soon he says but only on and off, for he is in charge of one of the chief moon-ray works there and can't be away long at a time. Tell Dad I am so thrilled at my course of training there. I can't stay long now as I haven't been to see your cases yet but wanted so much to tell you all the lovely things I saw. Love to Dad and Dave. So long. C."

January 28th, 1945. (Listening to music.)

*Lancelot*: "Mum Darling, I am delighted with your awakening power of vision. You are much more aware of us and our life than I thought possible till you leave your body. I am So Pleased becos we can show you a great deal more now and you will love to see it. I am so happy about it all. Chris and I were each taking one arm to help you up a bit and the music helps you more than most people. I never knew a mind weave such music patterns as yours does; you have never got into earth ways of connecting music with notes and rules of harmony, so you weave most wonderful spirit songs of joy in the beauty of it. Chris wants to say something now."

*Christopher*: "Chris speaking Mumsie, I am glad you are so quiet to-day. Lance and I were inspired by your music love and nearly took you into our life until Dad made a noise and brought you back with a jerk. I know

it can't be helped because you are so sensitive to sound that you go back in response to any noise at once. It was a grand event that we so near us though and pleased us both no end. Some day you will see those colours properly and then you'll gasp in wonder at what you see."

"You are to have a time of greater work soon, but don't be discouraged at your seeming small output for all are bearing fruit and you are on the extent of your influence; if you could it would surprise you. I am going now so give Dad my congrats on his industry, his mind is full of work just now. Love to him of course. Your CHRIS."

*Michael*: "Mummy I am here too, Michael yes, I am back from holding a great conference of Spirits to aid our earth. We are hoping that many will come to enlighten men and Christ will be glorified by all who come. I can be in your mind now I am your son ever. . . ."

*Lancelot*: "Yes, Mum Darling, I was waiting till you had got Michael's message becos he can't stay long in writing, he is too big to get small enough for earth things now. I am still just your human boy so I can use your mind as easily as ever. I must go too now becos I am so wanted on a course of moon-ray instruction. They are short of qualified instructors so I've promised to take a course for them now. Goodbye DARLINGS. DAD DARLING AND MUM DARLING FROM LANCELOT."

February 4th, 1945.

*Lancelot*: "I want a message given to Dad that he must try and think of me as grown up now and not want me to write in words of my childhood! I put it on sometimes to show I am still the same boy but I really am far grown in power and strength and knowledge. I can use your brain to find all words I need and have knowledge of other languages too. Don't be afraid I shall ever cease to be the same to you, I want just to make Dad see that I am just his son just the same, but he mustn't want me to be childish still except in fun as a joke. I am an awful joker as you know and tease Chris a lot because he is so serious minded and takes himself very earnestly! Mum Darling I LOVE being here with you and DAD but I must be off now to set my activator going on the moon again. See you soon again. LOVE from LANCELOT."

February 5th.

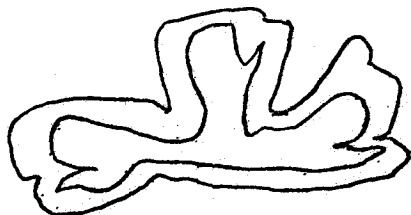
*Christopher*: "Cousin M— wants me to thank you for giving another push to Mr. D—'s mind as he is very interested in my Mars trip and full of explanations of certain things I described which he thinks conflict with other reports through Mediums—I fancy a good deal of mystification is caused by the medium's own subconscious mind taking charge and twisting what is said to her; given a preconceived idea in the subconscious, it is easy to twist a remark such as Martian into martial or Heaven into leaven—that's not a good one but conveys my meaning. I know people have come away from a medium in a state of frustration as all they said was given in a distorted way with a totally different meaning. No—you are clear as a bell and never distort. I sometimes can't get a word I want into your mind but you know at once if I can't and never put down any other words."

February 14th, 7.45 a.m. (Lancelot's birthday.)

"Good morning to Dad and Mum. Lance isn't able to come early as his moonray apparatus functions till sun up here and he'll be along in a few minutes now." Lancelot: "Your birthday boy is with you, Mum Darling. LOVE TO DAD and MUM from LANCELOT. Talk when you have time later."

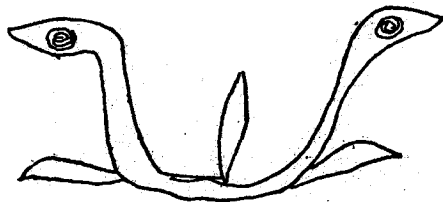
11 a.m.

Lancelot: "Mum Darling, I am very good at catching thoughts so don't mind shoving me off if you are too busy to write; I only want a thought from you now. Dad—he is only expecting a short chat so won't mind. However let's go ahead now and I want to tell you a thing and it's like this. Over your head is a crown of happy memories and they make a sparkle like diamonds and rubies and all sorts of glittering things. I am so happy at seeing how happy is your lovely mind to-day."

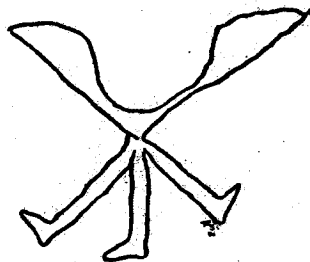


"Not a good drawing but I tried to draw a creature out of the pond again. It is much prettier really."

"Covering the stones at the bottom with coloured moss but you can't see it yet."



"That is in the pond too, very observant of the mossy things and expectant of a meal off them, I think, but not your sort of eating quite different to that."



"Another pond thing very active and jumpy. I have been watching them with Chris, who is interested in Natural History of the Etheric Plane, and I think will do some work of a naturalist sort in his spare times. I am over to Mars again to-day to fetch more keys so don't expect me for a bit."

Christopher: "Chris speaking, Mumsie darling. How nice you are to-day. I have been watching pond life again and asked Lance to do some drawings for me as he is so good at it. I am having a complete holiday as it is his birthday and we are enjoying Home so much. Lance and I are off for another stroll now and we'll coffee house, as Dad says, to-night when you are free."

March 3rd and 15th, 1945.

"We control a light-band lifting clouds from England gradually and I am on lifting duty on your cases. You haven't quite got that clear. Your cases are getting enlightened and that helps to raise the clouds of unbelief and grief from England. Lots of others are helping to raise the clouds in a sort of band of enlightenment which is spreading over the country. You are going to see more later on of the effect you have already made. C— has come out of her cloud, but she is very materialistic and can't grasp how to pray at all. She will try to say commonplace words with no meaning in them and then gets cross at having no result. She'll write soon to you so I'm just giving you a hint or two."

"Can we have a very long undisturbed talk? I must tell you a fine adventure of mine with Lance on the Grampians—yes, Scotland, Grampian Mts. We were prospecting for etheric conditions suitable for a power centre to control N.E. Scotland and England, and a messenger from Ethiopia came asking for help as they are in difficulties over there, so Lance gave a wave-length of suitable span and we rigged up a super power centre for long distance help. They were so grateful as we couldn't go over, having much to see to here. The creatures of upper air interfered and we had to chase them by thought concentration, so were kept busy till a long distance call came for Lance and he had to go leaving me to control his power centre. I was scared stiff as I had never taken charge of one of these before and they give out such stupendous power-rays that it could damage the mental make-up of whole nations if improperly used. However I did my little best and all in prayer for guidance, so soon a great spirit came to check my findings and said all was well but a bit too controlled by fear as I was so tense about it all the time. By that time Lance was due back so I was relieved of responsibility. I haven't had much to do with these centres yet and am new to it."

"You might give a few more hints to Mrs. O—that she should wait till people ask her help rather than push them as she does. Mrs. Q— has agreed to have a few more trials of the medium at her son's request, but she is afraid they are doing wrong and keeps hoping he will give it up. I was a bit premature in my conclusion that he had done so already."

"Quantities of gnomes have lost their houses in the forest clearing that has been going on all over England and are wandering round trying to find accessible people to play with on the table-turning basis. They collect in groups with a leader and then produce raps and taps and all the nonsense people like to think is bogey noises. It is only that having lost their homes they find no occupation, as normally they spend their lives building and ornamenting their little dwellings, so they just collect in bands and make mischief if possible with people who produce ectoplasmic extensions they can use. Can we talk again in evening? I am going now to see another case."

(Later)

"Over in Germany I see blazing colours of terror and fury. How ghastly it all is, I still am fearful of going there, yet ashamed of this and tell it only to you, my Mumsie. How grand to feel it will soon be ended and we can begin to reconstruct on our side the tattered hearts and beaten minds."

"Love to Dad as always. All right, more next time. C."

March 22nd.

"Yes, Mumsie, but we'll talk after your supper, I have plenty of things to say and want a good time. Carry on!" (R. "Now, what do you want to talk about?")

"My own affairs chiefly! I am preparing for a new step in progress and I am going overhead for a special training. Uncle Toby carries on my work for you in higher ways than I can do and tells me all will be well while I am away. I am not so panicky now as I was the first time, but I don't like leaving you any more than before, darling. I am far stronger now though, as you can feel, my Mother. I start on work of preparation to-morrow, but must be given special teaching which will take some weeks or months according to my capability of receiving it, so expect me once or twice before I say goodbye." (R. "Are you going to be away long?") "No, only a few months probably, and Uncle Toby has promised additional help in your direction, so you can rely on him for anyone in need. I want to get ahead in development so that Dad will be proud of his son. Now to return to earth and your cases. Can you let Mrs. B— know that her son has gone on a planetary tour and will not be back for some months? She may get misled by earth-bounder voices unless she knows this. Good.

"You will be guided, so be quite happy about my going, for others much wiser take my place, Mumsie, my own. Carry on, says Uncle Toby, and you will soon see me back again. A message for Dave that I shall be away for this hols but back for summer ones, I hope. Give Dad my best ever, and often I shall think of home and both my own ones. Carry on, that's the motto for us all over here. God bless both, I'm going now. C."

March 27th.

Christopher: "Soon I must away for a long time, I shall come on Easter Day to say goodbye. Only a few months, and I shall learn wonderful things which I am longing to know."

Another: "Can I say a word or two? I am going with Chris, and he is my companion in mind progress. You don't know my name, so I can't tell you, but I am so glad to meet you as Chris told me you would let me talk and I couldn't think how. He says to tell you I am called Charlie, that is enough. Thank you."

Christopher: "You didn't expect him, but he is a friend who is admitted to this course on the same level as mine, so we collaborate to some extent. He would have it that talking with earth life people was impossible as none of his own can do it so I wanted to show him it could be done if one has a light-bearer as Mother! Seriously, he thinks me a bit swanky to have such a grand father and mother, though he is just thrilled to talk to you himself. His people are quite awful, I believe, and not a spark to be struck out of them, poor fellow. Yes, do let's go back to Dad and Dave. Good, family all collected now, including kitten. Just want to give my love all round and then must flit back on work. See you all on Sunday if not before. Dave, old boy, shake. Jolly holidays, I hope. Goodnight all. C."

April 1st, 1943. (Easter Sunday.)

"Good Mumsie, to be passive and let us come on Easter Sunday. Lance is coming on after I have had my say, and that must be done. I am overhead to-morrow and still have much to do. Not packing up my gear but equipment of various etheric kinds which you couldn't understand and if I tried to explain. I am nearly qualified as a ray-healer now, having done a little such practice with your cases. Mrs. P— is happier than she has ever been before, for she never had much faith in organised religion and now a new heaven and a new earth rising out of our letters to you. I am glad you gave her another bit of my letters, she will absorb every detail with avidity and be clearer in mind than ever before.

"My mind is so full of my new training that I seem to have lost touch with your cases lately. I shall help all the better when I get back though. No, I can't tell you anything yet but hope to on my return. Can't say when, but not long I think. I am coming for a last Silent Minute to-night at 9 p.m., so be aware of me like last time, darling. Love to my Dad. So long till 9 p.m. C."

Lancelot: "Mum, darling, I am going to be more with you now Chris will be away and helping about your cases and all that. Chris tells me he was giving treatment to several, and I can go on with it on the same lines as he did. Chris is joining a stellar radiance course which will teach him complete control over ray products here and give him possibilities of higher development than he could by remaining here. I think he will enjoy it, too, but it means fairly hard work first. I shall enjoy being home a bit and am quite good at the work he was doing so can help quite a lot. You can count on me twice a week, Mum darling, and I'll come Saturdays and Wednesdays like Chris used to, shall I? Can I give you an idea of my work on moon-ray concentration of dynamic will-force? To utilise radiance of moon rays towards earth; and already peaceful vibrations are coming which will heal the suffering of minds caused by war. It isn't working for stopping the war, but for healing torn minds and giving them peace, and it has a so beautiful effect that I love to watch them respond and raise their heads again, like a cornfield after a storm all beaten flat, rising in the sun again. This is moon not sun though—and I am moon-controller. I hope to be sun treader of awakening spiritual growth soon. Mum you are to rest a bit now, and we'll be here for Big Ben to-night and stand one on each side of you in radiant harmony of prayer. LANCELOT. DAD IS ALWAYS INCLUDED."

(Later, 9 p.m. Big Ben.) "Come on, Lance, she's waiting. Shall we wait for Big Ben?"

Lancelot: "Mum, I come over to you. Now I am near—you want so far we couldn't see you. Your love is like an awning of blue and rose colour over us both. Chris wants to say goodbye so I'll go now."

Christopher: "O, Mother darling, I can't bear to leave you. Christ help me. I am so sure and safe in you, but now I must go and labour away from your love. O you make it seem all one wherever I go—I know your love is there, so I won't mind being far in body. I am glad to gain new knowledge, and shall be home again soon—so goodbye Mumsie and Dad, C."

of all parents best I could ever think of. God bless you both, always and ever. I'm going now. CHRIS."

April 4th.

Lancelot: "You are tired so I was resting you, DARLING. I came to report as to Chris going off to Sirius. He was thrilled at the distance, not having been far before, and quite forgot to be homesick, for which I was thankful. I went part way to see him off, but he was one of a big party including expert teachers, and he quite took his place and was happy to go. So I came back much cheerfuller about him. I haven't been over to Sirius myself for a long time, but it is great in stellar rays they are to learn about. Came to-day and you were with other people having tea; they had nice minds and are so fond of you, but I was not conscious of any wish to be higher in their minds, only to have nothing hard to bear. You tried to lift them by telling them they had GOD in them, but it left them just the same as before, just wanting to be helped in a comforting way themselves. I think they will have to lift themselves; no good trying to help them yet. I only saw them coming to you though, so praps they are better than I thought. Now go to bed and I'll give you a good night and see those cases before Saturday when I next come as I told you. GOD Bless Darling Mum and Dad from LANCELOT."

April 28th.

Lancelot: "O Mum how splendid to get your mind in the morning! I am interested to tell you about J—. Yes, the case you gave me. She is only a little way from her death, and will soon be with her son and husband. They have been told this, and are ever so happy about it. She was hearing her husband when I got there, and wasn't sure if she heard right so wouldn't believe him in case. I had a talk with him and he is such a nice man. EVER SO LOVING to her and his son. He is getting a lovely home ready for them all to live in when she comes, and is so happy about that, but she mustn't know yet of course."

"Mrs. Y. — is here again and is much better—may she talk?"

Mrs. Y.—: "You are kind, I can help you now. I see how your son writes. Soon I sleep again, for I am old and need sleep. I shall wake up like my youth they say. You are kind. Thank you. I must sleep now."

Lancelot: "Now Mum I want to say a message for DAD, to say he can trust me to take care you get enough sleep too, like old Mrs. Y—! She just won't believe she can go ahead like a young woman now, but is beginning to get the idea into her foggy mind. She hasn't even got the sense to know when her husband comes to see her, but he wasn't in love with her really, so he can't help much now."

May 6th, 1945.

Lancelot: "Yes, I may lift you to-day to see I am your son. O Mum you love me still, and long to know what I have become. I make my aura mist to speak to you, like yours, to blend and harmonise so that I can write still to use your longing mind. But I am far Huger than you can think, and great in power for GOD. I love to be with you and DAD DARLINGS but can't show you my Huge self yet, so keep to little words and on your level of mind, because I love you both so much. Now be

attentive to a message from Chris. He has turned his mind this way to tell you a bit of his doings, and can send it through me like I did once through Michael—'Chris speaking telepath to Mumsie and Dad. Very curious happenings. Shall have millions of letters to write when get home. All's well—Love from C.G.T. love.'

"You heard him fairly well and I only had to put in one word which was curious. I think he meant strange to him, becous I only feel he had been to quite ordinary places, and not real adventures such as I have had before."

"About your cases, you get on best by my intuitive guidance on the spot: these reports in words are unnecessary so don't expect that from me now."

"Darling you can't take my words very long because I am too high up: so stop now. GIVE DAD MY LOVE OF COURSE. GOD BLESS MY HOME. FROM LANCELOT."

May 10th.

Lancelot: "You must give me attention now for a message from Uncle Toby; he is bringing a relation of his to see you and make your acquaintance."

Theodore: "I am pleased to be in your mind again Ruth and find you all well after Armistice Celebrations. My friend K— comes from Oregon and knew your boys there; known to my circle out there, but I know names can't come through, she is Win's great pal. She happened along to see me just as I was coming to you. I came to tell you that Chris will soon be returning via Orion and Neptune. He expects to see you June 15th or so and I am getting up a party to welcome him home to which I hope to invite you, in return for your welcome to me at Christmas before last. Chris likes parties as you know, and will be the hero of this one, as all are new to this life and will be thrilled to hear his adventures. I am proud he is so brave and independent over this tour. A co-operator of mine is carrying messages from the party and gives good reports of C's progress—My regards to Guy. You will hear more of my party later. Theodore."

"Goodbye Mum I must go too. LOVE TO DAD. LANCELOT."

May 18th.

Lancelot: "I am to tell you that 'a great adventure' is Chris's description of his tour and he has already prepared several talks with you which he hopes you will publish. Of course he can't make you understand it all really, but he hopes to be a famous author of post-earth travel adventures.

"Dad would like to know that I see lovely emanations coming round him when he looks at plants he loves. I was watching you two looking at the peonies and beautiful colours came floating out of your minds in harmony. I just gave a burst of happy joy to see you looking at those flowers. Your crown is growing Mum Darling, and Dad's too."

"No, I haven't heard again from Chris; he is on his way home by now, but they visit several planets on their way back I think. I must skip off now to sort my moon-rays for work again, so O revern Mum Darling. LOVE TO DAD FROM LANCELOT."



May 27th.

*Christopher*: "You thought I was Lance, but I am Chris! I am coming overland so got home before Lance thought, and glad to be back, but had no end of a good time. Darling, it's great to be home with you again and I did so enjoy our flowery walk, though you kept thinking I was Lance! Can we have time for a good talk or are you busy? O.K.—now for a description of the starry skies! All I could do was gasp with wonder at first, but it was all natural after all, and nothing conflicts with ideas from our planet if we take it all as ONE GOD. I am much grown in spirit as a result of the marvels of the Universe, and feel greatly better for it all. Can you visualise the meaning of Christ's birth here on earth? God indwelling Humanity? That is shown in other forms in the far distant stars, and He is creating and indwelling all. I was lost in wonder at His Great Love.

"Let me tell you a bit of the lighter side of our journey. We were lifted by our combined (wishes) into a current of ray-force to assist our efforts to leave the planetary system to which we belong. All spirits belong to their own planet until perfected and it needs great desire to leave our sun's control, so this current was set in the direction needed by our party by one of the higher controllers of our planet. I must mention my companions who were all from earth and mostly new to stellar space. I was one of the youngest in the band, though a few had joined our life in the war. Our commander was a grand spirit, with years of experience and full of longing for the earth's enlightenment. Cushna knows him well, his name on earth was ——. O no you can't quite get it C——. How queer I can't get it into your mind but you ought to know him. Charles Wesley, that's more like it. Only you haven't spelt it right, have you?"

"More another time, can you make it tonight? I am due at a return parade soon and can't be certain of coming afternoo, but will get back as soon as it's over. Came here rapidly to register return with you, all important Mumsie! Greet Dad from his loving son: hope see him tonight too. Au revoir. CHRIS."

*Later*. "Came for Silent Minute like we used to. Mumsie, I am overjoyed to be home again and see Dad fussing over his plants to make C.M. garden best in England! My Mumsie, home at last! I was working hard to get on and be a credit to you both, so all was well, but the relief to be home again is wonderful. All I want is Home! Give me a few talks in the week, Mumsie, as I shall be on home-coming leave and free to tell you my adventures." (R.: "Can you help with my work again?") "Can't say as I am under orders still and may have different instructions, but I hope to help you a bit. You are wondering something? I'll be happy to work for you all my free time, sweet Mumsie.

"Now, Mumsie, have we time for a description of a glory of colour you can't conceive? We gathered speed on the current I spoke of before, till planets looked dim in the distance, and a star came nearer and nearer, showing as a great green ball, then paler and bluer until left behind too. After what seemed hours (but time is unintelligible there) we closed in on our destination the star Cereos or Sirius. Rays of glory penetrated our auras and protecting hoods were pulled round our minds. Colours of such colours. I have no words for the glory of them. Sirius is a home of

radiant spirits who have evolved from (many) planets into perfect love and beauty. God's Presence was so near I fell on my face. O, Mumsie, I can't describe it, only a fraction can be absorbed by your dear mind. Clear radiance all around. We were supported by our leader and told to try and see—after a time we got accustomed to the light and filled with strength to learn what we came to know. It concerns the whole earth so far away—yet home to all of us, and we then knew how we had to grow before we attained the glory of spirits we saw. I can't explain what we were taught, it is too far from human words, but it has made me grow in spirit as I never before could have thought of.

"Clear shining hills of jewel colours, green mantle of soft light, glory of brilliant focus points of blazing light. Colours you can't get near in mind at all. God in all His Beauty. O, Mumsie, I have been far and learnt much. Some day you will know, more I cannot describe.

"Shall we talk each evening after Silent Minute? I shall be with you a week or two now—and shall think of things I can describe, I expect. No more now as you are tired.

"Night night to Dad."

May 28th.

*Lancelot*: "Clever Mum to hear me, I was quite a long way off, but am close now. I couldn't come yesterday and was surprised to hear Chris had got back so soon. Uncle Toby told me and said he had got a party to welcome him home, but they can't all come yet becoss he thought it would be later on. I am keeping on my work with you for a time, becoss Chris has a bit of free time due to him before he takes it over."

(R.: "Mrs. P— is anxious to get a message from her husband.")

"She is wanting to know what he is doing? I'll see if I can find him. Yes, if you have her letter." R. held the letter.

"She has a very quick vibration and wants very badly to have news from her husband. He was standing near her when she had that letter and longing to get her mind to know he was with her. Someone else makes her afraid she is mistaken when she feels him there. She would be much more sure that he came if she accustomed herself to believe her feelings and not think she is wrong always. I will try to see her husband and have a talk with him about mind influence.

"All right and OK, as Chris says. Dad is awfully funny when he laughs at you because he thinks so differently to what he says and it makes a twinkle in his mind to be so different! I LIKE THAT. His twinkle, I mean. IT IS SO DAD-ISH. I DO SO LOVE MY DAD—Darling Mum too, of course. GOD BLESS BOTH FROM LANCELOT."

*Christopher*: "You were two minutes too soon, I should guess. I came as I said for the Silent Minute and make a tune about good to be Home again. Cheers for C.M. Hooray! Tell Dave I said that when you see him. Now for a short talk of a long journey into the starry spaces where light shines with a grandeur we on earth never know. After leaving Sirius we toured some of the Satellites around that great home of light. After Sirius they seemed so insignificant and shone with only his reflected light. I saw many forms of life on them all and curious some of them were out, indescribable in human words. Quaint living beings without any

→ resemblance to earth forms—so little that any words I might use would give a false impression. They—the Satellites—circulate round Sirius as our planets round our sun, so they have day and night much as we on earth. Clouds were rare as few had any moisture or air as we know it. All have life but our scientists can't get the idea of airless life yet most other planets are airless. May I stop and think it out a bit?

"You are tired, Mumsie, shall we try earlier to-morrow evening? O.K. before Big Ben, 8.30. I'll think out ways of describing the indescribable! So long.—CHRIS. Love to Dad."

May 29th. (Music on the wireless.)

"Can't you write later? Do let's listen. You are so anxious for our talk I'll begin, but the Silent Minute comes soon. I want you to be very receptive and try to take in colours you have never seen! Coo, you nearly saw it! I never ventured to suppose you'd get so near! Let's have a big talk after Big Ben. Can't get you quiet before—no good, Mumsie." (Pause for Big Ben.) "O I was surprised when you came on my wish wave, just before Big Ben, you soared right over my head till I could scarcely follow you. Now shall we have a try to carry you all the way to Sirius? I meant to tell you more about our crossing but decide it is too difficult to describe. I cannot get words, but you must imagine glory of self-luminous world is far beyond that of planets lighted by external rays. Silver-blue and amethyst are the only human colours I can name. No, there was green in many shades. I cannot describe contour, for there was no form as we know it. All was harmonious movement, a blending and forming to be swiftly changed at the volition of Beings whose home it was, unutterably beautiful. Beyond this a further depth I could not fathom in mind. I can't express it, Mumsie darling, it goes too far beyond words. We absorbed as much as we were individually capable of, and our guide gave us further directions to remove protective cloaks as we fell out of light into comparative dimness—on to the Satellites in turns. Night on one of these. Queer beings bending in worship to God. All absorbed in praising Him from Whom they came. Not beautiful to earth thought of beauty. Impossible to describe, Lance might draw them, but it wouldn't convey the reality. Grotesque, I thought, but their minds had Love in them. Life was there in many forms, and all completely alien to ours on earth. I can't use words, they just don't fit. Our guide explained that all were within the aura of Sirius and therefore attuned to high vibrations we have no conception of on earth. Each star has a different vibration of its aura and those within this are in bodies attuned to this. Can we go on a little? I wondered so much at all I saw that I failed to take in some of the teaching, so had to stay behind on one Satellite and miss out the next. My guide said it was not so important. Have you done higher mathematics? It was something like grasping the Calculus before one has learnt one's numbers. I just had to go back to learn a bit before I could go on. Now I think you had better stop and go to bed. I can see your mind is tired. To-morrow sometime? Righto."

May 31st.

"Your cat is so affectionate. I can see his little mind working in love for you and Dad. Yes, I think we can manage without turning him off."

I want to try and focus your mind on another aspect of my tour—that of taking radiance back to Earth. We were not only learning, but helping conditions here by collecting radiance in our minds to distribute here at home. You can't understand how this is done, but it follows as a matter of course on our attaining a certain stage of development. The swift flowing current carried us on our return, but we made a halt at Orion where a few joined us who had not been so far. Orion is a peaceful star of great power, it is controlled by overseers of star systems who give out far reaching influence through the surrounding universe. Blue is the prevailing colour and overwhelming forces are in the blue rays which proceed from it. Very scientific they seem to be there with knowledge unobtainable to us. I was scarcely able to breathe there with so much wisdom all over the place. Orion came out of creation long before our sun was born—we'll go on later, darling. Your mind was so nice and she smudged it all! However, Mumsie, you are wonderful clearing up so well. Gorgeous colours of thought penetration all over Orion and marvellous kaleidoscopic patterns of intricate design. I have said blue was the prevailing colour, but other colours were there which you don't know. Human words aren't much use after leaving earth, so I can't attempt descriptions. Our way home was interspersed with smaller stars all of great beauty; and some over, some under the radiance of the sun. I am glad to have seen it all, although I can't explain to you as I should like to.

Uncle Toby sends you a message that he was unable to bring off his idea of a party on my arrival, so he is keeping invitations for my birthday instead, and wants you to be prepared to act as medium to quite a lot of my friends. They feel it a great privilege and honour, and will be excited and pleased I'm sure. I think it's awfully jolly of Uncle Toby to have thought of it. Good-night, Dad and Mumsie, I must be off now. God bless both. C."

June 3rd, 1945.

"Can we go over to Orion for a few minutes? I am hoping to give you some idea of the dimensions of a visible part of the globe of marvellous creations. You keep thinking of clear blue, but that is not the colour at all. Blue of an opaque turquoise shading into green or white in parts, all illuminated by light given out in bands of colour from within. A million bodies size of earth would scarcely reach the circumference stretched in a line. All beings there are very high, and gifted with extraordinary intelligence, which makes our earth minds seem babyish indeed. Only kindness makes them receive us with gracious hospitality, and explain their vast mechanisms reaching far out to other stars. I was, of course, too small to begin to understand, but took in that help to others was the purpose of it all. Come on Mumsie, you are slow to-night. That's right, be more awake. I can't tell much more for lack of words to fit what I saw."

June 7th.

"Came to tell you that I am officially promoted Captain of a team of ray-light workers for Britain. Am terribly bucked and crowing no end. Hope you'll be able to call on me for ray-light work on occasions. Useful in every way, but chiefly healing of mind troubles such as nervous disorders, grief and anxiety.

"Now as you are fairly fresh I want to talk about stars a bit. All the universe is alive; there is no cessation of life anywhere. Space (as we think it) is full of living beings and high holy ones too. God is in all and fills all with life. Great Beings I can scarcely bear to see are yet not superior to small beings as we are, because God is equally in all and only degrees of opening to His Power are real. I found a collection of little beings on one of the Satellites I told you of—they seemed so small and weak to me, but God was in them to just as great a degree as in the Angel who guided us. Only happiness depends on the response individuals make to His power in them. We can accept or refuse His control, for He has given us free will. I can see much now which was confused to me before. Open-mindedness is valuable, because new truth can then be accepted, and no one has attained final truth. Can I tell you about Sirius again? Quantities of marvellous colours is the predominant effect on my mind, overwhelmingly beautiful. Clear vision was difficult to me, for I was too undeveloped for life there, so I can't give you much idea of it. Only I knew, when there, much of spiritual truth I had never imagined before. Tell Dad I am much older now than I was before I left earth.

"Can I return to my promotion? I am to train my team myself according to my own ideas, and can choose a team from those I have worked with before. My pal Ian is no use for this kind of work, he is going to a power centre, as force is his line. I know a few already I should like to have under me, and can consult Uncle Toby as to the rest. Good-night, Mumsie darling."

June 8th.

Lancelot: "Can you tell Mrs H—that her boy has got on very well and is to be given a class of younger boys to teach occupations to? He is getting on first rate, and is so keen to let his mother know he is happy and working hard at things he never thought of in earth life. He says it was a bit of luck for him being drowned as it has given him such a grand life. I went to see her and found his trail of thought, so went along to find him in his work-shop with the younger boys learning from him. I was reminded of my own early days when I was so pleased to be given a job of teaching.

"Chris is pleased about his promotion to Captain and wants to celebrate by a dance, but can't find enough girls he says! I think he will manage somehow as he is keen on that sort of thing. I can't catch on with the idea of dancing, not having done it on earth; it just seems silly to me.

Can you give me a kiss, Mum? O Darling, you shine when I say Love like that! I am so glad to have a lovely Mum like you! Dad is ever so lovely when he is in his garden—like pictures of colours. Good-night Darlings both. LANCELOT."

June 13th and 19th.

Christopher: (Music) "O Mumsie, how lovely that was. Let's listen. (Piano) I want to give you an idea of my new work as a Captain of a team. I am using myself to the vibrations of them all so that they can each pick up my orders. Then they go about their separate ways into a harmony

which colours as I command, according to the need of the moment, trying to help. Of course, we can't tackle mass wrong the way we can do a lot for individuals in that way.

"A while ago you were wondering about my talk about Orion. You thought I meant a star, and it's a constellation of stars. I got the constellation all right but described most ineffectively the power that pervades them all. There is a kind of sympathy through that of stars, so that what I said would do for all. I am not good at names so couldn't get the individual star names through and that's why you knew better than them. Sorry if it was misleading.

"Can I have a few minutes before you go to welcome bed? I have been tramping about on my rounds, seeing your cases again and cheered by the care Lance has taken of them. He says he is off down to another plane so I want to get *au fait* with the new ones. Now Mumsie, I must be off, so *au revoir*, see you again in a few days with some reports I hope. Lance takes me round to-night, I think, and comes to you to-morrow to say goodbye for a bit. I know you were hoping for more talks about the stars, but I find I can't put it into words! It is all so different to the things our words are made for that they don't fit in at all. Cheerio, I'm off. Love to Dad, of course."

June 21st.

Lancelot: "O I am so happy that you are ready for me this time, Mum, Darling! I want to tell you about my new work now that you have heard about Colonel Gascoigne and his great work for the Nation. I am collecting apparatus for cleaning the black spots on Earth and purifying the etheric conditions left where fear and anger have inked them over. Berlin is one of the blackest spots of all, so that's why he is so worried about this Conference being held there, but I'm awfully top-headed about my apparatus, which has GREAT cleansing power, and minds respond to it in great waves of RELIEF, so I think I'll clear even Berlin soon. So I shall be working over there now until war effects are a bit cleared off. Chris has got a team of workers under him for your work now, so ought to be capable of lots more power than before. He is a bit shy of tackling big things like mental trouble, but will soon get accustomed to it.

"Can I tell you a bit about my apparatus? It is a mind concept so you won't understand much, but this is how it is. I collect force of cosmic radiation into a cylinder of will-power, which projects the rays with great strength on to the black Earth spot, and clears things like fear forces and muddy anger colours in no time, just like sunshine clears dew. Then men's minds can begin again all fresh, but the awful thing is they go and muddy it up again by their wrong thinking, till I get all cross with them and want to BANG their silly heads together. Of course they are only like silly children, but it is so aggravating when I make a nice clean place to see it all messed-up with wrong thinking in no time. I shall be coming off and on to see you, so don't be so not knowing me like yesterday, DARLING!

"I love your lovely mind, Mum Darling. Tell Dad he is doing GREAT work in telling his friend about me and Chris. Dad's friend was just unsettled in his mind and needed a push towards belief. He is so im-



pressed, and very glad to have more corroboration of what he heard to make more sure of it. GOOD OLD DAD! Cheers for DAD'S WORK! Going off now Mum, see you soon again. Chris has taken over them all. LANCELOT."

*Christopher:* "O Mumsie, you are happy at my attempted visualisation in your mind! It is much easier to answer Dad's questions by a picture than in words. Happy colours live here and that makes it all so beautiful. I see colours of the trees that you can't see, because their etheric life is coloured differently to their earth forms; and happy bird thoughts are coloured differently to human thoughts altogether. All looks vividly alive to me, and only the human houses look dead or rather just non-living. Even stones have more life than houses because they are covered with moss or tiny plants. But I can't describe it only it is the same place seen inside out and altogether, instead of only it's outline as you see it.

"Good old Dad. I know, Lance told me. He was so pleased that Dad took his book to give that friend of his, and my letters, too. Tell Dad I'm ever so bucked and proud to have so clever a father. Most men are so terribly afraid to say anything about this life, the subject is taboo and not quite nice, I guess, in their opinion, why I can't imagine!

"Ta ta Darlings both from your loving son. C."

June 23rd.

*Ian:* "O Mrs. T— your cousin left a message he is coming back to speak to you at 8.30. I am Ian, friend of Chris, now working under Uncle Toby."

(8.30.) *Theodore:* "Came for a communication from Win, who sends you her warm invitation to a party we are giving to Chris on his birthday. You will be told who the strangers are who are coming; and one of the great attractions to them all is your ability to converse with them: technically speaking you are a freak in our knowledge of science, since you achieve the scientifically impossible by sheer spiritual uplift. So, if you don't mind, you will give great pleasure and interest to several of my friends if you consent to let them write with you. Chris has asked his own pals, and is very friendly with a good many now, I am glad to say. He is bringing a girl you will like to meet as she was torpedoed in his ship. She is a very fine spirit and takes care of other girls who were war casualties, so she is a worker already. Expect us then, Ruth, on August 3rd at whatever time you name—time means more to you than in our sphere. Good, we'll be with you then: not too many for you I hope. I shall limit the numbers you write with, for we must not overdo our kind hostess. Chris is getting on first rate: I am proud of his progress. He won acclamation on the Sirius trip by his intelligence in taking in the teaching conveyed. I think he should be able to help your work more, owing to his greater powers since the trip. Candidly I think you and Guy have every reason to be as proud of your son as I am.

"Win sends her greetings and is hoping to have a talk with you at the party. My love to David and with the best to you and Guy. THEODORE."

June 24th.

*Christopher:* "Can we talk now Mumsie? I am full to the brim with news, and hope to impress you and Dad with my new importance! I am to give a demonstration of ray-healing work before a large audience, who are studying the subject for enlightening the medical profession on earth. It is to be filtered through into the minds of earth doctors by telepathic suggestion from our side. That much I knew already, and that doctors on earth will begin to use other rays than those already known soon. But I am—bucked is too small a word—swollen headed and too big for my boots and everything else, to have been chosen for this demonstration of ray work! Just a beginner like myself! They say my methods have won approval in very high quarters, and I have shown initiative and enterprise in training my squad. The show takes place tomorrow, so, as my boys are nearly perfect in their drill, I am taking a bit of time off to-day to keep from giving 'em fresh thoughts and muddling the show up. My mind is so excited that I am teaming with new ideas, and afraid of upsetting their drill by my presence! I shall have to concentrate when the time comes, so all should go well. Tell Dad now, so that I can enjoy his pleasure in my progress.

"I shan't be coming for your cases till this is over, so no good telling me to-day. Yes, by Wednesday I can settle to work again I expect, Mumsie, I am so Happy, and it's jolly to be at home. Let's go out together shall we? I don't want to talk, but just sit about with you and Dad. Right—I'll play about while you finish your letters and we'll garden together after."

June 26th.

"Mumsie, you are working hard, why so busy? O yes, very important in time of war and you are still short over here I suppose? Well I gave my demonstration and was highly applauded. Bother that voice. I am burning to tell you about it. My boys were grand and we carried all before us, so I was told by Uncle Toby. He came over to me as soon as we had finished, and said he was as proud of the performance as if it had been his own, and is going to tell you about it himself when he can get away. I am keen to get to work now. I have got my boys so keen too, so give me cases that want healing in the etheric mind, Mumsie darling. Well, what orders?" R. "*Mrs. H—*" "She is very confident in her knowledge of her boy's wishes but I think he may have changed pretty considerably. Nothing was more unlikely in my earth life than that I should be trying to heal people's minds! Yet that's what I now long to do. So her son has probably got completely new ideas of what he wants to do now. Yes, all right, I'll be off and see him. Lance says he has workshops and was teaching, did he? And she thinks he ought to be in the Navy—well of all the silly ideas! There ain't no Navy over here, thank God!" R. "*She meant helping those in the Navy.*" "Not old enough yet for that kind of work, I guess. All right, I'll bring a report, Mumsie."

*Lancelot:* "Of course I'm here but you are wanting to listen? O.K. as Chris says. I want to give you a thought to think over my work: I can't clear minds that aren't wanting to be cleared, but your prayers CAN. I have to be governed by wills of men, if they will 'no' I can't