

DO THOUGHTS PERISH?

OR

The survival after death of Human
Personalities

BY

“RECORDER ”

“His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth ; in that very day his thoughts perish.”—*Psalms* cxlvi. 4.



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NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR,

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NAWAB SALAR JUNG SHAHADUR,

FOREWORD

It seems strange that after many years of happy intercourse through 'automatic-writing' with friends and relatives,—not lost, but gone before,—I should at last have been prevailed upon by my dear friend "Observer" to launch into publicity a series of letters, dating (with one exception) from April 18, 1916, from devoted relatives recently killed in the great war, with others of possibly greater interest.

I have agreed to do this because of the urgent need in these terrible days for some knowledge, and much comfort.

Thousands of bereaved ones whose hopes in life were centred upon a gallant son, a beloved husband, an irreplaceable brother or friend, are ignorant of the possibility of getting into touch with them in their present state, or plane of being.

If this little book should be the means of bringing into the lives of any such the happiness of an assured communion with those the war has—temporarily—removed from their sight, it will fulfil its aim.

The method employed for this inter-communication between the living—and the so-called dead—is that known as 'automatic-writing,' familiar to all students of occultism. Though misleading in the hands of frivolous, or mischievous persons, it is a

simple process, and it is absolutely safe if the mind of the writer be calm and collected,—poised upon the thought of the all-sufficiency of Divine protection and assistance,—flooded with a spirit of Love, not only for the actual correspondent, but towards humanity in general. In my own case patience and perseverance have been singularly well-rewarded.

I should perhaps do well to explain that I am quite a normal individual, neither a crank, nor an extremist. I was one of a large family, the members of which were neither sticks nor stars, but persons of good average ability, taking for the most part wider views than many.

My greatest enjoyment in life has been to wander over many lands, some almost untrodden by the white man, and inhabited by the lowest savages on the globe. Several books upon my travels are broadcast on the world's bookshelves. I belong to various learned Societies, have a large circle of friends, and my world-wide interests often convert me temporarily into a public speaker. I mention these circumstances to emphasize the fact that I am not devoted to any *ism*, and to convince the reader that I am a normal, level-headed person.

Let me also explain that in selecting the title of this publication, my motive is neither to cavil at, nor to challenge the words of the Psalmist, because I keep in remembrance that he lived in the world's twilight !

I will add however, that I was born and brought-up in the Anglican communion, and in my girlhood helped to fill the family pews twice every Sunday, in the ancient village church where I was baptised.

On reaching years of discretion—the Biblical instruction I had received in no way satisfied my perception of larger Truths. It did not place before a mind—the trend of which was distinctly scientific—any acceptable, or logical version either of the Scheme of Creation, or of the relative position of Man in that Scheme. There was also great dearth of information as to the place where he was due, when his time came to pass on! Only in these later years, when enormous masses of literature connected with Occult Research have claimed the attention of all interested in this growing movement, explaining much that was hitherto obscure, has it been possible for me to read the Bible, which is the most occult book in the world, either with profit or pleasure.

RECORDER.

July 18, 1916.

DO THOUGHTS PERISH?

INTRODUCTION TO LETTER I.

S**** was shot on the Western Front on the 10th April, 1916. He was much loved in the family circle, and was in every respect a satisfactory youth. At the age of 19 he enlisted, almost immediately after the outbreak of war, August, 1914. The real sorrow felt by officers and men, as shown by their written testimony to his high courage, great intelligence, and modesty, is touching in its spontaneity. Recorder did not know the details of his death till after April 18. He was shot through the brain, became unconscious, but lived two hours after.

H***** to whom he refers was his cousin, a year younger, and was killed instantly in the same way a year previously, at Neuve Chapelle.

LETTER I. FROM S****. APRIL 18, 1916.

Auntie dear. Well,—I came over here very unexpectedly! They (his companions) were all so good, so loving, I can scarcely think of their affection

and grief without being upset. You'll laugh! an escaped spirit laugh or cry! Things *here* are very different from what we think. They were awfully affected, though they did not want me to think so. The whole of them are awfully sorry. I see it in their hearts. It is so wonderful this spirit-reading. Oh, the wonders are all so mystifying, that were it not for the crowd of them,—H*****, B*****, and T**, together with a crowd of older-looking spirits who all know me,—I should have been ignorant of how to write through you. I got hit in a vital part after having had a bad time two days before. Well, I don't remember all that particularly. Here they are all so delighted to welcome me, and the wonderful peace and goodness, and goodwill, and nobody to bother about is the most wonderful change after the noise and horror of war. I've had all I want of the earth, but as a spirit I am—let me tell you—going to concentrate on helping F*****. I don't think he could bear to be told this yet, but you will some day. Then if he comes half-way to believing I'm round, it will help him so much.

It was no pain,—the passing. Well,—I suppose I came out of a sleep I fell into on the earth, and on opening my eyes saw them all round me,—it was lovely. I recognised them at once, they were as clear as day-light, and I guessed most of the rest!

It seems I had to come over to help on this side

to receive them (the souls of departed soldiers) which is half my task.

It is enough to keep a chap straight if he realises the joy and wonder of a spirit-world, and to be told the mysteries !

They all seem to know them ! What a fool I was to be a bit sceptical on this head when in the flesh. I know *now* that it is the truth, and that through some like you, mortals and spirits can get in touch !

Presently I shall write reams, it is quite easy to get hold of you, dear Auntie B.,—I thank you for all your love and kindness to me. I wish I could have done something for you ! Let me come again, it will be wonderful. The times are drawing to a close they tell me, but some bad things will be done first before Satan is defeated.

Yes, they all send love !

S****.

Letter 2 was communicated directly after the preceding one by Recorder's favourite brother, father of H*****, with whom since his decease some ten years ago she has been in constant touch.

LETTER 2. FROM B**.

My girl, S****, is here, and we are showing him round. He is so fascinated that we can't get him away from many of the wonders we are used to. He woke up in about the usual time, and it was a happy time even for us spirits! He is a glorious spirit, he shines already in his new body! That means a good deal to us here. Well, I am not able to write much. We are all happy, not divided, but all one family,—remember that.

B**.

In letter 3 S**** refers firstly to the well-known phenomena of human “auras” by which spiritualised beings on this physical plane as well as those who have passed to the spiritual plane can read the quality of thought by colour-vibrations; 2ndly, to the theory of successive lives, or re-incarnation, which is more or less believed in by the majority of peoples now living on the planet; 3rdly, to the doctrine of Progress, or the Evolution of the Human race.

LETTER 3. FROM S****. MAY 7, 1916.

Dearest Auntie B. I have got you beautifully at last,—and have, I think, mastered the principle

of writing through mortals ! Happiness is no word for our feelings. This is for me the most intense state of being which I am capable of thinking of. I mean in this way,—I never gave the life after death so much as a thought. My energies were always engrossed on the task on hand ! But to be suddenly pitched into a state of being such as this is,—so far as I can picture it,—assumes the limit of the possibilities of well-being ! I can picture nothing greater, though they tell me I am only in the elementary sphere of spirit-life, and that we go through some similar process like death before entering into higher spheres.

I have seen High Spirits, and have spoken to them, but they do not say much of those higher realms they have attained to.

But to be able by *thought* to precipitate yourself into a human being as I am doing,—sharing your brain by your consent, using its powers, and controlling your muscles for this letter,—is a miracle to the newly-arrived such as I ! !

If people only realised the power of thought, the race instead of attracting all that is bad, with very little that is good, would concentrate on Goodness. Evil would then be soon expelled from the universal scheme of things,—at least so far as our planet is concerned. This is the A.B.C. of the whole matter, and you don't want me to tell you that the Germans

have almost the monopoly of the Evil influences. I see in their ranks (for I read their souls as I read those of the many friends I left) very little leaven, otherwise the consensus of thought spells grossness, bestiality, cruelty, and absolute cur-rish fear depleting their real strength. Very different from the thought-colour, or Aura which is over our ranks, which is bright with hope, love of country, of fellow-soldiers, of home, and of all that is beautiful and bright—little grossness—a very different reading I do assure you !

I have not begun my wanderings *yet* to other worlds, and I do not want to go. In the meantime I would rather help in the ranks of the Western Front. My comrades' devotion to me,—I can only repay in hovering close to them, and endeavouring to influence them. And in influencing them I've got to get in touch with the spirits I see in their entourage, of mothers passed away, mostly the spirit of some woman who has been close to their hearts when alive. That is how I work, and if I can make those dear chaps happier and safer,—why, you bet your boots I am going to do it !!

Yes, H***** comes along too, he is so jolly and the most loveable companion, tells me things, since his experience is a year longer than mine !

I was really happier in my soldier-life than at any other time of my existence. I was, they tell

me, a Professor in a German University so far as my last life goes, and that my habit of deep concentration, and methodical setting about things was learnt then. As to bravery, I never saw a coward amongst my chaps, they are so jolly in the trenches with death all round !

It was I who told you that this great test of physical endurance amongst males, and sacrifice of life, is to speed up development.

Self-sacrifice and Love fit us for spirit-life so much more fully than the rush for place and power, and food, and £. s. d. for enjoyments, etc.—that men engage in on account of their wives and families. In the great personal self-sacrifice of the battle-field called Heroism, the spirit leaps by bounds along the path of evolution, and *development of spiritual values*, which is the sum-total of the aim of earth-life !

Now, dearest Auntie, my deepest love,—I am a bit tired. Yours ever,

It is necessary to [explain [that from now on “ Observer ” and Recorder began to meet frequently. Observer not only witnessed the writing through this mediumship of almost all these letters, but

relatives and friends of hers, evidently deeply interested in this happy and ready mode of intercourse, added further valued contributions to this issue.

The writer of Letter 4, a well-known Anglican Prelate, who had passed on not very long ago, (cousin of Observer's,) at once made his presence known.

Recorder and Observer found that the most helpful results followed previous conversations between them. In this case the topic under discussion had been the strain of war-work on women.

LETTER 4. FROM †F****. MAY 6, 1916.

I am coming—your relative—†F. It is true, 1stly, that you are not at your best for this work—(automatic-writing) either of you—when your vitality is lowered with a day's work; 2ndly, because material things have occupied your minds. It is undesirable in your earth-sphere to be heavenly-minded to the absolute exclusion of earth claims, but a judicious and generous adjustment of the two brings happiness.

I am delighted again to be with you and my relative. I do assure you that enormous changes in your thought-world are coming. They are already here, but the human thinker is timid,

hesitating, waiting for proof. I speak as one of them, for in my day—I was one who regarded all in the shape of innovation as *sacrilege*.

Here the veil is rent, and we know better. We see how narrow was our conception of truth !

I am more than interested to see that your faces are turned to the Light—in a way that we did not foresee. The more you ask, the more will be given you. Do not you see from time to time how you are growing in knowledge ? It is because of your desire to link-up with things spiritual that I love to come and talk as I never should on earth.

LETTER 5. FROM S****. MAY 8, 1916.

Dearest Auntie B. Oh !—we, C***—(your friends, dearest beloved !) and I were out of ourselves with delight yesterday. It *was* a day !! A Sunday of far greater beginnings than you have any idea of ! The birth of wonderful activity all along the line, so to speak !

But I do not want to take your strength, for *he* has much to say, and I can now, my dearest correspondent, get you at any time. But make no mistake, it was a great time for all of us listening souls.

You have awakened out of your soul-lethargy, caused by so many different currents, but at last you really have grasped, so it seems to us, and begun to realise your great and growing gifts ! !

Your friend Observer, too, is growing apace, but her eagerness must not outstrip her health, for she is wanted. Impress that on her, and now C*** comes. He is so downright and splendid, I give way gladly.

Your S****.

In this letter S**** first of all refers to the maturing of the scheme which had been under discussion, of giving to the world a volume of his, and other letters, the object being to pass on to the many mourners at this time the delight and happiness Recorder and Observer had themselves experienced in their continued intercourse with their own dear departed.

In the second place, C***, the intimate friend of Observer, is introduced. In earth-life he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, an Alpine-Club man, and a keen yachtsman,—and his co-operation in the projected scheme was regarded as a valuable asset. C*** at once explains why certain experiments of theirs—taken with a view of obtaining definite statements relative to occurrences and dates connected with the careers of previous acquaintances—had been unsuccessful.

LETTER 6. FROM C***.

There will be more and more progress made in the direction of intercourse between the two planes. Do not be discouraged because the actual result does not come up to your expectations. We are living in conditions so different to anything that you can at all convey to your mind or mental power of conjuring up scenes. Remember that all physical parts and their requirements and attachments are all gone, and here you will see that those affections *only* which have touched the *spiritual* part of our earthly natures remain with us. Thus we find it hard at times to recall personalities and events which probably to a looker-on seem the most important part of our lives! Mentality, i.e. *thought* allied to growing spirituality is our make-up for this plane. Apparently for higher stages we drop mentality—as divorced from spirituality—and the latter only remains. I want you,—earnest eager workers,—to realise that to reach you, to influence, to train, to instruct you, is given to few of us here. Many thanks for your splendid efforts,

C***

S**** refers in Letter 7 to a face Recorder saw clearly,—clairvoyantly,—that of Observer's cousin,

on awakening May 11th. He then answers the mental question as to how he would care to be styled in this issue.

LETTER 7. FROM S****. MAY 11, 1916.

Dearest Auntie B. I have been hovering round in butterfly fashion—waiting for the moment to settle! Yes, we had a really wonderful time. I got into the coterie C*** introduced me to, it was deuced interesting, and they gave me such a welcome! One visited you this morning, it was F****, with the gold rims and nice brown eyes,—so interested in your wonderful vitality, and deep conscientious use of it. Well,—send that over to R***** for confirmation, and to V. for confirmation. You owe it to yourself first, and to Science afterwards, then you can go ahead in the same direction.

Yes, my dear Auntie B.—you and I can come again and again! I am a watcher, a “spirit-watcher,”—late of the ***** Brigade, N.C.O—but I may hit on a suitable title when wanted!

You have no idea of the interest on this side of the spheres in the growing inter-communication of living and *dead*;—it is growing, and you are an active pioneer.

I do see that the Germans are making their last and desperate attack on the Western Front,—for

they realise if they can't get through *now* they never will,—with man-power, stores, etc., all dwindling.

There is plenty of grey-doubt mixed up in their thought-lines, I tell you, and we are glad to see it. Plenty of observers tell me how the colour-scheme over their lines has changed, as the prospects of victory become less.

The Germans know in their hearts they are beaten, excepting a minority—which does not count. The time will drag on, till the end comes,—they tell me, and as to a drive or push, the whole thing might collapse before that comes.

Yes, I'm glad I was at St***** for some things, though I do not think by a long way that the Church has the monopoly of religion !

The men are teeming with it, but unconsciously. Yes, indeed they are ! Many of them trusting in something bigger than themselves, though they could not, or would not, put a name to it !

Enduring the cross, and the grave, because it's their duty, and they don't rightly see how they could do anything else. So many like that ! Whole-hearted like school-boys, and though they long for the murder-show to be done with, not one I know wants to shirk his task whatever it be !

I love them ! ! I see their big affectionate hearts, and their cheery faces, ready with a joke—or an oath ! What matter,—one is polite, t'other isn't.

There's no harm in either! God bless you and keep you, dearest Auntie B.

S****.

LETTER 8. FROM S****. MAY 11TH (LATER).

Dear Auntie B. I am here right enough. They tell me there will always be discrepancies in this mode of writing,—but I shall be able in other ways to assure you of my presence when I am stronger. I do appreciate the strong effort on your side, and if we are not always comprehensive, or correct—for you know our powers especially in this work are limited, and subject to much that I do not know yet how to combat—still, the fact remains that we see that you are strong enough to say “Come-on!” If there are obstacles—they must be on my side, or ignorance on yours. That's the only way they tell me to set about tearing down the veil!

Well,—I am having a magnificent time, rest, work which is very congenial to me, and I still feel I am being of service to my country. I ask nothing better, nor do any of us—who have come over as I did. H***** for another—we cannot do otherwise than put our spirit-backs—yes, I am laughing, I see you get the flash!—into the business of crushing Evil.

If those Germans conquered the world with their beastly Kultur, there would be no hope for the sons of men, and they would perish in their own wickedness. So, for the continuity of such progress of thought and action to which the human race has as yet committed itself, *the enemy must be fought to the death*, i.e. to the actual annihilation of his hope for world-conquest. We all feel this, and as we look through their lines we see how obstinate, though desperate, the whole spirit of their army is. The civilians, women and children, may starve,—but they will not give in till the last,—that is what we gather—no easy surrender! No!—though most of them believe the game is up!

I like the Bishop whose eyes and specs we have now settled. You see I did not know what he looked like in earth-life, that is, close to, although I see general outlines when they appear to the friends they left on earth. Then they think of themselves in the garb similar to their friends. I must think of my uniform when I come to see any of you,—therefore it is not easy, especially for a new-comer like myself, to get first-hand information as to what they looked like.

Dearest Auntie B.—you *know* I am your loving

Some time elapsed before Observer and Recorder were able to meet together again, hence the interval of time between Letters 8 and 9. It was in consequence of conversations concerning the desirability of arranging a "materialisation" séance so soon after the arrival of S**** in the spirit-sphere that he declares his readiness to manifest himself.

LETTER 9. FROM S****. MAY 27, 1916.

Dear Auntie B. It is so kind of your friend, whom I love already—so do many more, for her wonderful kindness to you—to be interested in my elementary communications, which are but family epistles! I quite intend to manifest myself if you will give me a chance through a proper channel—later on, when I am a bit stronger! So do the others, your father (my grand-father) is determined to come through that way, though he knows you get his outlines. You cannot think how great a pleasure it is to us here to get in touch—and help if we can—those we have loved on the earth before. Give us a chance to see you! WE'LL COME!!!

Well, thank Observer for her goodness in typing these things. Nothing would delight me more than to be able to help people grieving for their lost ones over here, when the latter are so happy,—far happier than they ever could have been blocked up with a tiresome body.

Remember Auntie B.—give me a chance to show myself! I shall find out how to do it!! Welcome to you. Your affec.

S****.

The morning of June 1 found Observer in an unusual state of nervous exhaustion and depression, for which there was no obvious explanation.

At Recorder's suggestion her Cousin F**** was asked if he could account for her condition. Readers will note that this was *before* the news of the great Naval Battle in the North Sea had been issued to the public, and that though highly spiritual, the friend referred to was unaware it had taken place.

LETTER 10. FROM †F****. JUNE 1, 1916.

There is no reason that we can give for my cousin's weak health at this time—more than the fact that this time of depression and uncertainty is affecting many who are not robust, and the only advice I can give is to go much more slowly than in normal times. This also to you, my friend, for your life currents (otherwise your vitality), are more drawn upon by astral entities, which are crowding—and crowded down on your earth-plane so long, and in

such degree as the combat of good and evil pursues its victorious way downwards. Remember that the fight is not fought to a finish until it is determined on your physical plane.

There are evil influences congregated close to your earth, as they are beaten down. Take care, special care, both of you, of your life-force, because of that evil so near you.

Subsequently F**** was asked again, in continuation of above enquiry, why he had not referred to the great Naval Battle, on such a momentous date as June 1st? The following letter expresses his response; and a further note relative to it, from C***.

LETTER II. FROM †F****.

I cannot say too decisively, dear friends, that the powers of some of us are limited, not so much from inability or immobility,—but you know we could not come to you—if it were a matter of difficult access! We *mostly* can only come at a spirit-call, or upon an occasion which is very strongly connected with our past. Certainly the sea-battle may appeal to the presence of those whose beloved or friends

were playing so great a part, but in my case—as in many more equally enlightened—the call did not come, and we learnt afterwards that Evil had once more been defeated !

I do want to emphasize that the occurrences on your physical plane attracting gross material matter—are not in themselves a signal for us ! It is difficult to demonstrate this, and it is perplexing and bewildering too.

As to the work of receiving souls, we do not often realise *what* souls, if German, Indian, or French. We do not examine discs—or things to identify. We make the departing entity understand that it has finished with earth-life—in many ways which I cannot define, and which belong entirely to our spirit-plane. I say again,—*we* who are the advanced guard of the race, neither semi-gods, nor heroes, come quick as thought—*when thought of* in your plane ! *Thought* is the whole secret of possible intercourse, so far as I am aware,—it may be latent, and belong to the sub-conscious mind, but there must be a summons to us !

LETTER 12. FROM C***.

I know the real difficulty it is to convey in any measure adequately—the conditions which rule our lives in this sphere, especially in this way. The

All-Powerful arranges by His laws—which are rarely stretched—even by His direct Emissaries,—that our sphere, our inclinations, our capacities, are provided for, hedged-in,—in the most wonderful way by the tremendous working in this sphere of the laws of attraction,—which in yours are only elementary. Ours are not the final completion, but in a midway stage, and are as 100 to 1 as compared with the like laws governing your earth.

I did not know of your visit to H*****, although it is possible that I saw you there,—but that your physical surroundings were H*****, and I not know it,—is possible !

C***.

“ Recorder ” had learnt on June 4 of the passing-on of a dear and valued friend. E***—to whom F**** refers, was a distinguished Church dignitary, whose life-work has left its mark in the sphere of his labours. Years ago Recorder had shown him some letters received by this method from a very dear relative. That he had been impressed was evident, but the mode of intercourse with the departed was new to him, and absolutely foreign to his knowledge and experience. His attitude was by no means condemnatory, but that of dealing with matter outside his sphere, and upon which he could give no opinion.

LETTER 13. FROM †F****. JUNE 4, 1916.

You are very sad, dear friend. I see indeed it is a day of sorrow. Yes,—your old friend has come over here,—very glad to be rid of his body, but he will not be long inactive now. He rejoices to find us all again, although to him the “Mansions of the Blest” are scarcely what he taught, or pictured mentally! But he is very happy, and will make himself known to you. *Now* he sees that you were nearer Truth when you showed him those letters. He recognised then that it was not his work, but now he sees how mortals like you can pierce where theologians cannot. This is effected by the Spirit of Love that possesses you.

Here a pause ensued—when to Recorder’s surprise E***, who had only a few days previously passed on to the “Mansions of the Blest,” began writing, at first slowly and hesitatingly, but after a few lines his grip upon the muscles of her arm was firm, and it seemed to her that the words began to assume some resemblance to his own characteristic handwriting. “D****” had been his most intimate, as well as one of his oldest friends.

LETTER 14. FROM E***. JUNE 4, 1916.

It is I, E***, my dear friend and sister. I love you as a spirit rid of its earthly encasement may love a dearly valued friend left behind pro tem, whom he ardently desires to meet again. It is true, and I own it gladly, that you had reached an altitude in your religious life (which after all is a life of love) which I had not. I do not yet understand how that may be, for of forms and ceremonies I gathered you were somewhat oblivious. But the inner thing you grasped, that love of Soul to Soul surmounts all fleshly impedimenta, and wings its way into the land of the happy dead. Forgive the word, but I am new to the psychology of this sphere. I recognise that I had to teach that which could be grasped by those I had to instruct, which I endeavoured to do to the best of my ability. But to say that at times I did not ponder over the lapses in the revealed teaching—would not be true! I did, but it was not given to me to fill up those gaps. I have begun to do it here. So many beautiful spirits are around you, my dearest friend,—it fills me with joy unspeakable, and gratefulness,—in happier circumstances to continue this beautiful friendship. You were, I think, the most interesting woman I ever met. From the moment D**** told me about you I wanted to make your acquaintance. So long as he

lived—he spoke and wrote of you. When you visited him in the hospital it was a gleam of sunshine in his sad illness. Now we are united, and he bids me say that God blessed the day which brought you to us! That is how we both feel. He will tell you so himself, he is by me!

LETTER 15. FROM D****. JUNE 4, 1916.

You have brought gladness to our spirits, for to hear of you again, and in so beautiful a manner is delightful, and brings back some happy memories of your visit, and how you interested me by the account of the troubles on board! Many a laugh over “the brand from the burning” we have had together. Your description was so graphic,—it remained, and still is a memory!

Well, I am told that you are very busy, very beloved, very highly qualified for what you undertake. But what is dearest to me is to see the real heart-felt pleasure and love and gratitude my friend beside me glows with! Now it is his turn.

D****.

LETTER 16. FROM E***. JUNE 4, 1916.

I must say another word. Do not be too much absorbed by the ups-and-downs of the war. The ultimate destiny of England is fixed. She goes straight ahead for progress along every line, and in your lifetime you will see some wonderful things,—not spectacular,—though that may be,—I know not,—but in the way of progress in dealing with social questions, and religious too. It seems from what I can gather that we shall all be on earth again, in a spell of years. What is more we shall want to come! Well! it is all very wonderful, and although I have to be taught a new version, they tell me, that when I have been here a short time, that memory will come back, and I shall be able to trace the life and vicissitudes of my spirit from its earliest development. Remember this idea is still *new to me*, though *you* have grasped it years ago,—they tell me! Farewell.

E***.

LETTER 17. FROM †F****. JUNE 4, 1916.

If you could see the joy of this fine spirit (E***) now entered into his long-deserved rest, dear lady,

it would disperse all sorrow. His delight on hearing that *you* were capable of hearing from him—has given him such pleasure that it is impossible for me to emphasize enough this power which will some day—in the near future, I think—be turned into help for souls who cannot get to the back of things as you do.

Be careful at this time, until the end of the war, which is not so far off as some think. Many terrible things must first happen, so be prepared. You have nothing to fear. We are not told any more than yourself, for many reasons, doubtless of importance. But the Evil I spoke of is nearer the earth than before, consequent on its having been beaten so far!

My deepest affection follows you, dear writer, and my dear relation who shares with you the interest of this wonderful intercommunion.

†F****.

LETTER 18. FROM S****. JUNE 4, 1916.

Auntie B. dear! Another of your friends! He is a dear spirit. I like him awfully, and he is so fond of you! Your *daring* to get in touch with "the dead"—which he will talk about—is what strikes him! Others would have been too awed,

but you come in and out of our sphere when you have a mind to !! We have been busy lately, on both sides. Let me say, before I forget, that the German "dead" are too weary of life on earth to be able to grasp the beauty that awaits them, and some are very fine souls, who have been compelled against their better judgment to fight the whole of Europe. Others again are too brutal for our gospel, they go to their own place—attracted thither by a wonderful law of attraction, which is to me the extension and fulfilment of the same law of like, or repulsion, which we went through on earth.

I do not want to manifest myself, Auntie B., till after the war is over. Then I can concentrate on it. Don't be down over the sea-fight. The Germans are doing their best this summer, for they know they can't last long, nor they won't. (Here Recorder asked if he had more to say ?)

My goodness, any amount ! Be sure I could keep on writing through you for evermore ! They want me to tell you that you are not to bother about doing much *now*, wait a bit ! There are too many objectionable things walking about your world. Live quietly, so as not to attract their mischievous interference. They are out for giving trouble in every way. They too, know that their time is limited, and with the defeat of German beastliness they will have to go with the rest of the crew incarned

at present in that hateful nation. So, as I say, just get along quietly, for the roaring lion of Scripture is looking about him for a meal !

Your ever devoted, S****.

LETTER 19. FROM S****. (SOME HOURS LATER).

Really, dear Auntie B., the variety and quality of your increasingly interesting correspondents takes me by storm ! They come round and round so to say the family group, and want to be so friendly on the basis of your eternal friendship with them !! But both are strong, active spirits, and want to be in the thick of our work, not lolling on damp clouds, which I fancy is somewhat the idea of those people E*** has taught !! We laugh together over it, so you need not sit in judgment. Because of them I am here, I brought them out into the open again—where they can fly to their nest—as it were ! Deep calls to deep, and to see the meeting of these souls after years of separation—is a pretty thing to see in these spheres.

Cheer-up, Auntie dear, we are going to have a running fight for victory ! pretty well from now on !

S****.

LETTER 20. FROM RECORDER'S MOTHER, E****.

JUNE 4, 1916.

I wanted to come and tell you how very busy we all are with the work of receiving souls, and now your friends are here! Saintly souls, but ignorant. They want to learn all they can. Your friend †F**** was one of the first to meet E***,—I was present too, for I was wanted—to tell him about you. It was this way, †F**** brought him into our group, and we have seen a good deal of him now. We are often near,—my dearest child.

E****.

LETTER 21. FROM C***. JUNE 8, 1916.

I am delighted you are here with Observer. She is to keep quiet, fix her thoughts on happiness, the end of the war, the return of the men, and the wonderful help this knowledge of our nearness must give to her, when compared with the vague sort of idea of thinking I was somewhere in space!

I want to say I am glad her friend showed her that psychics are so human. She got her yesterday when she was more woman than spirit, otherwise it has been on the other side. She was absolutely limp! Now I know that my kind writer knows

from a psychic standpoint what it means to be limp,—when you can't get anything through! Well, I don't know all the causes which produced her condition, but it is evident that *vitality*, (whatever that means—vital current, let us say,) is the only medium through which we work. Therefore, for God's sake, keep yourselves fit, both of you. You need to be told this. My writer is far too sketchy in her care of her body. She would go through work in a day of 14 hours with less food than a boy of ten! What I want to impress on you both is this,—unless you stoke the body, and keep up a good supply of vitality, it will do more harm than good—your ever having got into our sphere. It is through the body that the spirit, or soul, works!

C***.

LETTER 22. FROM †F****. JUNE 8, 1916.

Dearest V. I am so delighted to see that I am welcome! What I have come for, and am eager to say—is this. In this quiet place, away from city calls, time and thought can be given with profit, I hope, to a very large circle of advancing souls, and I think if you both collaborate over the work you have in mind—that God's blessing will rest upon

you both for the efforts involved. I see that my writer realises that much thought, criticism, and selection will be necessary. Quiet hours with nothing to attract and deflect power should be replete with endeavour to present the matter—not only acceptably, but convincingly. This is the time. I mean *after the war*. At this moment the world's focus is—shall I say—upon the graveyards of Europe. There is nothing *we*—as former ministers to suffering humanity—want to do more than to let the people know,—shout it from the house-tops,—what we are now doing, and feeling, and *that there is no death* such as is believed in, and fostered by the awful trappings of hearses and mourning! *They* produce the atmosphere of fear, gloom, and horror, whereas the transition is, in the majority of cases, so welcome, so utterly blissful!!! This is the work we all want to see done. Do it, for you have the power, and the knowledge!

†F****.

LETTER 23. FROM †F****. JUNE 11, 1916.
(WHIT-SUNDAY).

Dear Lady. You are living in an age towards which the whole of Christendom has looked—since Christ came on earth! *We do not know* how the

prophecies will be fulfilled, but they *will* all be fulfilled in due course. Evil is *now* on its way to extinction, and it will not be done in a moment of time. Remember that the processes of time and Nature are manifold, and are long. The fight is but just beginning, although this phase is probably the worst. It is a "milestone," in the point of evolution of the race of beings on this planet, of which Christ is the Supreme Disposer of His Creation.

Well, your life is contributing to its overthrow. In every way that you enlarge human understanding, combat ignorance, comfort and instruct by your gift of writing, and of coming into our world,—you are a unit in the multitude of workers. Only whereas many work unconsciously, you are fully alive and responsible to the claims of the Higher-Self, and the calls of the Spirit-world. Yes, *it is your duty* to strive to convince advancing souls of the nearness and happiness of this spirit-world; to teach others to penetrate this world, and to convince them that the *so-called dead are not lost, but gone before!* Emphasize the power of attraction—the law of "like attracting like"—of a pure heart, a strong brain, and a close affection with everything that is of good report. A cloud of witnesses are here, and all your friends! God bless you.

LETTER 24. FROM J***. (RECORDER'S FATHER).

My dear,—You are indeed wanted in this work, and to show the truth of all we have been taught of the resurrection, and continued life of the spirit. God bless you, dear, is the prayer of your old father.

J***.

From time to time Recorder has—during several years—received communications from a writer who in his day and generation has been styled “The First Gentleman of Europe.” She rarely knows, or even feels, which of her correspondents is honouring her with his presence until the distinctive handwriting discloses him—or her; and now to Observer, also, the interested witness of these “automatic writings.”

LETTER 25. FROM “THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE.” WHIT-SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1916.

Thank you for letting me have my say, dear lady. The women of England have been splendid, so have those of Russia, and other lands, not omitting the Teuton nations. We in this sphere watch the fate of peoples with an intensified interest, and we see with some of the higher vision what will be the fate of many nations considered by historians decadent !

France has redeemed herself by heroism, and nobility of self-sacrifice. Most of the Germans sin in ignorance, but they are over-mentally developed, with little, or no, spirituality. An undue preponderance which in years to come must wait for an equal growth of spirituality, before the nation can evolve. It will take time. Meanwhile the place of waiting for those who have forced on this conflict is one of terrible mental agony. Only thus can some spirits be freed of their pride and selfishness,—which being contrary to the altruistic growth of humanity, is *the fatal sin against the Holy Ghost*.

Your Friend.

The following is his reply to Recorder's mental enquiry whether she might use his writings for the purposes of this issue.

LETTER 26. FROM "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE." JUNE 11, 1916.

Yes, my dear writer. Say that I wrote that to you! Well,—things have been worse, but hard knocks will still be given, and much blood be shed before the war is over. You have suffered loss, I

know it. Who has not ! But as one who has had the reins of power in his hand—I see no reason to regret the clash of arms for Britain’s ulterior greatness. Germany for many years will be crushed to the earth. This is her punishment for undue exaltation,—and the British Empire (weak and cowardly as are *some* of her Councillors,) will for many years lead the way to a better mutual understanding of the nations. Peace, plenty, and commerce will flourish. Intense selfishness will disappear, and as now,—a desire to share the burdens of the poor will unite classes formerly apart. England will bring the weight of her just and far-seeing counsels into the conference of Europe. Do not fear that the country will be long in recovering. I tell you in two years after the war ceases things will be fairly normal; for you can see that the death of so large a number of men will make a great difference,—and also the Empire will act as one man ! Imperial Britain will call her Councillors from the Colonies, and great indeed will be her success in Commerce, and in everything that she will rebuild and fortify in her great Dominions. Germany, and Germans in commerce will be ruled out,—so that money will flow into national coffers which before went to the enemy. A self-supporting Empire ! finding its own needs within its confines and at peace with all the world. *But, and this* is important—considering how lax

she has been in the past—England will keep a stern face, a strong hand, and a stiff upper lip to any machinations of Germany.

The worst is over. Fear not those new inventions—the submarine and the Zeppelin are over-rated, over-dependend upon, and remember that now England's fighting is as 10 to 1 compared with the army with which she began the war !

Your Friend.

In curious juxtaposition to the dignified style of Recorder's last correspondent comes the next communication, according to sequence of date, from H*****, son of B**, who contributes Letter 2, and whom S**** describes in Letter 1 as the first spirit who met him after his passing-over.

Recorder reminds her readers that in Note 1 it was explained that he was shot dead at Neuve Chapelle, in 1915. She had received several racy epistles from this very happy, frolicsome spirit before the date of the first automatic writing selected as a starting point for this issue, but Letter 28, written through her to H*****'s sister, was of such unique and interesting character, that Recorder has thought fit to produce it as an appendage to Letter 27.

LETTER 27. FROM H*****. JUNE 12, 1916.

My maiden Aunt! I am glad you are going to have a squint at D*****. She rather wonders why you don't come down. She is well and happy, let me tell you, and jolly useful too! You are going to have quite a gay time, for all that you sometimes want cheering up! I wish I could make you know I am by sometimes. I'd soon chase away melancholy! However, you know we have real good times here, and what seems to you so solemn and so distant and so jolly vague, is to us the everyday life on our plane!

Oh, I tell you—we are immensely amused at our spirit friends sometimes, as when your E*** quaintly remarks—with a look of surprise—"the conditions are not such as he expected"!! He is a dear, so simple,—they tell me a very powerful spirit!! I have got to grow up, they say,—but *I am received into the best company you know!!!*

H*****.

LETTER 28. FROM H***** TO HIS SISTER! 1915.

My dear D*. It is the best of good fortune to find someone who can write. Of course I have seen

you in your dreams. Your other self gets away,—and we walk together,—pity 'tis you can't bring it back. Well, all the same, I have plenty of talk with your spirit when you are sound asleep!

I am awfully happy, and would not come back for anything. Nobody wants to, when they have got into the right place—as I have done!

You see, without a body to feed, which means working every day, its a livelong holiday, day and night,—which I can't describe,—but to have no confounded body is the treat for me! It means that everything is delightful! All the same some of them do come over who do not get such a good time. But you see with Dad and a whole heap over here,—and not having committed murder,—I can have a splendid time, seeing everything, and father explains! We just go off—as it were—hand in hand!!

Of course one has got a kind of body, but you don't have to pump in food 4 times a day!! As to flowers and fruits and animals,—I know all about them,—and presently my Grandfather is going to take me tremendous distances to see things on other planets. I tell you it's grand, and the sooner you quit that old body of yours, the sooner the treat in store for you. Of course I never felt what they call dying at all! Just hit through heart or lung or somewhere, and it was all up! If it had not been

for Dad, I should not have known I was out of the world, and into his! Many don't know that,—that's where we help the poor chaps coming over, and give them a leg-up, and let them know it!

Goodbye, my dear Don't forget old S***. Give her a kiss!!

H*****.

It is noteworthy that in the next two letters, from †F****, and E***, the two distinguished Anglican prelates,—the same anxiety apparently possesses them both—to see Church teaching levelled up to the requirements of the present day. It would seem as if their clearer vision grasps in a way which was heretofore impossible, that the Thought of the age in which we live has been revolutionised by the introduction of Scientific methods of research into every department save that of the Christian religion.

Also, that during the last fifty or sixty years the fact that the theory of evolution in the natural world, (Darwinism—) followed as it was by the labours of Sanscrit scholars,—which gave publicity to Eastern philosophies, (wherein the belief in the Evolution of Man's spirit through matter by successive incarnations has been for ages, *and is now*, accepted by the majority of the inhabitants of the

earth as the *raison-d'être* for his appearance on this planet,) has changed the point of view of many intelligent and pious-minded persons as to the value of ordinary religious instruction.

LETTER 29. FROM E***. JUNE 23, 1916.

Dearest Friend Your participation in a work of the utmost importance delights me. I see now so many things need to be swept away, if we are to still do our duty to humanity. For I recognise that education, travel, and a cheap Press have done so much to raise the standard of general intelligence,—that unless our clergy are better equipped to contend with, and instruct the masses, they may as well pull down the Churches, for all the good they are doing, or will do! And the teaching will be left to the leaders of thought, and other mediums of influence. *Progress*, not “re-action,” is the word, and I do begin to see more clearly than ever that the men of former centuries should make way for the clearer intellects,—I do not say more faithful to God!—of later days, when so many inventions and discoveries have changed the face of the world.

E***

LETTER 30. FROM †F****. JUNE 23, 1916.

I cannot predict here the way in which **** will regard my interpenetration of the plane I left behind,—but I think that the subject in these days, when old cults are being thrown overboard by the masses, may appeal to him.

The day is coming, and I feel that the chief dignitaries of the Anglican Community are aware,—that either the Church loses its place, or must seek to rule itself, and to gather up its forces to meet the criticisms, and the needs of a new people, who do not ask for a brand-new worship, but to have the old Faith—with the light which occult and kindred movements shed upon the data of what we call Revelation.

The thing is to *arrest*, as I said previously, and I heard that my phrase—"testimony to the resurrection of the dead"—seemed to strike you. There are a crowd of witnesses to that, and this testimony.

I see—we all do,—that the limitations and tastes of the families of those whose writings are to subserve the aim of this book,—namely that "Thought does not Perish!"—must come strictly under review.

We shall do our best for the theme we have to put before the world, and in the second place send a message to the Church, and others who will receive

it,—to get spiritually up-to-date,—as—let us say—munitions and machinery, etc., are all up-to-date, in order to win the war !

Ours is a spiritual war, let us have up-to-date Teachers ! (Here Recorder referred to Mr. Hewat Mackenzie's proposed College for Psychic training and Occult research). I do not know enough about the matter, but every measure taken to show that the life of the body is not over when the grave receives it, is of use. But on *those lines* I have nothing more to add. It would serve good purpose for some minds, but—believe me—the majority of mankind, savage and spiritual, are agreed upon the belief in future existence.

What I want is for the official teachers of Christendom to realise that if they pursue their unintelligent course of action, they do more than become blind leaders of the blind, they stultify, and become obstacles to the dissemination of Truth as to the future state, which is now filtering through into the world by such means as are possible at this stage, by preconceived notions of necromancy and prophecy, without any regard to their relation to modern thought, and world-wide knowledge. It is to put new wine into new bottles, for new wine will certainly break the old ones !

Here V*****, an old friend of Recorder's, intellectual, a world-wide traveller, belonging to a distinguished family in the British Isles, claimed a hearing. He passed on a few years since, and has been in touch with her almost from then till the present time. His second letter, although later in date, is—in reality—a comment on Letters 28 and 29.

LETTER 31. FROM V*****S. JUNE 23, 1916.

Your correspondent has gone away, but I have been deputed to say that he will be very near at hand in the coming weeks. May I—on my own account—suggest that you keep from excessive fatigue during this time,—for I see that you both earnestly desire to get the best, and to do the best, for this absorbing subject. As the results depend almost entirely upon your own personal vitality, I do emphasize the need of much air, more rest, and a mind completely void of material interests. Correspondence should be reduced to a minimum. I have, ever since I first wrote through you, been absolutely certain that this gift of yours would, some day—in the future—find its happy and useful purpose. I rejoice, and shall be extremely interested

—both in the compilation of your book, and in its successful issue. You have indeed my warmest wishes for its success, and for your own pleasure and for that of your kind, sincere friend opposite,—in the ultimate good which must follow so conscientious an effort.

V*****S.

LETTER 32. FROM V*****S. JUNE 25, 1916.

The proof of it all, my dear friend, is that Love, Affection, Propinquity, in other words, the Principle of Attraction, either for evil, or—as in your case—for the Highest Good,—is the mainspring of Action ! it is the FORCE which can unite the dwellers of the two planes in converse, and in the beautiful exchange of thought, memories, hopes, and assurances of the Life beyond the grave ! If it were realised—*we* who have comparatively recently come over, would be smothered with love-letters as you are,—reminding me of showers of rose-petals, thrown and tossed from our sphere into yours !

V*****S.

LETTER 33. FROM H*****. JUNE 25, 1916.

H***** is here, delighted to be allowed to get a word in, dear Auntie B. It is so fine S***** and I being here together,—we go off together, and come back so full of all we have seen! Some day you will see us both without any trouble, you are fast getting ready for a great deal of manifestation. There is no doubt that ***** will come out on top, and I am glad of it. He deserves it—for his industry and courage, and battling against so many difficulties. I never cared for him, but over here I see his really sterling qualities and points. When on earth nothing but his inconsistencies and annoying words struck me! Yes, it is true *this* is the place for records, he has one, a big deficit to make up spiritually, but he is doing it since you gave him hope. If you could see, Auntie dear, all the souls here, so happy, so confident, *and loving us because of you*,—that's the real case,—you would indeed have your eyes opened!! The Family must work—so it seems to me—looking all round. Those that are lazy don't really belong! Well,—this has been jolly. May I come again? Don't get a chance with all these big-wigs swarming around, and I do love to have a jaw with you sometimes for my own sake, as well as father's! He is always yielding his right to one or other of them! Not but what I like

the lot awfully, but we do feel, S**** and I, that you belong to us first !!!

The writer of Letter 33 is a new correspondent of Recorder's. He made himself known in a few weak and scarcely legible words two days previously. This is his second communication. Suffice it to say—that in his mortal life he sat in the seats of the mighty. His passing was tragic in its suddenness ! He was first brought to Recorder by †F****, and a further link was the fact that a very near relative of his was known to her. Excepting relatives—or close friends of Recorder's and V.P.'s—fresh correspondents are always introduced,—or as they say “brought”—by those who in their earth-life have been known to either of them.

LETTER 34. FROM A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

JUNE 25, 1916.

May I come ? I love the boys you have near you ! They are splendid, but there are thousands of them—just like these—in the British ranks. Heroes ! gods ! if devotion and bravery are worth Divine attention ! Your *duty* is to give this assur-

ance (these letters) to the mourners of the men who have fallen in battle. Could they realise the immediate *relief*,—though the passing may be sharp of the spirit released from its body,—they could not wish their loved back again. In the awful holocaust, the carnage and the slaughter which the Hun has brought into Europe, and elsewhere—this is the saving thought,—Release!! But don't run away with the idea that we do not add our weight in other ways to the side of Good,—which in the fight we champion! Here—(he refers to spirit spheres—) the fight is different, but I learn that it has been no less violent!

Thank-you, let the boy come. He has a right to your services.

Recorder had, the day before the following letter was written, spent some time in collecting and perusing the postcards and letters received from S**** from the time of his leaving home for the battlefields, until his passing-over.

LETTER 35. FROM S****. JUNE 25, 1916.

Dear Auntie B. And now this great man has found his way to you, and has actually made me

take this pencil out of your hand ! I feel that every way he can command me I shall obey, just as I did,—or should have done on earth. Oh, we are not very different over here until some change comes over us,—so they tell me—when we want to come back to do a job ! I wonder what my next job will be ? They say I shall probably come back with those I loved in this life, so you and I will be together again ! I did just want to say how all these letters of mine which you have been reading over—bring back to my memory the places, scenes, and comrades in the trenches—where they were penned. And just a little bit of gladness comes to me now—that I was so favoured—when so many poor chaps had no kindly soul like you to write them. How I read out bits of interest,—for yours were the epitome of up-to-date stuff ;—and how my chaps devoured the words—before I could spit them out—as it were ! When I recall those days, the sense of joy to have been able to do important work like I did,—comes back twofold,—and I know what comfort and encouragement I got, by all the letters, the parcels, and the baccy !

S****.

LETTER 36. FROM S****. JULY 3, 1916.

Auntie B. By common consent I am boss of this job to-day,—C*** comes to-morrow! We have been working harder than ever in the battle-lines. The work of receiving souls is terrific, and from what I gather it means only the beginning of things, for I told you in one of my last that there would be a running fight for victory! Take it from me that this offensive means no stopping till the business is done,—till the Huns are upon their knees squealing for mercy!! They are desperate, hopeless, and at the mercy of their cruel leaders,—who value the lives of these poor wretches as so many flies on a fly-paper! The mode of their warfare shows that energy, hope, and zest are on the wane, and there will be little resistance amongst the rank and file. Guns and machinery will be still in the ascendancy, man-power declining day by day. The interior distress, hunger, tyranny, and terrible destitution amongst their women and children are not hidden from them,—although the over-lordship is callous as to their affections, interests, and human feelings. Oh,—there's no doubt that Satan and his hosts are at their last fling,—the agony we witness!—the sharp mental pangs!—are perhaps the salvation of many a gross-natured cur! Of course the refinement of thought and action which is to be found in the

majority of our ranks has—so far as my vision goes—nothing to be compared with it in the Hun's armies. Well,—this is our job,—H*****'s and mine, half our time. In spirit-spheres this is a time of terrific movement. I do not like to say “upheaval,” but you can imagine how,—at this critical juncture, and most important time in all history,—every soul that has done valiantly in the earth-life wants to help in the enormous struggle of Good against Evil. So be patient and conciliatory with these friends of yours—who grieve over the ineffective religious teaching which is so incapable of lifting the veil, and comforting those whose loss is irreparable in your world. Now for a word of real appreciation first, my dear Auntie B., for the help you give me in worrying out the words which I can't get so easily, and 2ndly, to my dear friend Mrs. V., who is so interested in my poor scribble. This place is ideal,—we all say so—for the work, in the midst of a beautiful garden, and over here we revel in gardens! We have beautiful flowers compared with those you see here,—magnificent in colouring, shape and beauty.

I like the idea of challenging the section who may say thoughts perish!! It makes me laugh! Here is the home of THOUGHTS. Your world is the reflection only!!

S****.

Recorder and Observer always seem to get a flash of impression as to the identity and desire to communicate on the part of H*****, (who contributes Letter 37,) when he is close at hand. Being accosted by Recorder, with—"Here's H*****. Well, have you anything to say?"—he immediately replies.

LETTER 37. FROM H*****. JULY 2, 1916.

Of course I have! When ever was I lost for something to say! I'm not clever like S****, but to imagine—my dear maiden Aunt—that I could be dumb when I have the chance of writing with your hand, and the enjoyment of twisting your quick brain—is too ridiculous a notion!!!

You know it does seem so funny that all the dwellers on the earth approach the subject of death and life after death, as if the whole thing was a long-continued funeral procession! Uplifted eyes, folded hands, and a countenance fit to turn milk sour!! We are so accustomed by this time to the whole sphere,—that I, for one, can't imagine a time when I shall look for a remove! Of course the advanced ones do, but I tell you I do not want anything more than a life-long holiday,—free passes to planets,—jolly good company, nectar and roses, and the added delight of getting into touch with

yourself,—whom I grieve to say—I thought very nice, but a rather sedate, elderly relative !

Father is here, he is amused, but I think a bit scandalised at my treatment of his best-beloved sister !! Well, Auntie dear, I never had much of a fling down on earth. Of course between school and enlisting there wasn't much time,—but there is no harm in having a joke to crack with you now !!

Goodbye, H*****.

LETTER 38. FROM B**. JULY 2, 1916.

My girl,—the boy is a wag, but he is a splendid companion, and we have, both of us, the time of our lives !! My illness and other things did not combine to make my life “paradise,”—but let me tell you I would not have had it different for all the world. For what I got rid of in the last incarnation is going to make a wonderful difference next time. The world will be different then. I am to wait till you have come, and have had as much rest as you think fit,—then we and the boy,—with others are to re-incarnate very soon. Everybody on your plane who is in the smallest degree cognisant with the whole scheme—will be doing the same, and pretty quickly ! For the culmination of the most

interesting period on the earth is not far off, and we shall be workers together !

B**.

The writer of Letter 39 was a widely-known and influential Fellow of the Royal Society—previously known to Observer, and brought on this occasion as an old friend by C***. The “good souls” to whom he refers are as the context indicates—the two prelates.

LETTER 39. FROM M*****. JULY 4, 1916.

M***** wants a word ! We do unite—and we do endorse everything which these good souls have told you ! Of course they feel their task is only half-done—so for that matter—is ours. But the scientific-spirit which is at the back of *all* enquiry, is not bound, shackled, or impeded by what has been said by the learned men of less well-informed eras. There are vast changes coming into the physical world, we chemists—and men of Science are immensely interested in the course of events. The unseen forces of Nature are those which are to convert the world into a uniform belief of the One-ness of the Plan ! I mean so long as worship and creeds are differentiated as a different depart-

ment, so long the conditions on earth remain out of joint, out of harmony with the grand forward movement and entry into a complete knowledge of the workings of those forces which are limited to this planet. We are just outside it, not near enough to the others in the solar system to be influenced by their laws. The conditions limiting us in space are the finer completion—or working of those dealing with physical matter.

M*****.

Recorder inserts here Letter 40, although not quite sequential as to date—the matter is akin to that of M*****'s communication. It was at first thought that S**** was coming,—hence the reference to him !

LETTER 40. FROM C***.

C*** is here. Do not think he is away at such an important crisis. No !—S**** is not the only pebble on the beach !!! He too has retired—owing to the pressure of other claims. The Science output is—let me tell you—miles ahead of theirs ! It is to level-up, that the prelates are so anxious. Can't you see that Science is leading up to the solution of these mysteries,—whilst the parsons are plodding along with the old views of Creation, and of Heaven

and Hell! Don't you see that they must alter their tone, if their task—God-appointed—(ours was not,) is to be of any use or service to humanity.

C***.

LETTER 41. FROM †F****. JULY 4, 1916.

May I come? I would like to make you feel how much happiness mortals can give to their departed friends if they would assuage very natural grief,—and try by this, or some method which may appear easier,—to get into touch with them on this plane. We have much time,—more than you,—for although we require rest, we do not spend so long a time in recuperating strength. When we first pass into this life, we *do* need some time to accustom ourselves to our thin spiritual bodies. But once fitted to them—we pass immense distances, and penetrate through the thickest obstacles in your world,—and move from spot to spot as rapidly as the thought leaves you, or comes to you. Here are many mansions,—that is—different spheres, where different interests are centred. Our affections towards new acquaintances, or for those who have preceded us, and whose names are well-known, are called out in the same way as on earth, by the laws of Attraction, or the opposite!

THOUGHT is the medium of this sphere, and all we do is the outcome of the freedom of our choice of life. Some enquire into the mysteries of Chemistry, others into the beginnings of language, or go off long distances in charge of a Teacher. So that there is little to dread,—*much to look forward to*, in exchanging the most sordid life, charged with the minutiae of details necessary to physical existence,—for *this beautiful existence*, in which our greatest pleasure is the only duty we feel incumbent on our enjoyment of God's provision for us.

Thank you for your kind and patient hearing

†F.

LETTER 42. FROM E**** (RECORDER'S MOTHER).
JULY 4, 1916.

My darling child, I take this chance—if I may—to say how extremely delighted and thankful I am to see you, and the dear friend opposite—(as I so often hear her say.)—really making “a good job of us!” To centralise, or focus thought on what is “everyday” to us—the joy of the spheres—is doing the most philanthropic, angelic work which you—in your sphere—can do. To drive out fear, to simplify the human understanding as to what the

life here consists of, and as to the meaning of Life Eternal, which *we* cannot adequately define, is to sow the seeds of a gospel of real comprehensiveness and comfort. Well,—my dear, it is the best of good fortune to get you both here in peaceful surroundings, and in the quiet intense resolution of your souls to help on the good work of preparing other souls for a happy home-coming !

Goodbye, my dear ! Your always loving Mother.

LETTER 43. FROM C***. JULY 5, 1916.

You have been talking of the body which succeeds the physical, and in which we function ! Of course it is made up entirely of material. I use this word for lack of any other—say “stuff” if you will ! The stuff of the bodies of this sphere is in your actual earth, as is radium, or electricity ! The secret of the whole thing is that these earth elements undergo changes when mixed,—or in contact with ethereal component parts, such as electricity—in various combinations. But as to the *exact* chemical conjunctions of these bodies, we are not yet sure. Still, whatever is used to cover spirit in the spheres around the earth—is belonging to that earth, and subject to its laws.

I don't think I can better clarify what is a mystery to most of us so far. But when the spirit goes away from all earthly spheres—it sheds this covering, however fine and filmy it may be. I am not able to say whether it takes on any other covering, or is at liberty to pass to other systems of planetary bodies without anything but its own radiant light. (—Asked whether C*** had been to any of the heavenly bodies in space,—he replied—) Yes! I have been to those planets which are adjacent to the earth, and so have many of the newly-arrived. I quite believe our effervescent friend H***** has had his “pass” thither, for he has a number of friends of like kidney. So he is in his rights in saying so!!

But I am not sure that there is not some boundary in space which can not be crossed by those who have not attained to a certain degree of high perfection. Here we are taught a great deal of the mechanism of the earth's surface, of the forces which fructify, or desolate its surface, and we (i.e. my fellow-scientists and myself) find these subjects all-entrancing, possibly to the exclusion of others!

But there is time for all things. So far as I am personally concerned—I am too immersed in the enquiry into Nature's profoundest secrets on this planet—to commence the same routine again to find out the constituent parts of other planets, their

internal forces, and their relations to the whole of that body's working. I wonder if we shall *ever* be able to convey through this channel much information which would startle some of our great thinkers ! I do not want to commit myself on any point connected with the war, but Evil is all through the various phases of living families, outside the human—and works against them in very much the same fashion. Look at pests, parasites, and plagues. Get rid of them—and we get rid of Evil ! But the methods are as yet only remedial on the surface.

We have never got to the real origin of all this blight on living organisms in matter.

C***.

The following communication is from an old friend of Recorder's. C***** was for many years a Judge in the Overseas Dominions. His natural disposition was both sympathetic and humanitarian.

LETTER 44. FROM C*****. JULY 6, 1916.

May I come dear—— ? I am one of the interested group who follow your work and the kindly co-operation of your friend in this beautiful garden, with the utmost interest and admiration. Your

conversation attracted me, as I am now so much better qualified than I was in mortal life to speak about a subject so near (I will say in the light of added knowledge) *nearer* my heart than ever.

The subject is the treatment of prisoners under British-rule. When I was delivering heavy sentences, I was often sick at heart, especially if the prisoner were one evidently *not* from the ranks of professional criminals! I take it,—that in years to come, when spiritual knowledge is more diffused, and made the basis for a revision of the laws regarding their punishment, that it will be seen that, hitherto, we create more evil than we have to deal with—by the conditions and environment which are now the only remedial, or curative measures which the most enlightened Judge *may* use.

That solitude, harsh treatment, and rough diet are going to change a “warped” rather than a wicked-nature, is futile! According to the individual’s lack of capacity to be reformed,—and that can be gauged by the proper sort of Inspector, whose experiences would be increasingly acute,—should be the punitive period, or task allotted.

It is impossible for a Judge just seeing a man at the most awful time of his life to be able to get anywhere near an accurate summing-up of his hereditary, or acquired qualities; but there should be persons, philanthropic—not unduly stern—

but gentle, distinctly religious—in the earth sense, (spiritualised in ours,) who could be empowered to deal with these persons, and to whom a Judge could leave the exact carrying out of a sentence, destined to either benefit society by confining him for life, (if unable to live a decent life when enlarged,) or, to give a hopeful case every and generous chance to reinstate himself as a decent member of the community. What that treatment might be,—at this time of severance from earth,—I am not able to define, but it would lie in the hands of men who would give it their best consideration. I should say, speaking of the “hopeful criminal”—Give him a trade! Teach him to work with his hands, and from the start give him the reward of his labour. In fact, treat him as a son who has failed so far to do his best, but to whom a kind, and wise father extends the chance of re-couping him, and restoring him to the position which is his right. For the criminal, unsafe to be at large, I should suggest that he work at a trade, which shall benefit his fellow creatures, in whose debt he is, for having fallen foul of natural, or artificial laws, for the benefit and safe-keeping of society. Let such an one work so long as he is capable, and let him remain in durance, so that he may not, himself, or by those whom he is at liberty to propagate, do more harm to the community.

I feel that with all the knowledge filtering through and down to the earth that the enlightened men whose professional duties bring them in contact with the semi-sane, the hopelessly evil, the derelict, the sated-decadent,—will surely revise the present laws dealing with criminals, and my last word is—*For God's sake* give them a chance !

Thank you dear—— Your devoted friend,

LETTER 45. FROM "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE." JULY 6, 1916.

I am so totally at one with the fine and humane sentiments expressed in the preceding letter, that I cannot, dear lady, defer any longer to add my full approbation and pleasure at the data therein defined. I think the outlines of a scheme such as he has given could indeed supply a basis for well-considered action by those whose real desire is to benefit the community, not to perpetuate crime. I have always felt that our dealings with these unfortunates, whose environment and circumstances were not of their own choosing probably contributed to their fall from a rectitude they never understood.

I hope your idea of a second issue—kept specially

for dealing with the like, and social questions of every kind—will be your next venture.

Indeed that would in both spheres be a matter of the deepest interest, in which both would co-operate to lift humanity out of the rut into which a portion has fallen. Your industry, dear writer, and your enthusiastic co-operation, dear lady in blue, is to me intensely gratifying.

Though removed some years from responsibility towards my fellow-creatures, I feel as your friend, the Judge,—that if we can—from our enlightened and spiritual insight co-operate with those now placed in responsible positions, great things might, and should come from our united and joint action.

God grant that we may by your kind services in some way work to some helpful, satisfactory solution how to deal *curatively*, not remedially only, with the delinquent members of our race, and of those subject to us.

Your Friend.

LETTER 46. FROM C***. JULY 9, 1916.

You wanted me yesterday to think how I could communicate in concise, clear language the real mystery of how this writing is done. Well! I

think I can, it is in this fashion! You know that there are several "bodies" for lack of a better term, inside your physical one, (which is evident to your senses,) packed like the petals of a rose, and not visible to the naked eye, until the time comes for their natural unfolding. The general run of people have these different parts as yet not unfolded. This is not so in your case, or in that of those who have stepped out of the normal, and whom you designate "psychics." The body with which I am dealing, is not No. 1—the physical, nor No. 2—the astral, (see footnote* on page 64), it is No. 3, the Ethereal, which means your body of nerve and mental power, *very* directly depending upon the Ether's component parts, and which is the most important part of *my* make-up in this sphere.

These two, (the writer's—and her correspondent's—ethereal bodies,) when of like nature, with similarity of texture, at every point congenial to each other, are attracted towards each other. This is the fulfilment of the laws of attraction, which regulate *all* intercourse in human, and super-human spheres. The mechanism used is that you consciously, or perhaps unconsciously, respond! I want you to comprehend that *this is real!*—just as physical to physical, spiritual to spiritual, and so on.

Well, now we have covered the first part of the proposition. The second is this. When writing

I can twist the muscles of your arm better than I can usurp the functions of your brain. This is done by some, but your petals—or bodies—are so symmetrical, so beautifully proportioned, and closely fitting, also of great elasticity,—that they are much better able than those of most persons, who are not so endowed, to shift themselves at will.

This is the gist of the matter,—so *you* shift, (involuntarily perhaps,) but all the same your consent is equal to your attraction! If that were not present this hold of you could not take place. It is thus a very perfect spiritual and mental union, and although it is not possible—or natural—for you to shift the body *entirely*, *pro tem* I am able to use my own mentality, and spirituality, and *pro tem* control the workings of your brain, and of your muscles. In your case it is our belief that being one of the old souls near its freedom from earthly incarnation, that you have been specially selected for a purpose, and thereto all the efforts, tastes, and circumstances of your varied and interesting life have been dedicated by far wiser beings than ourselves.

C***.

* See the very interesting illustrations of astral bodies in "Spirit Intercourse, its theory and practice," by J. Hewat McKenzie. Published 1916.

In response to Recorder's and Observer's request C*** consented, in order to help the elementary student, to write on the Astral body.

LETTER 47. FROM C***. JULY 10, 1916.

I have been hoping to get you on this subject. The astral body, which is a very *real* body, the substance of which I cannot simplify enough for general understanding, is the "shade" of the ancients, the "ghost" of the murderer, (buried at the crossways with a stake in his inside,) the *body-covering* of the entity which leaves its "physical" at the time of death, and is received and cared for by us, whether it proceeds from the battle-fields, or whether it is the legacy to the spirit-world of some sodden drunkard, or unfortunate drowned in the Thames to hide her misery. All is one and the same thing to angel ministrants, who by reason of the Good remaining in that poor human make-up, is guarded and tended until it opens its eyes in our kingdom. That is *now*—and has been for *all* time—the Astral body, (next the Physical,) which encloses the Ethereal and the Spiritual.

I am not aware of other bodies, there may be others, but the Astral is the outer covering of all,

barring the Physical,—which is dropped like a thread-bare rotten garment. The Astral is the next stage,—and at times you know it has made its way back to earth, where at the present time it is the engrossing study of enthusiastic students.

The Ethereal is made up of much finer stuff than the former, and it is the most important of any until the Spiritual is fully developed, which when fully grown, or developed, passes on, and has no more to do with *your* sphere, or *my* sphere, excepting only in such cases where by command of the Higher Powers it interpenetrates, to do its mission.

Here you get an explanation of the work of those who are known as the “Masters.” For having been through the earthly routine and the lower spheres, they are able to pass at will through the entire heavens, and for a very good reason. They have perfect knowledge of the Creator’s working on this planet, and I do not know, but I guess of many others. Much love to Observer.

C***.

LETTER 48. FROM S****. JULY 10, 1916.

Auntie B. You do not think I can keep longer away! There is one thing, my methods are not so

overpowering as my Predecessor's (C***), who leaves you out of breath ! At any rate he has this advantage over me, he can explain—where I gape with wonder !—and he can write a clear and comprehensive description of things which are the most wonderful in the whole of Creation ! I am told that the functioning of the human at his highest on the earth-plane is the consummation of a guided growth, and has nothing of a spasmodic nature about it. However such things are still high for me ! My comings and goings to the death-line in Flanders do not enable me to study these subjects, which I only learn of when C*** and his friends are good enough to explain them. But they do open the eyes of simple chaps like me,—of whom the routine of a day's work on the front in the Intelligence Dept. claimed every bit of Vim I was capable of !

It is such a delight to see you in these surroundings. The flowers, the roses, and all those old elms—remind me of the rotten old things I climbed as a boy, where we made robber's hiding-places, and hid " tuck " ! ! (Here Observer expressed a hope that when we should all meet in the sweet-bye-and-bye, we should be invited to picnics !) We will do our best to give you a picnic in the style we did it in the old days, when we did ourselves well !

We had some on the front with my chaps when we could manage it. I used to arrange everything

beforehand, and collect their coppers, and I tell you—they jolly well got the value out of it, although I had to use my rascally French to square things out with the old woman at the Inn we patronised !

I think anyone would give away some fine caustic criticisms over here, if they saw some of the spirits that manage to pass St. Peter's wicket ! All of them are not highly qualified for the honour, from what I presume would be an ethical standard. But so long as there is a residuum of good stuff somewhere, why they get in ! It may be—(don't be shocked !)—*real love* for some light-o'-love, or *real* affection for small children,—though he, or she, may cheat at cards ! But it's *love*, *Love*, *LOVE* ! all the time, even if it's only for a mongrel cur, or a barking terrier ! I believe *that love*, or its equivalent, has sent many into Heaven, when there was no other qualification whatever, and the poor devil was considered by his pious relatives one of the damned !

Your most devoted, S****.

Here Recorder involuntarily exclaimed—laughing—“ Oh, it's H***** saying—‘ Damn it all ! Let me come ! ’——”

LETTER 49. FROM H*****. JULY 10, 1916.

Of course ! I am here, I am S****'s pet dog in a way !—for I trot along after the chap all the time ! I saw he was enjoying himself ! I did say—“ Damn it all, let me come ! ” Won't your readers be shocked, Auntie B. !! I think I'd better change my tone into something more polite.

Well, we have the time of our lives over this job of yours ! Why ! to get in is nearly as bad as a crowd at the pit ! Only they are such a jolly polite crowd. They do feel that my grumble was justified. Of course *we have first claim*,—but if you only saw the quality of the people who permit us to brush past them, your exclamations would be heard all over the spheres !!!

Your devoted H*****.

In the letter dated July 4, 1916, from Recorder's mother, Observer's attention had been attracted to the concluding sentence, where reference is made to “ preparing souls for a happy home-coming.” Being somewhat of an expert in arranging earthly homes, her interest—together with Recorder's—was centred on the real meaning of this “ home-coming ” in spiritual spheres. C*** here explains the conditions awaiting normal souls about to pass on.

R JUN

LETTER 50. FROM C***. JULY 12, 1916.

My dear V. This amuses me, and interests me as being so typical of you! Home-coming is to be the theme of this letter. I will do my best to make it clear to you that those who leave the earth are soon in the possession of home, of amusements, interests and friends! For this is but the extension and greater sphere of attraction, permeated with THOUGHT, which is the medium *for* everything and *of* everything in this world,—ruled by many of the same laws, fabricated out of the same substance, although that substance *present in the ether* is so incalculably different from anything in yours. Here the ordinary person will find it difficult to mentally picture how this may be,—but if he is a chemist, he will at once see the enormous range of chemical changes which combinations of earth's material—static, or fluid—produce! I do not see at this stage that I can do more than say—our sphere is made up of the finer forces of yours—in certain wonderful and metamorphosing variations. Possibly all of them are by no means immutable, or incapable of changing their functions when under the influence of that great force—THOUGHT,—the Alpha and the Omega of all things in our spheres, which are “Heaven.” Those leaving earth for our spheres will get what they want—according to the

measure of their THOUGHT and PURPOSES in earth-life and so on. Is this clear? We have our games, our books referring to your world, as well as ours, but the printing-press is not on the same lines. Your books have first come from us, and you have got the reflection of them, as of *every invention*, of *every beautiful thought* portrayed by pictures, music, or by authorship. We have workshops—all in relation and in proportion to the finer matter of our being, as you have in your world to yours. All adjusts itself to the needs and leanings of the inhabitants of these spheres.

C***.

LETTER 51. FROM "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE." JULY 13, 1916.

My dear lady and kind correspondent. Your numerous correspondents and friends who would be delighted to be introduced to you—with the view of placing on record their views of this new avenue to the earth, opened up by you, and others, via automatic writing,—*are all absorbed in this venture*. They have visions of hearing from their friends, and of sending them descriptions of their spirit-lives

in this sphere, so similar in some respects, so unlike in others, but so full of a peace, a happiness, and universal GOOD-WILL that the remove here has been nothing but an exchange of earth's chequered estate—for that of the happiest imaginable! In fact, more happy than mortal in his limited vision can possibly picture!

I say, that such a collection of letters, written by men and one woman whose lives on earth were so different, is sufficient to encourage the hopeful and adventurous to find his—or her—way to our spirit-spheres in the same fashion as our dear Recorder.

I think a great deal of effort *to do likewise* will be the inevitable result of this work. Such effort would be rewarded by an insight into conditions at once so interesting and so personal,—*as yet so vaguely defined*, and so hedged in by inaccuracies, owing to the dim spiritual perceptions of past ages which have been necessary in the Divine Plan, but eras, from the standpoint of Spirit-development, almost stagnant,—forgive me if I add—*stagnating*!

LETTER 52. FROM S****. JULY 13, 1916.

Auntie dear! The work you are on gets to my mind increasingly interesting from point of matter.

I know if I picked it up on a table I should either steal it, or stick my nose into it till I had finished it.

What I have to say is this. You cannot see as *we* see over here. For *we* are witnesses of the intense desolation of the spirits of those who have lost all their earthly focus, whether of affection, of interest, of material support, etc. The dissemination of these letters broadcast should lift the dark cloud upon the earth's surface which we see now, and which is the natural outcome of personal loss in your world. To lift that dark cloud is indeed the work of this age, when Evil is to be hunted off this stricken planet—at least in its grosser and devastating character.

To replace doubt with trust, to instil hope and longing, instead of dread and apprehension, is in itself to *work a revolution in* THOUGHT, and towards that and the substitution of Happiness for unhappiness, all our work now and onwards is to be centred. Happiness, *real* happiness is not known, it cannot exist beside, or with—Evil. So in building up Earth's happiness just see what you are doing from our spiritual standpoint. I do not wonder that some of our dear friends here—late Divines, filling earthly pulpits,—say that if this little book does what they hope it may do, it will be worth from the point of spiritual evolution on the earth-plane all the theological treatises ever written, or

for the matter of that—the majority of the best thought-out sermons ever preached !

As Recorder approached the end of the compilation of this little volume to be sent out into the world with the devout hope that at least *some* of her readers might be convinced of the survival after death of human Thought,—she and Observer expressed a wish that the last communication should strike a note of Happiness. Immediately the response came to this desire on their part !

LETTER 53. FROM “ THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF
EUROPE.” JULY 16, 1916.

By common consent I am asked to give my idea of an ending to your collection of letters. To me the subject of Happiness is so vast, and could be placed so eloquently before the world by so many over here—that I should rather persuade you to give—as I feel sure the opportunity will come later—a special publication to this matter.

So far as your charming little booklet goes—I suggest that †F**** may say a few words first, C*** a few, then wind up with something from our

dear friend S****, who was the cause and origin of this output! That seems to me a fitting end! Thank-you dear ladies!

Your Friend.

LETTER 54. FROM †F****. JULY 16, 1916.

I will say a word about Happiness. That is no word to express the astounding sense of JOY to the Spiritual senses which is the outstanding feature of this life, and it is an enjoyment of life which never palls, or satiates. The more one has, the more one longs for the Highest in Everything, and Knowledge leads the way to Happiness;—ergo—this may be a plea for greater and wiser Education for the masses of Earth's workers, since the core of things spiritual is Altruism in the Highest Degree,—beginning on earth!

LETTER 55. FROM C***. JULY 16, 1916.

Well, I like the proposition! So far as I can speak—it was a heavenly change from earth-life! Health, happiness, and congenial friends devoted

like myself to finding out the reasons of things !
The fact is, that on awakening I suddenly found myself in the milieu of Scientific workers on *all lines*. That to me *was*, and is *now*, my great happiness. To have been plunged with people who knew nothing of my absorbing studies would have been Hell !

LETTER 56. FROM S****. JULY 16, 1916.

Dearest Auntie B. I feel so awfully shy on having to wind up your book, but if it is to speak about the happiness that awaits one after the plunge, I will gladly give my testimony. Not that mine was a plunge,—for it was no more than going to sleep with a smack on the head, and waking up in the middle of space with happy, well-known faces, radiant with gladness—to meet me ! If the chaps on the front could realise—*which they can't, I know*,—but if they *could* see the wonderful and miraculous change which comes in a moment to them, there would be no apprehension of death, but they would leap into this life, possibly before their task was over.

That is what makes me hesitate to say more ! For to me it seems that if they could see through the dividing line, they wouldn't waver—but would

jump for it ! *Which would be wrong,—for they have got to do their job first, and do it well all the time, if they want to find themselves in the right place over here !*

Your devoted S****

APPENDIX BY "OBSERVER"— RECORDER'S FRIEND.

As the greater number of Recorder's contributors were intimate friends and relations of hers, and mine, their previous hand-writings (when on the earth plane) were naturally well known to us. And here I must state plainly, that in no case do their subsequent writings through Recorder's mediumship *really* resemble their original style, except in the way of occasional Capital letters. I wish they did, but they don't !

What does happen however, is that each correspondent, on adapting him—or her—self to the principle of writing by this method, acquires as definite a style as before, and sticks to it, though contrasting with their old one. And having once acquired it, it is as recognisable and characteristic in many ways, as their old one ! The personal equation on their side, expressing itself in the style, and flow of language, the use of characteristic emphasis, or the lack of it.

One frequent contributor, who used a small emphasized writing during his distinguished career on earth, now writes with a fine, thin, very upright style, its very delicacy conveying the polish, and refinement of thought, so characteristic of the individual when on earth.

Another with firm, steady pressure, often runs the lettering of one word in to the next, by not lifting the pencil off the paper for five or six words together. As a contrast to this—another one again leaves quite extravagantly wide spaces between his words.

The pressure, or force used, varies greatly in the different correspondents, some of them use up Recorder's vital-force and strength for the purpose, far more than others. While one might write quite a long letter, and leave her at the end only glad to lean back in her chair for a respite,—another using this method and mediumship might exhaust her so, as to leave her actually gasping for breath ! That this occasionally happened—was due partly to want of experience on *their* side, and occurs but rarely now.

Another noteworthy point is that with regard to definite and different styles of writing. These are always best expressed at the commencement of the letter, when they *first* come into control,—and many therefore make a habit of stating their name at the beginning—instead of the end—by saying “ C*** is here,” or “ E*** wants a word,” and so on, though as a rule *we* should know who was trying to get through by the recognisable qualities of the newly-acquired writing ! It is however not at all unusual towards the middle of a letter, specially when the flow of words is rapid and satisfactory, for the writing to gradually assume a marked likeness to Recorder's own normal script, and at the end—as her strength fades, and sometimes rather abrupt exhaustion ensues, the writing becomes sprawly,

with just a hurried rush to the end—when the pencil drops from her failing fingers.

Recorder never loses entire consciousness,—or is in trance, as in the cases of some well-known mediums. Her eyes are always open, but when specially interesting or rapid writing is coming through, she describes herself as “only half there,” and is certainly unaware of the actual wording that has been transcribed through her. Sometimes she is unaware of even the gist of the matter, and after a few moments pause, frequently says, “Oh, do let me see what they’ve said.” She writes fairly straight across the page, but I see to it that a fresh sheet is alertly placed before her when needful, and the flow interrupted as little as possible. It is also a fact,—that though hardly conscious (if at all?) of doing so—she often murmurs the words audibly that she is in process of writing. This has been a most valuable help at times when the writing has become “tired,” or slurry, as it enabled me to at least know what *was* intended from the other side,—though the limit of vital force available handicapped its full, or easily readable expression! I have therefore on occasions—simply picked up the pencil when dropped, and myself written the spoken words, then and there, at once,—so that our record might be as reliable as—at present—possible!

It is easy therefore to gather that at these periods of failing strength, the writing is not recognisable as anyone’s in particular. We always look to the commencement to inform ourselves who wrote it.

Another small detail I could not help observing was the comparative rarity with which punctuation

marks were introduced, and the average proportion of dots for "i's" was one in 8-9 words, crosses for "t's" one in every 5-6 words. This seems likely however to be due to the personal equation of Recorder herself, and readers must recall that these notes are descriptive—not of this method of "automatic-writing" as a whole, but of Recorder's mediumship in particular.

And now I must touch on the physique, or physical conditions which so specially qualify Recorder as an "automatic-writer."

Of sturdy build, somewhat stout, excellent general health, and good mental balance, she is a strong, sound, first-class woman in every sense, with a thumping normal pulse of 72.

I regret greatly that it did not occur to me, in connection with this first issue of letters, to scientifically record some of the variations of condition which first came under my notice then.

For instance, it was quite obvious that those correspondents who one might describe as delicate, faint writers, exhausted her far less than the more vigorous forceful ones. On the other hand, the vigorous ones often had uncommonly interesting points to communicate, and it would have been a loss indeed to eliminate them wholly in favour of those who could "get through" with less cost of her vital-force.

One case,—a very frequent contributor since,—on making his first effort to communicate brought such an overwhelming vehemence of eager desire, and sadness and gladness mixed, that after the first few words Recorder fell back in her chair, and

though never having actually fainted in her life, declared she never felt more nearly like it! There followed—in due course—profuse apologies from “the other side,” explaining he had no previous idea *how much* force was necessary on their part to communicate by this method, and an ardent and willing heart had obviously brought an extravagant over-supply in this instance. Future efforts were greatly moderated, but he remains a strong, forceful writer, and after a somewhat longer letter than usual, Recorder has dropped the pencil, panting for breath, in spite of her very sturdy capacities.

It was also a very pleasant interest to us both, to note the delighted pride which *new* writers took in being able to pick up the principle on their side, of writing by this method. One learnt, too, that “staying-power” is not required on our side only, but on theirs as well!

At times when Recorder herself has been in excellent condition for receiving, it has been her correspondent who was obliged to withdraw from lack of power. In these cases the communication often concludes with—“I cannot write more,” or “I am still a bit weak,”—the words slurring off into a mere scrawl.

It is also noteworthy that those who have fairly *recently* passed over, have less power for a time, than they are found to have acquired at a later date. One does not therefore expect a long letter from anyone recently parted with from the earth-plane.

I referred to Recorder’s admirable normal pulse,—and our readers may be interested to learn that it is possible for this to be completely obscured, not

only *after* writing, but *before*. To take the brief record of one day only when she chanced to be staying with me. Other guests were also there, and though she and I were conscious of an eager crowd of our writing-friends, ever watchful and hopeful of an opportunity to come through, we feared a quiet hour of seclusion could not be secured. The other guests were however suddenly inspired to take themselves off for a walk—by themselves ! So we withdrew into a reposeful room apart, and I suggested that it would be interesting to note any variation of pulse-pressure, either during, or after, the writings of our most intimate correspondents. Then the trouble began ! I could not find her pulse, worried and annoyed—I invited her to try,—she could not find it herself. In appearance she looked perfectly well, and as strong as usual, though a bit pale, and both hands were undoubtedly somewhat cold. I then said “ It must be very trying for them all to be kept waiting so long, let us get someone through, and then we’ll try for your pulse later on ! ” A perfect tornado of words and urgency came through at once, and I regret to add—considerably depleted Recorder’s vital energy. Before long she was obliged to drop the pencil, and they were recommended to make use of her that morning with considerable care, and less fluency.

After the first writer had come through with such urgency, I took her hands, which by now were stone-cold, rubbed and chafed them, and massaged both hands and wrists till they were quite pleasantly warm again. I then tried for her pulse again, and without a moment’s difficulty found it as the

“ thumping normal pulse of 72 ” previously referred to! A few other writers followed and her pulse was reduced to 64, and later on to 60, after which we closed the sitting. The importance of that particular morning’s work lay in the education it included for both sides as to the value—and also limit—of Recorder’s vitality for writing purposes.

It had not previously even occurred to me, that our correspondents were actually unaware how considerably—in some cases—they depleted her vital force. But their attention once drawn to it, they were most considerate afterwards, and exceedingly interested in all that we could tell them of the physical effects of their correspondence. A highly-valued contributor informed us that it was very probable that their “ hungry crowding round, and waiting as for sympathy ” from her, was the direct cause of her being so below par—with an undiscoverable pulse—before the writing even began. They had unconsciously, but so considerably drained her sympathetic life-force, that she was not at her best all that day. The following morning however, after the usual small cup of cocoa at 10.30 a.m., two or three correspondents came through, and though two were of the rather heavy-handed type, her pulse remained excellent throughout, she showed practically no fatigue at the time of transmission, and certainly no exhaustion after.

The mischance of the previous day seemed somewhat connected with the period elapsing between cocoa-time, 10.30, and 12 noon, (when the guests went off for a walk,) during which time these hungrily-affectionate, though invisible-visitors had

to remain uncertain whether they would get an innings or not ?—and probably occupied a good deal of their own thought-power in trying to impress us with their wish to come through ! Personally I was extremely conscious of this, and it may have led me to be insufficiently careful of Recorder's own condition.

The letters issued under the title of " Do Thoughts Perish ? " were nearly all written under entirely sheltered and reposeful conditions,—half-an-hour after a quiet lunch, and a single cigarette,—with no disturbance, or even likely intrusion. Our welcome correspondents could always depend on us at that given hour and place, and the time-limit was about an average of an hour per day. This is without counting the little love-letters from Recorder's Mother, or special friends, who would come through the first thing in the morning, on her awakening in bed, and little greetings so conveyed rarely produced any conscious exhaustion whatever, but were rather a tonic than otherwise. It would appear that the limit in the way of intercourse by this method is expressed by the ratio of vital-force in the medium, and I am keenly interested in getting this estimated, and duly recorded—and controlled—by strictly scientific, but simple, mechanism. It should be possible at a glance to learn if any medium was in the right condition, physically and psychically, for getting through the best possible results.

The world must be abundantly full of men already well-trained to Science-research, who would kindly give helpful interest and advice on this matter. My own hyphen on to Recorder's valuable gift and

capacities is merely that of an appreciative personal friend, and observer. I have also a vehement dislike to the unthriftiness of power of any sort going to waste, out of mere inattention to detail, or slovenly oversight. Several of my friends and connections being Fellows of the Royal Society, it may easily be guessed how keenly I should be interested (in a scrupulous, orderly way) in any such expression of progressive capacity in others, and the simply immense fields of progressive-information it may well be a means of opening up in the near future.

